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# The Waverley Novels

*By* SIR WALTER SCOTT BART.

*Guy Mannering*
*Quentin Durward*

THIS BOOK
BELONGS TO
J. A. PHILLIPS, M. D.

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# INTRODUCTION TO GUY MANNERING

THE Novel or Romance of *Waverley* made its way to the public slowly, of course, at first, but afterwards with such accumulating popularity as to encourage the Author to a second attempt. He looked about for a name and a subject; and the manner in which the novels were composed cannot be better illustrated than by reciting the simple narrative on which *Guy Mannering* was originally founded; but to which, in the progress of the work, the production ceased to bear any, even the most distant resemblance. The tale was originally told me by an old servant of my father's, an excellent old Highlander, without a fault, unless a preference to mountain dew over less potent liquors be accounted one. He believed as firmly in the story as in any part of his creed.

A grave and elderly person, according to old John Mac-Kinlay's account, while travelling in the wilder parts of Galloway, was benighted. With difficulty he found his way to a country seat, where, with the hospitality of the time and country, he was readily admitted. The owner of the house, a gentleman of good fortune, was much struck by the reverend appearance of his guest, and apologised to him for a certain degree of confusion which must unavoidably attend his reception, and could not escape his eye. The lady of the house was, he said, confined to her apartment, and on the point of making her husband a father for the first time, though they had been ten years married. At such an emergency, the Laird said, he feared his guest might meet with some apparent neglect.

'Not so, sir,' said the stranger; 'my wants are few, and easily supplied, and I trust the present circumstances may even afford an opportunity of showing my gratitude for your hospitality. Let me only request that I may be informed of the exact minute of the birth; and I hope to be able to put you

in possession of some particulars which may influence in an important manner the future prospects of the child now about to come into this busy and changeful world. I will not conceal from you that I am skilful in understanding and interpreting the movements of those planetary bodies which exert their influences on the destiny of mortals. It is a science which I do not practise, like others who call themselves astrologers, for hire or reward; for I have a competent estate, and only use the knowledge I possess for the benefit of those in whom I feel an interest.' The Laird bowed in respect and gratitude, and the stranger was accommodated with an apartment which commanded an ample view of the astral regions.

The guest spent a part of the night in ascertaining the position of the heavenly bodies, and calculating their probable influence; until at length the result of his observations induced him to send for the father and conjure him in the most solemn manner to cause the assistants to retard the birth if practicable, were it but for five minutes. The answer declared this to be impossible; and almost in the instant that the message was returned the father and his guest were made acquainted with the birth of a boy.

The Astrologer on the morrow met the party who gathered around the breakfast table with looks so grave and ominous as to alarm the fears of the father, who had hitherto exulted in the prospects held out by the birth of an heir to his ancient property, failing which event it must have passed to a distant branch of the family. He hastened to draw the stranger into a private room.

'I fear from your looks,' said the father, 'that you have bad tidings to tell me of my young stranger; perhaps God will resume the blessing He has bestowed ere he attains the age of manhood, or perhaps he is destined to be unworthy of the affection which we are naturally disposed to devote to our offspring?'

'Neither the one nor the other,' answered the stranger; 'unless my judgment greatly err, the infant will survive the years of minority, and in temper and disposition will prove all that his parents can wish. But with much in his horoscope which promises many blessings, there is one evil influence strongly predominant, which threatens to subject him to an unhallowed and unhappy temptation about the time when he shall attain the age of twenty-one, which period, the constellations intimate, will be the crisis of his fate. In what shape, or

with what peculiar urgency, this temptation may beset him, my art cannot discover.'

'Your knowledge, then, can afford us no defence,' said the anxious father, 'against the threatened evil?'

'Pardon me,' answered the stranger, 'it can. The influence of the constellations is powerful; but He who made the heavens is more powerful than all, if His aid be invoked in sincerity and truth. You ought to dedicate this boy to the immediate service of his Maker, with as much sincerity as Samuel was devoted to the worship in the Temple by his parents. You must regard him as a being separated from the rest of the world. In childhood, in boyhood, you must surround him with the pious and virtuous, and protect him to the utmost of your power from the sight or hearing of any license in word or action. He must be educated in religious and moral principles of the strictest description. Let him not enter the world, lest he learn to partake of its follies, or perhaps of its vices. In short, preserve him as far as possible from all sin, save that of which too great a portion belongs to all the fallen race of Adam. With the approach of his twenty-first birthday comes the crisis of his fate. If he survive it, he will be happy and prosperous on earth, and a chosen vessel among those elected for heaven. But if it be otherwise——' The Astrologer stopped, and sighed deeply.

'Sir,' replied the parent, still more alarmed than before, 'your words are so kind, your advice so serious, that I will pay the deepest attention to your behests; but can you not aid me farther in this most important concern? Believe me, I will not be ungrateful.'

'I require and deserve no gratitude for doing a good action,' said the stranger, 'in especial for contributing all that lies in my power to save from an abhorred fate the harmless infant to whom, under a singular conjunction of planets, last night gave life. There is my address; you may write to me from time to time concerning the progress of the boy in religious knowledge. If he be bred up as I advise, I think it will be best that he come to my house at the time when the fatal and decisive period approaches, that is, before he has attained his twenty-first year complete. If you send him such as I desire, I humbly trust that God will protect His own through whatever strong temptation his fate may subject him to.' He then gave his host his address, which was a country seat near a post town in the south of England, and bid him an affectionate farewell.

The mysterious stranger departed, but his words remained impressed upon the mind of the anxious parent. He lost his lady while his boy was still in infancy. This calamity, I think, had been predicted by the Astrologer ; and thus his confidence, which, like most people of the period, he had freely given to the science, was riveted and confirmed. The utmost care, therefore, was taken to carry into effect the severe and almost ascetic plan of education which the sage had enjoined. A tutor of the strictest principles was employed to superintend the youth's education ; he was surrounded by domestics of the most established character, and closely watched and looked after by the anxious father himself.

The years of infancy, childhood, and boyhood passed as the father could have wished. A young Nazarite could not have been bred up with more rigour. All that was evil was withheld from his observation : he only heard what was pure in precept, he only witnessed what was worthy in practice.

But when the boy began to be lost in the youth, the attentive father saw cause for alarm. Shades of sadness, which gradually assumed a darker character, began to overcloud the young man's temper. Tears, which seemed involuntary, broken sleep, moonlight wanderings, and a melancholy for which he could assign no reason, seemed to threaten at once his bodily health and the stability of his mind. The Astrologer was consulted by letter, and returned for answer that this fitful state of mind was but the commencement of his trial, and that the poor youth must undergo worse and more desperate struggles with the evil that assailed him. There was no hope of remedy, save that he showed steadiness of mind in the study of the Scriptures. 'He suffers,' continued the letter of the sage, 'from the awakening of those harpies the passions, which have slept with him, as with others, till the period of life which he has now attained. Better, far better, that they torment him by ungrateful cravings than that he should have to repent having satiated them by criminal indulgence.'

The dispositions of the young man were so excellent that he combated, by reason and religion, the fits of gloom which at times overcast his mind, and it was not till he attained the commencement of his twenty-first year that they assumed a character which made his father tremble for the consequences. It seemed as if the gloomiest and most hideous of mental maladies was taking the form of religious despair. Still the youth was gentle, courteous, affectionate, and submissive to

his father's will, and resisted with all his power the dark suggestions which were breathed into his mind, as it seemed by some emanation of the Evil Principle, exhorting him, like the wicked wife of Job, to curse God and die.

The time at length arrived when he was to perform what was then thought a long and somewhat perilous journey, to the mansion of the early friend who had calculated his nativity. His road lay through several places of interest, and he enjoyed the amusement of travelling more than he himself thought would have been possible. Thus he did not reach the place of his destination till noon on the day preceding his birthday. It seemed as if he had been carried away with an unwonted tide of pleasurable sensation, so as to forget in some degree what his father had communicated concerning the purpose of his journey. He halted at length before a respectable but solitary old mansion, to which he was directed as the abode of his father's friend.

The servants who came to take his horse told him he had been expected for two days. He was led into a study, where the stranger, now a venerable old man, who had been his father's guest, met him with a shade of displeasure, as well as gravity, on his brow. 'Young man,' he said, 'wherefore so slow on a journey of such importance?' 'I thought,' replied the guest, blushing and looking downward, 'that there was no harm in travelling slowly and satisfying my curiosity, providing I could reach your residence by this day; for such was my father's charge.' 'You were to blame,' replied the sage, 'in lingering, considering that the avenger of blood was pressing on your footsteps. But you are come at last, and we will hope for the best, though the conflict in which you are to be engaged will be found more dreadful the longer it is postponed. But first accept of such refreshments as nature requires to satisfy, but not to pamper, the appetite.'

The old man led the way into a summer parlour, where a frugal meal was placed on the table. As they sat down to the board they were joined by a young lady about eighteen years of age, and so lovely that the sight of her carried off the feelings of the young stranger from the peculiarity and mystery of his own lot, and riveted his attention to everything she did or said. She spoke little, and it was on the most serious subjects. She played on the harpsichord at her father's command, but it was hymns with which she accompanied the instrument. At length, on a sign from the sage, she left the

room, bending on the young stranger as she departed a look of inexpressible anxiety and interest.

The old man then conducted the youth to his study, and conversed with him upon the most important points of religion, to satisfy himself that he could render a reason for the faith that was in him. During the examination the youth, in spite of himself, felt his mind occasionally wander, and his recollections go in quest of the beautiful vision who had shared their meal at noon. On such occasions the Astrologer looked grave, and shook his head at this relaxation of attention; yet, on the whole, he was pleased with the youth's replies.

At sunset the young man was made to take the bath; and, having done so, he was directed to attire himself in a robe somewhat like that worn by Armenians, having his long hair combed down on his shoulders, and his neck, hands, and feet bare. In this guise he was conducted into a remote chamber totally devoid of furniture, excepting a lamp, a chair, and a table, on which lay a Bible. 'Here,' said the Astrologer, 'I must leave you alone to pass the most critical period of your life. If you can, by recollection of the great truths of which we have spoken, repel the attacks which will be made on your courage and your principles, you have nothing to apprehend. But the trial will be severe and arduous.' His features then assumed a pathetic solemnity, the tears stood in his eyes, and his voice faltered with emotion as he said, 'Dear child, at whose coming into the world I foresaw this fatal trial, may God give thee grace to support it with firmness!'

The young man was left alone; and hardly did he find himself so, when, like a swarm of demons, the recollection of all his sins of omission and commission, rendered even more terrible by the scrupulousness with which he had been educated, rushed on his mind, and, like furies armed with fiery scourges, seemed determined to drive him to despair. As he combated these horrible recollections with distracted feelings, but with a resolved mind, he became aware that his arguments were answered by the sophistry of another, and that the dispute was no longer confined to his own thoughts. The Author of Evil was present in the room with him in bodily shape, and, potent with spirits of a melancholy cast, was impressing upon him the desperation of his state, and urging suicide as the readiest mode to put an end to his sinful career. Amid his errors, the pleasure he had taken in prolonging his journey unnecessarily, and the attention which he had bestowed on the beauty of the

fair female when his thoughts ought to have been dedicated to the religious discourse of her father, were set before him in the darkest colours ; and he was treated as one who, having sinned against light, was therefore deservedly left a prey to the Prince of Darkness.

As the fated and influential hour rolled on, the terrors of the hateful Presence grew more confounding to the mortal senses of the victim, and the knot of the accursed sophistry became more inextricable in appearance, at least to the prey whom its meshes surrounded. He had not power to explain the assurance of pardon which he continued to assert, or to name the victorious name in which he trusted. But his faith did not abandon him, though he lacked for a time the power of expressing it. 'Say what you will,' was his answer to the Tempter ; 'I know there is as much betwixt the two boards of this Book as can ensure me forgiveness for my transgressions and safety for my soul.' As he spoke, the clock, which announced the lapse of the fatal hour, was heard to strike. The speech and intellectual powers of the youth were instantly and fully restored ; he burst forth into prayer, and expressed in the most glowing terms his reliance on the truth and on the Author of the Gospel. The demon retired, yelling and discomfited, and the old man, entering the apartment, with tears congratulated his guest on his victory in the fated struggle.

The young man was afterwards married to the beautiful maiden, the first sight of whom had made such an impression on him, and they were consigned over at the close of the story to domestic happiness. So ended John Mac-Kinlay's legend.[1]

The Author of *Waverley* had imagined a possibility of framing an interesting, and perhaps not an unedifying, tale out of the incidents of the life of a doomed individual, whose efforts at good and virtuous conduct were to be for ever disappointed by the intervention, as it were, of some malevolent being, and who was at last to come off victorious from the fearful struggle. In short, something was meditated upon a plan resembling the imaginative tale of *Sintram and his Companions*, by Mons. Le Baron de la Motte Fouqué, although, if it then existed, the Author had not seen it.

The scheme projected may be traced in the three or four first chapters of the work ; but farther consideration induced the Author to lay his purpose aside. It appeared, on mature

[1] See Lockhart's *Life of Scott,* vol. v. pp. 5, 35, 397 (1862).

consideration, that astrology, though its influence was once received and admitted by Bacon himself, does not now retain influence over the general mind sufficient even to constitute the mainspring of a romance. Besides, it occurred that to do justice to such a subject would have required not only more talent than the Author could be conscious of possessing, but also involved doctrines and discussions of a nature too serious for his purpose and for the character of the narrative. In changing his plan, however, which was done in the course of printing, the early sheets retained the vestiges of the original tenor of the story, although they now hang upon it as an unnecessary and unnatural incumbrance. The cause of such vestiges occurring is now explained and apologised for.

It is here worthy of observation that, while the astrological doctrines have fallen into general contempt, and been supplanted by superstitions of a more gross and far less beautiful character, they have, even in modern days, retained some votaries.

One of the most remarkable believers in that forgotten and despised science was a late eminent professor of the art of legerdemain. One would have thought that a person of this description ought, from his knowledge of the thousand ways in which human eyes could be deceived, to have been less than others subject to the fantasies of superstition. Perhaps the habitual use of those abstruse calculations by which, in a manner surprising to the artist himself, many tricks upon cards, etc., are performed, induced this gentleman to study the combination of the stars and planets, with the expectation of obtaining prophetic annunciations.

He constructed a scheme of his own nativity, calculated according to such rules of art as he could collect from the best astrological authors. The result of the past he found agreeable to what had hitherto befallen him, but in the important prospect of the future a singular difficulty occurred. There were two years during the course of which he could by no means obtain any exact knowledge whether the subject of the scheme would be dead or alive. Anxious concerning so remarkable a circumstance, he gave the scheme to a brother astrologer, who was also baffled in the same manner. At one period he found the native, or subject, was certainly alive ; at another that he was unquestionably dead ; but a space of two years extended between these two terms, during which he could find no certainty as to his death or existence.

The astrologer marked the remarkable circumstance in his diary, and continued his exhibitions in various parts of the empire until the period was about to expire during which his existence had been warranted as actually ascertained. At last, while he was exhibiting to a numerous audience his usual tricks of legerdemain, the hands whose activity had so often baffled the closest observer suddenly lost their power, the cards dropped from them, and he sunk down a disabled paralytic. In this state the artist languished for two years, when he was at length removed by death. It is said that the diary of this modern astrologer will soon be given to the public.

The fact, if truly reported, is one of those singular coincidences which occasionally appear, differing so widely from ordinary calculation, yet without which irregularities human life would not present to mortals, looking into futurity, the abyss of impenetrable darkness which it is the pleasure of the Creator it should offer to them. Were everything to happen in the ordinary train of events, the future would be subject to the rules of arithmetic, like the chances of gaming. But extraordinary events and wonderful runs of luck defy the calculations of mankind and throw impenetrable darkness on future contingencies.

To the above anecdote, another, still more recent, may be here added. The Author was lately honoured with a letter from a gentleman deeply skilled in these mysteries, who kindly undertook to calculate the nativity of the writer of *Guy Mannering*, who might be supposed to be friendly to the divine art which he professed. But it was impossible to supply data for the construction of a horoscope, had the native been otherwise desirous of it, since all those who could supply the minutiæ of day, hour, and minute have been long removed from the mortal sphere.

Having thus given some account of the first idea, or rude sketch, of the story, which was soon departed from, the Author, in following out the plan of the present edition, has to mention the prototypes of the principal characters in *Guy Mannering*.

Some circumstances of local situation gave the Author in his youth an opportunity of seeing a little, and hearing a great deal, about that degraded class who are called gipsies; who are in most cases a mixed race between the ancient Egyptians who arrived in Europe about the beginning of the fifteenth century and vagrants of European descent.

The individual gipsy upon whom the character of Meg

Merrilies was founded was well known about the middle of the last century by the name of Jean Gordon, an inhabitant of the village of Kirk Yetholm, in the Cheviot Hills, adjoining to the English Border. The Author gave the public some account of this remarkable person in one of the early numbers of *Blackwood's Magazine*, to the following purpose: —

'My father remembered old Jean Gordon of Yetholm, who had great sway among her tribe. She was quite a Meg Merrilies, and possessed the savage virtue of fidelity in the same perfection. Having been often hospitably received at the farm-house of Lochside, near Yetholm, she had carefully abstained from committing any depredations on the farmer's property. But her sons (nine in number) had not, it seems, the same delicacy, and stole a brood-sow from their kind entertainer. Jean was so much mortified at this ungrateful conduct, and so much ashamed of it, that she absented herself from Lochside for several years.

'It happened in course of time that, in consequence of some temporary pecuniary necessity, the goodman of Lochside was obliged to go to Newcastle to raise some money to pay his rent. He succeeded in his purpose, but, returning through the mountains of Cheviot, he was benighted and lost his way.

'A light glimmering through the window of a large waste barn, which had survived the farm-house to which it had once belonged, guided him to a place of shelter; and when he knocked at the door it was opened by Jean Gordon. Her very remarkable figure, for she was nearly six feet high, and her equally remarkable features and dress, rendered it impossible to mistake her for a moment, though he had not seen her for years; and to meet with such a character in so solitary a place, and probably at no great distance from her clan, was a grievous surprise to the poor man, whose rent (to lose which would have been ruin) was about his person.

'Jean set up a loud shout of joyful recognition — "Eh, sirs! the winsome gudeman of Lochside! Light down, light down; for ye maunna gang farther the night, and a friend's house sae near." The farmer was obliged to dismount and accept of the gipsy's offer of supper and a bed. There was plenty of meat in the barn, however it might be come by, and preparations were going on for a plentiful repast, which the farmer, to the great increase of his anxiety, observed was calculated for ten or twelve guests, of the same description, probably, with his landlady.

'Jean left him in no doubt on the subject. She brought to his recollection the story of the stolen sow, and mentioned how much pain and vexation it had given her. Like other philosophers, she remarked that the world grew worse daily; and, like other parents, that the bairns got out of her guiding, and neglected the old gipsy regulations, which commanded them to respect in their depredations the property of their benefactors. The end of all this was an inquiry what money the farmer had about him; and an urgent request, or command, that he would make her his purse-keeper, since the bairns, as she called her sons, would be soon home. The poor farmer made a virtue of necessity, told his story, and surrendered his gold to Jean's custody. She made him put a few shillings in his pocket, observing, it would excite suspicion should he be found travelling altogether penniless.

'This arrangement being made, the farmer lay down on a sort of *shake-down*, as the Scotch call it, or bed-clothes disposed upon some straw, but, as will easily be believed, slept not.

'About midnight the gang returned, with various articles of plunder, and talked over their exploits in language which made the farmer tremble. They were not long in discovering they had a guest and demanded of Jean whom she had got there.

'"E'en the winsome gudeman of Lochside, poor body," replied Jean; "he 's been at Newcastle seeking for siller to pay his rent, honest man, but deil-be-lickit he 's been able to gather in, and sae he 's gaun e'en hame wi' a toom purse and a sair heart."

'"That may be, Jean," replied one of the banditti, "but we maun ripe his pouches a bit, and see if the tale be true or no." Jean set up her throat in exclamations against this breach of hospitality, but without producing any change in their determination. The farmer soon heard their stifled whispers and light steps by his bedside, and understood they were rummaging his clothes. When they found the money which the providence of Jean Gordon had made him retain, they held a consultation if they should take it or no; but the smallness of the booty, and the vehemence of Jean's remonstrances, determined them in the negative. They caroused and went to rest. As soon as day dawned Jean roused her guest, produced his horse, which she had accommodated behind the *hallan*, and guided him for some miles, till he was on the highroad to

Lochside. She then restored his whole property; nor could his earnest entreaties prevail on her to accept so much as a single guinea.

'I have heard the old people at Jedburgh say, that all Jean's sons were condemned to die there on the same day. It is said the jury were equally divided, but that a friend to justice, who had slept during the whole discussion, waked suddenly and gave his vote for condemnation in the emphatic words, "Hang them a'!" Unanimity is not required in a Scottish jury, so the verdict of guilty was returned. Jean was present, and only said, "The Lord help the innocent in a day like this!" Her own death was accompanied with circumstances of brutal outrage, of which poor Jean was in many respects wholly undeserving. She had, among other demerits, or merits, as the reader may choose to rank it, that of being a stanch Jacobite. She chanced to be at Carlisle upon a fair or market-day, soon after the year 1746, where she gave vent to her political partiality, to the great offence of the rabble of that city. Being zealous in their loyalty when there was no danger, in proportion to the tameness with which they had surrendered to the Highlanders in 1745, the mob inflicted upon poor Jean Gordon no slighter penalty than that of ducking her to death in the Eden. It was an operation of some time, for Jean was a stout woman, and, struggling with her murderers, often got her head above water; and, while she had voice left, continued to exclaim at such intervals, "Charlie yet! Charlie yet!" When a child, and among the scenes which she frequented, I have often heard these stories, and cried piteously for poor Jean Gordon.

'Before quitting the Border gipsies, I may mention that my grandfather, while riding over Charterhouse Moor, then a very extensive common, fell suddenly among a large band of them, who were carousing in a hollow of the moor, surrounded by bushes. They instantly seized on his horse's bridle with many shouts of welcome, exclaiming (for he was well known to most of them) that they had often dined at his expense, and he must now stay and share their good cheer. My ancestor was a little alarmed, for, like the goodman of Lochside, he had more money about his person than he cared to risk in such society. However, being naturally a bold, lively-spirited man, he entered into the humour of the thing and sate down to the feast, which consisted of all the varieties of game, poultry, pigs, and so forth that could be collected by a wide and indiscriminate system of

plunder. The dinner was a very merry one; but my relative got a hint from some of the older gipsies to retire just when —

The mirth and fun grew fast and furious,

and, mounting his horse accordingly, he took a French leave of his entertainers, but without experiencing the least breach of hospitality. I believe Jean Gordon was at this festival.' — *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. i. p. 54.

Notwithstanding the failure of Jean's issue, for which

Weary fa' the waefu' wuddie,

a granddaughter survived her, whom I remember to have seen. That is, as Dr. Johnson had a shadowy recollection of Queen Anne as a stately lady in black, adorned with diamonds, so my memory is haunted by a solemn remembrance of a woman of more than female height, dressed in a long red cloak, who commenced acquaintance by giving me an apple, but whom, nevertheless, I looked on with as much awe as the future Doctor, High Church and Tory as he was doomed to be, could look upon the Queen. I conceive this woman to have been Madge Gordon, of whom an impressive account is given in the same article in which her grandmother Jean is mentioned, but not by the present writer: —

'The late Madge Gordon was at this time accounted the Queen of the Yetholm clans. She was, we believe, a granddaughter of the celebrated Jean Gordon, and was said to have much resembled her in appearance. The following account of her is extracted from the letter of a friend, who for many years enjoyed frequent and favourable opportunities of observing the characteristic peculiarities of the Yetholm tribes: — "Madge Gordon was descended from the Faas by the mother's side, and was married to a Young. She was a remarkable personage — of a very commanding presence and high stature, being nearly six feet high. She had a large aquiline nose, penetrating eyes, even in her old age, bushy hair, that hung around her shoulders from beneath a gipsy bonnet of straw, a short cloak of a peculiar fashion, and a long staff nearly as tall as herself. I remember her well; every week she paid my father a visit for her awmous when I was a little boy, and I looked upon Madge with no common degree of awe and terror. When she spoke vehemently (for she made loud complaints) she used to strike her staff upon the floor and throw herself into an attitude which it was impossible to regard with in-

difference. She used to say that she could bring from the remotest parts of the island friends to revenge her quarrel while she sat motionless in her cottage; and she frequently boasted that there was a time when she was of still more considerable importance, for there were at her wedding fifty saddled asses, and unsaddled asses without number. If Jean Gordon was the prototype of the *character* of Meg Merrilies, I imagine Madge must have sat to the unknown author as the representative of her *person.*" ' — *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. i. p. 56.

How far *Blackwood's* ingenious correspondent was right, how far mistaken, in his conjecture the reader has been informed.

To pass to a character of a very different description, Dominie Sampson,[1] — the reader may easily suppose that a poor modest humble scholar who has won his way through the classics, yet has fallen to leeward in the voyage of life, is no uncommon personage in a country where a certain portion of learning is easily attained by those who are willing to suffer hunger and thirst in exchange for acquiring Greek and Latin. But there is a far more exact prototype of the worthy Dominie, upon which is founded the part which he performs in the romance, and which, for certain particular reasons, must be expressed very generally.

Such a preceptor as Mr. Sampson is supposed to have been was actually tutor in the family of a gentleman of considerable property. The young lads, his pupils, grew up and went out in the world, but the tutor continued to reside in the family, no uncommon circumstance in Scotland in former days, where food and shelter were readily afforded to humble friends and dependents. The laird's predecessors had been imprudent, he himself was passive and unfortunate. Death swept away his sons, whose success in life might have balanced his own bad luck and incapacity. Debts increased and funds diminished, until ruin came. The estate was sold; and the old man was about to remove from the house of his fathers to go he knew not whither, when, like an old piece of furniture, which, left alone in its wonted corner, may hold together for a long while, but breaks to pieces on an attempt to move it, he fell down on his own threshold under a paralytic affection.

The tutor awakened as from a dream. He saw his patron

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[1] The Rev. George Thomson, son of the minister of Melrose, who acted as tutor at Abbotsford, was supposed by his friends to have yielded the author many personal features for his fictitious character of the Dominie (*Laing*).

dead, and that his patron's only remaining child, an elderly woman, now neither graceful nor beautiful, if she had ever been either the one or the other, had by this calamity become a homeless and penniless orphan. He addressed her nearly in the words which Dominie Sampson uses to Miss Bertram, and professed his determination not to leave her. Accordingly, roused to the exercise of talents which had long slumbered, he opened a little school and supported his patron's child for the rest of her life, treating her with the same humble observance and devoted attention which he had used towards her in the days of her prosperity.

Such is the outline of Dominie Sampson's real story, in which there is neither romantic incident nor sentimental passion; but which, perhaps, from the rectitude and simplicity of character which it displays, may interest the heart and fill the eye of the reader as irresistibly as if it respected distresses of a more dignified or refined character.

These preliminary notices concerning the tale of *Guy Mannering* and some of the characters introduced may save the author and reader in the present instance the trouble of writing and perusing a long string of detached notes.

ABBOTSFORD, *January* 1829.

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# ADDITIONAL NOTE

## GALWEGIAN LOCALITIES AND PERSONAGES WHICH HAVE BEEN SUPPOSED TO BE ALLUDED TO IN THE NOVEL

AN old English proverb says, that more know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows; and the influence of the adage seems to extend to works composed under the influence of an idle or foolish planet. Many corresponding circumstances are detected by readers of which the Author did not suspect the existence. He must, however, regard it as a great compliment that, in detailing incidents purely imaginary, he has been so fortunate in approximating reality as to remind his readers of actual occurrences. It is therefore with pleasure he notices some pieces of local history and tradition which have been supposed to coincide with the fictitious persons, incidents, and scenery of *Guy Mannering*.

The prototype of Dirk Hatteraick is considered as having been a Dutch skipper called Yawkins. This man was well known on the coast of Galloway and Dumfries-shire, as sole proprietor and master of a *buckkar*, or smuggling lugger, called the 'Black Prince.' Being distinguished by his nautical skill and intrepidity, his vessel was frequently freighted, and his own services employed, by French, Dutch, Manx, and Scottish smuggling companies.

A person well known by the name of Buckkar-tea, from having been a noted smuggler of that article, and also by that of Bogle Bush, the place of his residence, assured my kind informant Mr. Train, that he had frequently seen upwards of two hundred Lingtow men assemble at one time, and go off into the interior of the country, fully laden with contraband goods.

In those halcyon days of the free trade, the fixed price for carrying a box of tea or bale of tobacco from the coast of Galloway to Edinburgh was fifteen shillings, and a man with two horses carried four such packages. The trade was entirely destroyed by Mr. Pitt's celebrated commutation law, which, by reducing the duties upon excisable articles, enabled the lawful dealer to compete with the smuggler. The statute was called in Galloway and Dumfries-shire, by those who had thriven upon the contraband trade, 'the burning and starving act.'

Sure of such active assistance on shore, Yawkins demeaned himself so boldly that his mere name was a terror to the officers of the revenue. He availed himself of the fears which his presence inspired on one particular night, when, happening to be ashore with a considerable quantity of goods in his sole custody, a strong party of excisemen came down on him. Far from shunning the attack, Yawkins sprung forward, shouting, 'Come on, my lads; Yawkins is before you.' The revenue officers were intimidated and relinquished their prize, though defended only by the courage and address of a single man. On his proper element Yawkins was equally successful. On one occasion he was landing his cargo at the Manxman's Lake near Kirkcudbright, when two revenue cutters (the 'Pigmy' and the 'Dwarf') hove in sight at once on different tacks, the one coming round by the Isles of Fleet, the other between the point of Rueberry and the Muckle Ron. The dauntless free-trader instantly weighed anchor and bore down right between the luggers, so close that he tossed his hat on the deck of the one and his wig on that of the other, hoisted a cask to his

maintop, to show his occupation, and bore away under an extraordinary pressure of canvas, without receiving injury. To account for these and other hairbreadth escapes, popular superstition alleged that Yawkins insured his celebrated buckkar by compounding with the devil for one-tenth of his crew every voyage. How they arranged the separation of the stock and tithes is left to our conjecture. The buckkar was perhaps called the 'Black Prince' in honour of the formidable insurer.

The 'Black Prince' used to discharge her cargo at Luce, Balcarry, and elsewhere on the coast; but her owner's favourite landing-places were at the entrance of the Dee and the Cree, near the old Castle of Rueberry, about six miles below Kirkcudbright. There is a cave of large dimensions in the vicinity of Rueberry, which, from its being frequently used by Yawkins and his supposed connexion with the smugglers on the shore, is now called Dirk Hatteraick's Cave. Strangers who visit this place, the scenery of which is highly romantic, are also shown, under the name of the Gauger's Loup, a tremendous precipice, being the same, it is asserted, from which Kennedy was precipitated.

Meg Merrilies is in Galloway considered as having had her origin in the traditions concerning the celebrated Flora Marshal, one of the royal consorts of Willie Marshal, more commonly called the Caird of Barullion, King of the Gipsies of the Western Lowlands. That potentate was himself deserving of notice from the following peculiarities: — He was born in the parish of Kirkmichael about the year 1671; and, as he died at Kirkcudbright 23d November 1792, he must then have been in the one hundred and twentieth year of his age. It cannot be said that this unusually long lease of existence was noted by any peculiar excellence of conduct or habits of life. Willie had been pressed or enlisted in the army seven times, and had deserted as often; besides three times running away from the naval service. He had been seventeen times lawfully married; and, besides such a reasonably large share of matrimonial comforts, was, after his hundredth year, the avowed father of four children by less legitimate affections. He subsisted in his extreme old age by a pension from the present Earl of Selkirk's grandfather. Will Marshal is buried in Kirkcudbright church, where his monument is still shown, decorated with a scutcheon suitably blazoned with two tups' horns and two cutty spoons.

In his youth he occasionally took an evening walk on the

highway, with the purpose of assisting travellers by relieving them of the weight of their purses. On one occasion the Caird of Barullion robbed the Laird of Bargally at a place between Carsphairn and Dalmellington. His purpose was not achieved without a severe struggle, in which the gipsy lost his bonnet, and was obliged to escape, leaving it on the road. A respectable farmer happened to be the next passenger, and, seeing the bonnet, alighted, took it up, and rather imprudently put it on his own head. At this instant Bargally came up with some assistants, and, recognising the bonnet, charged the farmer of Bantoberick with having robbed him, and took him into custody. There being some likeness between the parties, Bargally persisted in his charge, and, though the respectability of the farmer's character was proved or admitted, his trial before the Circuit Court came on accordingly. The fatal bonnet lay on the table of the court. Bargally swore that it was the identical article worn by the man who robbed him; and he and others likewise deponed that they had found the accused on the spot where the crime was committed, with the bonnet on his head. The case looked gloomily for the prisoner, and the opinion of the judge seemed unfavourable. But there was a person in court who knew well both who did and who did not commit the crime. This was the Caird of Barullion, who, thrusting himself up to the bar near the place where Bargally was standing, suddenly seized on the bonnet, put it on his head, and, looking the Laird full in the face, asked him, with a voice which attracted the attention of the court and crowded audience — 'Look at me, sir, and tell me, by the oath you have sworn — Am not *I* the man who robbed you between Carsphairn and Dalmellington?' Bargally replied, in great astonishment, 'By Heaven! you are the very man.' 'You see what sort of memory this gentleman has,' said the volunteer pleader; 'he swears to the bonnet whatever features are under it. If you yourself, my Lord, will put it on your head, he will be willing to swear that your Lordship was the party who robbed him between Carsphairn and Dalmellington.' The tenant of Bantoberick was unanimously acquitted; and thus Willie Marshal ingeniously contrived to save an innocent man from danger, without incurring any himself, since Bargally's evidence must have seemed to every one too fluctuating to be relied upon.

While the King of the Gipsies was thus laudably occupied, his royal consort, Flora, contrived, it is said, to steal the hood from the judge's gown; for which offence, combined with her

presumptive guilt as a gipsy, she was banished to New England, whence she never returned.

Now, I cannot grant that the idea of Meg Merrilies was, in the first concoction of the character, derived from Flora Marshal, seeing I have already said she was identified with Jean Gordon, and as I have not the Laird of Bargally's apology for charging the same fact on two several individuals. Yet I am quite content that Meg should be considered as a representative of her sect and class in general, Flora as well as others.

The other instances in which my Gallovidian readers have obliged me by assigning to

> Airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name,

shall also be sanctioned so far as the Author may be entitled to do so. I think the facetious Joe Miller records a case pretty much in point; where the keeper of a museum, while showing, as he said, the very sword with which Balaam was about to kill his ass, was interrupted by one of the visitors, who reminded him that Balaam was not possessed of a sword, but only wished for one. 'True, sir,' replied the ready-witted cicerone; 'but this is the very sword he wished for.' The Author, in application of this story, has only to add that, though ignorant of the coincidence between the fictions of the tale and some real circumstances, he is contented to believe he must unconsciously have thought or dreamed of the last while engaged in the composition of *Guy Mannering*.

# GUY MANNERING

## OR THE ASTROLOGER

### CHAPTER I

He could not deny that, looking round upon the dreary region, and seeing nothing but bleak fields and naked trees, hills obscured by fogs, and flats covered with inundations, he did for some time suffer melancholy to prevail upon him, and wished himself again safe at home.

*Travels of Will. Marvel*, 'Idler,' No. 49.

IT was in the beginning of the month of November 17— when a young English gentleman, who had just left the university of Oxford, made use of the liberty afforded him to visit some parts of the north of England; and curiosity extended his tour into the adjacent frontier of the sister country. He had visited, on the day that opens our history, some monastic ruins in the county of Dumfries, and spent much of the day in making drawings of them from different points, so that, on mounting his horse to resume his journey, the brief and gloomy twilight of the season had already commenced. His way lay through a wild tract of black moss, extending for miles on each side and before him. Little eminences arose like islands on its surface, bearing here and there patches of corn, which even at this season was green, and sometimes a hut or farm-house, shaded by a willow or two and surrounded by large elder-bushes. These insulated dwellings communicated with each other by winding passages through the moss, impassable by any but the natives themselves. The public road, however, was tolerably well made and safe, so that the prospect of being benighted brought with it no real danger. Still it is uncomfortable to travel alone and in the dark

through an unknown country; and there are few ordinary occasions upon which Fancy frets herself so much as in a situation like that of Mannering.

As the light grew faint and more faint, and the morass appeared blacker and blacker, our traveller questioned more closely each chance passenger on his distance from the village of Kippletringan, where he proposed to quarter for the night. His queries were usually answered by a counter-challenge respecting the place from whence he came. While sufficient daylight remained to show the dress and appearance of a gentleman, these cross interrogatories were usually put in the form of a case supposed, as, 'Ye 'll hae been at the auld abbey o' Halycross, sir? there 's mony English gentlemen gang to see that.' — Or, 'Your honour will be come frae the house o' Pouderloupat?' But when the voice of the querist alone was distinguishable, the response usually was, 'Where are ye coming frae at sic a time o' night as the like o' this?' — or, 'Ye 'll no be o' this country, freend?' The answers, when obtained, were neither very reconcilable to each other nor accurate in the information which they afforded. Kippletringan was distant at first 'a gey bit'; then the 'gey bit' was more accurately described as 'ablins three mile'; then the 'three mile' diminished into 'like a mile and a bittock'; then extended themselves into 'four mile or thereawa'; and, lastly, a female voice, having hushed a wailing infant which the spokeswoman carried in her arms, assured Guy Mannering, 'It was a weary lang gate yet to Kippletringan, and unco heavy road for foot passengers.' The poor hack upon which Mannering was mounted was probably of opinion that it suited him as ill as the female respondent; for he began to flag very much, answered each application of the spur with a groan, and stumbled at every stone (and they were not few) which lay in his road.

Mannering now grew impatient. He was occasionally betrayed into a deceitful hope that the end of his journey was near by the apparition of a twinkling light or two; but, as he came up, he was disappointed to find that the gleams proceeded from some of those farm-houses which occasionally ornamented the surface of the extensive bog. At length, to complete his perplexity, he arrived at a place where the road divided into two. If there had been light to consult the relics of a finger-post which stood there, it would have been of little avail, as, according to the good custom of North Britain, the inscription had been defaced shortly after its erection. Our adventurer

was therefore compelled, like a knight-errant of old, to trust to the sagacity of his horse, which, without any demur, chose the left-hand path, and seemed to proceed at a somewhat livelier pace than before, affording thereby a hope that he knew he was drawing near to his quarters for the evening. This hope, however, was not speedily accomplished, and Mannering, whose impatience made every furlong seem three, began to think that Kippletringan was actually retreating before him in proportion to his advance.

It was now very cloudy, although the stars from time to time shed a twinkling and uncertain light. Hitherto nothing had broken the silence around him but the deep cry of the bog-blitter, or bull-of-the-bog, a large species of bittern, and the sighs of the wind as it passed along the dreary morass. To these was now joined the distant roar of the ocean, towards which the traveller seemed to be fast approaching. This was no circumstance to make his mind easy. Many of the roads in that country lay along the sea-beach, and were liable to be flooded by the tides, which rise with great height, and advance with extreme rapidity. Others were intersected with creeks and small inlets, which it was only safe to pass at particular times of the tide. Neither circumstance would have suited a dark night, a fatigued horse, and a traveller ignorant of his road. Mannering resolved, therefore, definitively to halt for the night at the first inhabited place, however poor, he might chance to reach, unless he could procure a guide to this unlucky village of Kippletringan.

A miserable hut gave him an opportunity to execute his purpose. He found out the door with no small difficulty, and for some time knocked without producing any other answer than a duet between a female and a cur-dog, the latter yelping as if he would have barked his heart out, the other screaming in chorus. By degrees the human tones predominated; but the angry bark of the cur being at the instant changed into a howl, it is probable something more than fair strength of lungs had contributed to the ascendency.

'Sorrow be in your thrapple then!' these were the first articulate words, 'will ye no let me hear what the man wants, wi' your yaffing?'

'Am I far from Kippletringan, good dame?'

'Frae Kippletringan!!!' in an exalted tone of wonder, which we can but faintly express by three points of admiration. 'Ow, man! ye should hae hadden eassel to Kippletringan; ye mann

gae back as far as the whaap, and haud the whaap till ye come to Ballenloan, and then ——'

'This will never do, good dame! my horse is almost quite knocked up; can you not give me a night's lodgings?'

'Troth can I no; I am a lone woman, for James he 's awa to Drumshourloch Fair with the year-aulds, and I daurna for my life open the door to ony o' your gang-there-out sort o' bodies.'

'But what must I do then, good dame? for I can't sleep here upon the road all night.'

'Troth, I kenna, unless ye like to gae down and speer for quarters at the Place. I'se warrant they 'll tak ye in, whether ye be gentle or semple.'

'Simple enough, to be wandering here at such a time of night,' thought Mannering, who was ignorant of the meaning of the phrase; 'but how shall I get to the *place*, as you call it?'

'Ye maun haud wessel by the end o' the loan, and take tent o' the jaw-hole.'

'O, if ye get to eassel and wessel again, I am undone! Is there nobody that could guide me to this Place? I will pay him handsomely.'

The word *pay* operated like magic. 'Jock, ye villain,' exclaimed the voice from the interior, 'are ye lying routing there, and a young gentleman seeking the way to the Place? Get up, ye fause loon, and show him the way down the muckle loaning. He 'll show you the way, sir, and I'se warrant ye 'll be weel put up; for they never turn awa naebody frae the door; and ye 'll be come in the canny moment, I 'm thinking, for the laird's servant — that 's no to say his body-servant, but the helper like — rade express by this e'en to fetch the houdie, and he just staid the drinking o' twa pints o' tippenny to tell us how my leddy was ta'en wi' her pains.'

'Perhaps,' said Mannering, 'at such a time a stranger's arrival might be inconvenient?'

'Hout, na, ye needna be blate about that; their house is muckle eneugh, and clecking time 's aye canty time.'

By this time Jock had found his way into all the intricacies of a tattered doublet and more tattered pair of breeches, and sallied forth, a great white-headed, bare-legged, lubberly boy of twelve years old, so exhibited by the glimpse of a rush-light which his half-naked mother held in such a manner as to get a peep at the stranger without greatly exposing herself to view in return. Jock moved on westward by the end of the house, leading Mannering's horse by the bridle, and piloting with some

dexterity along the little path which bordered the formidable jaw-hole, whose vicinity the stranger was made sensible of by means of more organs than one. His guide then dragged the weary hack along a broken and stony cart-track, next over a ploughed field, then broke down a *slap*, as he called it, in a dry-stone fence, and lugged the unresisting animal through the breach, about a rood of the simple masonry giving way in the splutter with which he passed. Finally, he led the way through a wicket into something which had still the air of an avenue, though many of the trees were felled. The roar of the ocean was now near and full, and the moon, which began to make her appearance, gleamed on a turreted and apparently a ruined mansion of considerable extent. Mannering fixed his eyes upon it with a disconsolate sensation.

'Why, my little fellow,' he said, 'this is a ruin, not a house?'

'Ah, but the lairds lived there langsyne; that 's Ellangowan Auld Place. There 's a hantle bogles about it; but ye needna be feared, I never saw ony mysell, and we 're just at the door o' the New Place.'

Accordingly, leaving the ruins on the right, a few steps brought the traveller in front of a modern house of moderate size, at which his guide rapped with great importance. Mannering told his circumstances to the servant; and the gentleman of the house, who heard his tale from the parlour, stepped forward and welcomed the stranger hospitably to Ellangowan. The boy, made happy with half-a-crown, was dismissed to his cottage, the weary horse was conducted to a stall, and Mannering found himself in a few minutes seated by a comfortable supper, for which his cold ride gave him a hearty appetite.

# CHAPTER II

Comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle, out.

*Henry IV.*, Part I.

THE company in the parlour at Ellangowan consisted of the Laird and a sort of person who might be the village schoolmaster, or perhaps the minister's assistant; his appearance was too shabby to indicate the minister, considering he was on a visit to the Laird.

The Laird himself was one of those second-rate sort of persons that are to be found frequently in rural situations. Fielding has described one class as *feras consumere nati;* but the love of field-sports indicates a certain activity of mind, which had forsaken Mr. Bertram, if ever he possessed it. A good-humoured listlessness of countenance formed the only remarkable expression of his features, although they were rather handsome than otherwise. In fact, his physiognomy indicated the inanity of character which pervaded his life. I will give the reader some insight into his state and conversation before he has finished a long lecture to Mannering upon the propriety and comfort of wrapping his stirrup-irons round with a wisp of straw when he had occasion to ride in a chill evening.

Godfrey Bertram of Ellangowan succeeded to a long pedigree and a short rent-roll, like many lairds of that period. His list of forefathers ascended so high that they were lost in the barbarous ages of Galwegian independence, so that his genealogical tree, besides the Christian and crusading names of Godfreys, and Gilberts, and Dennises, and Rolands without end, bore heathen fruit of yet darker ages — Arths, and Knarths, and Donagilds, and Hanlons. In truth, they had been formerly the stormy chiefs of a desert but extensive domain, and the heads of a numerous tribe called Mac-Dingawaie, though they afterwards adopted the Norman surname of Bertram. They

had made war, raised rebellions, been defeated, beheaded, and hanged, as became a family of importance, for many centuries. But they had gradually lost ground in the world, and, from being themselves the heads of treason and traitorous conspiracies, the Bertrams, or Mac-Dingawaies, of Ellangowan had sunk into subordinate accomplices. Their most fatal exhibitions in this capacity took place in the seventeenth century, when the foul fiend possessed them with a spirit of contradiction, which uniformly involved them in controversy with the ruling powers. They reversed the conduct of the celebrated Vicar of Bray, and adhered as tenaciously to the weaker side as that worthy divine to the stronger. And truly, like him, they had their reward.

Allan Bertram of Ellangowan, who flourished *tempore Caroli primi*, was, says my authority, Sir Robert Douglas, in his *Scottish Baronage* (see the title 'Ellangowan'), 'a steady loyalist, and full of zeal for the cause of His Sacred Majesty, in which he united with the great Marquis of Montrose and other truly zealous and honourable patriots, and sustained great losses in that behalf. He had the honour of knighthood conferred upon him by His Most Sacred Majesty, and was sequestrated as a malignant by the parliament, 1642, and afterwards as a resolutioner in the year 1648.' These two cross-grained epithets of malignant and resolutioner cost poor Sir Allan one half of the family estate. His son Dennis Bertram married a daughter of an eminent fanatic who had a seat in the council of state, and saved by that union the remainder of the family property. But, as ill chance would have it, he became enamoured of the lady's principles as well as of her charms, and my author gives him this character: 'He was a man of eminent parts and resolution, for which reason he was chosen by the western counties one of the committee of noblemen and gentlemen to report their griefs to the privy council of Charles II. anent the coming in of the Highland host in 1678.' For undertaking this patriotic task he underwent a fine, to pay which he was obliged to mortgage half of the remaining moiety of his paternal property. This loss he might have recovered by dint of severe economy, but on the breaking out of Argyle's rebellion Dennis Bertram was again suspected by government, apprehended, sent to Dunnotar Castle on the coast of the Mearns, and there broke his neck in an attempt to escape from a subterranean habitation called the Whigs' Vault, in which he was confined with some eighty of the same persuasion. The apprizer

therefore (as the holder of a mortgage was then called) entered upon possession, and, in the language of Hotspur, 'came me cranking in,' and cut the family out of another monstrous cantle of their remaining property.

Donohoe Bertram, with somewhat of an Irish name and somewhat of an Irish temper, succeeded to the diminished property of Ellangowan. He turned out of doors the Rev. Aaron Macbriar, his mother's chaplain (it is said they quarrelled about the good graces of a milkmaid); drank himself daily drunk with brimming healths to the king, council, and bishops; held orgies with the Laird of Lagg, Theophilus Oglethorpe, and Sir James Turner; and lastly, took his grey gelding and joined Clavers at Killiecrankie. At the skirmish of Dunkeld, 1689, he was shot dead by a Cameronian with a silver button (being supposed to have proof from the Evil One against lead and steel), and his grave is still called the Wicked Laird's Lair.

His son Lewis had more prudence than seems usually to have belonged to the family. He nursed what property was yet left to him; for Donohoe's excesses, as well as fines and forfeitures, had made another inroad upon the estate. And although even he did not escape the fatality which induced the Lairds of Ellangowan to interfere with politics, he had yet the prudence, ere he went out with Lord Kenmore in 1715, to convey his estate to trustees, in order to parry pains and penalties in case the Earl of Mar could not put down the Protestant succession. But Scylla and Charybdis — a word to the wise — he only saved his estate at expense of a lawsuit, which again subdivided the family property. He was, however, a man of resolution. He sold part of the lands, evacuated the old castle, where the family lived in their decadence as a mouse (said an old farmer) lives under a firlot. Pulling down part of these venerable ruins, he built with the stones a narrow house of three stories high, with a front like a grenadier's cap, having in the very centre a round window like the single eye of a Cyclops, two windows on each side, and a door in the middle, leading to a parlour and withdrawing-room full of all manner of cross lights.

This was the New Place of Ellangowan, in which we left our hero, better amused perhaps than our readers, and to this Lewis Bertram retreated, full of projects for re-establishing the prosperity of his family. He took some land into his own hand, rented some from neighbouring proprietors, bought and sold Highland cattle and Cheviot sheep, rode to fairs and trysts, fought hard

bargains, and held necessity at the staff's end as well as he might. But what he gained in purse he lost in honour, for such agricultural and commercial negotiations were very ill looked upon by his brother lairds, who minded nothing but cock-fighting, hunting, coursing, and horse-racing, with now and then the alternative of a desperate duel. The occupations which he followed encroached, in their opinion, upon the article of Ellangowan's gentry, and he found it necessary gradually to estrange himself from their society, and sink into what was then a very ambiguous character, a gentleman farmer. In the midst of his schemes death claimed his tribute, and the scanty remains of a large property descended upon Godfrey Bertram, the present possessor, his only son.

The danger of the father's speculations was soon seen. Deprived of Laird Lewis's personal and active superintendence, all his undertakings miscarried, and became either abortive or perilous. Without a single spark of energy to meet or repel these misfortunes, Godfrey put his faith in the activity of another. He kept neither hunters nor hounds, nor any other southern preliminaries to ruin; but, as has been observed of his countrymen, he kept a man of business, who answered the purpose equally well. Under this gentleman's supervision small debts grew into large, interests were accumulated upon capitals, movable bonds became heritable, and law charges were heaped upon all; though Ellangowan possessed so little the spirit of a litigant that he was on two occasions *charged* to make payment of the expenses of a long lawsuit, although he had never before heard that he had such cases in court. Meanwhile his neighbours predicted his final ruin. Those of the higher rank, with some malignity, accounted him already a degraded brother. The lower classes, seeing nothing enviable in his situation, marked his embarrassments with more compassion. He was even a kind of favourite with them, and upon the division of a common, or the holding of a black-fishing or poaching court, or any similar occasion when they conceived themselves oppressed by the gentry, they were in the habit of saying to each other, 'Ah, if Ellangowan, honest man, had his ain that his forbears had afore him, he wadna see the puir folk trodden down this gait.' Meanwhile, this general good opinion never prevented their taking the advantage of him on all possible occasions, turning their cattle into his parks, stealing his wood, shooting his game, and so forth, 'for the Laird, honest man, he'll never find it; he never minds what a puir body

does.' Pedlars, gipsies, tinkers, vagrants of all descriptions, roosted about his outhouses, or harboured in his kitchen; and the Laird, who was 'nae nice body,' but a thorough gossip, like most weak men, found recompense for his hospitality in the pleasure of questioning them on the news of the country side.

A circumstance arrested Ellangowan's progress on the high-road to ruin. This was his marriage with a lady who had a portion of about four thousand pounds. Nobody in the neighbourhood could conceive why she married him and endowed him with her wealth, unless because he had a tall, handsome figure, a good set of features, a genteel address, and the most perfect good-humour. It might be some additional consideration, that she was herself at the reflecting age of twenty-eight, and had no near relations to control her actions or choice.

It was in this lady's behalf (confined for the first time after her marriage) that the speedy and active express, mentioned by the old dame of the cottage, had been despatched to Kipple-tringan on the night of Mannering's arrival.

Though we have said so much of the Laird himself, it still remains that we make the reader in some degree acquainted with his companion. This was Abel Sampson, commonly called, from his occupation as a pedagogue, Dominie Sampson. He was of low birth, but having evinced, even from his cradle, an uncommon seriousness of disposition, the poor parents were encouraged to hope that their bairn, as they expressed it, 'might wag his pow in a pulpit yet.' With an ambitious view to such a consummation, they pinched and pared, rose early and lay down late, ate dry bread and drank cold water, to secure to Abel the means of learning. Meantime, his tall, ungainly figure, his taciturn and grave manners, and some grotesque habits of swinging his limbs and screwing his visage while reciting his task, made poor Sampson the ridicule of all his school-companions. The same qualities secured him at Glasgow College a plentiful share of the same sort of notice. Half the youthful mob of 'the yards' used to assemble regularly to see Dominie Sampson (for he had already attained that honourable title) descend the stairs from the Greek class, with his lexicon under his arm, his long misshapen legs sprawling abroad, and keeping awkward time to the play of his immense shoulder-blades, as they raised and depressed the loose and threadbare black coat which was his constant and only wear. When he spoke, the efforts of the professor (professor of divinity though he was) were totally inadequate to restrain the inextinguishable

laughter of the students, and sometimes even to repress his own. The long, sallow visage, the goggle eyes, the huge underjaw, which appeared not to open and shut by an act of volition, but to be dropped and hoisted up again by some complicated machinery within the inner man, the harsh and dissonant voice, and the screech-owl notes to which it was exalted when he was exhorted to pronounce more distinctly, — all added fresh subject for mirth to the torn cloak and shattered shoe, which have afforded legitimate subjects of raillery against the poor scholar from Juvenal's time downward. It was never known that Sampson either exhibited irritability at this ill usage, or made the least attempt to retort upon his tormentors. He slunk from college by the most secret paths he could discover, and plunged himself into his miserable lodging, where, for eighteen-pence a-week, he was allowed the benefit of a straw mattress, and, if his landlady was in good humour, permission to study his task by her fire. Under all these disadvantages, he obtained a competent knowledge of Greek and Latin, and some acquaintance with the sciences.

In progress of time, Abel Sampson, probationer of divinity, was admitted to the privileges of a preacher. But, alas! partly from his own bashfulness, partly owing to a strong and obvious disposition to risibility which pervaded the congregation upon his first attempt, he became totally incapable of proceeding in his intended discourse, gasped, grinned, hideously rolled his eyes till the congregation thought them flying out of his head, shut the Bible, stumbled down the pulpit-stairs, trampling upon the old women who generally take their station there, and was ever after designated as a 'stickit minister.' And thus he wandered back to his own country, with blighted hopes and prospects, to share the poverty of his parents. As he had neither friend nor confidant, hardly even an acquaintance, no one had the means of observing closely how Dominie Sampson bore a disappointment which supplied the whole town with a week's sport. It would be endless even to mention the numerous jokes to which it gave birth, from a ballad called 'Sampson's Riddle,' written upon the subject by a smart young student of humanity, to the sly hope of the Principal that the fugitive had not, in imitation of his mighty namesake, taken the college gates along with him in his retreat.

To all appearance, the equanimity of Sampson was unshaken. He sought to assist his parents by teaching a school, and soon had plenty of scholars, but very few fees. In fact, he taught

the sons of farmers for what they chose to give him, and the poor for nothing ; and, to the shame of the former be it spoken, the pedagogue's gains never equalled those of a skilful ploughman. He wrote, however, a good hand, and added something to his pittance by copying accounts and writing letters for Ellangowan. By degrees, the Laird, who was much estranged from general society, became partial to that of Dominie Sampson. Conversation, it is true, was out of the question, but the Dominie was a good listener, and stirred the fire with some address. He attempted even to snuff the candles, but was unsuccessful, and relinquished that ambitious post of courtesy after having twice reduced the parlour to total darkness. So his civilities, thereafter, were confined to taking off his glass of ale in exactly the same time and measure with the Laird, and in uttering certain indistinct murmurs of acquiescence at the conclusion of the long and winding stories of Ellangowan.

On one of these occasions, he presented for the first time to Mannering his tall, gaunt, awkward, bony figure, attired in a threadbare suit of black, with a coloured handkerchief, not over clean, about his sinewy, scraggy neck, and his nether person arrayed in grey breeches, dark-blue stockings, clouted shoes, and small copper buckles.

Such is a brief outline of the lives and fortunes of those two persons in whose society Mannering now found himself comfortably seated.

## CHAPTER III

Do not the hist'ries of all ages
Relate miraculous presages
Of strange turns in the world's affairs,
Foreseen by astrologers, soothsayers,
Chaldeans, learned genethliacs,
And some that have writ almanacks ?

*Hudibras.*

THE circumstances of the landlady were pleaded to Mannering, first, as an apology for her not appearing to welcome her guest, and for those deficiencies in his entertainment which her attention might have supplied, and then as an excuse for pressing an extra bottle of good wine.

'I cannot weel sleep,' said the Laird, with the anxious feelings of a father in such a predicament, 'till I hear she 's gotten ower with it ; and if you, sir, are not very sleepery, and would do me and the Dominie the honour to sit up wi' us, I am sure we shall not detain you very late. Luckie Howatson is very expeditious. There was ance a lass that was in that way ; she did not live far from hereabouts — ye needna shake your head and groan, Dominie ; I am sure the kirk dues were a' weel paid, and what can man do mair ? — it was laid till her ere she had a sark ower her head ; and the man that she since wadded does not think her a pin the waur for the misfortune. They live, Mr. Mannering, by the shore-side at Annan, and a mair decent, orderly couple, with six as fine bairns as ye would wish to see plash in a salt-water dub ; and little curlie Godfrey — that 's the eldest, the come o' will, as I may say — he 's on board an excise yacht. I hae a cousin at the board of excise ; that 's Commissioner Bertram ; he got his commissionership in the great contest for the county, that ye must have heard of, for it was appealed to the House of Commons. Now I should have voted there for the Laird of Balruddery ; but ye see my father was a Jacobite, and out with Kenmore, so he never took the oaths ; and I ken

not weel how it was, but all that I could do and say, they keepit me off the roll, though my agent, that had a vote upon my estate, ranked as a good vote for auld Sir Thomas Kittlecourt. But, to return to what I was saying, Luckie Howatson is very expeditious, for this lass ——'

Here the desultory and long-winded narrative of the Laird was interrupted by the voice of some one ascending the stairs from the kitchen story, and singing at full pitch of voice. The high notes were too shrill for a man, the low seemed too deep for a woman. The words, as far as Mannering could distinguish them, seemed to run thus :

> Canny moment, lucky fit!
> Is the lady lighter yet?
> Be it lad, or be it lass,
> Sign wi' cross and sain wi' mass.

'It 's Meg Merrilies, the gipsy, as sure as I am a sinner,' said Mr. Bertram. The Dominie groaned deeply, uncrossed his legs, drew in the huge splay foot which his former posture had extended, placed it perpendicularly, and stretched the other limb over it instead, puffing out between whiles huge volumes of tobacco smoke. 'What needs ye groan, Dominie? I am sure Meg's sangs do nae ill.'

'Nor good neither,' answered Dominie Sampson, in a voice whose untuneable harshness corresponded with the awkwardness of his figure. They were the first words which Mannering had heard him speak; and as he had been watching with some curiosity when this eating, drinking, moving, and smoking automaton would perform the part of speaking, he was a good deal diverted with the harsh timber tones which issued from him. But at this moment the door opened, and Meg Merrilies entered.

Her appearance made Mannering start. She was full six feet high, wore a man's great-coat over the rest of her dress, had in her hand a goodly sloethorn cudgel, and in all points of equipment, except her petticoats, seemed rather masculine than feminine. Her dark elf-locks shot out like the snakes of the gorgon between an old-fashioned bonnet called a bongrace, heightening the singular effect of her strong and weather-beaten features, which they partly shadowed, while her eye had a wild roll that indicated something like real or affected insanity.

'Aweel, Ellangowan,' she said, 'wad it no hae been a bonnie thing, an the leddy had been brought to bed, an me at the fair

o' Drumshourloch, no kenning, nor dreaming a word about it? Wha was to hae keepit awa the worriecows, I trow? Ay, and the elves and gyre-carlings frae the bonnie bairn, grace be wi' it? Ay, or said Saint Colme's charm for its sake, the dear?' And without waiting an answer she began to sing—

'Trefoil, vervain, John's-wort, dill,
Hinders witches of their will;
Weel is them, that weel may
Fast upon St. Andrew's day.

'Saint Bride and her brat,
Saint Colme and his cat,
Saint Michael and his spear,
Keep the house frae reif and wear.

This charm she sung to a wild tune, in a high and shrill voice, and, cutting three capers with such strength and agility as almost to touch the roof of the room, concluded, 'And now, Laird, will ye no order me a tass o' brandy?'

'That you shall have, Meg. Sit down yont there at the door and tell us what news ye have heard at the fair o' Drumshourloch.'

'Troth, Laird, and there was muckle want o' you, and the like o' you; for there was a whin bonnie lasses there, forbye mysell, and deil ane to gie them hansels.'

'Weel, Meg, and how mony gipsies were sent to the tolbooth?'

'Troth, but three, Laird, for there were nae mair in the fair, bye mysell, as I said before, and I e'en gae them leg-bail, for there 's nae ease in dealing wi' quarrelsome fowk. And there 's Dunbog has warned the Red Rotten and John Young aff his grunds—black be his cast! he 's nae gentleman, nor drap's bluid o' gentleman, wad grudge twa gangrel puir bodies the shelter o' a waste house, and the thristles by the roadside for a bit cuddy, and the bits o' rotten birk to boil their drap parritch wi'. Weel, there 's Ane abune a'; but we 'll see if the red cock craw not in his bonnie barn-yard ae morning before day-dawing.'

'Hush! Meg, hush! hush! that 's not safe talk.'

'What does she mean?' said Mannering to Sampson, in an undertone.

'Fire-raising,' answered the laconic Dominie.

'Who, or what is she, in the name of wonder?'

'Harlot, thief, witch, and gipsy,' answered Sampson again.

'O troth, Laird,' continued Meg, during this by-talk, 'it's but to the like o' you ane can open their heart; ye see, they say Dunbog is nae mair a gentleman than the blunker that's biggit the bonnie house down in the howm. But the like o' you, Laird, that's a real gentleman for sae mony hundred years, and never hunds puir fowk aff your grund as if they were mad tykes, nane o' our fowk wad stir your gear if ye had as mony capons as there's leaves on the trysting-tree. And now some o' ye maun lay down your watch, and tell me the very minute o' the hour the wean's born, and I'll spae its fortune.'

'Ay, but, Meg, we shall not want your assistance, for here's a student from Oxford that kens much better than you how to spae its fortune; he does it by the stars.'

'Certainly, sir,' said Mannering, entering into the simple humour of his landlord, 'I will calculate his nativity according to the rule of the "triplicities," as recommended by Pythagoras, Hippocrates, Diocles, and Avicenna. Or I will begin *ab hora questionis*, as Haly, Messahala, Ganwehis, and Guido Bonatus have recommended.'

One of Sampson's great recommendations to the favour of Mr. Bertram was, that he never detected the most gross attempt at imposition, so that the Laird, whose humble efforts at jocularity were chiefly confined to what were then called *bites* and *bams*, since denominated *hoaxes* and *quizzes*, had the fairest possible subject of wit in the unsuspecting Dominie. It is true, he never laughed, or joined in the laugh which his own simplicity afforded — nay, it is said, he never laughed but once in his life, and on that memorable occasion his landlady miscarried, partly through surprise at the event itself, and partly from terror at the hideous grimaces which attended this unusual cachinnation. The only effect which the discovery of such impositions produced upon this saturnine personage was, to extort an ejaculation of 'Prodigious!' or 'Very facetious!' pronounced syllabically, but without moving a muscle of his own countenance.

On the present occasion, he turned a gaunt and ghastly stare upon the youthful astrologer, and seemed to doubt if he had rightly understood his answer to his patron.

'I am afraid, sir,' said Mannering, turning towards him, 'you may be one of those unhappy persons who, their dim eyes being unable to penetrate the starry spheres, and to discern therein the decrees of heaven at a distance, have their hearts barred against conviction by prejudice and misprision.'

'Truly,' said Sampson, 'I opine with Sir Isaac Newton, Knight, and umwhile master of his Majesty's mint, that the (pretended) science of astrology is altogether vain, frivolous, and unsatisfactory.' And here he reposed his oracular jaws.

'Really,' resumed the traveller, 'I am sorry to see a gentleman of your learning and gravity labouring under such strange blindness and delusion. Will you place the brief, the modern, and, as I may say, the vernacular name of Isaac Newton in opposition to the grave and sonorous authorities of Dariot, Bonatus, Ptolemy, Haly, Ezler, Dieterich, Naibod, Harfurt, Zael, Tannstetter, Agrippa, Duretus, Maginus, Origan, and Argoli? Do not Christians and Heathens, and Jews and Gentiles, and poets and philosophers, unite in allowing the starry influences?'

'*Communis error* — it is a general mistake,' answered the inflexible Dominie Sampson.

'Not so,' replied the young Englishman; 'it is a general and well-grounded belief.'

'It is the resource of cheaters, knaves, and cozeners,' said Sampson.

'*Abusus non tollit usum.* — The abuse of anything doth not abrogate the lawful use thereof.'

During this discussion Ellangowan was somewhat like a woodcock caught in his own springe. He turned his face alternately from the one spokesman to the other, and began, from the gravity with which Mannering plied his adversary, and the learning which he displayed in the controversy, to give him credit for being half serious. As for Meg, she fixed her bewildered eyes upon the astrologer, overpowered by a jargon more mysterious than her own.

Mannering pressed his advantage, and ran over all the hard terms of art which a tenacious memory supplied, and which, from circumstances hereafter to be noticed, had been familiar to him in early youth.

Signs and planets, in aspects sextile, quartile, trine, conjoined, or opposite; houses of heaven, with their cusps, hours, and minutes; almuten, almochoden, anahibazon, catahibazon; a thousand terms of equal sound and significance, poured thick and threefold upon the unshrinking Dominie, whose stubborn incredulity bore him out against the pelting of this pitiless storm.

At length the joyful annunciation that the lady had presented her husband with a fine boy, and was (of course) as well as could be expected, broke off this intercourse. Mr. Bertram

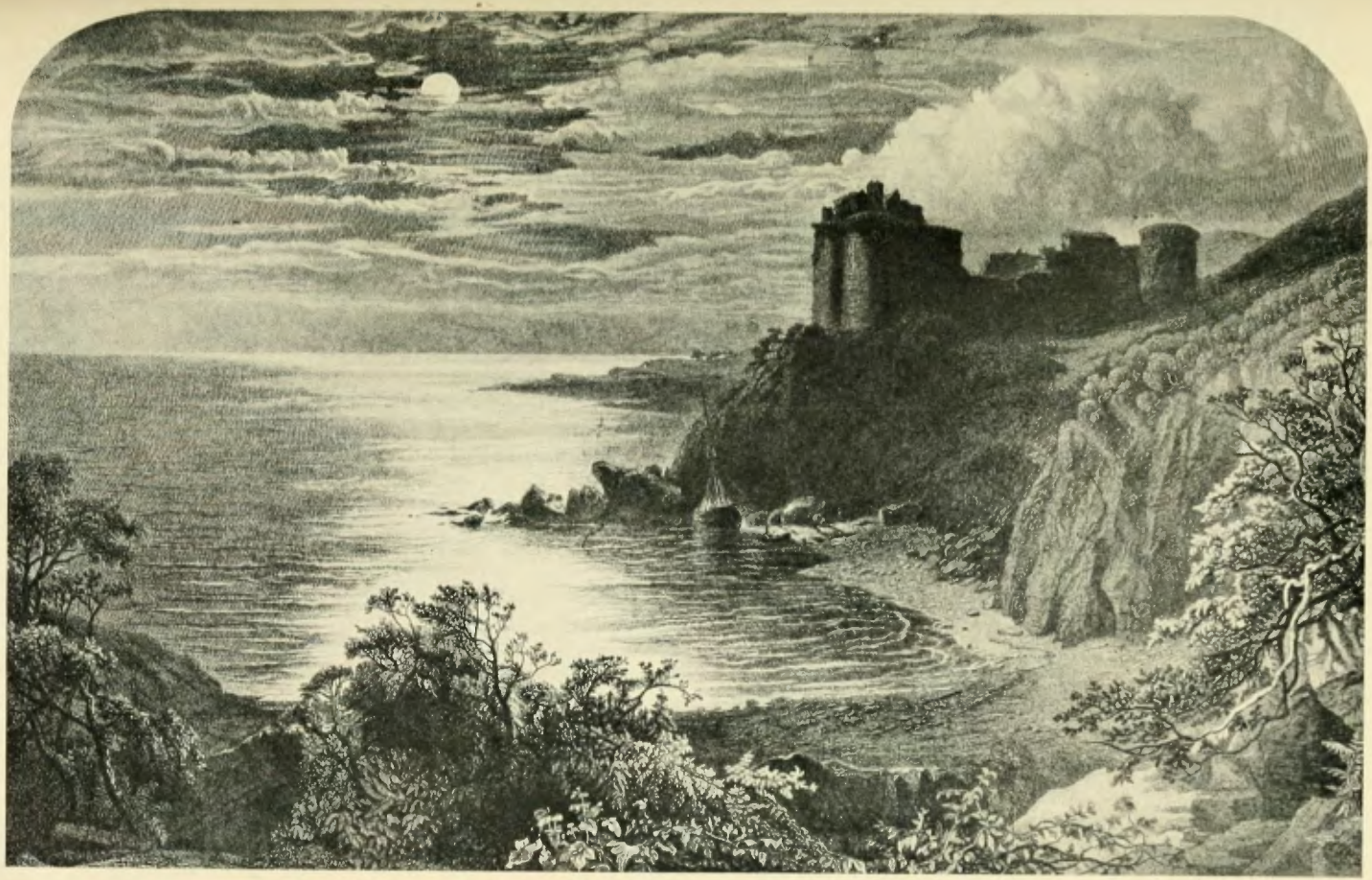
hastened to the lady's apartment, Meg Merrilies descended to the kitchen to secure her share of the groaning malt and the 'ken-no,'[1] and Mannering, after looking at his watch, and noting with great exactness the hour and minute of the birth, requested, with becoming gravity, that the Dominie would conduct him to some place where he might have a view of the heavenly bodies.

The schoolmaster, without further answer, rose and threw open a door half sashed with glass, which led to an old-fashioned terrace-walk behind the modern house, communicating with the platform on which the ruins of the ancient castle were situated. The wind had arisen, and swept before it the clouds which had formerly obscured the sky. The moon was high, and at the full, and all the lesser satellites of heaven shone forth in cloudless effulgence. The scene which their light presented to Mannering was in the highest degree unexpected and striking.

We have observed, that in the latter part of his journey our traveller approached the sea-shore, without being aware how nearly. He now perceived that the ruins of Ellangowan Castle were situated upon a promontory, or projection of rock, which formed one side of a small and placid bay on the sea-shore. The modern mansion was placed lower, though closely adjoining, and the ground behind it descended to the sea by a small swelling green bank, divided into levels by natural terraces, on which grew some old trees, and terminating upon the white sand. The other side of the bay, opposite to the old castle, was a sloping and varied promontory, covered chiefly with copsewood, which on that favoured coast grows almost within water-mark. A fisherman's cottage peeped from among the trees. Even at this dead hour of night there were lights moving upon the shore, probably occasioned by the unloading a smuggling lugger from the Isle of Man which was lying in the bay. On the light from the sashed door of the house being observed, a halloo from the vessel of 'Ware hawk! Douse the glim!' alarmed those who were on shore, and the lights instantly disappeared.

It was one hour after midnight, and the prospect around was lovely. The grey old towers of the ruin, partly entire, partly broken, here bearing the rusty weather-stains of ages, and there partially mantled with ivy, stretched along the verge of the dark rock which rose on Mannering's right hand. In his front was the quiet bay, whose little waves, crisping and sparkling to the moonbeams, rolled successively along its surface, and dashed

[1] See Note 1.



ELLANGOWAN CASTLE.

From a painting by John McWhirter.

with a soft and murmuring ripple against the silvery beach. To the left the woods advanced far into the ocean, waving in the moonlight along ground of an undulating and varied form, and presenting those varieties of light and shade, and that interesting combination of glade and thicket, upon which the eye delights to rest, charmed with what it sees, yet curious to pierce still deeper into the intricacies of the woodland scenery. Above rolled the planets, each, by its own liquid orbit of light, distinguished from the inferior or more distant stars. So strangely can imagination deceive even those by whose volition it has been excited, that Mannering, while gazing upon these brilliant bodies, was half inclined to believe in the influence ascribed to them by superstition over human events. But Mannering was a youthful lover, and might perhaps be influenced by the feelings so exquisitely expressed by a modern poet: —

> For fable is Love's world, his home, his birthplace:
> Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays, and talismans,
> And spirits, and delightedly believes
> Divinities, being himself divine.
> The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
> The fair humanities of old religion,
> The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
> That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
> Or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
> Or chasms and wat'ry depths — all these have vanish'd;
> They live no longer in the faith of reason!
> But still the heart doth need a language, still
> Doth the old instinct bring back the old names.
> And to yon starry world they now are gone,
> Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
> With man as with their friend, and to the lover
> Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
> Shoot influence down; and even at this day
> 'T is Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
> And Venus who brings everything that 's fair.

Such musings soon gave way to others. 'Alas!' he muttered, 'my good old tutor, who used to enter so deep into the controversy between Heydon and Chamber on the subject of astrology, he would have looked upon the scene with other eyes, and would have seriously endeavoured to discover from the respective positions of these luminaries their probable effects on the destiny of the new-born infant, as if the courses or emanations of the stars superseded, or at least were co-ordinate with, Divine Providence. Well, rest be with him! he instilled into me enough of knowledge for erecting a scheme of nativity, and

therefore will I presently go about it.' So saying, and having noted the position of the principal planetary bodies, Guy Mannering returned to the house. The Laird met him in the parlour, and, acquainting him with great glee that the boy was a fine healthy little fellow, seemed rather disposed to press further conviviality. He admitted, however, Mannering's plea of weariness, and, conducting him to his sleeping apartment, left him to repose for the evening.

# CHAPTER IV

Come and see ! trust thine own eyes.
A fearful sign stands in the house of life,
An enemy ; a fiend lurks close behind
The radiance of thy planet. O be warned !

COLERIDGE, *from* SCHILLER.

THE belief in astrology was almost universal in the middle of the seventeenth century ; it began to waver and become doubtful towards the close of that period, and in the beginning of the eighteenth the art fell into general disrepute, and even under general ridicule. Yet it still retained many partizans even in the seats of learning. Grave and studious men were loth to relinquish the calculations which had early become the principal objects of their studies, and felt reluctant to descend from the predominating height to which a supposed insight into futurity, by the power of consulting abstract influences and conjunctions, had exalted them over the rest of mankind.

Among those who cherished this imaginary privilege with undoubting faith was an old clergyman with whom Mannering was placed during his youth. He wasted his eyes in observing the stars, and his brains in calculations upon their various combinations. His pupil, in early youth, naturally caught some portion of his enthusiasm, and laboured for a time to make himself master of the technical process of astrological research ; so that, before he became convinced of its absurdity, William Lilly himself, would have allowed him 'a curious fancy and piercing judgment in resolving a question of nativity.'

On the present occasion he arose as early in the morning as the shortness of the day permitted, and proceeded to calculate the nativity of the young heir of Ellangowan. He undertook the task *secundum artem*, as well to keep up appearances as from a sort of curiosity to know whether he yet remembered, and could practise, the imaginary science. He accordingly erected his scheme, or figure of heaven, divided into its twelve

houses, placed the planets therein according to the ephemeris, and rectified their position to the hour and moment of the nativity. Without troubling our readers with the general prognostications which judicial astrology would have inferred from these circumstances, in this diagram there was one significator which pressed remarkably upon our astrologer's attention. Mars, having dignity in the cusp of the twelfth house, threatened captivity or sudden and violent death to the native ; and Mannering, having recourse to those further rules by which diviners pretend to ascertain the vehemency of this evil direction, observed from the result that three periods would be particularly hazardous — his fifth, his tenth, his twenty-first year.

It was somewhat remarkable that Mannering had once before tried a similar piece of foolery at the instance of Sophia Wellwood, the young lady to whom he was attached, and that a similar conjunction of planetary influence threatened her with death or imprisonment in her thirty-ninth year. She was at this time eighteen ; so that, according to the result of the scheme in both cases, the same year threatened her with the same misfortune that was presaged to the native or infant whom that night had introduced into the world. Struck with this coincidence, Mannering repeated his calculations ; and the result approximated the events predicted, until at length the same month, and day of the month, seemed assigned as the period of peril to both.

It will be readily believed that, in mentioning this circumstance, we lay no weight whatever upon the pretended information thus conveyed. But it often happens, such is our natural love for the marvellous, that we willingly contribute our own efforts to beguile our better judgments. Whether the coincidence which I have mentioned was really one of those singular chances which sometimes happen against all ordinary calculations ; or whether Mannering, bewildered amid the arithmetical labyrinth and technical jargon of astrology, had insensibly twice followed the same clue to guide him out of the maze ; or whether his imagination, seduced by some point of apparent resemblance, lent its aid to make the similitude between the two operations more exactly accurate than it might otherwise have been, it is impossible to guess ; but the impression upon his mind that the results exactly corresponded was vividly and indelibly strong.

He could not help feeling surprise at a coincidence so singular and unexpected. 'Does the devil mingle in the dance, to avenge himself for our trifling with an art said to be of magical origin ?

Or is it possible, as Bacon and Sir Thomas Browne admit, that there is some truth in a sober and regulated astrology, and that the influence of the stars is not to be denied, though the due application of it by the knaves who pretend to practise the art is greatly to be suspected ?' A moment's consideration of the subject induced him to dismiss this opinion as fantastical, and only sanctioned by those learned men either because they durst not at once shock the universal prejudices of their age, or because they themselves were not altogether freed from the contagious influence of a prevailing superstition. Yet the result of his calculations in these two instances left so unpleasing an impression on his mind that, like Prospero, he mentally relinquished his art, and resolved, neither in jest nor earnest, ever again to practise judicial astrology.

He hesitated a good deal what he should say to the Laird of Ellangowan concerning the horoscope of his first-born ; and at length resolved plainly to tell him the judgment which he had formed, at the same time acquainting him with the futility of the rules of art on which he had proceeded. With this resolution he walked out upon the terrace.

If the view of the scene around Ellangowan had been pleasing by moonlight, it lost none of its beauty by the light of the morning sun. The land, even in the month of November, smiled under its influence. A steep but regular ascent led from the terrace to the neighbouring eminence, and conducted Mannering to the front of the old castle. It consisted of two massive round towers projecting deeply and darkly at the extreme angles of a curtain, or flat wall, which united them, and thus protecting the main entrance, that opened through a lofty arch in the centre of the curtain into the inner court of the castle. The arms of the family, carved in freestone, frowned over the gateway, and the portal showed the spaces arranged by the architect for lowering the portcullis and raising the drawbridge. A rude farm-gate, made of young fir-trees nailed together, now formed the only safeguard of this once formidable entrance. The esplanade in front of the castle commanded a noble prospect.

The dreary scene of desolation through which Mannering's road had lain on the preceding evening was excluded from the view by some rising ground, and the landscape showed a pleasing alternation of hill and dale, intersected by a river, which was in some places visible, and hidden in others, where it rolled betwixt deep and wooded banks. The spire of a church and the appearance of some houses indicated the situation of a village at

the place where the stream had its junction with the ocean. The vales seemed well cultivated, the little inclosures into which they were divided skirting the bottom of the hills, and sometimes carrying their lines of straggling hedgerows a little way up the ascent. Above these were green pastures, tenanted chiefly by herds of black cattle, then the staple commodity of the country, whose distant low gave no unpleasing animation to the landscape. The remoter hills were of a sterner character, and, at still greater distance, swelled into mountains of dark heath, bordering the horizon with a screen which gave a defined and limited boundary to the cultivated country, and added at the same time the pleasing idea that it was sequestered and solitary. The sea-coast, which Mannering now saw in its extent, corresponded in variety and beauty with the inland view. In some places it rose into tall rocks, frequently crowned with the ruins of old buildings, towers, or beacons, which, according to tradition, were placed within sight of each other, that, in times of invasion or civil war, they might communicate by signal for mutual defence and protection. Ellangowan Castle was by far the most extensive and important of these ruins, and asserted from size and situation the superiority which its founders were said once to have possessed among the chiefs and nobles of the district. In other places the shore was of a more gentle description, indented with small bays, where the land sloped smoothly down, or sent into the sea promontories covered with wood.

A scene so different from what last night's journey had presaged produced a porportional effect upon Mannering. Beneath his eye lay the modern house — an awkward mansion, indeed, in point of architecture, but well situated, and with a warm, pleasant exposure. 'How happily,' thought our hero, 'would life glide on in such a retirement! On the one hand, the striking remnants of ancient grandeur, with the secret consciousness of family pride which they inspire; on the other, enough of modern elegance and comfort to satisfy every moderate wish. Here then, and with thee, Sophia!'

We shall not pursue a lover's day-dream any farther. Mannering stood a minute with his arms folded, and then turned to the ruined castle.

On entering the gateway, he found that the rude magnificence of the inner court amply corresponded with the grandeur of the exterior. On the one side ran a range of windows lofty and large, divided by carved mullions of stone, which had once lighted the great hall of the castle; on the other were various

buildings of different heights and dates, yet so united as to present to the eye a certain general effect of uniformity of front. The doors and windows were ornamented with projections exhibiting rude specimens of sculpture and tracery, partly entire and partly broken down, partly covered by ivy and trailing plants, which grew luxuriantly among the ruins. That end of the court which faced the entrance had also been formerly closed by a range of buildings; but owing, it was said, to its having been battered by the ships of the Parliament under Deane, during the long civil war, this part of the castle was much more ruinous than the rest, and exhibited a great chasm, through which Mannering could observe the sea, and the little vessel (an armed lugger), which retained her station in the centre of the bay.[1] While Mannering was gazing round the ruins, he heard from the interior of an apartment on the left hand the voice of the gipsy he had seen on the preceding evening. He soon found an aperture through which he could observe her without being himself visible; and could not help feeling that her figure, her employment, and her situation conveyed the exact impression of an ancient sibyl.

She sate upon a broken corner-stone in the angle of a paved apartment, part of which she had swept clean to afford a smooth space for the evolutions of her spindle. A strong sunbeam through a lofty and narrow window fell upon her wild dress and features, and afforded her light for her occupation; the rest of the apartment was very gloomy. Equipt in a habit which mingled the national dress of the Scottish common people with something of an Eastern costume, she spun a thread drawn from wool of three different colours, black, white, and grey, by assistance of those ancient implements of housewifery now almost banished from the land, the distaff and spindle. As she spun, she sung what seemed to be a charm. Mannering, after in vain attempting to make himself master of the exact words of her song, afterwards attempted the following paraphrase of what, from a few intelligible phrases, he concluded to be its purport: —

> Twist ye, twine ye! even so
> Mingle shades of joy and woe,
> Hope, and fear, and peace, and strife,
> In the thread of human life.

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[1] The outline of the above description, as far as the supposed ruins are concerned, will be found somewhat to resemble the noble remains of Carlaverock Castle, six or seven miles from Dumfries, and near to Lochar Moss.

While the mystic twist is spinning,
And the infant's life beginning,
Dimly seen through twilight bending,
Lo, what varied shapes attending!

Passions wild, and Follies vain,
Pleasures soon exchanged for pain,
Doubt, and Jealousy, and Fear
In the magic dance appear.

Now they wax, and now they dwindle,
Whirling with the whirling spindle.
Twist ye, twine ye! even so
Mingle human bliss and woe.

Ere our translator, or rather our free imitator, had arranged these stanzas in his head, and while he was yet hammering out a rhyme for *dwindle*, the task of the sibyl was accomplished, or her wool was expended. She took the spindle, now charged with her labours, and, undoing the thread gradually, measured it by casting it over her elbow and bringing each loop round between her forefinger and thumb. When she had measured it out, she muttered to herself — 'A hank, but not a haill ane — the full years o' three score and ten, but thrice broken, and thrice to *oop* (*i. e.* to unite); he'll be a lucky lad an he win through wi't.'

Our hero was about to speak to the prophetess, when a voice, hoarse as the waves with which it mingled, hallooed twice, and with increasing impatience — 'Meg, Meg Merrilies! Gipsy — hag — tausend deyvils!'

'I am coming, I am coming, Captain,' answered Meg; and in a moment or two the impatient commander whom she addressed made his appearance from the broken part of the ruins.

He was apparently a seafaring man, rather under the middle size, and with a countenance bronzed by a thousand conflicts with the north-east wind. His frame was prodigiously muscular, strong, and thick-set; so that it seemed as if a man of much greater height would have been an inadequate match in any close personal conflict. He was hard-favoured, and, which was worse, his face bore nothing of the *insouciance*, the careless, frolicsome jollity and vacant curiosity, of a sailor on shore. These qualities, perhaps, as much as any others, contribute to the high popularity of our seamen, and the general good inclination which our society expresses towards them. Their gallantry, courage, and hardihood are qualities which excite reverence, and perhaps rather

humble pacific landsmen in their presence; and neither respect nor a sense of humiliation are feelings easily combined with a familiar fondness towards those who inspire them. But the boyish frolics, the exulting high spirits, the unreflecting mirth of a sailor when enjoying himself on shore, temper the more formidable points of his character. There was nothing like these in this man's face; on the contrary, a surly and even savage scowl appeared to darken features which would have been harsh and unpleasant under any expression or modification. 'Where are you, Mother Deyvilson?' he said, with somewhat of a foreign accent, though speaking perfectly good English. 'Donner and blitzen! we have been staying this half-hour. Come, bless the good ship and the voyage, and be cursed to ye for a hag of Satan!'

At this moment he noticed Mannering, who, from the position which he had taken to watch Meg Merrilies's incantations, had the appearance of some one who was concealing himself, being half hidden by the buttress behind which he stood. The Captain, for such he styled himself, made a sudden and startled pause, and thrust his right hand into his bosom between his jacket and waistcoat as if to draw some weapon. 'What cheer, brother? you seem on the outlook, eh?'

Ere Mannering, somewhat struck by the man's gesture and insolent tone of voice, had made any answer, the gipsy emerged from her vault and joined the stranger. He questioned her in an undertone, looking at Mannering — 'A shark alongside, eh?'

She answered in the same tone of under-dialogue, using the cant language of her tribe — 'Cut ben whids, and stow them; a gentry cove of the ken.'[1]

The fellow's cloudy visage cleared up. 'The top of the morning to you, sir; I find you are a visitor of my friend Mr. Bertram. I beg pardon, but I took you for another sort of a person.'

Mannering replied, 'And you, sir, I presume, are the master of that vessel in the bay?'

'Ay, ay, sir; I am Captain Dirk Hatteraick, of the "Yungfrauw Hagenslaapen," well known on this coast; I am not ashamed of my name, nor of my vessel — no, nor of my cargo neither for that matter.'

'I daresay you have no reason, sir.'

'Tausend donner, no; I 'm all in the way of fair trade. Just

[1] Meaning — Stop your uncivil language; that is a gentleman from the house below.

loaded yonder at Douglas, in the Isle of Man — neat cogniac — real hyson and souchong — Mechlin lace, if you want any — right cogniac — we bumped ashore a hundred kegs last night.'

'Really, sir, I am only a traveller, and have no sort of occasion for anything of the kind at present.'

'Why, then, good-morning to you, for business must be minded — unless ye 'll go aboard and take schnaps; you shall have a pouch-full of tea ashore. Dirk Hatteraick knows how to be civil.'

There was a mixture of impudence, hardihood, and suspicious fear about this man which was inexpressibly disgusting. His manners were those of a ruffian, conscious of the suspicion attending his character, yet aiming to bear it down by the affectation of a careless and hardy familiarity. Mannering briefly rejected his proffered civilities; and, after a surly good-morning, Hatteraick retired with the gipsy to that part of the ruins from which he had first made his appearance. A very narrow staircase here went down to the beach, intended probably for the convenience of the garrison during a siege. By this stair the couple, equally amiable in appearance and respectable by profession, descended to the sea-side. The soi-disant captain embarked in a small boat with two men, who appeared to wait for him, and the gipsy remained on the shore, reciting or singing, and gesticulating with great vehemence.

# CHAPTER V

> You have fed upon my seignories,
> Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods,
> From mine own windows torn my household coat,
> Razed out my impress, leaving me no sign,
> Save men's opinions and my living blood,
> To show the world I am a gentleman.
>
> *Richard II.*

WHEN the boat which carried the worthy captain on board his vessel had accomplished that task, the sails began to ascend, and the ship was got under way. She fired three guns as a salute to the house of Ellangowan, and then shot away rapidly before the wind, which blew off shore, under all the sail she could crowd.

'Ay, ay,' said the Laird, who had sought Mannering for some time, and now joined him, 'there they go — there go the free-traders — there go Captain Dirk Hatteraick and the "Yungfrauw Hagenslaapen," half Manks, half Dutchman, half devil! run out the boltsprit, up mainsail, top and top-gallant sails, royals, and skyscrapers, and away — follow who can! That fellow, Mr. Mannering, is the terror of all the excise and custom-house cruisers; they can make nothing of him; he drubs them, or he distances them; — and, speaking of excise, I come to bring you to breakfast; and you shall have some tea, that ——'

Mannering by this time was aware that one thought linked strangely on to another in the concatenation of worthy Mr. Bertram's ideas,

> Like orient pearls at random strung;

and therefore, before the current of his associations had drifted farther from the point he had left, he brought him back by some inquiry about Dirk Hatteraick.

'O he 's a — a — gude sort of blackguard fellow enough; naebody cares to trouble him — smuggler, when his guns are in

ballast — privateer, or pirate faith, when he gets them mounted. He has done more mischief to the revenue folk than ony rogue that ever came out of Ramsay.'

'But, my good sir, such being his character, I wonder he has any protection and encouragement on this coast.'

'Why, Mr. Mannering, people must have brandy and tea, and there 's none in the country but what comes this way; and then there 's short accounts, and maybe a keg or two, or a dozen pounds, left at your stable-door, instead of a d—d lang account at Christmas from Duncan Robb, the grocer at Kipple-tringan, who has aye a sum to make up, and either wants ready money or a short-dated bill. Now, Hatteraick will take wood, or he 'll take bark, or he 'll take barley, or he 'll take just what 's convenient at the time. I 'll tell you a gude story about that. There was ance a laird — that 's Macfie of Gudgeonford, — he had a great number of kain hens — that 's hens that the tenant pays to the landlord, like a sort of rent in kind. They aye feed mine very ill; Luckie Finniston sent up three that were a shame to be seen only last week, and yet she has twelve bows sowing of victual; indeed her goodman, Duncan Finniston — that 's him that 's gone — (we must all die, Mr. Mannering, that 's ower true) — and, speaking of that, let us live in the meanwhile, for here 's breakfast on the table, and the Dominie ready to say the grace.'

The Dominie did accordingly pronounce a benediction, that exceeded in length any speech which Mannering had yet heard him utter. The tea, which of course belonged to the noble Captain Hatteraick's trade, was pronounced excellent. Still Mannering hinted, though with due delicacy, at the risk of encouraging such desperate characters. 'Were it but in justice to the revenue, I should have supposed ——'

'Ah, the revenue lads' — for Mr. Bertram never embraced a general or abstract idea, and his notion of the revenue was personified in the commissioners, surveyors, comptrollers, and riding officers whom he happened to know — 'the revenue lads can look sharp eneugh out for themselves, no ane needs to help them; and they have a' the soldiers to assist them besides; and as to justice — you 'll be surprised to hear it, Mr. Mannering, but I am not a justice of peace?'

Mannering assumed the expected look of surprise, but thought within himself that the worshipful bench suffered no great deprivation from wanting the assistance of his good-humoured landlord. Mr. Bertram had now hit upon one of the

few subjects on which he felt sore, and went on with some energy.

'No, sir, the name of Godfrey Bertram of Ellangowan is *not* in the last commission, though there 's scarce a carle in the country that has a plough-gate of land, but what he must ride to quarter-sessions and write J.P. after his name. I ken fu' weel whom I am obliged to — Sir Thomas Kittlecourt as good as tell'd me he would sit in my skirts if he had not my interest at the last election; and because I chose to go with my own blood and third cousin, the Laird of Balruddery, they keepit me off the roll of freeholders; and now there comes a new nomination of justices, and I am left out! And whereas they pretend it was because I let David Mac-Guffog, the constable, draw the warrants, and manage the business his ain gate, as if I had been a nose o' wax, it 's a main untruth; for I granted but seven warrants in my life, and the Dominie wrote every one of them — and if it had not been that unlucky business of Sandy Mac-Gruthar's, that the constables should have keepit twa or three days up yonder at the auld castle, just till they could get conveniency to send him to the county jail — and that cost me eneugh o' siller. But I ken what Sir Thomas wants very weel — it was just sic and siclike about the seat in the kirk o' Kilmagirdle — was I not entitled to have the front gallery facing the minister, rather than Mac-Crosskie of Creochstone, the son of Deacon Mac-Crosskie, the Dumfries weaver?'

Mannering expressed his acquiescence in the justice of these various complaints.

'And then, Mr. Mannering, there was the story about the road and the fauld-dike. I ken Sir Thomas was behind there, and I said plainly to the clerk to the trustees that I saw the cloven foot, let them take that as they like. Would any gentleman, or set of gentlemen, go and drive a road right through the corner of a fauld-dike and take away, as my agent observed to them, like twa roods of gude moorland pasture? And there was the story about choosing the collector of the cess——'

'Certainly, sir, it is hard you should meet with any neglect in a country where, to judge from the extent of their residence, your ancestors must have made a very important figure.'

'Very true, Mr. Mannering; I am a plain man and do not dwell on these things, and I must needs say I have little memory for them; but I wish ye could have heard my father's stories about the auld fights of the Mac-Dingawaies — that 's the Bertrams that now is — wi' the Irish and wi' the Highlanders

that came here in their berlings from Ilay and Cantire; and how they went to the Holy Land — that is, to Jerusalem and Jericho, wi' a' their clan at their heels — they had better have gaen to Jamaica, like Sir Thomas Kittlecourt's uncle — and how they brought hame relics like those that Catholics have, and a flag that 's up yonder in the garret. If they had been casks of muscavado and puncheons of rum it would have been better for the estate at this day; but there 's little comparison between the auld keep at Kittlecourt and the castle o' Ellangowan; I doubt if the keep 's forty feet of front. But ye make no breakfast, Mr. Mannering; ye 're no eating your meat; allow me to recommend some of the kipper. It was John Hay that catcht it, Saturday was three weeks, down at the stream below Hempseed ford,' etc. etc. etc.

The Laird, whose indignation had for some time kept him pretty steady to one topic, now launched forth into his usual roving style of conversation, which gave Mannering ample time to reflect upon the disadvantages attending the situation which an hour before he had thought worthy of so much envy. Here was a country gentleman, whose most estimable quality seemed his perfect good-nature, secretly fretting himself and murmuring against others for causes which, compared with any real evil in life, must weigh like dust in the balance. But such is the equal distribution of Providence. To those who lie out of the road of great afflictions are assigned petty vexations which answer all the purpose of disturbing their serenity; and every reader must have observed that neither natural apathy nor acquired philosophy can render country gentlemen insensible to the grievances which occur at elections, quarter-sessions, and meetings of trustees.

Curious to investigate the manners of the country, Mannering took the advantage of a pause in good Mr. Bertram's string of stories to inquire what Captain Hatteraick so earnestly wanted with the gipsy woman.

'O, to bless his ship, I suppose. You must know, Mr. Mannering, that these free-traders, whom the law calls smugglers, having no religion, make it all up in superstition; and they have as many spells and charms and nonsense ——'

'Vanity and waur!' said the Dominie; 'it is a trafficking with the Evil One. Spells, periapts, and charms are of his device — choice arrows out of Apollyon's quiver.'

'Hold your peace, Dominie; ye 're speaking for ever' — by the way, they were the first words the poor man had uttered that

morning, excepting that he said grace and returned thanks — 'Mr. Mannering cannot get in a word for ye! And so, Mr. Mannering, talking of astronomy and spells and these matters, have ye been so kind as to consider what we were speaking about last night?'

'I begin to think, Mr. Bertram, with your worthy friend here, that I have been rather jesting with edge-tools; and although neither you nor I, nor any sensible man, can put faith in the predictions of astrology, yet, as it has sometimes happened that inquiries into futurity, undertaken in jest, have in their results produced serious and unpleasant effects both upon actions and characters, I really wish you would dispense with my replying to your question.'

It was easy to see that this evasive answer only rendered the Laird's curiosity more uncontrollable. Mannering, however, was determined in his own mind not to expose the infant to the inconveniences which might have arisen from his being supposed the object of evil prediction. He therefore delivered the paper into Mr. Bertram's hand, and requested him to keep it for five years with the seal unbroken, until the month of November was expired. After that date had intervened he left him at liberty to examine the writing, trusting that, the first fatal period being then safely overpassed, no credit would be paid to its farther contents. This Mr. Bertram was content to promise, and Mannering, to ensure his fidelity, hinted at misfortunes which would certainly take place if his injunctions were neglected. The rest of the day, which Mannering, by Mr. Bertram's invitation, spent at Ellangowan, passed over without anything remarkable; and on the morning of that which followed the traveller mounted his palfrey, bade a courteous adieu to his hospitable landlord and to his clerical attendant, repeated his good wishes for the prosperity of the family, and then, turning his horse's head towards England, disappeared from the sight of the inmates of Ellangowan. He must also disappear from that of our readers, for it is to another and later period of his life that the present narrative relates.

# CHAPTER VI

> Next, the Justice,
> In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
> With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
> Full of wise saws and modern instances —
> And so he plays his part.
>
> *As You Like It.*

WHEN Mrs. Bertram of Ellangowan was able to hear the news of what had passed during her confinement, her apartment rung with all manner of gossiping respecting the handsome young student from Oxford who had told such a fortune by the stars to the young Laird, 'blessings on his dainty face.' The form, accent, and manners of the stranger were expatiated upon. His horse, bridle, saddle, and stirrups did not remain unnoticed. All this made a great impression upon the mind of Mrs. Bertram, for the good lady had no small store of superstition.

Her first employment, when she became capable of a little work, was to make a small velvet bag for the scheme of nativity which she had obtained from her husband. Her fingers itched to break the seal, but credulity proved stronger than curiosity; and she had the firmness to inclose it, in all its integrity, within two slips of parchment, which she sewed round it to prevent its being chafed. The whole was then put into the velvet bag aforesaid, and hung as a charm round the neck of the infant, where his mother resolved it should remain until the period for the legitimate satisfaction of her curiosity should arrive.

The father also resolved to do his part by the child in securing him a good education; and, with the view that it should commence with the first dawnings of reason, Dominie Sampson was easily induced to renounce his public profession of parish schoolmaster, make his constant residence at the Place, and, in consideration of a sum not quite equal to the wages of a footman even at that time, to undertake to communicate to the future Laird of Ellangowan all the erudition

which he had, and all the graces and accomplishments which — he had not indeed, but which he had never discovered that he wanted. In this arrangement the Laird found also his private advantage, securing the constant benefit of a patient auditor, to whom he told his stories when they were alone, and at whose expense he could break a sly jest when he had company.

About four years after this time a great commotion took place in the county where Ellangowan is situated.

Those who watched the signs of the times had long been of opinion that a change of ministry was about to take place; and at length, after a due proportion of hopes, fears, and delays, rumours from good authority and bad authority, and no authority at all; after some clubs had drank Up with this statesman and others Down with him; after riding, and running, and posting, and addressing, and counter-addressing, and proffers of lives and fortunes, the blow was at length struck, the administration of the day was dissolved, and parliament, as a natural consequence, was dissolved also.

Sir Thomas Kittlecourt, like other members in the same situation, posted down to his county, and met but an indifferent reception. He was a partizan of the old administration; and the friends of the new had already set about an active canvass in behalf of John Featherhead, Esq., who kept the best hounds and hunters in the shire. Among others who joined the standard of revolt was Gilbert Glossin, writer in ——, agent for the Laird of Ellangowan. This honest gentleman had either been refused some favour by the old member, or, what is as probable, he had got all that he had the most distant pretension to ask, and could only look to the other side for fresh advancement. Mr. Glossin had a vote upon Ellangowan's property; and he was now determined that his patron should have one also, there being no doubt which side Mr. Bertram would embrace in the contest. He easily persuaded Ellangowan that it would be creditable to him to take the field at the head of as strong a party as possible; and immediately went to work, making votes, as every Scotch lawyer knows how, by splitting and subdividing the superiorities upon this ancient and once powerful barony. These were so extensive that, by dint of clipping and paring here, adding and eking there, and creating over-lords upon all the estate which Bertram held of the crown, they advanced at the day of contest at the head of ten as good men of parchment as ever took the oath of trust and possession. This strong reinforcement turned the dubious day of battle. The principal and

his agent divided the honour; the reward fell to the latter exclusively. Mr. Gilbert Glossin was made clerk of the peace, and Godfrey Bertram had his name inserted in a new commission of justices, issued immediately upon the sitting of the parliament.

This had been the summit of Mr. Bertram's ambition; not that he liked either the trouble or the responsibility of the office, but he thought it was a dignity to which he was well entitled, and that it had been withheld from him by malice prepense. But there is an old and true Scotch proverb, 'Fools should not have chapping sticks'; that is, weapons of offence. Mr. Bertram was no sooner possessed of the judicial authority which he had so much longed for than he began to exercise it with more severity than mercy, and totally belied all the opinions which had hitherto been formed of his inert good-nature. We have read somewhere of a justice of peace who, on being nominated in the commission, wrote a letter to a bookseller for the statutes respecting his official duty in the following orthography—'Please send the ax relating to a gustus pease.' No doubt, when this learned gentleman had possessed himself of the axe, he hewed the laws with it to some purpose. Mr. Bertram was not quite so ignorant of English grammar as his worshipful predecessor; but Augustus Pease himself could not have used more indiscriminately the weapon unwarily put into his hand.

In good earnest, he considered the commission with which he had been entrusted as a personal mark of favour from his sovereign; forgetting that he had formerly thought his being deprived of a privilege, or honour, common to those of his rank was the result of mere party cabal. He commanded his trusty aid-de-camp, Dominie Sampson, to read aloud the commission; and at the first words, 'The King has been pleased to appoint'—'Pleased!' he exclaimed, in a transport of gratitude; 'honest gentleman! I'm sure he cannot be better pleased than I am.'

Accordingly, unwilling to confine his gratitude to mere feelings or verbal expressions, he gave full current to the new-born zeal of office, and endeavoured to express his sense of the honour conferred upon him by an unmitigated activity in the discharge of his duty. New brooms, it is said, sweep clean; and I myself can bear witness that, on the arrival of a new housemaid, the ancient, hereditary, and domestic spiders who have spun their webs over the lower division of my book-shelves (consisting chiefly of law and divinity) during the peaceful reign of her predecessor, fly at full speed before the probationary inroads of the new mercenary. Even so the Laird of Ellangowan ruth-

lessly commenced his magisterial reform, at the expense of various established and superannuated pickers and stealers who had been his neighbours for half a century. He wrought his miracles like a second Duke Humphrey; and by the influence of the beadle's rod caused the lame to walk, the blind to see, and the palsied to labour. He detected poachers, black-fishers, orchard-breakers, and pigeon-shooters; had the applause of the bench for his reward, and the public credit of an active magistrate.

All this good had its rateable proportion of evil. Even an admitted nuisance of ancient standing should not be abated without some caution. The zeal of our worthy friend now involved in great distress sundry personages whose idle and mendicant habits his own *lâchesse* had contributed to foster, until these habits had become irreclaimable, or whose real incapacity for exertion rendered them fit objects, in their own phrase, for the charity of all well-disposed Christians. The 'long-remembered beggar,' who for twenty years had made his regular rounds within the neighbourhood, received rather as an humble friend than as an object of charity, was sent to the neighbouring workhouse. The decrepit dame, who travelled round the parish upon a hand-barrow, circulating from house to house like a bad shilling, which every one is in haste to pass to his neighbour, — she, who used to call for her bearers as loud, or louder, than a traveller demands post-horses, — even she shared the same disastrous fate. The 'daft Jock,' who, half knave, half idiot, had been the sport of each succeeding race of village children for a good part of a century, was remitted to the county bridewell, where, secluded from free air and sunshine, the only advantages he was capable of enjoying, he pined and died in the course of six months. The old sailor, who had so long rejoiced the smoky rafters of every kitchen in the country by singing 'Captain Ward' and 'Bold Admiral Benbow,' was banished from the county for no better reason than that he was supposed to speak with a strong Irish accent. Even the annual rounds of the pedlar were abolished by the Justice, in his hasty zeal for the administration of rural police.

These things did not pass without notice and censure. We are not made of wood or stone, and the things which connect themselves with our hearts and habits cannot, like bark or lichen, be rent away without our missing them. The farmer's dame lacked her usual share of intelligence, perhaps also the self-applause which she had felt while distributing the *awmous*

(alms), in shape of a *gowpen* (handful) of oatmeal, to the mendicant who brought the news. The cottage felt inconvenience from interruption of the petty trade carried on by the itinerant dealers. The children lacked their supply of sugar-plums and toys; the young women wanted pins, ribbons, combs, and ballads; and the old could no longer barter their eggs for salt, snuff, and tobacco. All these circumstances brought the busy Laird of Ellangowan into discredit, which was the more general on account of his former popularity. Even his lineage was brought up in judgment against him. They thought 'naething of what the like of Greenside, or Burnville, or Viewforth might do, that were strangers in the country; but Ellangowan! that had been a name amang them since the Mirk Monanday, and lang before—*him* to be grinding the puir at that rate! They ca'd his grandfather the Wicked Laird; but, though he was whiles fractious aneuch, when he got into roving company and had ta'en the drap drink, he would have scorned to gang on at this gate. Na, na, the muckle chumlay in the Auld Place reeked like a killogie in his time, and there were as mony puir folk riving at the banes in the court, and about the door, as there were gentles in the ha'. And the leddy, on ilka Christmas night as it came round, gae twelve siller pennies to ilka puir body about, in honour of the twelve apostles like. They were fond to ca' it papistrie; but I think our great folk might take a lesson frae the papists whiles. They gie another sort o' help to puir folk than just dinging down a saxpence in the brod on the Sabbath, and kilting, and scourging, and drumming them a' the sax days o' the week besides.'

Such was the gossip over the good twopenny in every alehouse within three or four miles of Ellangowan, that being about the diameter of the orbit in which our friend Godfrey Bertram, Esq., J.P., must be considered as the principal luminary. Still greater scope was given to evil tongues by the removal of a colony of gipsies, with one of whom our reader is somewhat acquainted, and who had for a great many years enjoyed their chief settlement upon the estate of Ellangowan.

# CHAPTER VII

Come, princes of the ragged regiment,
You of the blood! *Prigg*, my most upright lord,
And these, what name or title e'er they bear,
*Jarkman*, or *Patrico*, *Cranke* or *Clapper-dudgeon*,
*Frater* or *Abram-man* — I speak of all.

*Beggar's Bush.*

ALTHOUGH the character of those gipsy tribes which formerly inundated most of the nations of Europe, and which in some degree still subsist among them as a distinct people, is generally understood, the reader will pardon my saying a few words respecting their situation in Scotland.

It is well known that the gipsies were at an early period acknowledged as a separate and independent race by one of the Scottish monarchs, and that they were less favourably distinguished by a subsequent law, which rendered the character of gipsy equal in the judicial balance to that of common and habitual thief, and prescribed his punishment accordingly. Notwithstanding the severity of this and other statutes, the fraternity prospered amid the distresses of the country, and received large accessions from among those whom famine, oppression, or the sword of war had deprived of the ordinary means of subsistence. They lost in a great measure by this intermixture the national character of Egyptians, and became a mingled race, having all the idleness and predatory habits of their Eastern ancestors, with a ferocity which they probably borrowed from the men of the north who joined their society. They travelled in different bands, and had rules among themselves, by which each tribe was confined to its own district. The slightest invasion of the precincts which had been assigned to another tribe produced desperate skirmishes, in which there was often much blood shed.

The patriotic Fletcher of Saltoun drew a picture of these banditti about a century ago, which my readers will peruse with astonishment: —

'There are at this day in Scotland (besides a great many poor families very meanly provided for by the church boxes, with others who, by living on bad food, fall into various diseases) two hundred thousand people begging from door to door. These are not only no way advantageous, but a very grievous burden to so poor a country. And though the number of them be perhaps double to what it was formerly, by reason of this present great distress, yet in all times there have been about one hundred thousand of those vagabonds, who have lived without any regard or subjection either to the laws of the land or even those of God and nature. . . . No magistrate could ever discover, or be informed, which way one in a hundred of these wretches died, or that ever they were baptized. Many murders have been discovered among them; and they are not only a most unspeakable oppression to poor tenants (who, if they give not bread or some kind of provision to perhaps forty such villains in one day, are sure to be insulted by them), but they rob many poor people who live in houses distant from any neighbourhood. In years of plenty, many thousands of them meet together in the mountains, where they feast and riot for many days; and at country weddings, markets, burials, and other the like public occasions, they are to be seen, both man and woman, perpetually drunk, cursing, blaspheming, and fighting together.'

Notwithstanding the deplorable picture presented in this extract, and which Fletcher himself, though the energetic and eloquent friend of freedom, saw no better mode of correcting than by introducing a system of domestic slavery, the progress of time, and increase both of the means of life and of the power of the laws, gradually reduced this dreadful evil within more narrow bounds. The tribes of gipsies, jockies, or cairds — for by all these denominations such banditti were known — became few in number, and many were entirely rooted out. Still, however, a sufficient number remained to give occasional alarm and constant vexation. Some rude handicrafts were entirely resigned to these itinerants, particularly the art of trencher-making, of manufacturing horn-spoons, and the whole mystery of the tinker. To these they added a petty trade in the coarse sorts of earthenware. Such were their ostensible means of livelihood. Each tribe had usually some fixed place of rendezvous, which they occasionally occupied and considered as their standing camp, and in the vicinity of which they generally abstained from depredation. They had even talents and

accomplishments, which made them occasionally useful and entertaining. Many cultivated music with success; and the favourite fiddler or piper of a district was often to be found in a gipsy town. They understood all out-of-door sports, especially otter-hunting, fishing, or finding game. They bred the best and boldest terriers, and sometimes had good pointers for sale. In winter the women told fortunes, the men showed tricks of legerdemain; and these accomplishments often helped to while away a weary or stormy evening in the circle of the 'farmer's ha'.' The wildness of their character, and the indomitable pride with which they despised all regular labour, commanded a certain awe, which was not diminished by the consideration that these strollers were a vindictive race, and were restrained by no check, either of fear or conscience, from taking desperate vengeance upon those who had offended them. These tribes were, in short, the parias of Scotland, living like wild Indians among European settlers, and, like them, judged of rather by their own customs, habits, and opinions, than as if they had been members of the civilised part of the community. Some hordes of them yet remain, chiefly in such situations as afford a ready escape either into a waste country or into another jurisdiction. Nor are the features of their character much softened. Their numbers, however, are so greatly diminished that, instead of one hundred thousand, as calculated by Fletcher, it would now perhaps be impossible to collect above five hundred throughout all Scotland.

A tribe of these itinerants, to whom Meg Merrilies appertained, had long been as stationary as their habits permitted in a glen upon the estate of Ellangowan. They had there erected a few huts, which they denominated their 'city of refuge,' and where, when not absent on excursions, they harboured unmolested, as the crows that roosted in the old ash-trees around them. They had been such long occupants that they were considered in some degree as proprietors of the wretched shealings which they inhabited. This protection they were said anciently to have repaid by service to the Laird in war, or, more frequently, by infesting or plundering the lands of those neighbouring barons with whom he chanced to be at feud. Latterly their services were of a more pacific nature. The women spun mittens for the lady, and knitted boot-hose for the Laird, which were annually presented at Christmas with great form. The aged sibyls blessed the bridal bed of the Laird when he married, and the cradle of the heir when born.

The men repaired her ladyship's cracked china, and assisted the Laird in his sporting parties, wormed his dogs, and cut the ears of his terrier puppies. The children gathered nuts in the woods, and cranberries in the moss, and mushrooms on the pastures, for tribute to the Place. These acts of voluntary service, and acknowledgments of dependence, were rewarded by protection on some occasions, connivance on others, and broken victuals, ale, and brandy when circumstances called for a display of generosity ; and this mutual intercourse of good offices, which had been carried on for at least two centuries, rendered the inhabitants of Derncleugh a kind of privileged retainers upon the estate of Ellangowan. 'The knaves' were the Laird's 'exceeding good friends' ; and he would have deemed himself very ill used if his countenance could not now and then have borne them out against the law of the country and the local magistrate. But this friendly union was soon to be dissolved.

The community of Derncleugh, who cared for no rogues but their own, were wholly without alarm at the severity of the Justice's proceedings towards other itinerants. They had no doubt that he determined to suffer no mendicants or strollers in the country but what resided on his own property, and practised their trade by his immediate permission, implied or expressed. Nor was Mr. Bertram in a hurry to exert his newly-acquired authority at the expense of these old settlers. But he was driven on by circumstances.

At the quarter-sessions our new Justice was publicly upbraided by a gentleman of the opposite party in county politics, that, while he affected a great zeal for the public police, and seemed ambitious of the fame of an active magistrate, he fostered a tribe of the greatest rogues in the country, and permitted them to harbour within a mile of the house of Ellangowan. To this there was no reply, for the fact was too evident and well known. The Laird digested the taunt as he best could, and in his way home amused himself with speculations on the easiest method of ridding himself of these vagrants, who brought a stain upon his fair fame as a magistrate. Just as he had resolved to take the first opportunity of quarrelling with the parias of Derncleugh, a cause of provocation presented itself.

Since our friend's advancement to be a conservator of the peace, he had caused the gate at the head of his avenue, which formerly, having only one hinge, remained at all times hospitably open — he had caused this gate, I say, to be newly hung and handsomely painted. He had also shut up with paling,

curiously twisted with furze, certain holes in the fences adjoining, through which the gipsy boys used to scramble into the plantations to gather birds' nests, the seniors of the village to make a short cut from one point to another, and the lads and lasses for evening rendezvous — all without offence taken or leave asked. But these halcyon days were now to have an end, and a minatory inscription on one side of the gate intimated 'prosecution according to law' (the painter had spelt it 'persecution' — *l'un vaut bien l'autre*) to all who should be found trespassing on these inclosures. On the other side, for uniformity's sake, was a precautionary annunciation of spring-guns and man-traps of such formidable powers that, said the rubrick, with an emphatic *nota bene* — 'if a man goes in they will break a horse's leg.'

In defiance of these threats, six well-grown gipsy boys and girls were riding cock-horse upon the new gate, and plaiting may-flowers, which it was but too evident had been gathered within the forbidden precincts. With as much anger as he was capable of feeling, or perhaps of assuming, the Laird commanded them to descend; — they paid no attention to his mandate: he then began to pull them down one after another; — they resisted, passively at least, each sturdy bronzed varlet making himself as heavy as he could, or climbing up as fast as he was dismounted.

The Laird then called in the assistance of his servant, a surly fellow, who had immediate recourse to his horse-whip. A few lashes sent the party a-scampering; and thus commenced the first breach of the peace between the house of Ellangowan and the gipsies of Derncleugh.

The latter could not for some time imagine that the war was real; until they found that their children were horse-whipped by the grieve when found trespassing; that their asses were poinded by the ground-officer when left in the plantations, or even when turned to graze by the roadside, against the provision of the turnpike acts; that the constable began to make curious inquiries into their mode of gaining a livelihood, and expressed his surprise that the men should sleep in the hovels all day, and be abroad the greater part of the night.

When matters came to this point, the gipsies, without scruple, entered upon measures of retaliation. Ellangowan's hen-roosts were plundered, his linen stolen from the lines or bleaching-ground, his fishings poached, his dogs kidnapped, his growing

trees cut or barked. Much petty mischief was done, and some evidently for the mischief's sake. On the other hand, warrants went forth, without mercy, to pursue, search for, take, and apprehend; and, notwithstanding their dexterity, one or two of the depredators were unable to avoid conviction. One, a stout young fellow, who sometimes had gone to sea a-fishing, was handed over to the captain of the impress service at D——; two children were soundly flogged, and one Egyptian matron sent to the house of correction.

Still, however, the gipsies made no motion to leave the spot which they had so long inhabited, and Mr. Bertram felt an unwillingness to deprive them of their ancient 'city of refuge'; so that the petty warfare we have noticed continued for several months, without increase or abatement of hostilities on either side.

# CHAPTER VIII

So the red Indian, by Ontario's side,
Nursed hardy on the brindled panther's hide,
As fades his swarthy race, with anguish sees
The white man's cottage rise beneath the trees;
He leaves the shelter of his native wood,
He leaves the murmur of Ohio's flood,
And forward rushing in indignant grief,
Where never foot has trod the fallen leaf,
He bends his course where twilight reigns sublime,
O'er forests silent since the birth of time.

*Scenes of Infancy.*

IN tracing the rise and progress of the Scottish Maroon war, we must not omit to mention that years had rolled on, and that little Harry Bertram, one of the hardiest and most lively children that ever made a sword and grenadier's cap of rushes, now approached his fifth revolving birthday. A hardihood of disposition, which early developed itself, made him already a little wanderer; he was well acquainted with every patch of lea ground and dingle around Ellangowan, and could tell in his broken language upon what *baulks* grew the bonniest flowers, and what copse had the ripest nuts. He repeatedly terrified his attendants by clambering about the ruins of the old castle, and had more than once made a stolen excursion as far as the gipsy hamlet.

On these occasions he was generally brought back by Meg Merrilies, who, though she could not be prevailed upon to enter the Place of Ellangowan after her nephew had been given up to the press-gang, did not apparently extend her resentment to the child. On the contrary, she often contrived to waylay him in his walks, sing him a gipsy song, give him a ride upon her jackass, and thrust into his pocket a piece of gingerbread or a red-cheeked apple. This woman's ancient attachment to the family, repelled and checked in every other direction, seemed to rejoice in having some object on which it could yet repose and expand

itself. She prophesied a hundred times, 'that young Mr. Harry would be the pride o' the family, and there hadna been sic a sprout frae the auld aik since the death of Arthur Mac-Dingawaie, that was killed in the battle o' the Bloody Bay; as for the present stick, it was good for naething but fire-wood.' On one occasion, when the child was ill, she lay all night below the window, chanting a rhyme which she believed sovereign as a febrifuge, and could neither be prevailed upon to enter the house nor to leave the station she had chosen till she was informed that the crisis was over.

The affection of this woman became matter of suspicion, not indeed to the Laird, who was never hasty in suspecting evil, but to his wife, who had indifferent health and poor spirits. She was now far advanced in a second pregnancy, and, as she could not walk abroad herself, and the woman who attended upon Harry was young and thoughtless, she prayed Dominie Sampson to undertake the task of watching the boy in his rambles, when he should not be otherwise accompanied. The Dominie loved his young charge, and was enraptured with his own success in having already brought him so far in his learning as to spell words of three syllables. The idea of this early prodigy of erudition being carried off by the gipsies, like a second Adam Smith,[1] was not to be tolerated; and accordingly, though the charge was contrary to all his habits of life, he readily undertook it, and might be seen stalking about with a mathematical problem in his head, and his eye upon a child of five years old, whose rambles led him into a hundred awkward situations. Twice was the Dominie chased by a cross-grained cow, once he fell into the brook crossing at the stepping-stones, and another time was bogged up to the middle in the slough of Lochend, in attempting to gather a water-lily for the young Laird. It was the opinion of the village matrons who relieved Sampson on the latter occasion, 'that the Laird might as weel trust the care o' his bairn to a potatoe bogle'; but the good Dominie bore all his disasters with gravity and serenity equally imperturbable. 'Pro-di-gi-ous!' was the only ejaculation they ever extorted from the much-enduring man.

The Laird had by this time determined to make root-and-branch work with the Maroons of Derncleugh. The old servants shook their heads at his proposal, and even Dominie

[1] The father of Economical Philosophy was, when a child, actually carried off by gipsies, and remained some hours in their possession.

Sampson ventured upon an indirect remonstrance. As, however, it was couched in the oracular phrase, '*Ne moveas camerinam*,' neither the allusion, nor the language in which it was expressed, were calculated for Mr. Bertram's edification, and matters proceeded against the gipsies in form of law. Every door in the hamlet was chalked by the ground-officer, in token of a formal warning to remove at next term. Still, however, they showed no symptoms either of submission or of compliance. At length the term-day, the fatal Martinmas, arrived, and violent measures of ejection were resorted to. A strong posse of peace-officers, sufficient to render all resistance vain, charged the inhabitants to depart by noon; and, as they did not obey, the officers, in terms of their warrant, proceeded to unroof the cottages, and pull down the wretched doors and windows — a summary and effectual mode of ejection still practised in some remote parts of Scotland when a tenant proves refractory. The gipsies for a time beheld the work of destruction in sullen silence and inactivity; then set about saddling and loading their asses, and making preparations for their departure. These were soon accomplished, where all had the habits of wandering Tartars; and they set forth on their journey to seek new settlements, where their patrons should neither be of the quorum nor *custos rotulorum*.

Certain qualms of feeling had deterred Ellangowan from attending in person to see his tenants expelled. He left the executive part of the business to the officers of the law, under the immediate direction of Frank Kennedy, a supervisor, or riding-officer, belonging to the excise, who had of late become intimate at the Place, and of whom we shall have more to say in the next chapter. Mr. Bertram himself chose that day to make a visit to a friend at some distance. But it so happened, notwithstanding his precautions, that he could not avoid meeting his late tenants during their retreat from his property.

It was in a hollow way, near the top of a steep ascent, upon the verge of the Ellangowan estate, that Mr. Bertram met the gipsy procession. Four or five men formed the advanced guard, wrapped in long loose great-coats that hid their tall slender figures, as the large slouched hats, drawn over their brows, concealed their wild features, dark eyes, and swarthy faces. Two of them carried long fowling-pieces, one wore a broadsword without a sheath, and all had the Highland dirk, though they did not wear that weapon openly or ostentatiously. Behind them followed the train of laden asses, and small carts or

*tumblers*, as they were called in that country, on which were laid the decrepit and the helpless, the aged and infant part of the exiled community. The women in their red cloaks and straw hats, the elder children with bare heads and bare feet, and almost naked bodies, had the immediate care of the little caravan. The road was narrow, running between two broken banks of sand, and Mr. Bertram's servant rode forward, smacking his whip with an air of authority, and motioning to the drivers to allow free passage to their betters. His signal was unattended to. He then called to the men who lounged idly on before, 'Stand to your beasts' heads, and make room for the Laird to pass.'

'He shall have his share of the road,' answered a male gipsy from under his slouched and large-brimmed hat, and without raising his face, 'and he shall have nae mair; the highway is as free to our cuddies as to his gelding.'

The tone of the man being sulky, and even menacing, Mr. Bertram thought it best to put his dignity in his pocket, and pass by the procession quietly, on such space as they chose to leave for his accommodation, which was narrow enough. To cover with an appearance of indifference his feeling of the want of respect with which he was treated, he addressed one of the men, as he passed him without any show of greeting, salute, or recognition — 'Giles Baillie,' he said, 'have you heard that your son Gabriel is well?' (The question respected the young man who had been pressed.)

'If I had heard otherwise,' said the old man, looking up with a stern and menacing countenance, 'you should have heard of it too.' And he plodded on his way, tarrying no further question.[1] When the Laird had pressed on with difficulty among a crowd of familiar faces, which had on all former occasions marked his approach with the reverence due to that of a superior being, but in which he now only read hatred and contempt, and had got clear of the throng, he could not help turning his horse, and looking back to mark the progress of their march. The group would have been an excellent subject for the pencil of Calotte. The van had already reached a small and stunted thicket, which was at the bottom of the hill, and which gradually hid the line of march until the last stragglers disappeared.

His sensations were bitter enough. The race, it is true, which he had thus summarily dismissed from their ancient place of

[1] This anecdote is a literal fact.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE GYPSIES.

From a painting by Clark Stanton, A.R.S.A.

refuge, was idle and vicious; but had he endeavoured to render them otherwise? They were not more irregular characters now than they had been while they were admitted to consider themselves as a sort of subordinate dependents of his family; and ought the mere circumstance of his becoming a magistrate to have made at once such a change in his conduct towards them? Some means of reformation ought at least to have been tried before sending seven families at once upon the wide world, and depriving them of a degree of countenance which withheld them at least from atrocious guilt. There was also a natural yearning of heart on parting with so many known and familiar faces; and to this feeling Godfrey Bertram was peculiarly accessible, from the limited qualities of his mind, which sought its principal amusements among the petty objects around him. As he was about to turn his horse's head to pursue his journey, Meg Merrilies, who had lagged behind the troop, unexpectedly presented herself.

She was standing upon one of those high precipitous banks which, as we before noticed, overhung the road, so that she was placed considerably higher than Ellangowan, even though he was on horseback; and her tall figure, relieved against the clear blue sky, seemed almost of supernatural stature. We have noticed that there was in her general attire, or rather in her mode of adjusting it, somewhat of a foreign costume, artfully adopted perhaps for the purpose of adding to the effect of her spells and predictions, or perhaps from some traditional notions respecting the dress of her ancestors. On this occasion she had a large piece of red cotton cloth rolled about her head in the form of a turban, from beneath which her dark eyes flashed with uncommon lustre. Her long and tangled black hair fell in elf-locks from the folds of this singular head-gear. Her attitude was that of a sibyl in frenzy, and she stretched out in her right hand a sapling bough which seemed just pulled.

'I'll be d—d,' said the groom, 'if she has not been cutting the young ashes in the dukit park!' The Laird made no answer, but continued to look at the figure which was thus perched above his path.

'Ride your ways,' said the gipsy, 'ride your ways, Laird of Ellangowan; ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram! This day have ye quenched seven smoking hearths; see if the fire in your ain parlour burn the blyther for that. Ye have riven the thack off seven cottar houses; look if your ain roof-tree stand the faster. Ye may stable your stirks in the shealings at Dern-

cleugh; see that the hare does not couch on the hearthstane at Ellangowan. Ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram; what do ye glower after our folk for? There's thirty hearts there that wad hae wanted bread ere ye had wanted sunkets, and spent their life-blood ere ye had scratched your finger. Yes; there's thirty yonder, from the auld wife of an hundred to the babe that was born last week, that ye have turned out o' their bits o' bields, to sleep with the tod and the blackcock in the muirs! Ride your ways, Ellangowan. Our bairns are hinging at our weary backs; look that your braw cradle at hame be the fairer spread up; not that I am wishing ill to little Harry, or to the babe that's yet to be born — God forbid — and make them kind to the poor, and better folk than their father! And now, ride e'en your ways; for these are the last words ye'll ever hear Meg Merrilies speak, and this is the last reise that I'll ever cut in the bonny woods of Ellangowan.'

So saying, she broke the sapling she held in her hand, and flung it into the road. Margaret of Anjou, bestowing on her triumphant foes her keen-edged malediction, could not have turned from them with a gesture more proudly contemptuous. The Laird was clearing his voice to speak, and thrusting his hand in his pocket to find a half-crown; the gipsy waited neither for his reply nor his donation, but strode down the hill to overtake the caravan.

Ellangowan rode pensively home; and it was remarkable that he did not mention this interview to any of his family. The groom was not so reserved: he told the story at great length to a full audience in the kitchen, and concluded by swearing, that 'if ever the devil spoke by the mouth of a woman, he had spoken by that of Meg Merrilies that blessed day.'

# CHAPTER IX

Paint Scotland greeting ower her thrissle,
Her mutchkin stoup as toom's a whistle,
And d—n'd excisemen in a bustle,
Seizing a stell;
Triumphant crushin 't like a mussel,
Or lampit shell.

BURNS.

DURING the period of Mr. Bertram's active magistracy, he did not forget the affairs of the revenue. Smuggling, for which the Isle of Man then afforded peculiar facilities, was general, or rather universal, all along the south-western coast of Scotland. Almost all the common people were engaged in these practices; the gentry connived at them, and the officers of the revenue were frequently discountenanced in the exercise of their duty by those who should have protected them.

There was at this period, employed as a riding-officer or supervisor, in that part of the country a certain Francis Kennedy, already named in our narrative — a stout, resolute, and active man, who had made seizures to a great amount, and was proportionally hated by those who had an interest in the *fair trade*, as they called the pursuit of these contraband adventurers. This person was natural son to a gentleman of good family, owing to which circumstance, and to his being of a jolly, convivial disposition, and singing a good song, he was admitted to the occasional society of the gentlemen of the country, and was a member of several of their clubs for practising athletic games, at which he was particularly expert.

At Ellangowan Kennedy was a frequent and always an acceptable guest. His vivacity relieved Mr. Bertram of the trouble of thought, and the labour which it cost him to support a detailed communication of ideas; while the daring and dangerous exploits which he had undertaken in the discharge of his office formed excellent conversation. To all these

revenue adventures did the Laird of Ellangowan seriously incline, and the amusement which he derived from Kennedy's society formed an excellent reason for countenancing and assisting the narrator in the execution of his invidious and hazardous duty.

'Frank Kennedy,' he said, 'was a gentleman, though on the wrang side of the blanket; he was connected with the family of Ellangowan through the house of Glengubble. The last Laird of Glengubble would have brought the estate into the Ellangowan line; but, happening to go to Harrigate he there met with Miss Jean Hadaway — by the by, the Green Dragon at Harrigate is the best house of the twa — but for Frank Kennedy, he 's in one sense a gentleman born, and it 's a shame not to support him against these blackguard smugglers.'

After this league had taken place between judgment and execution, it chanced that Captain Dirk Hatteraick had landed a cargo of spirits and other contraband goods upon the beach not far from Ellangowan, and, confiding in the indifference with which the Laird had formerly regarded similar infractions of the law, he was neither very anxious to conceal nor to expedite the transaction. The consequence was that Mr. Frank Kennedy, armed with a warrant from Ellangowan, and supported by some of the Laird's people who knew the country, and by a party of military, poured down upon the kegs, bales, and bags, and after a desperate affray, in which severe wounds were given and received, succeeded in clapping the broad arrow upon the articles, and bearing them off in triumph to the next custom-house. Dirk Hatteraick vowed, in Dutch, German, and English, a deep and full revenge, both against the gauger and his abettors; and all who knew him thought it likely he would keep his word.

A few days after the departure of the gipsy tribe, Mr. Bertram asked his lady one morning at breakfast whether this was not little Harry's birthday.

'Five years auld exactly, this blessed day,' answered the lady; 'so we may look into the English gentleman's paper.'

Mr. Bertram liked to show his authority in trifles. 'No, my dear, not till to-morrow. The last time I was at quarter-sessions the sheriff told us that *dies* — that *dies inceptus* — in short, you don't understand Latin, but it means that a term-day is not begun till it 's ended.'

'That sounds like nonsense, my dear.'

'May be so, my dear; but it may be very good law for all

that. I am sure, speaking of term-days, I wish, as Frank Kennedy says, that Whitsunday would kill Martinmas and be hanged for the murder ; for there, I have got a letter about that interest of Jenny Cairns's, and deil a tenant 's been at the Place yet wi' a boddle of rent, nor will not till Candlemas. But, speaking of Frank Kennedy, I daresay he 'll be here the day, for he was away round to Wigton to warn a king's ship that 's lying in the bay about Dirk Hatteraick's lugger being on the coast again, and he 'll be back this day ; so we 'll have a bottle of claret and drink little Harry's health.'

'I wish,' replied the lady, 'Frank Kennedy would let Dirk Hatteraick alane. What needs he make himself mair busy than other folk ? Cannot he sing his sang, and take his drink, and draw his salary, like Collector Snail, honest man, that never fashes ony body ? And I wonder at you, Laird, for meddling and making. Did we ever want to send for tea or brandy frae the borough-town when Dirk Hatteraick used to come quietly into the bay ?'

'Mrs. Bertram, you know nothing of these matters. Do you think it becomes a magistrate to let his own house be made a receptacle for smuggled goods ? Frank Kennedy will show you the penalties in the act, and ye ken yoursell they used to put their run goods into the Auld Place of Ellangowan up by there.'

'Oh dear, Mr. Bertram, and what the waur were the wa's and the vault o' the auld castle for having a whin kegs o' brandy in them at an orra time ? I am sure ye were not obliged to ken ony thing about it ; and what the waur was the King that the lairds here got a soup o' drink and the ladies their drap o' tea at a reasonable rate ? — it 's a shame to them to pit such taxes on them ! — and was na I much the better of these Flanders head and pinners that Dirk Hatteraick sent me a' the way from Antwerp ? It will be lang or the King sends me ony thing, or Frank Kennedy either. And then ye would quarrel with these gipsies too ! I expect every day to hear the barn-yard 's in a low.'

'I tell you once more, my dear, you don't understand these things — and there 's Frank Kennedy coming galloping up the avenue.'

'Aweel ! aweel ! Ellangowan,' said the lady, raising her voice as the Laird left the room, 'I wish ye may understand them yoursell, that 's a' !'

From this nuptial dialogue the Laird joyfully escaped to

meet his faithful friend, Mr. Kennedy, who arrived in high spirits. 'For the love of life, Ellangowan,' he said, 'get up to the castle! you 'll see that old fox Dirk Hatteraick, and his Majesty's hounds in full cry after him. So saying, he flung his horse's bridle to a boy, and ran up the ascent to the old castle, followed by the Laird, and indeed by several others of the family, alarmed by the sound of guns from the sea, now distinctly heard.

On gaining that part of the ruins which commanded the most extensive outlook, they saw a lugger, with all her canvas crowded, standing across the bay, closely pursued by a sloop of war, that kept firing upon the chase from her bows, which the lugger returned with her stern-chasers. 'They 're but at long bowls yet,' cried Kennedy, in great exultation, 'but they will be closer by and by. D—n him, he 's starting his cargo! I see the good Nantz pitching overboard, keg after keg! That 's a d—d ungenteel thing of Mr. Hatteraick, as I shall let him know by and by. Now, now! they 've got the wind of him! that 's it, that 's it! Hark to him! hark to him! Now, my dogs! now, my dogs! Hark to Ranger, hark!'

'I think,' said the old gardener to one of the maids, 'the gauger 's *fie*,' by which word the common people express those violent spirits which they think a presage of death.

Meantime the chase continued. The lugger, being piloted with great ability, and using every nautical shift to make her escape, had now reached, and was about to double, the headland which formed the extreme point of land on the left side of the bay, when a ball having hit the yard in the slings, the mainsail fell upon the deck. The consequence of this accident appeared inevitable, but could not be seen by the spectators; for the vessel, which had just doubled the headland, lost steerage, and fell out of their sight behind the promontory. The sloop of war crowded all sail to pursue, but she had stood too close upon the cape, so that they were obliged to wear the vessel for fear of going ashore, and to make a large tack back into the bay, in order to recover sea-room enough to double the headland.

'They 'll lose her, by ——, cargo and lugger, one or both,' said Kennedy; 'I must gallop away to the Point of Warroch (this was the headland so often mentioned), and make them a signal where she has drifted to on the other side. Good-bye for an hour, Ellangowan; get out the gallon punch-bowl and plenty of lemons. I 'll stand for the French article by the time

I come back, and we 'll drink the young Laird's health in a bowl that would swim the collector's yawl.' So saying, he mounted his horse and galloped off.

About a mile from the house, and upon the verge of the woods, which, as we have said, covered a promontory terminating in the cape called the Point of Warroch, Kennedy met young Harry Bertram, attended by his tutor, Dominie Sampson. He had often promised the child a ride upon his galloway; and, from singing, dancing, and playing Punch for his amusement, was a particular favourite. He no sooner came scampering up the path, than the boy loudly claimed his promise; and Kennedy, who saw no risk in indulging him, and wished to tease the Dominie, in whose visage he read a remonstrance, caught up Harry from the ground, placed him before him, and continued his route; Sampson's 'Peradventure, Master Kennedy ——' being lost in the clatter of his horse's feet. The pedagogue hesitated a moment whether he should go after them; but Kennedy being a person in full confidence of the family, and with whom he himself had no delight in associating, 'being that he was addicted unto profane and scurrilous jests,' he continued his own walk at his own pace, till he reached the Place of Ellangowan.

The spectators from the ruined walls of the castle were still watching the sloop of war, which at length, but not without the loss of considerable time, recovered sea-room enough to weather the Point of Warroch, and was lost to their sight behind that wooded promontory. Some time afterwards the discharges of several cannon were heard at a distance, and, after an interval, a still louder explosion, as of a vessel blown up, and a cloud of smoke rose above the trees and mingled with the blue sky. All then separated on their different occasions, auguring variously upon the fate of the smuggler, but the majority insisting that her capture was inevitable, if she had not already gone to the bottom.

'It is near our dinner-time, my dear,' said Mrs. Bertram to her husband, 'will it be lang before Mr. Kennedy comes back?'

'I expect him every moment, my dear,' said the Laird; 'perhaps he is bringing some of the officers of the sloop with him.'

'My stars, Mr. Bertram! why did not ye tell me this before, that we might have had the large round table? And then, they 're a' tired o' saut meat, and, to tell you the plain truth, a rump o' beef is the best part of your dinner. And then I wad have put on another gown, and ye wadna have been the waur

o' a clean neck-cloth yoursell. But ye delight in surprising and hurrying one. I am sure I am no to haud out for ever against this sort of going on; but when folk 's missed, then they are moaned.'

'Pshaw, pshaw! deuce take the beef, and the gown, and table, and the neck-cloth! we shall do all very well. Where 's the Dominie, John? (to a servant who was busy about the table) where 's the Dominie and little Harry?'

'Mr. Sampson 's been at hame these twa hours and mair, but I dinna think Mr. Harry cam hame wi' him.'

'Not come hame wi' him?' said the lady; 'desire Mr. Sampson to step this way directly.'

'Mr. Sampson,' said she, upon his entrance, 'is it not the most extraordinary thing in this world wide, that you, that have free up-putting — bed, board, and washing — and twelve pounds sterling a year, just to look after that boy, should let him out of your sight for twa or three hours?'

Sampson made a bow of humble acknowledgment at each pause which the angry lady made in her enumeration of the advantages of his situation, in order to give more weight to her remonstrance, and then, in words which we will not do him the injustice to imitate, told how Mr. Francis Kennedy 'had assumed spontaneously the charge of Master Harry, in despite of his remonstrances in the contrary.'

'I am very little obliged to Mr. Francis Kennedy for his pains,' said the lady, peevishly; 'suppose he lets the boy drop from his horse, and lames him? or suppose one of the cannons comes ashore and kills him? or suppose ——'

'Or suppose, my dear,' said Ellangowan, 'what is much more likely than anything else, that they have gone aboard the sloop or the prize, and are to come round the Point with the tide?'

'And then they may be drowned,' said the lady.

'Verily,' said Sampson, 'I thought Mr. Kennedy had returned an hour since. Of a surety I deemed I heard his horse's feet.'

'That,' said John, with a broad grin, 'was Grizzel chasing the humble-cow out of the close.'

Sampson coloured up to the eyes, not at the implied taunt, which he would never have discovered, or resented if he had, but at some idea which crossed his own mind. 'I have been in an error,' he said; 'of a surety I should have tarried for the babe.' So saying, he snatched his bone-headed cane and hat,

and hurried away towards Warroch wood faster than he was ever known to walk before or after.

The Laird lingered some time, debating the point with the lady. At length he saw the sloop of war again make her appearance; but, without approaching the shore, she stood away to the westward with all her sails set, and was soon out of sight. The lady's state of timorous and fretful apprehension was so habitual that her fears went for nothing with her lord and master; but an appearance of disturbance and anxiety among the servants now excited his alarm, especially when he was called out of the room, and told in private that Mr. Kennedy's horse had come to the stable door alone, with the saddle turned round below its belly and the reins of the bridle broken; and that a farmer had informed them in passing that there was a smuggling lugger burning like a furnace on the other side of the Point of Warrock, and that, though he had come through the wood, he had seen or heard nothing of Kennedy or the young Laird, 'only there was Dominie Sampson gaun rampauging about like mad, seeking for them.'

All was now bustle at Ellangowan. The Laird and his servants, male and female, hastened to the wood of Warrock. The tenants and cottagers in the neighbourhood lent their assistance, partly out of zeal, partly from curiosity. Boats were manned to search the sea-shore, which, on the other side of the Point, rose into high and indented rocks. A vague suspicion was entertained, though too horrible to be expressed, that the child might have fallen from one of these cliffs.

The evening had begun to close when the parties entered the wood, and dispersed different ways in quest of the boy and his companion. The darkening of the atmosphere, and the hoarse sighs of the November wind through the naked trees, the rustling of the withered leaves which strewed the glades, the repeated halloos of the different parties, which often drew them together in expectation of meeting the objects of their search, gave a cast of dismal sublimity to the scene.

At length, after a minute and fruitless investigation through the wood, the searchers began to draw together into one body, and to compare notes. The agony of the father grew beyond concealment, yet it scarcely equalled the anguish of the tutor. 'Would to God I had died for him!' the affectionate creature repeated, in notes of the deepest distress. Those who were less interested rushed into a tumultuary discussion of chances and possibilities. Each gave his opinion, and each was alter-

nately swayed by that of the others. Some thought the objects of their search had gone aboard the sloop; some that they had gone to a village at three miles' distance; some whispered they might have been on board the lugger, a few planks and beams of which the tide now drifted ashore.

At this instant a shout was heard from the beach, so loud, so shrill, so piercing, so different from every sound which the woods that day had rung to, that nobody hesitated a moment to believe that it conveyed tidings, and tidings of dreadful import. All hurried to the place, and, venturing without scruple upon paths which at another time they would have shuddered to look at, descended towards a cleft of the rock, where one boat's crew was already landed. 'Here, sirs, here! this way, for God's sake! this way! this way!' was the reiterated cry. Ellangowan broke through the throng which had already assembled at the fatal spot, and beheld the object of their terror. It was the dead body of Kennedy. At first sight he seemed to have perished by a fall from the rocks, which rose above the spot on which he lay in a perpendicular precipice of a hundred feet above the beach. The corpse was lying half in, half out of the water; the advancing tide, raising the arm and stirring the clothes, had given it at some distance the appearance of motion, so that those who first discovered the body thought that life remained. But every spark had been long extinguished.

'My bairn! my bairn!' cried the distracted father, 'where can he be?' A dozen mouths were opened to communicate hopes which no one felt. Some one at length mentioned — the gipsies! In a moment Ellangowan had reascended the cliffs, flung himself upon the first horse he met, and rode furiously to the huts at Derncleugh. All was there dark and desolate; and, as he dismounted to make more minute search, he stumbled over fragments of furniture which had been thrown out of the cottages, and the broken wood and thatch which had been pulled down by his orders. At that moment the prophecy, or anathema, of Meg Merrilies fell heavy on his mind. 'You have stripped the thatch from seven cottages; see that the roof-tree of your own house stand the surer!'

'Restore,' he cried, 'restore my bairn! bring me back my son, and all shall be forgot and forgiven!' As he uttered these words in a sort of frenzy, his eye caught a glimmering of light in one of the dismantled cottages; it was that in which Meg Merrilies formerly resided. The light, which seemed to

proceed from fire, glimmered not only through the window, but also through the rafters of the hut where the roofing had been torn off.

He flew to the place; the entrance was bolted. Despair gave the miserable father the strength of ten men; he rushed against the door with such violence that it gave way before the momentum of his weight and force. The cottage was empty, but bore marks of recent habitation: there was fire on the hearth, a kettle, and some preparation for food. As he eagerly gazed around for something that might confirm his hope that his child yet lived, although in the power of those strange people, a man entered the hut.

It was his old gardener. 'O sir!' said the old man, 'such a night as this I trusted never to live to see! ye maun come to the Place directly!'

'Is my boy found? is he alive? have ye found Harry Bertram? Andrew, have ye found Harry Bertram?'

'No, sir; but——'

'Then he is kidnapped! I am sure of it, Andrew! as sure as that I tread upon earth! She has stolen him; and I will never stir from this place till I have tidings of my bairn!'

'O, but ye maun come hame, sir! ye maun come hame! We have sent for the Sheriff, and we'll set a watch here a' night, in case the gipsies return; but *you* — ye maun come hame, sir, for my lady's in the dead-thraw.'

Bertram turned a stupified and unmeaning eye on the messenger who uttered this calamitous news; and, repeating the words 'in the dead-thraw!' as if he could not comprehend their meaning, suffered the old man to drag him towards his horse. During the ride home he only said, 'Wife and bairn baith — mother and son baith, — sair, sair to abide!'

It is needless to dwell upon the new scene of agony which awaited him. The news of Kennedy's fate had been eagerly and incautiously communicated at Ellangowan, with the gratuitous addition, that, doubtless, 'he had drawn the young Laird over the craig with him, though the tide had swept away the child's body; he was light, puir thing, and would flee farther into the surf.'

Mrs. Bertram heard the tidings; she was far advanced in her pregnancy; she fell into the pains of premature labour, and, ere Ellangowan had recovered his agitated faculties, so as to comprehend the full distress of his situation, he was the father of a female infant, and a widower.

# CHAPTER X

> But see, his face is black and full of blood;
> His eye-balls, farther out than when he lived,
> Staring full ghastly like a strangled man;
> His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling,
> His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
> And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdued.
>
> *Henry VI.* Part II.

THE Sheriff-depute of the county arrived at Ellangowan next morning by daybreak. To this provincial magistrate the law of Scotland assigns judicial powers of considerable extent, and the task of inquiring into all crimes committed within his jurisdiction, the apprehension and commitment of suspected persons, and so forth.[1]

The gentleman who held the office in the shire of —— at the time of this catastrophe was well born and well educated; and, though somewhat pedantic and professional in his habits, he enjoyed general respect as an active and intelligent magistrate. His first employment was to examine all witnesses whose evidence could throw light upon this mysterious event, and make up the written report, *procès verbal*, or precognition, as it is technically called, which the practice of Scotland has substituted for a coroner's inquest. Under the Sheriff's minute and skilful inquiry, many circumstances appeared which seemed incompatible with the original opinion that Kennedy had accidentally fallen from the cliffs. We shall briefly detail some of these.

The body had been deposited in a neighbouring fisher-hut, but without altering the condition in which it was found. This was the first object of the Sheriff's examination. Though fearfully crushed and mangled by the fall from such a height, the corpse was found to exhibit a deep cut in the head, which,

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[1] The Scottish sheriff discharges, on such occasions as that now mentioned, pretty much the same duty as a coroner.

in the opinion of a skilful surgeon, must have been inflicted by a broadsword or cutlass. The experience of this gentleman discovered other suspicious indications. The face was much blackened, the eyes distorted, and the veins of the neck swelled. A coloured handkerchief, which the unfortunate man had worn round his neck, did not present the usual appearance, but was much loosened, and the knot displaced and dragged extremely tight; the folds were also compressed, as if it had been used as a means of grappling the deceased, and dragging him perhaps to the precipice.

On the other hand, poor Kennedy's purse was found untouched; and, what seemed yet more extraordinary, the pistols which he usually carried when about to encounter any hazardous adventure were found in his pockets loaded. This appeared particularly strange, for he was known and dreaded by the contraband traders as a man equally fearless and dexterous in the use of his weapons, of which he had given many signal proofs. The Sheriff inquired whether Kennedy was not in the practice of carrying any other arms? Most of Mr. Bertram's servants recollected that he generally had a *couteau de chasse*, or short hanger, but none such was found upon the dead body; nor could those who had seen him on the morning of the fatal day take it upon them to assert whether he then carried that weapon or not.

The corpse afforded no other *indicia* respecting the fate of Kennedy; for, though the clothes were much displaced and the limbs dreadfully fractured, the one seemed the probable, the other the certain, consequences of such a fall. The hands of the deceased were clenched fast, and full of turf and earth; but this also seemed equivocal.

The magistrate then proceeded to the place where the corpse was first discovered, and made those who had found it give, upon the spot, a particular and detailed account of the manner in which it was lying. A large fragment of the rock appeared to have accompanied, or followed, the fall of the victim from the cliff above. It was of so solid and compact a substance that it had fallen without any great diminution by splintering; so that the Sheriff was enabled, first, to estimate the weight by measurement, and then to calculate, from the appearance of the fragment, what portion of it had been bedded into the cliff from which it had descended. This was easily detected by the raw appearance of the stone where it had not been exposed to the atmosphere. They then ascended the cliff, and sur-

veyed the place from whence the stony fragment had fallen. It seemed plain, from the appearance of the bed, that the mere weight of one man standing upon the projecting part of the fragment, supposing it in its original situation, could not have destroyed its balance and precipitated it, with himself, from the cliff. At the same time, it appeared to have lain so loose that the use of a lever, or the combined strength of three or four men, might easily have hurled it from its position. The short turf about the brink of the precipice was much trampled, as if stamped by the heels of men in a mortal struggle, or in the act of some violent exertion. Traces of the same kind, less visibly marked, guided the sagacious investigator to the verge of the copsewood, which in that place crept high up the bank towards the top of the precipice.

With patience and perseverance they traced these marks into the thickest part of the copse, a route which no person would have voluntarily adopted, unless for the purpose of concealment. Here they found plain vestiges of violence and struggling, from space to space. Small boughs were torn down, as if grasped by some resisting wretch who was dragged forcibly along; the ground, where in the least degree soft or marshy, showed the print of many feet; there were vestiges also which might be those of human blood. At any rate it was certain that several persons must have forced their passage among the oaks, hazels, and underwood with which they were mingled; and in some places appeared traces as if a sack full of grain, a dead body, or something of that heavy and solid description, had been dragged along the ground. In one part of the thicket there was a small swamp, the clay of which was whittish, being probably mixed with marl. The back of Kennedy's coat appeared besmeared with stains of the same colour.

At length, about a quarter of a mile from the brink of the fatal precipice, the traces conducted them to a small open space of ground, very much trampled, and plainly stained with blood, although withered leaves had been strewed upon the spot, and other means hastily taken to efface the marks, which seemed obviously to have been derived from a desperate affray. On one side of this patch of open ground was found the sufferer's naked hanger, which seemed to have been thrown into the thicket; on the other, the belt and sheath, which appeared to have been hidden with more leisurely care and precaution.

The magistrate caused the footprints which marked this spot to be carefully measured and examined. Some corre-

sponded to the foot of the unhappy victim; some were larger, some less; indicating that at least four or five men had been busy around him. Above all, here, and here only, were observed the vestiges of a child's foot; and as it could be seen nowhere else, and the hard horse-track which traversed the wood of Warroch was contiguous to the spot, it was natural to think that the boy might have escaped in that direction during the confusion. But, as he was never heard of, the Sheriff, who made a careful entry of all these memoranda, did not suppress his opinion, that the deceased had met with foul play, and that the murderers, whoever they were, had possessed themselves of the person of the child Harry Bertram.

Every exertion was now made to discover the criminals. Suspicion hesitated between the smugglers and the gipsies. The fate of Dirk Hatteraick's vessel was certain. Two men from the opposite side of Warroch Bay (so the inlet on the southern side of the Point of Warroch is called) had seen, though at a great distance, the lugger drive eastward, after doubling the headland, and, as they judged from her manœuvres, in a disabled state. Shortly after, they perceived that she grounded, smoked, and finally took fire. She was, as one of them expressed himself, 'in a light low' (bright flame) when they observed a king's ship, with her colours up, heave in sight from behind the cape. The guns of the burning vessel discharged themselves as the fire reached them; and they saw her at length blow up with a great explosion. The sloop of war kept aloof for her own safety; and, after hovering till the other exploded, stood away southward under a press of sail. The Sheriff anxiously interrogated these men whether any boats had left the vessel. They could not say, they had seen none; but they might have put off in such a direction as placed the burning vessel, and the thick smoke which floated landward from it, between their course and the witnesses' observation.

That the ship destroyed was Dirk Hatteraick's no one doubted. His lugger was well known on the coast, and had been expected just at this time. A letter from the commander of the king's sloop, to whom the Sheriff made application, put the matter beyond doubt; he sent also an extract from his log-book of the transactions of the day, which intimated their being on the outlook for a smuggling lugger, Dirk Hatteraick master, upon the information and requisition of Francis Kennedy, of his Majesty's excise service; and that Kennedy was to be upon the outlook on the shore, in case Hatteraick,

who was known to be a desperate fellow, and had been repeatedly outlawed, should attempt to run his sloop aground. About nine o'clock A. M. they discovered a sail which answered the description of Hatteraick's vessel, chased her, and, after repeated signals to her to show colours and bring-to, fired upon her. The chase then showed Hamburgh colours and returned the fire; and a running fight was maintained for three hours, when, just as the lugger was doubling the Point of Warroch, they observed that the main-yard was shot in the slings, and that the vessel was disabled. It was not in the power of the man-of-war's men for some time to profit by this circumstance, owing to their having kept too much in shore for doubling the headland. After two tacks, they accomplished this, and observed the chase on fire and apparently deserted. The fire having reached some casks of spirits, which were placed on the deck, with other combustibles, probably on purpose, burnt with such fury that no boats durst approach the vessel, especially as her shotted guns were discharging one after another by the heat. The captain had no doubt whatever that the crew had set the vessel on fire and escaped in their boats. After watching the conflagration till the ship blew up, his Majesty's sloop, the 'Shark,' stood towards the Isle of Man, with the purpose of intercepting the retreat of the smugglers, who, though they might conceal themselves in the woods for a day or two, would probably take the first opportunity of endeavouring to make for this asylum. But they never saw more of them than is above narrated.

Such was the account given by William Pritchard, master and commander of his Majesty's sloop of war, 'Shark,' who concluded by regretting deeply that he had not had the happiness to fall in with the scoundrels who had had the impudence to fire on his Majesty's flag, and with an assurance that, should he meet Mr. Dirk Hatteraick in any future cruise, he would not fail to bring him into port under his stern, to answer whatever might be alleged against him.

As, therefore, it seemed tolerably certain that the men on board the lugger had escaped, the death of Kennedy, if he fell in with them in the woods, when irritated by the loss of their vessel and by the share he had in it, was easily to be accounted for. And it was not improbable that to such brutal tempers, rendered desperate by their own circumstances, even the murder of the child, against whose father, as having become suddenly active in the prosecution of smugglers, Hatteraick was

known to have uttered deep threats, would not appear a very heinous crime.

Against this hypothesis it was urged that a crew of fifteen or twenty men could not have lain hidden upon the coast, when so close a search took place immediately after the destruction of their vessel; or, at least, that if they had hid themselves in the woods, their boats must have been seen on the beach; that in such precarious circumstances, and when all retreat must have seemed difficult if not impossible, it was not to be thought that they would have all united to commit a useless murder for the mere sake of revenge. Those who held this opinion supposed either that the boats of the lugger had stood out to sea without being observed by those who were intent upon gazing at the burning vessel, and so gained safe distance before the sloop got round the headland; or else that, the boats being staved or destroyed by the fire of the 'Shark' during the chase, the crew had obstinately determined to perish with the vessel. What gave some countenance to this supposed act of desperation was, that neither Dirk Hatteraick nor any of his sailors, all well-known men in the fair trade, were again seen upon that coast, or heard of in the Isle of Man, where strict inquiry was made. On the other hand, only one dead body, apparently that of a seaman killed by a cannon-shot, drifted ashore. So all that could be done was to register the names, description, and appearance of the individuals belonging to the ship's company, and offer a reward for the apprehension of them, or any one of them, extending also to any person, not the actual murderer, who should give evidence tending to convict those who had murdered Francis Kennedy.

Another opinion, which was also plausibly supported, went to charge this horrid crime upon the late tenants of Derncleugh. They were known to have resented highly the conduct of the Laird of Ellangowan towards them, and to have used threatening expressions, which every one supposed them capable of carrying into effect. The kidnapping the child was a crime much more consistent with their habits than with those of smugglers, and his temporary guardian might have fallen in an attempt to protect him. Besides, it was remembered that Kennedy had been an active agent, two or three days before, in the forcible expulsion of these people from Derncleugh, and that harsh and menacing language had been exchanged between him and some of the Egyptian patriarchs on that memorable occasion.

The Sheriff received also the depositions of the unfortunate father and his servant, concerning what had passed at their meeting the caravan of gipsies as they left the estate of Ellangowan. The speech of Meg Merrilies seemed particularly suspicious. There was, as the magistrate observed in his law language, *damnum minatum* — a damage, or evil turn, threatened — and *malum secutum* — an evil of the very kind predicted shortly afterwards following. A young woman, who had been gathering nuts in Warroch wood upon the fatal day, was also strongly of opinion, though she declined to make positive oath, that she had seen Meg Merrilies — at least a woman of her remarkable size and appearance — start suddenly out of a thicket; she said she had called to her by name, but, as the figure turned from her and made no answer, she was uncertain if it were the gipsy or her wraith, and was afraid to go nearer to one who was always reckoned, in the vulgar phrase, 'no canny.' This vague story received some corroboration from the circumstance of a fire being that evening found in the gipsy's deserted cottage. To this fact Ellangowan and his gardener bore evidence. Yet it seemed extravagant to suppose that, had this woman been accessory to such a dreadful crime, she would have returned, that very evening on which it was committed, to the place of all others where she was most likely to be sought after.

Meg Merrilies was, however, apprehended and examined. She denied strongly having been either at Derncleugh or in the wood of Warroch upon the day of Kennedy's death; and several of her tribe made oath in her behalf, that she had never quitted their encampment, which was in a glen about ten miles distant from Ellangowan. Their oaths were indeed little to be trusted to; but what other evidence could be had in the circumstances? There was one remarkable fact, and only one, which arose from her examination. Her arm appeared to be slightly wounded by the cut of a sharp weapon, and was tied up with a handkerchief of Harry Bertram's. But the chief of the horde acknowledged he had 'corrected her' that day with his whinger; she herself, and others, gave the same account of her hurt; and for the handkerchief, the quantity of linen stolen from Ellangowan during the last months of their residence on the estate easily accounted for it, without charging Meg with a more heinous crime.

It was observed upon her examination that she treated the questions respecting the death of Kennedy, or 'the gauger,' as she called him, with indifference; but expressed great and emphatic

scorn and indignation at being supposed capable of injuring little Harry Bertram. She was long confined in jail, under the hope that something might yet be discovered to throw light upon this dark and bloody transaction. Nothing, however, occurred; and Meg was at length liberated, but under sentence of banishment from the county as a vagrant, common thief, and disorderly person. No traces of the boy could ever be discovered; and at length the story, after making much noise, was gradually given up as altogether inexplicable, and only perpetuated by the name of 'The Gauger's Loup,' which was generally bestowed on the cliff from which the unfortunate man had fallen or been precipitated.

# CHAPTER XI

*Enter Time, as Chorus.*

I, that please some, try all, both joy and terror
Of good and bad ; that make and unfold error,
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap.

*Winter's Tale.*

OUR narration is now about to make a large stride, and omit a space of nearly seventeen years ; during which nothing occurred of any particular consequence with respect to the story we have undertaken to tell. The gap is a wide one ; yet if the reader's experience in life enables him to look back on so many years, the space will scarce appear longer in his recollection than the time consumed in turning these pages.

It was, then, in the month of November, about seventeen years after the catastrophe related in the last chapter, that, during a cold and stormy night, a social group had closed around the kitchen-fire of the Gordon Arms at Kippletringan, a small but comfortable inn kept by Mrs. Mac-Candlish in that village. The conversation which passed among them will save me the trouble of telling the few events occurring during this chasm in our history, with which it is necessary that the reader should be acquainted.

Mrs. Mac-Candlish, throned in a comfortable easy-chair lined with black leather, was regaling herself and a neighbouring gossip or two with a cup of genuine tea, and at the same time keeping a sharp eye upon her domestics, as they went and came in prosecution of their various duties and commissions. The clerk and precentor of the parish enjoyed at a little distance his Saturday night's pipe, and aided its bland fumigation by an occasional sip of brandy and water. Deacon Bearcliff, a man

of great importance in the village, combined the indulgence of both parties: he had his pipe and his tea-cup, the latter being laced with a little spirits. One or two clowns sat at some distance, drinking their twopenny ale.

'Are ye sure the parlour's ready for them, and the fire burning clear, and the chimney no smoking?' said the hostess to a chambermaid.

She was answered in the affirmative. 'Ane wadna be uncivil to them, especially in their distress,' said she, turning to the Deacon.

'Assuredly not, Mrs. Mac-Candlish; assuredly not. I am sure ony sma' thing they might want frae my shop, under seven, or eight, or ten pounds, I would book them as readily for it as the first in the country. Do they come in the auld chaise?'

'I daresay no,' said the precentor; 'for Miss Bertram comes on the white powny ilka day to the kirk — and a constant kirk-keeper she is — and it's a pleasure to hear her singing the psalms, winsome young thing.'

'Ay, and the young Laird of Hazlewood rides hame half the road wi' her after sermon,' said one of the gossips in company. 'I wonder how auld Hazlewood likes that.'

'I kenna how he may like it now,' answered another of the tea-drinkers; 'but the day has been when Ellangowan wad hae liked as little to see his daughter taking up with their son.'

'Ay, *has been*,' answered the first, with somewhat of emphasis.

'I am sure, neighbour Ovens,' said the hostess, 'the Hazlewoods of Hazlewood, though they are a very gude auld family in the county, never thought, till within these twa score o' years, of evening themselves till the Ellangowans. Wow, woman, the Bertrams of Ellangowan are the auld Dingawaies lang syne. There is a sang about ane o' them marrying a daughter of the King of Man; it begins —

> 'Blythe Bertram's ta'en him ower the faem,
> To wed a wife, and bring her hame ——

I daur say Mr. Skreigh can sing us the ballant.'

'Gudewife,' said Skreigh, gathering up his mouth, and sipping his tiff of brandy punch with great solemnity, 'our talents were gien us to other use than to sing daft auld sangs sae near the Sabbath day.'

'Hout fie, Mr. Skreigh; I'se warrant I hae heard you sing

a blythe sang on Saturday at e'en before now. But as for the chaise, Deacon, it hasna been out of the coach-house since Mrs. Bertram died, that 's sixteen or seventeen years sin syne. Jock Jabos is away wi' a chaise of mine for them ; I wonder he 's no come back. It 's pit mirk ; but there 's no an ill turn on the road but twa, and the brigg ower Warroch burn is safe eneugh, if he haud to the right side. But then there 's Heavieside Brae, that 's just a murder for post-cattle ; but Jock kens the road brawly.'

A loud rapping was heard at the door.

'That 's no them. I dinna hear the wheels. Grizzel, ye limmer, gang to the door.'

'It 's a single gentleman,' whined out Grizzel ; 'maun I take him into the parlour ?'

'Foul be in your feet, then ; it 'll be some English rider. Coming without a servant at this time o' night ! Has the hostler ta'en the horse ? Ye may light a spunk o' fire in the red room.'

'I wish, ma'am,' said the traveller, entering the kitchen, 'you would give me leave to warm myself here, for the night is very cold.'

His appearance, voice, and manner produced an instantaneous effect in his favour. He was a handsome, tall, thin figure, dressed in black, as appeared when he laid aside his riding-coat ; his age might be between forty and fifty ; his cast of features grave and interesting, and his air somewhat military. Every point of his appearance and address bespoke the gentleman. Long habit had given Mrs. Mac-Candlish an acute tact in ascertaining the quality of her visitors, and proportioning her reception accordingly : —

> To every guest the appropriate speech was made,
> And every duty with distinction paid ;
> Respectful, easy, pleasant, or polite —
> 'Your honour's servant !' 'Mister Smith, good-night.'

On the present occasion she was low in her courtesy and profuse in her apologies. The stranger begged his horse might be attended to : she went out herself to school the hostler.

'There was never a prettier bit o' horse-flesh in the stable o' the Gordon Arms,' said the man, which information increased the landlady's respect for the rider. Finding, on her return, that the stranger declined to go into another apartment (which,

indeed, she allowed, would be but cold and smoky till the fire bleezed up), she installed her guest hospitably by the fireside, and offered what refreshment her house afforded.

'A cup of your tea, ma'am, if you will favour me.'

Mrs. Mac-Candlish bustled about, reinforced her teapot with hyson, and proceeded in her duties with her best grace. 'We have a very nice parlour, sir, and everything very agreeable for gentlefolks; but it 's bespoke the night for a gentleman and his daughter that are going to leave this part of the country; ane of my chaises is gane for them, and will be back forthwith. They 're no sae weel in the warld as they have been; but we 're a' subject to ups and downs in this life, as your honour must needs ken, — but is not the tobacco-reek disagreeable to your honour?'

'By no means, ma'am; I am an old campaigner, and perfectly used to it. Will you permit me to make some inquiries about a family in this neighbourhood?'

The sound of wheels was now heard, and the landlady hurried to the door to receive her expected guests; but returned in an instant, followed by the postilion. 'No, they canna come at no rate, the Laird 's sae ill.'

'But God help them,' said the landlady, 'the morn 's the term, the very last day they can bide in the house; a' thing 's to be roupit.'

'Weel, but they can come at no rate, I tell ye; Mr. Bertram canna be moved.'

'What Mr. Bertram?' said the stranger; 'not Mr. Bertram of Ellangowan, I hope?'

'Just e'en that same, sir; and if ye be a friend o' his, ye have come at a time when he 's sair bested.'

'I have been abroad for many years, — is his health so much deranged?'

'Ay, and his affairs an' a',' said the Deacon; 'the creditors have entered into possession o' the estate, and it 's for sale; and some that made the maist by him — I name nae names, but Mrs. Mac-Candlish kens wha I mean (the landlady shook her head significantly) — they 're sairest on him e'en now. I have a sma' matter due mysell, but I would rather have lost it than gane to turn the auld man out of his house, and him just dying.'

'Ay, but,' said the parish clerk, 'Factor Glossin wants to get rid of the auld Laird, and drive on the sale, for fear the heir-male should cast up upon them; for I have heard say, if

there was an heir-male they couldna sell the estate for auld Ellangowan's debt.'

'He had a son born a good many years ago,' said the stranger; 'he is dead, I suppose?'

'Nae man can say for that,' answered the clerk mysteriously.

'Dead!' said the Deacon, 'I'se warrant him dead lang syne; he hasna been heard o' these twenty years or thereby.'

'I wot weel it 's no twenty years,' said the landlady; 'it 's no abune seventeen at the outside in this very month. It made an unco noise ower a' this country; the bairn disappeared the very day that Supervisor Kennedy cam by his end. If ye kenn'd this country lang syne, your honour wad maybe ken Frank Kennedy the Supervisor. He was a heartsome pleasant man, and company for the best gentlemen in the county, and muckle mirth he 's made in this house. I was young then, sir, and newly married to Bailie Mac-Candlish, that 's dead and gone (a sigh); and muckle fun I 've had wi' the Supervisor. He was a daft dog. O, an he could hae hauden aff the smugglers a bit! but he was aye venturesome. And so ye see, sir, there was a king's sloop down in Wigton Bay, and Frank Kennedy, he behoved to have her up to chase Dirk Hatteraick's lugger — ye 'll mind Dirk Hatteraick, Deacon? I daresay ye may have dealt wi' him — (the Deacon gave a sort of acquiescent nod and humph). He was a daring chield, and he fought his ship till she blew up like peelings of ingans; and Frank Kennedy, he had been the first man to board, and he was flung like a quarter of a mile off, and fell into the water below the rock at Warroch Point, that they ca' the Gauger's Loup to this day.'

'And Mr. Bertram's child,' said the stranger, 'what is all this to him?'

'Ou, sir, the bairn aye held an unco wark wi' the Supervisor; and it was generally thought he went on board the vessel alang wi' him, as bairns are aye forward to be in mischief.'

'No, no,' said the Deacon, 'ye 're clean out there, Luckie; for the young Laird was stown away by a randy gipsy woman they ca'd Meg Merrilies — I mind her looks weel — in revenge for Ellangowan having gar'd her be drumm'd through Kipple-tringan for stealing a silver spoon.'

'If ye 'll forgie me, Deacon,' said the precentor, 'you 're e'en as far wrang as the gudewife.'

'And what is your edition of the story, sir?' said the stranger, turning to him with interest.

'That 's maybe no sae canny to tell,' said the precentor, with solemnity.

Upon being urged, however, to speak out, he preluded with two or three large puffs of tobacco-smoke, and out of the cloudy sanctuary which these whiffs formed around him delivered the following legend, having cleared his voice with one or two hems, and imitating, as near as he could, the eloquence which weekly thundered over his head from the pulpit.

'What we are now to deliver, my brethren, — hem — hem, — I mean, my good friends, — was not done in a corner, and may serve as an answer to witch-advocates, atheists, and misbelievers of all kinds. Ye must know that the worshipful Laird of Ellangowan was not so preceese as he might have been in clearing his land of witches (concerning whom it is said, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live"), nor of those who had familiar spirits, and consulted with divination, and sorcery, and lots, which is the fashion with the Egyptians, as they ca' themsells, and other unhappy bodies, in this our country. And the Laird was three years married without having a family; and he was sae left to himsell, that it was thought he held ower muckle troking and communing wi' that Meg Merrilies, wha was the maist notorious witch in a' Galloway and Dumfries-shire baith.'

'Aweel, I wot there 's something in that,' said Mrs. MacCandlish; 'I 've kenn'd him order her twa glasses o' brandy in this very house.'

'Aweel, gudewife, then the less I lee. Sae the lady was wi' bairn at last, and in the night when she should have been delivered there comes to the door of the ha' house — the Place of Ellangowan as they ca'd — an ancient man, strangely habited, and asked for quarters. His head, and his legs, and his arms were bare, although it was winter time o' the year, and he had a grey beard three-quarters lang. Weel, he was admitted; and when the lady was delivered, he craved to know the very moment of the hour of the birth, and he went out and consulted the stars. And when he came back he tell'd the Laird that the Evil One wad have power over the knave-bairn that was that night born, and he charged him that the babe should be bred up in the ways of piety, and that he should aye hae a godly minister at his elbow to pray *wi'* the bairn and *for* him. And the aged man vanished away, and no man of this country ever saw mair o' him.'

'Now, that will not pass,' said the postilion, who, at a respectful distance, was listening to the conversation, 'begging

Mr. Skreigh's and the company's pardon; there was no sae mony hairs on the warlock's face as there 's on Letter-Gae's[1] ain at this moment; and he had as gude a pair o' boots as a man need streik on his legs, and gloves too; and I should understand boots by this time, I think.'

'Whisht, Jock,' said the landlady.

'Ay? and what do *ye* ken o' the matter, friend Jabos?' said the precentor, contemptuously.

'No muckle, to be sure, Mr. Skreigh, only that I lived within a penny-stane cast o' the head o' the avenue at Ellangowan, when a man cam jingling to our door that night the young Laird was born, and my mother sent me, that was a hafflin callant, to show the stranger the gate to the Place, which, if he had been sic a warlock, he might hae kenn'd himsell, ane wad think; and he was a young, weel-faured, weel-dressed lad, like an Englishman. And I tell ye he had as gude a hat, and boots, and gloves, as ony gentleman need to have. To be sure he *did* gie an awesome glance up at the auld castle, and there *was* some spae-wark gaed on, I aye heard that; but as for his vanishing, I held the stirrup mysell when he gaed away, and he gied me a round half-crown. He was riding on a haick they ca'd Souple Sam; it belanged to the George at Dumfries; it was a blood-bay beast, very ill o' the spavin; I hae seen the beast baith before and since.'

'Aweel, aweel, Jock,' answered Mr. Skreigh, with a tone of mild solemnity, 'our accounts differ in no material particulars; but I had no knowledge that ye had seen the man. So ye see, my friends, that this soothsayer having prognosticated evil to the boy, his father engaged a godly minister to be with him morn and night.'

'Ay, that was him they ca'd Dominie Sampson,' said the postilion.

'He 's but a dumb dog that,' observed the Deacon; 'I have heard that he never could preach five words of a sermon endlang, for as lang as he has been licensed.'

'Weel, but,' said the precentor, waving his hand, as if eager to retrieve the command of the discourse, 'he waited on the young Laird by night and day. Now it chanced, when the bairn was near five years auld, that the Laird had a sight of his errors, and determined to put these Egyptians aff his ground, and he caused them to remove; and that Frank Kennedy, that

[1] The precentor is called by Allan Ramsay,

The letter-gae of haly rhyme.

was a rough, swearing fellow, he was sent to turn them off. And he cursed and damned at them, and they swure at him; and that Meg Merrilies, that was the maist powerfu' with the Enemy of Mankind, she as gude as said she would have him, body and soul, before three days were ower his head. And I have it from a sure hand, and that 's ane wha saw it, and that 's John Wilson, that was the Laird's groom, that Meg appeared to the Laird as he was riding hame from Singleside, over Gibbie's-know, and threatened him wi' what she wad do to his family; but whether it was Meg, or something waur in her likeness, for it seemed bigger than ony mortal creature, John could not say.'

'Aweel,' said the postilion, 'it might be sae, I canna say against it, for I was not in the country at the time; but John Wilson was a blustering kind of chield, without the heart of a sprug.'

'And what was the end of all this?' said the stranger, with some impatience.

'Ou, the event and upshot of it was, sir,' said the precentor, 'that while they were all looking on, beholding a king's ship chase a smuggler, this Kennedy suddenly brake away frae them without ony reason that could be descried — ropes nor tows wad not hae held him — and made for the wood of Warroch as fast as his beast could carry him; and by the way he met the young Laird and his governor, and he snatched up the bairn, and swure, if *he* was bewitched, the bairn should have the same luck as him; and the minister followed as fast as he could, and almaist as fast as them, for he was wonderfully swift of foot, and he saw Meg the witch, or her master in her similitude, rise suddenly out of the ground, and claught the bairn suddenly out of the gauger's arms; and then he rampauged and drew his sword, for ye ken a fie man and a cusser fearsna the deil.'

'I believe that 's very true,' said the postilion.

'So, sir, she grippit him, and clodded him like a stane from the sling ower the craigs of Warroch Head, where he was found that evening; but what became of the babe, frankly I cannot say. But he that was minister here then, that 's now in a better place, had an opinion that the bairn was only conveyed to fairy-land for a season.'

The stranger had smiled slightly at some parts of this recital, but ere he could answer the clatter of a horse's hoofs was heard, and a smart servant, handsomely dressed, with a cockade in his hat, bustled into the kitchen, with 'Make a little

room, good people'; when, observing the stranger, he descended at once into the modest and civil domestic, his hat sunk down by his side, and he put a letter into his master's hands. 'The family at Ellangowan, sir, are in great distress, and unable to receive any visits.'

'I know it,' replied his master. 'And now, madam, if you will have the goodness to allow me to occupy the parlour you mentioned, as you are disappointed of your guests ——'

'Certainly, sir,' said Mrs. Mac-Candlish, and hastened to light the way with all the imperative bustle which an active landlady loves to display on such occasions.

'Young man,' said the Deacon to the servant, filling a glass, 'ye'll no be the waur o' this, after your ride.'

'Not a feather, sir; thank ye, your very good health, sir.'

'And wha may your master be, friend?'

'What, the gentleman that was here? that's the famous Colonel Mannering, sir, from the East Indies.'

'What, him we read of in the newspapers?'

'Ay, ay, just the same. It was he relieved Cuddieburn, and defended Chingalore, and defeated the great Mahratta chief, Ram Jolli Bundleman. I was with him in most of his campaigns.'

'Lord safe us,' said the landlady; 'I must go see what he would have for supper; that I should set him down here!'

'O, he likes that all the better, mother. You never saw a plainer creature in your life than our old Colonel; and yet he has a spice of the devil in him too.'

The rest of the evening's conversation below stairs tending little to edification, we shall, with the reader's leave, step up to the parlour.

# CHAPTER XII

Reputation ! that's man's idol
Set up against God, the Maker of all laws,
Who hath commanded us we should not kill,
And yet we say we must, for Reputation !
What honest man can either fear his own,
Or else will hurt another's reputation ?
Fear to do base unworthy things is valour;
If they be done to us, to suffer them
Is valour too.

BEN JONSON.

THE Colonel was walking pensively up and down the parlour when the officious landlady re-entered to take his commands. Having given them in the manner he thought would be most acceptable 'for the good of the house,' he begged to detain her a moment.

'I think,' he said, 'madam, if I understood the good people right, Mr. Bertram lost his son in his fifth year ?'

'O ay, sir, there 's nae doubt o' that, though there are mony idle clashes about the way and manner, for it 's an auld story now, and everybody tells it, as we were doing, their ain way by the ingleside. But lost the bairn was in his fifth year, as your honour says, Colonel ; and the news being rashly tell'd to the leddy, then great with child, cost her her life that samyn night ; and the Laird never throve after that day, but was just careless of everything, though, when his daughter Miss Lucy grew up, she tried to keep order within doors ; but what could she do, poor thing ? So now they 're out of house and hauld.'

'Can you recollect, madam, about what time of the year the child was lost ?' The landlady, after a pause and some recollection, answered, 'she was positive it was about this season' ; and added some local recollections that fixed the date in her memory as occurring about the beginning of November 17—.

The stranger took two or three turns round the room in silence, but signed to Mrs. Mac-Candlish not to leave it.

'Did I rightly apprehend,' he said, 'that the estate of Ellangowan is in the market?'

'In the market? It will be sell'd the morn to the highest bidder — that's no the morn, Lord help me! which is the Sabbath, but on Monday, the first free day; and the furniture and stocking is to be roupit at the same time on the ground. It's the opinion of the haill country that the sale has been shamefully forced on at this time, when there's sae little money stirring in Scotland wi' this weary American war, that somebody may get the land a bargain. Deil be in them, that I should say sae!' — the good lady's wrath rising at the supposed injustice.

'And where will the sale take place?'

'On the premises, as the advertisement says; that's at the house of Ellangowan, your honour, as I understand it.'

'And who exhibits the title-deeds, rent-roll, and plan?'

'A very decent man, sir; the sheriff-substitute of the county, who has authority from the Court of Session. He's in the town just now, if your honour would like to see him; and he can tell you mair about the loss of the bairn than ony body, for the sheriff-depute (that's his principal, like) took much pains to come at the truth o' that matter, as I have heard.'

'And this gentleman's name is ——'

'Mac-Morlan, sir; he's a man o' character, and weel spoken o'.'

'Send my compliments — Colonel Mannering's compliments to him, and I would be glad he would do me the pleasure of supping with me, and bring these papers with him; and I beg, good madam, you will say nothing of this to any one else.'

'Me, sir? ne'er a word shall I say. I wish your honour (a courtesy), or ony honourable gentleman that's fought for his country (another courtesy), had the land, since the auld family maun quit (a sigh), rather than that wily scoundrel Glossin, that's risen on the ruin of the best friend he ever had. And now I think on't, I'll slip on my hood and pattens, and gang to Mr. Mac-Morlan mysell, he's at hame e'en now; it's hardly a step.'

'Do so, my good landlady, and many thanks; and bid my servant step here with my portfolio in the meantime.'

In a minute or two Colonel Mannering was quietly seated with his writing materials before him. We have the privilege of looking over his shoulder as he writes, and we willingly communicate its substance to our readers. The letter was addressed to Arthur Mervyn, Esq., of Mervyn Hall, Llanbraith-

waite, Westmoreland. It contained some account of the writer's previous journey since parting with him, and then proceeded as follows: —

'And now, why will you still upbraid me with my melancholy, Mervyn? Do you think, after the lapse of twenty-five years, battles, wounds, imprisonment, misfortunes of every description, I can be still the same lively, unbroken Guy Mannering who climbed Skiddaw with you, or shot grouse upon Crossfell? That you, who have remained in the bosom of domestic happiness, experience little change, that your step is as light and your fancy as full of sunshine, is a blessed effect of health and temperament, co-operating with content and a smooth current down the course of life. But *my* career has been one of difficulties and doubts and errors. From my infancy I have been the sport of accident, and, though the wind has often borne me into harbour, it has seldom been into that which the pilot destined. Let me recall to you — but the task must be brief — the odd and wayward fates of my youth, and the misfortunes of my manhood.

'The former, you will say, had nothing very appalling. All was not for the best; but all was tolerable. My father, the eldest son of an ancient but reduced family, left me with little, save the name of the head of the house, to the protection of his more fortunate brothers. They were so fond of me that they almost quarrelled about me. My uncle, the bishop, would have had me in orders, and offered me a living; my uncle, the merchant, would have put me into a counting-house, and proposed to give me a share in the thriving concern of Mannering and Marshall, in Lombard Street. So, between these two stools, or rather these two soft, easy, well-stuffed chairs of divinity and commerce, my unfortunate person slipped down, and pitched upon a dragoon saddle. Again, the bishop wished me to marry the niece and heiress of the Dean of Lincoln; and my uncle, the alderman, proposed to me the only daughter of old Sloethorn, the great wine-merchant, rich enough to play at spán-counter with moidores and make thread-papers of bank-notes; and somehow I slipped my neck out of both nooses, and married — poor, poor Sophia Wellwood.

'You will say, my military career in India, when I followed my regiment there, should have given me some satisfaction; and so it assuredly has. You will remind me also, that if I disappointed the hopes of my guardians, I did not incur their displeasure; that the bishop, at his death, bequeathed me his

blessing, his manuscript sermons, and a curious portfolio containing the heads of eminent divines of the church of England; and that my uncle, Sir Paul Mannering, left me sole heir and executor to his large fortune. Yet this availeth me nothing; I told you I had that upon my mind which I should carry to my grave with me, a perpetual aloes in the draught of existence. I will tell you the cause more in detail than I had the heart to do while under your hospitable roof. You will often hear it mentioned, and perhaps with different and unfounded circumstances. I will therefore speak it out; and then let the event itself, and the sentiments of melancholy with which it has impressed me, never again be subject of discussion between us.

'Sophia, as you well know, followed me to India. She was as innocent as gay; but, unfortunately for us both, as gay as innocent. My own manners were partly formed by studies I had forsaken, and habits of seclusion not quite consistent with my situation as commandant of a regiment in a country where universal hospitality is offered and expected by every settler claiming the rank of a gentleman. In a moment of peculiar pressure (you know how hard we were sometimes run to obtain white faces to countenance our line-of-battle), a young man named Brown joined our regiment as a volunteer, and, finding the military duty more to his fancy than commerce, in which he had been engaged, remained with us as a cadet. Let me do my unhappy victim justice: he behaved with such gallantry on every occasion that offered that the first vacant commission was considered as his due. I was absent for some weeks upon a distant expedition; when I returned I found this young fellow established quite as the friend of the house, and habitual attendant of my wife and daughter. It was an arrangement which displeased me in many particulars, though no objection could be made to his manners or character. Yet I might have been reconciled to his familiarity in my family, but for the suggestions of another. If you read over — what I never dare open — the play of "Othello," you will have some idea of what followed — I mean of my motives; my actions, thank God! were less reprehensible. There was another cadet ambitious of the vacant situation. He called my attention to what he led me to term coquetry between my wife and this young man. Sophia was virtuous, but proud of her virtue; and, irritated by my jealousy, she was so imprudent as to press and encourage an intimacy which she saw I disapproved and regarded with suspicion. Between Brown and me there existed

a sort of internal dislike. He made an effort or two to overcome my prejudice; but, prepossessed as I was, I placed them to a wrong motive. Feeling himself repulsed, and with scorn, he desisted; and as he was without family and friends, he was naturally more watchful of the deportment of one who had both.

'It is odd with what torture I write this letter. I feel inclined, nevertheless, to protract the operation, just as if my doing so could put off the catastrophe which has so long embittered my life. But — it must be told, and it shall be told briefly.

'My wife, though no longer young, was still eminently handsome, and — let me say thus far in my own justification — she was fond of being thought so — I am repeating what I said before. In a word, of her virtue I never entertained a doubt; but, pushed by the artful suggestions of Archer, I thought she cared little for my peace of mind, and that the young fellow Brown paid his attentions in my despite, and in defiance of me. He perhaps considered me, on his part, as an oppressive aristocratic man, who made my rank in society and in the army the means of galling those whom circumstances placed beneath me. And if he discovered my silly jealousy, he probably considered the fretting me in that sore point of my character as one means of avenging the petty indignities to which I had it in my power to subject him. Yet an acute friend of mine gave a more harmless, or at least a less offensive, construction to his attentions, which he conceived to be meant for my daughter Julia, though immediately addressed to propitiate the influence of her mother. This could have been no very flattering or pleasing enterprise on the part of an obscure and nameless young man; but I should not have been offended at this folly as I was at the higher degree of presumption I suspected. Offended, however, I was, and in a mortal degree.

'A very slight spark will kindle a flame where everything lies open to catch it. I have absolutely forgot the proximate cause of quarrel, but it was some trifle which occurred at the card-table which occasioned high words and a challenge. We met in the morning beyond the walls and esplanade of the fortress which I then commanded, on the frontiers of the settlement. This was arranged for Brown's safety, had he escaped. I almost wish he had, though at my own expense; but he fell by the first fire. We strove to assist him; but some of these *looties*, a species of native banditti who were always on the watch for prey, poured in upon us. Archer and I gained our

horses with difficulty, and cut our way through them after a hard conflict, in the course of which he received some desperate wounds. To complete the misfortunes of this miserable day, my wife, who suspected the design with which I left the fortress, had ordered her palanquin to follow me, and was alarmed and almost made prisoner by another troop of these plunderers. She was quickly released by a party of our cavalry; but I cannot disguise from myself that the incidents of this fatal morning gave a severe shock to health already delicate. The confession of Archer, who thought himself dying, that he had invented some circumstances, and for his purposes put the worst construction upon others, and the full explanation and exchange of forgiveness with me which this produced, could not check the progress of her disorder. She died within about eight months after this incident, bequeathing me only the girl of whom Mrs. Mervyn is so good as to undertake the temporary charge. Julia was also extremely ill; so much so that I was induced to throw up my command and return to Europe, where her native air, time, and the novelty of the scenes around her have contributed to dissipate her dejection and restore her health.

'Now that you know my story, you will no longer ask me the reason of my melancholy, but permit me to brood upon it as I may. There is, surely, in the above narrative enough to embitter, though not to poison, the chalice which the fortune and fame you so often mention had prepared to regale my years of retirement.

'I could add circumstances which our old tutor would have quoted as instances of *day fatality*, — you would laugh were I to mention such particulars, especially as you know I put no faith in them. Yet, since I have come to the very house from which I now write, I have learned a singular coincidence, which, if I find it truly established by tolerable evidence, will serve us hereafter for subject of curious discussion. But I will spare you at present, as I expect a person to speak about a purchase of property now open in this part of the country. It is a place to which I have a foolish partiality, and I hope my purchasing may be convenient to those who are parting with it, as there is a plan for buying it under the value. My respectful compliments to Mrs. Mervyn, and I will trust you, though you boast to be so lively a young gentleman, to kiss Julia for me. Adieu, dear Mervyn. — Thine ever,

'GUY MANNERING.'

Mr. Mac-Morlan now entered the room. The well-known character of Colonel Mannering at once disposed this gentleman, who was a man of intelligence and probity, to be open and confidential. He explained the advantages and disadvantages of the property. 'It was settled,' he said, 'the greater part of it at least, upon heirs-male, and the purchaser would have the privilege of retaining in his hands a large proportion of the price, in case of the reappearance, within a certain limited term, of the child who had disappeared.'

'To what purpose, then, force forward a sale?' said Mannering.

Mac-Morlan smiled. 'Ostensibly,' he answered, 'to substitute the interest of money instead of the ill-paid and precarious rents of an unimproved estate; but chiefly, it was believed, to suit the wishes and views of a certain intended purchaser, who had become a principal creditor, and forced himself into the management of the affairs by means best known to himself, and who, it was thought, would find it very convenient to purchase the estate without paying down the price.'

Mannering consulted with Mr. Mac-Morlan upon the steps for thwarting this unprincipled attempt. They then conversed long on the singular disappearance of Harry Bertram upon his fifth birthday, verifying thus the random prediction of Mannering, of which, however, it will readily be supposed he made no boast. Mr. Mac-Morlan was not himself in office when that incident took place; but he was well acquainted with all the circumstances, and promised that our hero should have them detailed by the sheriff-depute himself, if, as he proposed, he should become a settler in that part of Scotland. With this assurance they parted, well satisfied with each other and with the evening's conference.

On the Sunday following, Colonel Mannering attended the parish church with great decorum. None of the Ellangowan family were present; and it was understood that the old Laird was rather worse than better. Jock Jabos, once more despatched for him, returned once more without his errand; but on the following day Miss Bertram hoped he might be removed.

# CHAPTER XIII

They told me, by the sentence of the law,
They had commission to seize all thy fortune.
Here stood a ruffian with a horrid face,
Lording it o'er a pile of massy plate,
Tumbled into a heap for public sale ;
There was another, making villainous jests
At thy undoing ; he had ta'en possession
Of all thy ancient most domestic ornaments.

OTWAY.

EARLY next morning Mannering mounted his horse and, accompanied by his servant, took the road to Ellangowan. He had no need to inquire the way. A sale in the country is a place of public resort and amusement, and people of various descriptions streamed to it from all quarters.

After a pleasant ride of about an hour, the old towers of the ruin presented themselves in the landscape. The thoughts, with what different feelings he had lost sight of them so many years before, thronged upon the mind of the traveller. The landscape was the same ; but how changed the feelings, hopes, and views of the spectator ! Then life and love were new, and all the prospect was gilded by their rays. And now, disappointed in affection, sated with fame and what the world calls success, his mind goaded by bitter and repentant recollection, his best hope was to find a retirement in which he might nurse the melancholy that was to accompany him to his grave. 'Yet why should an individual mourn over the instability of his hopes and the vanity of his prospects ? The ancient chiefs who erected these enormous and massive towers to be the fortress of their race and the seat of their power, — could they have dreamed the day was to come when the last of their descendants should be expelled, a ruined wanderer, from his possessions ! But Nature's bounties are unaltered. The sun will shine as fair on these ruins, whether the property of a stranger or of a sordid and obscure trickster of the abused

law, as when the banners of the founder first waved upon their battlements.'

These reflections brought Mannering to the door of the house, which was that day open to all. He entered among others, who traversed the apartments, some to select articles for purchase, others to gratify their curiosity. There is something melancholy in such a scene, even under the most favourable circumstances. The confused state of the furniture, displaced for the convenience of being easily viewed and carried off by the purchasers, is disagreeable to the eye. Those articles which, properly and decently arranged, look creditable and handsome, have then a paltry and wretched appearance; and the apartments, stripped of all that render them commodious and comfortable, have an aspect of ruin and dilapidation. It is disgusting also to see the scenes of domestic society and seclusion thrown open to the gaze of the curious and the vulgar, to hear their coarse speculations and brutal jests upon the fashions and furniture to which they are unaccustomed, — a frolicsome humour much cherished by the whisky which in Scotland is always put in circulation on such occasions. All these are ordinary effects of such a scene as Ellangowan now presented; but the moral feeling, that in this case they indicated the total ruin of an ancient and honourable family, gave them treble weight and poignancy.

It was some time before Colonel Mannering could find any one disposed to answer his reiterated questions concerning Ellangowan himself. At length an old maid-servant, who held her apron to her eyes as she spoke, told him 'the Laird was something better, and they hoped he would be able to leave the house that day. Miss Lucy expected the chaise every moment, and, as the day was fine for the time o' year, they had carried him in his easy-chair up to the green before the auld castle, to be out of the way of this unco spectacle.' Thither Colonel Mannering went in quest of him, and soon came in sight of the little group, which consisted of four persons. The ascent was steep, so that he had time to reconnoitre them as he advanced, and to consider in what mode he should make his address.

Mr. Bertram, paralytic and almost incapable of moving, occupied his easy-chair, attired in his nightcap and a loose camlet coat, his feet wrapped in blankets. Behind him, with his hands crossed on the cane upon which he rested, stood Dominie Sampson, whom Mannering recognised at once. Time

had made no change upon him, unless that his black coat seemed more brown, and his gaunt cheeks more lank, than when Mannering last saw him. On one side of the old man was a sylph-like form — a young woman of about seventeen, whom the Colonel accounted to be his daughter. She was looking from time to time anxiously towards the avenue, as if expecting the post-chaise; and between whiles busied herself in adjusting the blankets so as to protect her father from the cold, and in answering inquiries, which he seemed to make with a captious and querulous manner. She did not trust herself to look towards the Place, although the hum of the assembled crowd must have drawn her attention in that direction. The fourth person of the group was a handsome and genteel young man, who seemed to share Miss Bertram's anxiety, and her solicitude to soothe and accommodate her parent.

This young man was the first who observed Colonel Mannering, and immediately stepped forward to meet him, as if politely to prevent his drawing nearer to the distressed group. Mannering instantly paused and explained. 'He was,' he said, 'a stranger to whom Mr. Bertram had formerly shown kindness and hospitality; he would not have intruded himself upon him at a period of distress, did it not seem to be in some degree a moment also of desertion; he wished merely to offer such services as might be in his power to Mr. Bertram and the young lady.'

He then paused at a little distance from the chair. His old acquaintance gazed at him with lack-lustre eye, that intimated no tokens of recognition; the Dominie seemed too deeply sunk in distress even to observe his presence. The young man spoke aside with Miss Bertram, who advanced timidly, and thanked Colonel Mannering for his goodness; 'but,' she said, the tears gushing fast into her eyes, 'her father, she feared, was not so much himself as to be able to remember him.'

She then retreated towards the chair, accompanied by the Colonel. 'Father,' she said, 'this is Mr. Mannering, an old friend, come to inquire after you.'

'He 's very heartily welcome,' said the old man, raising himself in his chair, and attempting a gesture of courtesy, while a gleam of hospitable satisfaction seemed to pass over his faded features; 'but, Lucy, my dear, let us go down to the house; you should not keep the gentleman here in the cold. Dominie, take the key of the wine-cooler. Mr. a — a — the gentleman will surely take something after his ride.'

Mannering was unspeakably affected by the contrast which his recollection made between this reception and that with which he had been greeted by the same individual when they last met. He could not restrain his tears, and his evident emotion at once attained him the confidence of the friendless young lady.

'Alas!' she said, 'this is distressing even to a stranger; but it may be better for my poor father to be in this way than if he knew and could feel all.'

A servant in livery now came up the path, and spoke in an undertone to the young gentleman — 'Mr. Charles, my lady's wanting you yonder sadly, to bid for her for the black ebony cabinet; and Lady Jean Devorgoil is wi' her an' a'; ye maun come away directly.'

'Tell them you could not find me, Tom; or, stay, — say I am looking at the horses.'

'No, no, no,' said Lucy Bertram, earnestly; 'if you would not add to the misery of this miserable moment, go to the company directly. This gentleman, I am sure, will see us to the carriage.'

'Unquestionably, madam,' said Mannering, 'your young friend may rely on my attention.'

'Farewell, then,' said young Hazlewood, and whispered a word in her ear; then ran down the steep hastily, as if not trusting his resolution at a slower pace.

'Where's Charles Hazlewood running?' said the invalid, who apparently was accustomed to his presence and attentions; 'where's Charles Hazlewood running? what takes him away now?'

'He'll return in a little while,' said Lucy, gently.

The sound of voices was now heard from the ruins. The reader may remember there was a communication between the castle and the beach, up which the speakers had ascended.

'Yes, there's plenty of shells and seaware for manure, as you observe; and if one inclined to build a new house, which might indeed be necessary, there's a great deal of good hewn stone about this old dungeon, for the devil here ——'

'Good God!' said Miss Bertram hastily to Sampson, ''t is that wretch Glossin's voice! If my father sees him, it will kill him outright!'

Sampson wheeled perpendicularly round, and moved with long strides to confront the attorney as he issued from beneath the portal arch of the ruin. 'Avoid ye!' he said, 'avoid ye! wouldst thou kill and take possession?'

'Come, come, Master Dominie Sampson,' answered Glossin insolently, 'if ye cannot preach in the pulpit, we 'll have no preaching here. We go by the law, my good friend; we leave the gospel to you.'

The very mention of this man's name had been of late a subject of the most violent irritation to the unfortunate patient. The sound of his voice now produced an instantaneous effect. Mr. Bertram started up without assistance and turned round towards him; the ghastliness of his features forming a strange contrast with the violence of his exclamations. — 'Out of my sight, ye viper! ye frozen viper, that I warmed till ye stung me! Art thou not afraid that the walls of my father's dwelling should fall and crush thee limb and bone? Are ye not afraid the very lintels of the door of Ellangowan Castle should break open and swallow you up? Were ye not friendless, houseless, penniless, when I took ye by the hand; and are ye not expelling me — me and that innocent girl — friendless, houseless, and penniless, from the house that has sheltered us and ours for a thousand years?'

Had Glossin been alone, he would probably have slunk off; but the consciousness that a stranger was present, besides the person who came with him (a sort of land-surveyor), determined him to resort to impudence. The task, however, was almost too hard even for his effrontery — 'Sir — sir — Mr. Bertram, sir, you should not blame me, but your own imprudence, sir ——'

The indignation of Mannering was mounting very high. 'Sir,' he said to Glossin, 'without entering into the merits of this controversy, I must inform you that you have chosen a very improper place, time, and presence for it. And you will oblige me by withdrawing without more words.'

Glossin, being a tall, strong, muscular man, was not unwilling rather to turn upon the stranger, whom he hoped to bully, than maintain his wretched cause against his injured patron. — 'I do not know who you are, sir,' he said, 'and I shall permit no man to use such d—d freedom with me.'

Mannering was naturally hot-tempered: his eyes flashed a dark light; he compressed his nether lip so closely that the blood sprung, and approaching Glossin — 'Look you, sir,' he said, 'that you do not know me is of little consequence. *I know you;* and if you do not instantly descend that bank, without uttering a single syllable, by the Heaven that is above us you shall make but one step from the top to the bottom!'

The commanding tone of rightful anger silenced at once the ferocity of the bully. He hesitated, turned on his heel, and, muttering something between his teeth about unwillingness to alarm the lady, relieved them of his hateful company.

Mrs. Mac-Candlish's postilion, who had come up in time to hear what passed, said aloud, 'If he had stuck by the way, I would have lent him a heezie, the dirty scoundrel, as willingly as ever I pitched a boddle.'

He then stepped forward to announce that his horses were in readiness for the invalid and his daughter.

But they were no longer necessary. The debilitated frame of Mr. Bertram was exhausted by this last effort of indignant anger, and when he sunk again upon his chair, he expired almost without a struggle or groan. So little alteration did the extinction of the vital spark make upon his external appearance that the screams of his daughter, when she saw his eye fix and felt his pulse stop, first announced his death to the spectators.

# CHAPTER XIV

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound.

YOUNG.

THE moral which the poet has rather quaintly deduced from the necessary mode of measuring time may be well applied to our feelings respecting that portion of it which constitutes human life. We observe the aged, the infirm, and those engaged in occupations of immediate hazard, trembling as it were upon the very brink of non-existence, but we derive no lesson from the precariousness of their tenure until it has altogether failed. Then, for a moment at least —

Our hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down — on what ? a fathomless abyss,
A dark eternity, how surely ours !

The crowd of assembled gazers and idlers at Ellangowan had followed the views of amusement, or what they called business, which brought them there, with little regard to the feelings of those who were suffering upon that occasion. Few, indeed, knew anything of the family. The father, betwixt seclusion, misfortune, and imbecility, had drifted, as it were, for many years out of the notice of his contemporaries ; the daughter had never been known to them. But when the general murmur announced that the unfortunate Mr. Bertram had broken his heart in the effort to leave the mansion of his forefathers, there poured forth a torrent of sympathy like the waters from the rock when stricken by the wand of the prophet. The ancient descent and unblemished integrity of the family were respectfully remembered ; above all, the sacred veneration due to misfortune, which in Scotland seldom demands its tribute in vain, then claimed and received it.

Mr. Mac-Morlan hastily announced that he would suspend all farther proceedings in the sale of the estate and other property, and relinquish the possession of the premises to the young lady, until she could consult with her friends and provide for the burial of her father.

Glossin had cowered for a few minutes under the general expression of sympathy, till, hardened by observing that no appearance of popular indignation was directed his way, he had the audacity to require that the sale should proceed.

'I will take it upon my own authority to adjourn it,' said the Sheriff-substitute, 'and will be responsible for the consequences. I will also give due notice when it is again to go forward. It is for the benefit of all concerned that the lands should bring the highest price the state of the market will admit, and this is surely no time to expect it. I will take the responsibility upon myself.'

Glossin left the room and the house too with secrecy and despatch; and it was probably well for him that he did so, since our friend Jock Jabos was already haranguing a numerous tribe of bare-legged boys on the propriety of pelting him off the estate.

Some of the rooms were hastily put in order for the reception of the young lady, and of her father's dead body. Mannering now found his farther interference would be unnecessary, and might be misconstrued. He observed, too, that several families connected with that of Ellangowan, and who indeed derived their principal claim of gentility from the alliance, were now disposed to pay to their trees of genealogy a tribute which the adversity of their supposed relatives had been inadequate to call forth; and that the honour of superintending the funeral rites of the dead Godfrey Bertram (as in the memorable case of Homer's birthplace) was likely to be debated by seven gentlemen of rank and fortune, none of whom had offered him an asylum while living. He therefore resolved, as his presence was altogether useless, to make a short tour of a fortnight, at the end of which period the adjourned sale of the estate of Ellangowan was to proceed.

But before he departed he solicited an interview with the Dominie. The poor man appeared, on being informed a gentleman wanted to speak to him, with some expression of surprise in his gaunt features, to which recent sorrow had given an expression yet more grisly. He made two or three profound reverences to Mannering, and then, standing erect, patiently waited an explanation of his commands.

'You are probably at a loss to guess, Mr. Sampson,' said Mannering, 'what a stranger may have to say to you?'

'Unless it were to request that I would undertake to train up some youth in polite letters and humane learning; but I cannot — I cannot; I have yet a task to perform.'

'No, Mr. Sampson, my wishes are not so ambitious. I have no son, and my only daughter, I presume, you would not consider as a fit pupil.'

'Of a surety no,' replied the simple-minded Sampson. 'Nathless, it was I who did educate Miss Lucy in all useful learning, albeit it was the housekeeper who did teach her those unprofitable exercises of hemming and shaping.'

'Well, sir,' replied Mannering, 'it is of Miss Lucy I meant to speak. You have, I presume, no recollection of me?'

Sampson, always sufficiently absent in mind, neither remembered the astrologer of past years, nor even the stranger who had taken his patron's part against Glossin, so much had his friend's sudden death embroiled his ideas.

'Well, that does not signify,' pursued the Colonel; 'I am an old acquaintance of the late Mr. Bertram, able and willing to assist his daughter in her present circumstances. Besides, I have thoughts of making this purchase, and I should wish things kept in order about the place; will you have the goodness to apply this small sum in the usual family expenses?' He put into the Dominie's hand a purse containing some gold.

'Pro-di-gi-ous!' exclaimed Dominie Sampson. 'But if your honour would tarry ——'

'Impossible, sir, impossible,' said Mannering, making his escape from him.

'Pro-di-gi-ous!' again exclaimed Sampson, following to the head of the stairs, still holding out the purse. 'But as touching this coined money ——'

Mannering escaped downstairs as fast as possible.

'Pro-di-gi-ous!' exclaimed Dominie Sampson, yet the third time, now standing at the front door. 'But as touching this specie ——'

But Mannering was now on horseback, and out of hearing. The Dominie, who had never, either in his own right or as trustee for another, been possessed of a quarter part of this sum, though it was not above twenty guineas, 'took counsel,' as he expressed himself, 'how he should demean himself with respect unto the fine gold' thus left in his charge. Fortunately he found a disinterested adviser in Mac-Morlan, who pointed out

the most proper means of disposing of it for contributing to Miss Bertram's convenience, being no doubt the purpose to which it was destined by the bestower.

Many of the neighbouring gentry were now sincerely eager in pressing offers of hospitality and kindness upon Miss Bertram. But she felt a natural reluctance to enter any family for the first time as an object rather of benevolence than hospitality, and determined to wait the opinion and advice of her father's nearest female relation, Mrs. Margaret Bertram of Singleside, an old unmarried lady, to whom she wrote an account of her present distressful situation.

The funeral of the late Mr. Bertram was performed with decent privacy, and the unfortunate young lady was now to consider herself as but the temporary tenant of the house in which she had been born, and where her patience and soothing attentions had so long 'rocked the cradle of declining age.' Her communication with Mr. Mac-Morlan encouraged her to hope that she would not be suddenly or unkindly deprived of this asylum; but fortune had ordered otherwise.

For two days before the appointed day for the sale of the lands and estate of Ellangowan, Mac-Morlan daily expected the appearance of Colonel Mannering, or at least a letter containing powers to act for him. But none such arrived. Mr. Mac-Morlan waked early in the morning, walked over to the Post-office, — there were no letters for him. He endeavoured to persuade himself that he should see Colonel Mannering to breakfast, and ordered his wife to place her best china and prepare herself accordingly. But the preparations were in vain. 'Could I have foreseen this,' he said, 'I would have travelled Scotland over, but I would have found some one to bid against Glossin.' Alas! such reflections were all too late. The appointed hour arrived; and the parties met in the Masons' Lodge at Kipple-tringan, being the place fixed for the adjourned sale. Mac-Morlan spent as much time in preliminaries as decency would permit, and read over the articles of sale as slowly as if he had been reading his own death-warrant. He turned his eye every time the door of the room opened, with hopes which grew fainter and fainter. He listened to every noise in the street of the village, and endeavoured to distinguish in it the sound of hoofs or wheels. It was all in vain. A bright idea then occurred, that Colonel Mannering might have employed some other person in the transaction; he would not have wasted a moment's thought upon the want of confidence in himself which such a

manœuvre would have evinced. But this hope also was groundless. After a solemn pause, Mr. Glossin offered the upset price for the lands and barony of Ellangowan. No reply was made, and no competitor appeared; so, after a lapse of the usual interval by the running of a sand-glass, upon the intended purchaser entering the proper sureties, Mr. Mac-Morlan was obliged, in technical terms, to 'find and declare the sale lawfully completed, and to prefer the said Gilbert Glossin as the purchaser of the said lands and estate.' The honest writer refused to partake of a splendid entertainment with which Gilbert Glossin, Esquire, now of Ellangowan, treated the rest of the company, and returned home in huge bitterness of spirit, which he vented in complaints against the fickleness and caprice of these Indian nabobs, who never knew what they would be at for ten days together. Fortune generously determined to take the blame upon herself, and cut off even this vent of Mac-Morlan's resentment.

An express arrived about six o'clock at night, 'very particularly drunk,' the maid-servant said, with a packet from Colonel Mannering, dated four days back, at a town about a hundred miles' distance from Kippletringan, containing full powers to Mr. Mac-Morlan, or any one whom he might employ, to make the intended purchase, and stating that some family business of consequence called the Colonel himself to Westmoreland, where a letter would find him, addressed to the care of Arthur Mervyn, Esq., of Mervyn Hall.

Mac-Morlan, in the transports of his wrath, flung the power of attorney at the head of the innocent maid-servant, and was only forcibly withheld from horse-whipping the rascally messenger by whose sloth and drunkenness the disappointment had taken place.

# CHAPTER XV

My gold is gone, my money is spent,
  My land now take it unto thee.
Give me thy gold, good John o' the Scales,
  And thine for aye my land shall be.

Then John he did him to record draw,
  And John he caste him a gods-pennie;
But for every pounde that John agreed,
  The land, I wis, was well worth three.

*Heir of Linne.*

THE Galwegian John o' the Scales was a more clever fellow than his prototype. He contrived to make himself heir of Linne without the disagreeable ceremony of 'telling down the good red gold.' Miss Bertram no sooner heard this painful, and of late unexpected, intelligence than she proceeded in the preparations she had already made for leaving the mansion-house immediately. Mr. Mac-Morlan assisted her in these arrangements, and pressed upon her so kindly the hospitality and protection of his roof, until she should receive an answer from her cousin, or be enabled to adopt some settled plan of life, that she felt there would be unkindness in refusing an invitation urged with such earnestness. Mrs. Mac-Morlan was a ladylike person, and well qualified by birth and manners to receive the visit, and to make her house agreeable to Miss Bertram. A home, therefore, and an hospitable reception were secured to her, and she went on with better heart to pay the wages and receive the adieus of the few domestics of her father's family.

Where there are estimable qualities on either side, this task is always affecting; the present circumstances rendered it doubly so. All received their due, and even a trifle more, and with thanks and good wishes, to which some added tears, took farewell of their young mistress. There remained in the parlour only Mr. Mac-Morlan, who came to attend his guest to his house, Dominie Sampson, and Miss Bertram. 'And now,' said

the poor girl, 'I must bid farewell to one of my oldest and kindest friends. God bless you, Mr. Sampson, and requite to you all the kindness of your instructions to your poor pupil, and your friendship to him that is gone. I hope I shall often hear from you.' She slid into his hand a paper containing some pieces of gold, and rose, as if to leave the room.

Dominie Sampson also rose; but it was to stand aghast with utter astonishment. The idea of parting from Miss Lucy, go where she might, had never once occurred to the simplicity of his understanding. He laid the money on the table. 'It is certainly inadequate,' said Mac-Morlan, mistaking his meaning, 'but the circumstances ——'

Mr. Sampson waved his hand impatiently. — 'It is not the lucre, it is not the lucre; but that I, that have ate of her father's loaf, and drank of his cup, for twenty years and more — to think that I am going to leave her, and to leave her in distress and dolour! No, Miss Lucy, you need never think it! You would not consent to put forth your father's poor dog, and would you use me waur than a messan? No, Miss Lucy Bertram, while I live I will not separate from you. I'll be no burden; I have thought how to prevent that. But, as Ruth said unto Naomi, "Entreat me not to leave thee, nor to depart from thee; for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou dwellest I will dwell; thy people shall be my people, and thy God shall be my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death do part thee and me."'

During this speech, the longest ever Dominie Sampson was known to utter, the affectionate creature's eyes streamed with tears, and neither Lucy nor Mac-Morlan could refrain from sympathising with this unexpected burst of feeling and attachment. 'Mr. Sampson,' said Mac-Morlan, after having had recourse to his snuff-box and handkerchief alternately, 'my house is large enough, and if you will accept of a bed there while Miss Bertram honours us with her residence, I shall think myself very happy, and my roof much favoured, by receiving a man of your worth and fidelity.' And then, with a delicacy which was meant to remove any objection on Miss Bertram's part to bringing with her this unexpected satellite, he added, 'My business requires my frequently having occasion for a better accountant than any of my present clerks, and I should be glad to have recourse to your assistance in that way now and then.'

'Of a surety, of a surety,' said Sampson eagerly; 'I understand book-keeping by double entry and the Italian method.'

Our postilion had thrust himself into the room to announce his chaise and horses; he tarried, unobserved, during this extraordinary scene, and assured Mrs. Mac-Candlish it was the most moving thing he ever saw; 'the death of the grey mare, puir hizzie, was naething till 't.' This trifling circumstance afterwards had consequences of greater moment to the Dominie.

The visitors were hospitably welcomed by Mrs. Mac-Morlan, to whom, as well as to others, her husband intimated that he had engaged Dominie Sampson's assistance to disentangle some perplexed accounts, during which occupation he would, for convenience sake, reside with the family. Mr. Mac-Morlan's knowledge of the world induced him to put this colour upon the matter, aware that, however honourable the fidelity of the Dominie's attachment might be both to his own heart and to the family of Ellangowan, his exterior ill qualified him to be a 'squire of dames,' and rendered him, upon the whole, rather a ridiculous appendage to a beautiful young woman of seventeen.

Dominie Sampson achieved with great zeal such tasks as Mr. Mac-Morlan chose to entrust him with; but it was speedily observed that at a certain hour after breakfast he regularly disappeared, and returned again about dinner-time. The evening he occupied in the labour of the office. On Saturday he appeared before Mac-Morlan with a look of great triumph, and laid on the table two pieces of gold. 'What is this for, Dominie?' said Mac-Morlan.

'First to indemnify you of your charges in my behalf, worthy sir; and the balance for the use of Miss Lucy Bertram.'

'But, Mr. Sampson, your labour in the office much more than recompenses me; I am your debtor, my good friend.'

'Then be it all,' said the Dominie, waving his hand, 'for Miss Lucy Bertram's behoof.'

'Well, but, Dominie, this money——'

'It is honestly come by, Mr. Mac-Morlan; it is the bountiful reward of a young gentleman to whom I am teaching the tongues; reading with him three hours daily.'

A few more questions extracted from the Dominie that this liberal pupil was young Hazlewood, and that he met his preceptor daily at the house of Mrs. Mac-Candlish, whose proclamation of Sampson's disinterested attachment to the young lady had procured him this indefatigable and bounteous scholar.

Mac-Morlan was much struck with what he heard. Dominie Sampson was doubtless a very good scholar, and an excellent man, and the classics were unquestionably very well worth reading; yet that a young man of twenty should ride seven miles and back again each day in the week, to hold this sort of *tête-à-tête* of three hours, was a zeal for literature to which he was not prepared to give entire credit. Little art was necessary to sift the Dominie, for the honest man's head never admitted any but the most direct and simple ideas. 'Does Miss Bertram know how your time is engaged, my good friend?'

'Surely not as yet. Mr. Charles recommended it should be concealed from her, lest she should scruple to accept of the small assistance arising from it; but,' he added, 'it would not be possible to conceal it long, since Mr. Charles proposed taking his lessons occasionally in this house.'

'O, he does!' said Mac-Morlan. 'Yes, yes, I can understand that better. And pray, Mr. Sampson, are these three hours entirely spent in construing and translating?'

'Doubtless, no; we have also colloquial intercourse to sweeten study: *neque semper arcum tendit Apollo.*'

The querist proceeded to elicit from this Galloway Phœbus what their discourse chiefly turned upon.

'Upon our past meetings at Ellangowan; and, truly, I think very often we discourse concerning Miss Lucy, for Mr. Charles Hazlewood in that particular resembleth me, Mr. Mac-Morlan. When I begin to speak of her I never know when to stop; and, as I say (jocularly), she cheats us out of half our lessons.'

'O ho!' thought Mac-Morlan, 'sits the wind in that quarter? I've heard something like this before.'

He then began to consider what conduct was safest for his *protégée*, and even for himself; for the senior Mr. Hazlewood was powerful, wealthy, ambitious, and vindictive, and looked for both fortune and title in any connexion which his son might form. At length, having the highest opinion of his guest's good sense and penetration, he determined to take an opportunity, when they should happen to be alone, to communicate the matter to her as a simple piece of intelligence. He did so in as natural a manner as he could. 'I wish you joy of your friend Mr. Sampson's good fortune, Miss Bertram; he has got a pupil who pays him two guineas for twelve lessons of Greek and Latin.'

'Indeed! I am equally happy and surprised. Who can be so liberal? is Colonel Mannering returned?'

'No, no, not Colonel Mannering; but what do you think of your acquaintance, Mr. Charles Hazlewood? He talks of taking his lessons here; I wish we may have accommodation for him.'

Lucy blushed deeply. 'For Heaven's sake, no, Mr. MacMorlan, do not let that be; Charles Hazlewood has had enough of mischief about that already.'

'About the classics, my dear young lady?' wilfully seeming to misunderstand her; 'most young gentlemen have so at one period or another, sure enough; but his present studies are voluntary.'

Miss Bertram let the conversation drop, and her host made no effort to renew it, as she seemed to pause upon the intelligence in order to form some internal resolution.

The next day Miss Bertram took an opportunity of conversing with Mr. Sampson. Expressing in the kindest manner her grateful thanks for his disinterested attachment, and her joy that he had got such a provision, she hinted to him that his present mode of superintending Charles Hazlewood's studies must be so inconvenient to his pupil that, while that engagement lasted, he had better consent to a temporary separation, and reside either with his scholar or as near him as might be. Sampson refused, as indeed she had expected, to listen a moment to this proposition; he would not quit her to be made preceptor to the Prince of Wales. 'But I see,' he added, 'you are too proud to share my pittance; and peradventure I grow wearisome unto you.'

'No indeed; you were my father's ancient, almost his only, friend. I am not proud; God knows, I have no reason to be so. You shall do what you judge best in other matters; but oblige me by telling Mr. Charles Hazlewood that you had some conversation with me concerning his studies, and that I was of opinion that his carrying them on in this house was altogether impracticable, and not to be thought of.'

Dominie Sampson left her presence altogether crestfallen, and, as he shut the door, could not help muttering the '*varium et mutabile*' of Virgil. Next day he appeared with a very rueful visage, and tendered Miss Bertram a letter. 'Mr. Hazlewood,' he said, 'was to discontinue his lessons, though he had generously made up the pecuniary loss. But how will he make up the loss to himself of the knowledge he might have acquired under my instruction? Even in that one article of writing, — he was an hour before he could write that brief note, and destroyed many scrolls, four quills, and some good white

paper. I would have taught him in three weeks a firm, current, clear, and legible hand; he should have been a calligrapher, — but God's will be done.'

The letter contained but a few lines, deeply regretting and murmuring against Miss Bertram's cruelty, who not only refused to see him, but to permit him in the most indirect manner to hear of her health and contribute to her service. But it concluded with assurances that her severity was vain, and that nothing could shake the attachment of Charles Hazlewood.

Under the active patronage of Mrs. Mac-Candlish, Sampson picked up some other scholars — very different indeed from Charles Hazlewood in rank, and whose lessons were proportionally unproductive. Still, however, he gained something, and it was the glory of his heart to carry it to Mr. Mac-Morlan weekly, a slight peculium only subtracted to supply his snuff-box and tobacco-pouch.

And here we must leave Kippletringan to look after our hero, lest our readers should fear they are to lose sight of him for another quarter of a century.

# CHAPTER XVI

Our Polly is a sad slut, nor heeds what we have taught her;
I wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter;
For when she 's drest with care and cost, all tempting, fine, and gay,
As men should serve a cucumber, she flings herself away.

*Beggar's Opera.*

AFTER the death of Mr. Bertram, Mannering had set out upon a short tour, proposing to return to the neighbourhood of Ellangowan before the sale of that property should take place. He went, accordingly, to Edinburgh and elsewhere, and it was in his return towards the south-western district of Scotland, in which our scene lies, that, at a post-town about a hundred miles from Kippletringan, to which he had requested his friend, Mr. Mervyn, to address his letters, he received one from that gentleman which contained rather unpleasing intelligence. We have assumed already the privilege of acting *a secretis* to this gentleman, and therefore shall present the reader with an extract from this epistle.

'I beg your pardon, my dearest friend, for the pain I have given you in forcing you to open wounds so festering as those your letter referred to. I have always heard, though erroneously perhaps, that the attentions of Mr. Brown were intended for Miss Mannering. But, however that were, it could not be supposed that in your situation his boldness should escape notice and chastisement. Wise men say that we resign to civil society our natural rights of self-defence only on condition that the ordinances of law should protect us. Where the price cannot be paid, the resignation becomes void. For instance, no one supposes that I am not entitled to defend my purse and person against a highwayman, as much as if I were a wild Indian, who owns neither law nor magistracy. The question of resistance or submission must be determined by my means and situation. But if, armed and equal in force, I submit to

injustice and violence from any man, high or low, I presume it will hardly be attributed to religious or moral feeling in me, or in any one but a Quaker. An aggression on my honour seems to me much the same. The insult, however trifling in itself, is one of much deeper consequence to all views in life than any wrong which can be inflicted by a depredator on the highway, and to redress the injured party is much less in the power of public jurisprudence, or rather it is entirely beyond its reach. If any man chooses to rob Arthur Mervyn of the contents of his purse, supposing the said Arthur has not means of defence, or the skill and courage to use them, the assizes at Lancaster or Carlisle will do him justice by tucking up the robber; yet who will say I am bound to wait for this justice, and submit to being plundered in the first instance, if I have myself the means and spirit to protect my own property? But if an affront is offered to me, submission under which is to tarnish my character for ever with men of honour, and for which the twelve judges of England, with the chancellor to boot, can afford me no redress, by what rule of law or reason am I to be deterred from protecting what ought to be, and is, so infinitely dearer to every man of honour than his whole fortune? Of the religious views of the matter I shall say nothing, until I find a reverend divine who shall condemn self-defence in the article of life and property. If its propriety in that case be generally admitted, I suppose little distinction can be drawn between defence of person and goods and protection of reputation. That the latter is liable to be assailed by persons of a different rank in life, untainted perhaps in morals, and fair in character, cannot affect my legal right of self-defence. I may be sorry that circumstances have engaged me in personal strife with such an individual; but I should feel the same sorrow for a generous enemy who fell under my sword in a national quarrel. I shall leave the question with the casuists, however; only observing, that what I have written will not avail either the professed duellist or him who is the aggressor in a dispute of honour. I only presume to exculpate him who is dragged into the field by such an offence as, submitted to in patience, would forfeit for ever his rank and estimation in society.

'I am sorry you have thoughts of settling in Scotland, and yet glad that you will still be at no immeasurable distance, and that the latitude is all in our favour. To move to Westmoreland from Devonshire might make an East-Indian shudder; but to come to us from Galloway or Dumfries-shire is a step, though a

short one, nearer the sun. Besides, if, as I suspect, the estate in view be connected with the old haunted castle in which you played the astrologer in your northern tour some twenty years since, I have heard you too often describe the scene with comic unction to hope you will be deterred from making the purchase. I trust, however, the hospitable gossiping Laird has not run himself upon the shallows, and that his chaplain, whom you so often made us laugh at, is still *in rerum natura.*

'And here, dear Mannering, I wish I could stop, for I have incredible pain in telling the rest of my story; although I am sure I can warn you against any intentional impropriety on the part of my temporary ward, Julia Mannering. But I must still earn my college nickname of Downright Dunstable. In one word, then, here is the matter.

'Your daughter has much of the romantic turn of your disposition, with a little of that love of admiration which all pretty women share less or more. She will besides, apparently, be your heiress; a trifling circumstance to those who view Julia with my eyes, but a prevailing bait to the specious, artful, and worthless. You know how I have jested with her about her soft melancholy, and lonely walks at morning before any one is up, and in the moonlight when all should be gone to bed, or set down to cards, which is the same thing. The incident which follows may not be beyond the bounds of a joke, but I had rather the jest upon it came from you than me.

'Two or three times during the last fortnight I heard, at a late hour in the night or very early in the morning, a flageolet play the little Hindu tune to which your daughter is so partial. I thought for some time that some tuneful domestic, whose taste for music was laid under constraint during the day, chose that silent hour to imitate the strains which he had caught up by the ear during his attendance in the drawing-room. But last night I sat late in my study, which is immediately under Miss Mannering's apartment, and to my surprise I not only heard the flageolet distinctly, but satisfied myself that it came from the lake under the window. Curious to know who serenaded us at that unusual hour, I stole softly to the window of my apartment. But there were other watchers than me. You may remember, Miss Mannering preferred that apartment on account of a balcony which opened from her window upon the lake. Well, sir, I heard the sash of her window thrown up, the shutters opened, and her own voice in conversation with some person who answered from below. This is not

"Much ado about nothing"; I could not be mistaken in her voice, and such tones, so soft, so insinuating; and, to say the truth, the accents from below were in passion's tenderest cadence too, — but of the sense I can say nothing. I raised the sash of my own window that I might hear something more than the mere murmur of this Spanish rendezvous; but, though I used every precaution, the noise alarmed the speakers; down slid the young lady's casement, and the shutters were barred in an instant. The dash of a pair of oars in the water announced the retreat of the male person of the dialogue. Indeed, I saw his boat, which he rowed with great swiftness and dexterity, fly across the lake like a twelve-oared barge. Next morning I examined some of my domestics, as if by accident, and I found the gamekeeper, when making his rounds, had twice seen that boat beneath the house, with a single person, and had heard the flageolet. I did not care to press any farther questions, for fear of implicating Julia in the opinions of those of whom they might be asked. Next morning, at breakfast, I dropped a casual hint about the serenade of the evening before, and I promise you Miss Mannering looked red and pale alternately. I immediately gave the circumstance such a turn as might lead her to suppose that my observation was merely casual. I have since caused a watchlight to be burnt in my library, and have left the shutters open, to deter the approach of our nocturnal guest; and I have stated the severity of approaching winter, and the rawness of the fogs, as an objection to solitary walks. Miss Mannering acquiesced with a passiveness which is no part of her character, and which, to tell you the plain truth, is a feature about the business which I like least of all. Julia has too much of her own dear papa's disposition to be curbed in any of her humours, were there not some little lurking consciousness that it may be as prudent to avoid debate.

'Now my story is told, and you will judge what you ought to do. I have not mentioned the matter to my good woman, who, a faithful secretary to her sex's foibles, would certainly remonstrate against your being made acquainted with these particulars, and might, instead, take it into her head to exercise her own eloquence on Miss Mannering; a faculty which, however powerful when directed against me, its legitimate object, might, I fear, do more harm than good in the case supposed. Perhaps even you yourself will find it most prudent to act without remonstrating, or appearing to be aware of this little anecdote. Julia is very like a certain friend of mine; she has

a quick and lively imagination, and keen feelings, which are apt to exaggerate both the good and evil they find in life. She is a charming girl, however, as generous and spirited as she is lovely. I paid her the kiss you sent her with all my heart, and she rapped my fingers for my reward with all hers. Pray return as soon as you can. Meantime rely upon the care of, yours faithfully,

'ARTHUR MERVYN.

'P.S. — You will naturally wish to know if I have the least guess concerning the person of the serenader. In truth, I have none. There is no young gentleman of these parts, who might be in rank or fortune a match for Miss Julia, that I think at all likely to play such a character. But on the other side of the lake, nearly opposite to Mervyn Hall, is a d—d cake-house, the resort of walking gentlemen of all descriptions — poets, players, painters, musicians — who come to rave, and recite, and madden about this picturesque land of ours. It is paying some penalty for its beauties, that they are the means of drawing this swarm of coxcombs together. But were Julia my daughter, it is one of those sort of fellows that I should fear on her account. She is generous and romantic, and writes six sheets a-week to a female correspondent; and it's a sad thing to lack a subject in such a case, either for exercise of the feelings or of the pen. Adieu, once more. Were I to treat this matter more seriously than I have done, I should do injustice to your feelings; were I altogether to overlook it, I should discredit my own.'

The consequence of this letter was, that, having first despatched the faithless messenger with the necessary powers to Mr. Mac-Morlan for purchasing the estate of Ellangowan, Colonel Mannering turned his horse's head in a more southerly direction, and neither 'stinted nor staid' until he arrived at the mansion of his friend Mr. Mervyn, upon the banks of one of the lakes of Westmoreland.

# CHAPTER XVII

Heaven first, in its mercy, taught mortals their letters,
For ladies in limbo, and lovers in fetters,
Or some author, who, placing his persons before ye,
Ungallantly leaves them to write their own story.

POPE, *imitated.*

WHEN Mannering returned to England, his first object had been to place his daughter in a seminary for female education of established character. Not, however, finding her progress in the accomplishments which he wished her to acquire so rapid as his impatience expected, he had withdrawn Miss Mannering from the school at the end of the first quarter. So she had only time to form an eternal friendship with Miss Matilda Marchmont, a young lady about her own age, which was nearly eighteen. To her faithful eye were addressed those formidable quires which issued forth from Mervyn Hall on the wings of the post while Miss Mannering was a guest there. The perusal of a few short extracts from these may be necessary to render our story intelligible.

FIRST EXTRACT

'Alas! my dearest Matilda, what a tale is mine to tell! Misfortune from the cradle has set her seal upon your unhappy friend. That we should be severed for so slight a cause — an ungrammatical phrase in my Italian exercise, and three false notes in one of Paisiello's sonatas! But it is a part of my father's character, of whom it is impossible to say whether I love, admire, or fear him the most. His success in life and in war, his habit of making every obstacle yield before the energy of his exertions, even where they seemed insurmountable — all these have given a hasty and peremptory cast to his character, which can neither endure contradiction nor make allowance for deficiencies. Then he is himself so very accomplished. Do you know, there was a murmur, half confirmed too by some mysteri-

ous words which dropped from my poor mother, that he possesses other sciences, now lost to the world, which enable the possessor to summon up before him the dark and shadowy forms of future events! Does not the very idea of such a power, or even of the high talent and commanding intellect which the world may mistake for it, — does it not, dear Matilda, throw a mysterious grandeur about its possessor? You will call this romantic; but consider I was born in the land of talisman and spell, and my childhood lulled by tales which you can only enjoy through the gauzy frippery of a French translation. O, Matilda, I wish you could have seen the dusky visages of my Indian attendants, bending in earnest devotion round the magic narrative, that flowed, half poetry, half prose, from the lips of the tale-teller! No wonder that European fiction sounds cold and meagre, after the wonderful effects which I have seen the romances of the East produce upon their hearers.'

### Second Extract

'You are possessed, my dear Matilda, of my bosom-secret, in those sentiments with which I regard Brown. I will not say his memory; I am convinced he lives, and is faithful. His addresses to me were countenanced by my deceased parent, imprudently countenanced perhaps, considering the prejudices of my father in favour of birth and rank. But I, then almost a girl, could not be expected surely to be wiser than her under whose charge nature had placed me. My father, constantly engaged in military duty, I saw but at rare intervals, and was taught to look up to him with more awe than confidence. Would to Heaven it had been otherwise! It might have been better for us all at this day!'

### Third Extract

'You ask me why I do not make known to my father that Brown yet lives, at least that he survived the wound he received in that unhappy duel, and had written to my mother expressing his entire convalescence, and his hope of speedily escaping from captivity. A soldier, that "in the trade of war has oft slain men," feels probably no uneasiness at reflecting upon the supposed catastrophe which almost turned me into stone. And should I show him that letter, does it not follow that Brown, alive and maintaining with pertinacity the pretensions to the

affections of your poor friend for which my father formerly sought his life, would be a more formidable disturber of Colonel Mannering's peace of mind than in his supposed grave? If he escapes from the hands of these marauders, I am convinced he will soon be in England, and it will be then time to consider how his existence is to be disclosed to my father. But if, alas! my earnest and confident hope should betray me, what would it avail to tear open a mystery fraught with so many painful recollections? My dear mother had such dread of its being known, that I think she even suffered my father to suspect that Brown's attentions were directed towards herself, rather than permit him to discover their real object; and O, Matilda, whatever respect I owe to the memory of a deceased parent, let me do justice to a living one. I cannot but condemn the dubious policy which she adopted, as unjust to my father, and highly perilous to herself and me. But peace be with her ashes! her actions were guided by the heart rather than the head; and shall her daughter, who inherits all her weakness, be the first to withdraw the veil from her defects?'

### Fourth Extract

'Mervyn Hall.

'If India be the land of magic, this, my dearest Matilda, is the country of romance. The scenery is such as nature brings together in her sublimest moods — sounding cataracts — hills which rear their scathed heads to the sky — lakes that, winding up the shadowy valleys, lead at every turn to yet more romantic recesses — rocks which catch the clouds of heaven. All the wildness of Salvator here, and there the fairy scenes of Claude. I am happy too in finding at least one object upon which my father can share my enthusiasm. An admirer of nature, both as an artist and a poet, I have experienced the utmost pleasure from the observations by which he explains the character and the effect of these brilliant specimens of her power. I wish he would settle in this enchanting land. But his views lie still farther north, and he is at present absent on a tour in Scotland, looking, I believe, for some purchase of land which may suit him as a residence. He is partial, from early recollections, to that country. So, my dearest Matilda, I must be yet farther removed from you before I am established in a home. And O how delighted shall I be when I can say, Come, Matilda, and be the guest of your faithful Julia!

'I am at present the inmate of Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn, old friends of my father. The latter is precisely a good sort of woman, ladylike and housewifely; but for accomplishments or fancy — good lack, my dearest Matilda, your friend might as well seek sympathy from Mrs. Teach'em; — you see I have not forgot school nicknames. Mervyn is a different — quite a different being from my father, yet he amuses and endures me. He is fat and good-natured, gifted with strong shrewd sense and some powers of humour; but having been handsome, I suppose, in his youth, has still some pretension to be a *beau garçon*, as well as an enthusiastic agriculturist. I delight to make him scramble to the tops of eminences and to the foot of waterfalls, and am obliged in turn to admire his turnips, his lucerne, and his timothy grass. He thinks me, I fancy, a simple romantic Miss, with some — the word will be out — beauty and some good-nature; and I hold that the gentleman has good taste for the female outside, and do not expect he should comprehend my sentiments farther. So he rallies, hands, and hobbles (for the dear creature has got the gout too), and tells old stories of high life, of which he has seen a great deal; and I listen, and smile, and look as pretty, as pleasant, and as simple as I can, and we do very well.

'But, alas! my dearest Matilda, how would time pass away, even in this paradise of romance, tenanted as it is by a pair assorting so ill with the scenes around them, were it not for your fidelity in replying to my uninteresting details? Pray do not fail to write three times a-week at least; you can be at no loss what to say.'

### Fifth Extract

'How shall I communicate what I have now to tell! My hand and heart still flutter so much, that the task of writing is almost impossible! Did I not say that he lived? did I not say I would not despair? How could you suggest, my dear Matilda, that my feelings, considering I had parted from him so young, rather arose from the warmth of my imagination than of my heart? O I was sure that they were genuine, deceitful as the dictates of our bosom so frequently are. But to my tale — let it be, my friend, the most sacred, as it is the most sincere, pledge of our friendship.

'Our hours here are early — earlier than my heart, with its load of care, can compose itself to rest. I therefore usually

take a book for an hour or two after retiring to my own room, which I think I have told you opens to a small balcony, looking down upon that beautiful lake of which I attempted to give you a slight sketch. Mervyn Hall, being partly an ancient building, and constructed with a view to defence, is situated on the verge of the lake. A stone dropped from the projecting balcony plunges into water deep enough to float a skiff. I had left my window partly unbarred, that, before I went to bed, I might, according to my custom, look out and see the moonlight shining upon the lake. I was deeply engaged with that beautiful scene in the 'Merchant of Venice' where two lovers, describing the stillness of a summer night, enhance on each other its charms, and was lost in the associations of story and of feeling which it awakens, when I heard upon the lake the sound of a flageolet. I have told you it was Brown's favourite instrument. Who could touch it in a night which, though still and serene, was too cold, and too late in the year, to invite forth any wanderer for mere pleasure? I drew yet nearer the window, and harkened with breathless attention; the sounds paused a space, were then resumed, paused again, and again reached my ear, ever coming nearer and nearer. At length I distinguished plainly that little Hindu air which you called my favourite. I have told you by whom it was taught me; the instrument, the tones, were his own! Was it earthly music, or notes passing on the wind, to warn me of his death?

'It was some time ere I could summon courage to step on the balcony; nothing could have emboldened me to do so but the strong conviction of my mind that he was still alive, and that we should again meet; but that conviction did embolden me, and I ventured, though with a throbbing heart. There was a small skiff with a single person. O, Matilda, it was himself! I knew his appearance after so long an absence, and through the shadow of the night, as perfectly as if we had parted yesterday, and met again in the broad sunshine! He guided his boat under the balcony, and spoke to me; I hardly knew what he said, or what I replied. Indeed, I could scarcely speak for weeping, but they were joyful tears. We were disturbed by the barking of a dog at some distance, and parted, but not before he had conjured me to prepare to meet him at the same place and hour this evening.

'But where and to what is all this tending? Can I answer this question? I cannot. Heaven, that saved him

from death and delivered him from captivity, that saved my father, too, from shedding the blood of one who would not have blemished a hair of his head, that Heaven must guide me out of this labyrinth. Enough for me the firm resolution that Matilda shall not blush for her friend, my father for his daughter, nor my lover for her on whom he has fixed his affection.'

## CHAPTER XVIII

Talk with a man out of a window ! — a proper saying.
*Much Ado about Nothing.*

WE must proceed with our extracts from Miss Mannering's letters, which throw light upon natural good sense, principle, and feelings, blemished by an imperfect education and the folly of a misjudging mother, who called her husband in her heart a tyrant until she feared him as such, and read romances until she became so enamoured of the complicated intrigues which they contain as to assume the management of a little family novel of her own, and constitute her daughter, a girl of sixteen, the principal heroine. She delighted in petty mystery and intrigue and secrets, and yet trembled at the indignation which these paltry manœuvres excited in her husband's mind. Thus she frequently entered upon a scheme merely for pleasure, or perhaps for the love of contradiction, plunged deeper into it than she was aware, endeavoured to extricate herself by new arts, or to cover her error by dissimulation, became involved in meshes of her own weaving, and was forced to carry on, for fear of discovery, machinations which she had at first resorted to in mere wantonness.

Fortunately the young man whom she so imprudently introduced into her intimate society, and encouraged to look up to her daughter, had a fund of principle and honest pride which rendered him a safer intimate than Mrs. Mannering ought to have dared to hope or expect. The obscurity of his birth could alone be objected to him ; in every other respect,

> With prospects bright upon the world he came,
> Pure love of virtue, strong desire of fame ;
> Men watched the way his lofty mind would take,
> And all foretold the progress he would make.

But it could not be expected that he should resist the snare which Mrs. Mannering's imprudence threw in his way, or avoid

becoming attached to a young lady whose beauty and manners might have justified his passion, even in scenes where these are more generally met with than in a remote fortress in our Indian settlements. The scenes which followed have been partly detailed in Mannering's letter to Mr. Mervyn; and to expand what is there stated into farther explanation would be to abuse the patience of our readers.

We shall therefore proceed with our promised extracts from Miss Mannering's letters to her friend.

### Sixth Extract

'I have seen him again, Matilda — seen him twice. I have used every argument to convince him that this secret intercourse is dangerous to us both; I even pressed him to pursue his views of fortune without farther regard to me, and to consider my peace of mind as sufficiently secured by the knowledge that he had not fallen under my father's sword. He answers — but how can I detail all he has to answer? He claims those hopes as his due which my mother permitted him to entertain, and would persuade me to the madness of a union without my father's sanction. But to this, Matilda, I will not be persuaded. I have resisted, I have subdued, the rebellious feelings which arose to aid his plea; yet how to extricate myself from this unhappy labyrinth in which fate and folly have entangled us both!

'I have thought upon it, Matilda, till my head is almost giddy; nor can I conceive a better plan than to make a full confession to my father. He deserves it, for his kindness is unceasing; and I think I have observed in his character, since I have studied it more nearly, that his harsher feelings are chiefly excited where he suspects deceit or imposition; and in that respect, perhaps, his character was formerly misunderstood by one who was dear to him. He has, too, a tinge of romance in his disposition; and I have seen the narrative of a generous action, a trait of heroism, or virtuous self-denial, extract tears from him which refused to flow at a tale of mere distress. But then Brown urges that he is personally hostile to him. And the obscurity of his birth, that would be indeed a stumbling-block. O, Matilda, I hope none of your ancestors ever fought at Poictiers or Agincourt! If it were not for the veneration which my father attaches to the memory of old Sir Miles Mannering, I should make out my explanation with half the tremor which must now attend it.'

### Seventh Extract

'I have this instant received your letter — your most welcome letter! Thanks, my dearest friend, for your sympathy and your counsels; I can only repay them with unbounded confidence.

'You ask me what Brown is by origin, that his descent should be so unpleasing to my father. His story is shortly told. He is of Scottish extraction, but, being left an orphan, his education was undertaken by a family of relations settled in Holland. He was bred to commerce, and sent very early to one of our settlements in the East, where his guardian had a correspondent. But this correspondent was dead when he arrived in India, and he had no other resource than to offer himself as a clerk to a counting-house. The breaking out of the war, and the straits to which we were at first reduced, threw the army open to all young men who were disposed to embrace that mode of life; and Brown, whose genius had a strong military tendency, was the first to leave what might have been the road to wealth, and to choose that of fame. The rest of his history is well known to you; but conceive the irritation of my father, who despises commerce (though, by the way, the best part of his property was made in that honourable profession by my great-uncle), and has a particular antipathy to the Dutch — think with what ear he would be likely to receive proposals for his only child from Vanbeest Brown, educated for charity by the house of Vanbeest and Vanbruggen! O, Matilda, it will never do; nay, so childish am I, I hardly can help sympathising with his aristocratic feelings. Mrs. Vanbeest Brown! The name has little to recommend it, to be sure. What children we are!'

### Eighth Extract

'It is all over now, Matilda! I shall never have courage to tell my father; nay, most deeply do I fear he has already learned my secret from another quarter, which will entirely remove the grace of my communication, and ruin whatever gleam of hope I had ventured to connect with it. Yesternight Brown came as usual, and his flageolet on the lake announced his approach. We had agreed that he should continue to use this signal. These romantic lakes attract numerous visitors, who indulge their enthusiasm in visiting the scenery at all hours, and we hoped that, if Brown were noticed from the house, he

might pass for one of those admirers of nature, who was giving vent to his feelings through the medium of music. The sounds might also be my apology, should I be observed on the balcony. But last night, while I was eagerly enforcing my plan of a full confession to my father, which he as earnestly deprecated, we heard the window of Mr. Mervyn's library, which is under my room, open softly. I signed to Brown to make his retreat, and immediately re-entered, with some faint hopes that our interview had not been observed.

'But, alas! Matilda, these hopes vanished the instant I beheld Mr. Mervyn's countenance at breakfast the next morning. He looked so provokingly intelligent and confidential, that, had I dared, I could have been more angry than ever I was in my life; but I must be on good behaviour, and my walks are now limited within his farm precincts, where the good gentleman can amble along by my side without inconvenience. I have detected him once or twice attempting to sound my thoughts, and watch the expression of my countenance. He has talked of the flageolet more than once; and has, at different times, made eulogiums upon the watchfulness and ferocity of his dogs, and the regularity with which the keeper makes his rounds with a loaded fowling-piece. He mentioned even man-traps and spring-guns. I should be loth to affront my father's old friend in his own house; but I do long to show him that I am my father's daughter, a fact of which Mr. Mervyn will certainly be convinced if ever I trust my voice and temper with a reply to these indirect hints. Of one thing I am certain — I am grateful to him on that account — he has not told Mrs. Mervyn. Lord help me, I should have had such lectures about the dangers of love and the night air on the lake, the risk arising from colds and fortune-hunters, the comfort and convenience of sack-whey and closed windows! I cannot help trifling, Matilda, though my heart is sad enough. What Brown will do I cannot guess. I presume, however, the fear of detection prevents his resuming his nocturnal visits. He lodges at an inn on the opposite shore of the lake, under the name, he tells me, of Dawson; he has a bad choice in names, that must be allowed. He has not left the army, I believe, but he says nothing of his present views.

'To complete my anxiety, my father is returned suddenly, and in high displeasure. Our good hostess, as I learned from a bustling conversation between her housekeeper and her, had no expectation of seeing him for a week; but I rather suspect

his arrival was no surprise to his friend Mr. Mervyn. His manner to me was singularly cold and constrained, sufficiently so to have damped all the courage with which I once resolved to throw myself on his generosity. He lays the blame of his being discomposed and out of humour to the loss of a purchase in the south-west of Scotland on which he had set his heart; but I do not suspect his equanimity of being so easily thrown off its balance. His first excursion was with Mr. Mervyn's barge across the lake to the inn I have mentioned. You may imagine the agony with which I waited his return! Had he recognised Brown, who can guess the consequence! He returned, however, apparently without having made any discovery. I understand that, in consequence of his late disappointment, he means now to hire a house in the neighbourhood of this same Ellangowan, of which I am doomed to hear so much; he seems to think it probable that the estate for which he wishes may soon be again in the market. I will not send away this letter until I hear more distinctly what are his intentions.'

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'I have now had an interview with my father, as confidential as, I presume, he means to allow me. He requested me to-day, after breakfast, to walk with him into the library; my knees, Matilda, shook under me, and it is no exaggeration to say I could scarce follow him into the room. I feared I knew not what. From my childhood I had seen all around him tremble at his frown. He motioned me to seat myself, and I never obeyed a command so readily, for, in truth, I could hardly stand. He himself continued to walk up and down the room. You have seen my father, and noticed, I recollect, the remarkably expressive cast of his features. His eyes are naturally rather light in colour, but agitation or anger gives them a darker and more fiery glance; he has a custom also of drawing in his lips when much moved, which implies a combat between native ardour of temper and the habitual power of self-command. This was the first time we had been alone since his return from Scotland, and, as he betrayed these tokens of agitation, I had little doubt that he was about to enter upon the subject I most dreaded.

'To my unutterable relief, I found I was mistaken, and that, whatever he knew of Mr. Mervyn's suspicions or discoveries, he did not intend to converse with me on the topic. Coward as I was, I was inexpressibly relieved, though, if he

had really investigated the reports which may have come to his ear, the reality could have been nothing to what his suspicions might have conceived. But, though my spirits rose high at my unexpected escape, I had not courage myself to provoke the discussion, and remained silent to receive his commands.

'"Julia," he said, "my agent writes me from Scotland that he has been able to hire a house for me, decently furnished, and with the necessary accommodation for my family; it is within three miles of that I had designed to purchase." Then he made a pause, and seemed to expect an answer.

'"Whatever place of residence suits you, sir, must be perfectly agreeable to me."

'"Umph! I do not propose, however, Julia, that you shall reside quite alone in this house during the winter."

'"Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn," thought I to myself. — "Whatever company is agreeable to you, sir," I answered aloud.

'"O, there is a little too much of this universal spirit of submission, an excellent disposition in action, but your constantly repeating the jargon of it puts me in mind of the eternal salams of our black dependents in the East. In short, Julia, I know you have a relish for society, and I intend to invite a young person, the daughter of a deceased friend, to spend a few months with us."

'"Not a governess, for the love of Heaven, papa!" exclaimed poor I, my fears at that moment totally getting the better of my prudence.

'"No, not a governess, Miss Mannering," replied the Colonel, somewhat sternly, "but a young lady from whose excellent example, bred as she has been in the school of adversity, I trust you may learn the art to govern yourself."

'To answer this was trenching upon too dangerous ground, so there was a pause.

'"Is the young lady a Scotchwoman, papa?"

'"Yes" — drily enough.

'"Has she much of the accent, sir?"

'"Much of the devil!" answered my father hastily; "do you think I care about *a*'s and *aa*'s, and *i*'s and *ee*'s? I tell you, Julia, I am serious in the matter. You have a genius for friendship, that is, for running up intimacies which you call such." (Was not this very harshly said, Matilda?) "Now I wish to give you an opportunity at least to make one deserving friend, and therefore I have resolved that this young lady shall

be a member of my family for some months, and I expect you will pay to her that attention which is due to misfortune and virtue."

'"Certainly, sir. Is my future friend red-haired?"

'He gave me one of his stern glances; you will say, perhaps, I deserved it; but I think the deuce prompts me with teasing questions on some occasions.

'"She is as superior to you, my love, in personal appearance as in prudence and affection for her friends."

'"Lord, papa, do you think that superiority a recommendation? Well, sir, but I see you are going to take all this too seriously; whatever the young lady may be, I am sure, being recommended by you, she shall have no reason to complain of my want of attention." After a pause — "Has she any attendant? because you know I must provide for her proper accommodation if she is without one."

'"N — no — no, not properly an attendant; the chaplain who lived with her father is a very good sort of man, and I believe I shall make room for him in the house."

'"Chaplain, papa? Lord bless us!"

'"Yes, Miss Mannering, chaplain; is there anything very new in that word? Had we not a chaplain at the Residence, when we were in India?"

'"Yes, papa, but you were a commandant then."

'"So I will be now, Miss Mannering, in my own family at least."

'"Certainly, sir. But will he read us the Church of England service?"

'The apparent simplicity with which I asked this question got the better of his gravity. "Come, Julia," he said, "you are a sad girl, but I gain nothing by scolding you. Of these two strangers, the young lady is one whom you cannot fail, I think, to love; the person whom, for want of a better term, I called chaplain, is a very worthy, and somewhat ridiculous personage, who will never find out you laugh at him if you don't laugh very loud indeed."

'"Dear papa, I am delighted with that part of his character. But pray, is the house we are going to as pleasantly situated as this?"

'"Not perhaps as much to your taste; there is no lake under the windows, and you will be under the necessity of having all your music within doors."

'This last *coup de main* ended the keen encounter of our

wits, for you may believe, Matilda, it quelled all my courage to reply.

'Yet my spirits, as perhaps will appear too manifest from this dialogue, have risen insensibly, and, as it were, in spite of myself. Brown alive, and free, and in England! Embarrassment and anxiety I can and must endure. We leave this in two days for our new residence. I shall not fail to let you know what I think of these Scotch inmates, whom I have but too much reason to believe my father means to quarter in his house as a brace of honourable spies; a sort of female Rozencrantz and reverend Guildenstern, one in tartan petticoats, the other in a cassock. What a contrast to the society I would willingly have secured to myself! I shall write instantly on my arriving at our new place of abode, and acquaint my dearest Matilda with the farther fates of — her

'JULIA MANNERING.'

## CHAPTER XIX

Which sloping hills around inclose,
Where many a beech and brown oak grows,
Beneath whose dark and branching bowers,
Its tides a far-fam'd river pours,
By nature's beauties taught to please,
Sweet Tusculan of rural ease !

WARTON.

WOODBOURNE, the habitation which Mannering, by Mr. Mac-Morlan's mediation, had hired for a season, was a large comfortable mansion, snugly situated beneath a hill covered with wood, which shrouded the house upon the north and east; the front looked upon a little lawn bordered by a grove of old trees; beyond were some arable fields, extending down to the river, which was seen from the windows of the house. A tolerable, though old-fashioned garden, a well-stocked dove-cot, and the possession of any quantity of ground which the convenience of the family might require, rendered the place in every respect suitable, as the advertisements have it, 'for the accommodation of a genteel family.'

Here, then, Mannering resolved, for some time at least, to set up the staff of his rest. Though an East-Indian, he was not partial to an ostentatious display of wealth. In fact, he was too proud a man to be a vain one. He resolved, therefore, to place himself upon the footing of a country gentleman of easy fortune, without assuming, or permitting his household to assume, any of the *faste* which then was considered as characteristic of a nabob.

He had still his eye upon the purchase of Ellangowan, which Mac-Morlan conceived Mr. Glossin would be compelled to part with, as some of the creditors disputed his title to retain so large a part of the purchase-money in his own hands, and his power to pay it was much questioned. In that case Mac-Morlan was assured he would readily give up his bargain, if tempted with

something above the price which he had stipulated to pay. It may seem strange that Mannering was so much attached to a spot which he had only seen once, and that for a short time, in early life. But the circumstances which passed there had laid a strong hold on his imagination. There seemed to be a fate which conjoined the remarkable passages of his own family history with those of the inhabitants of Ellangowan, and he felt a mysterious desire to call the terrace his own from which he had read in the book of heaven a fortune strangely accomplished in the person of the infant heir of that family, and corresponding so closely with one which had been strikingly fulfilled in his own. Besides, when once this thought had got possession of his imagination, he could not, without great reluctance, brook the idea of his plan being defeated, and by a fellow like Glossin. So pride came to the aid of fancy, and both combined to fortify his resolution to buy the estate if possible.

Let us do Mannering justice. A desire to serve the distressed had also its share in determining him. He had considered the advantage which Julia might receive from the company of Lucy Bertram, whose genuine prudence and good sense could so surely be relied upon. This idea had become much stronger since Mac-Morlan had confided to him, under the solemn seal of secrecy, the whole of her conduct towards young Hazlewood. To propose to her to become an inmate in his family, if distant from the scenes of her youth and the few whom she called friends, would have been less delicate; but at Woodbourne she might without difficulty be induced to become the visitor of a season, without being depressed into the situation of an humble companion. Lucy Bertram, with some hesitation, accepted the invitation to reside a few weeks with Miss Mannering. She felt too well that, however the Colonel's delicacy might disguise the truth, his principal motive was a generous desire to afford her his countenance and protection, which his high connexions, and higher character, were likely to render influential in the neighbourhood.

About the same time the orphan girl received a letter from Mrs. Bertram, the relation to whom she had written, as cold and comfortless as could well be imagined. It inclosed, indeed, a small sum of money, but strongly recommended economy, and that Miss Bertram should board herself in some quiet family, either at Kippletringan or in the neighbourhood, assuring her that, though her own income was very scanty, she would not see her kinswoman want. Miss Bertram shed some natural tears

over this cold-hearted epistle; for in her mother's time this good lady had been a guest at Ellangowan for nearly three years, and it was only upon succeeding to a property of about £400 a-year that she had taken farewell of that hospitable mansion, which otherwise might have had the honour of sheltering her until the death of its owner. Lucy was strongly inclined to return the paltry donation, which, after some struggles with avarice, pride had extorted from the old lady. But on consideration she contented herself with writing that she accepted it as a loan, which she hoped in a short time to repay, and consulted her relative upon the invitation she had received from Colonel and Miss Mannering. This time the answer came in course of post, so fearful was Mrs. Bertram that some frivolous delicacy, or nonsense, as she termed it, might induce her cousin to reject such a promising offer, and thereby at the same time to leave herself still a burden upon her relations. Lucy, therefore, had no alternative, unless she preferred continuing a burden upon the worthy Mac-Morlans, who were too liberal to be rich. Those kinsfolk who formerly requested the favour of her company had of late either silently, or with expressions of resentment that she should have preferred Mac-Morlan's invitation to theirs, gradually withdrawn their notice.

The fate of Dominie Sampson would have been deplorable had it depended upon any one except Mannering, who was an admirer of originality, for a separation from Lucy Bertram would have certainly broken his heart. Mac-Morlan had given a full account of his proceedings towards the daughter of his patron. The answer was a request from Mannering to know whether the Dominie still possessed that admirable virtue of taciturnity by which he was so notably distinguished at Ellangowan. Mac-Morlan replied in the affirmative. 'Let Mr. Sampson know,' said the Colonel's next letter, 'that I shall want his assistance to catalogue and put in order the library of my uncle, the bishop, which I have ordered to be sent down by sea. I shall also want him to copy and arrange some papers. Fix his salary at what you think befitting. Let the poor man be properly dressed, and accompany his young lady to Woodbourne.'

Honest Mac-Morlan received this mandate with great joy, but pondered much upon executing that part of it which related to newly attiring the worthy Dominie. He looked at him with a scrutinising eye, and it was but too plain that his present garments were daily waxing more deplorable. To give him

money, and bid him go and furnish himself, would be only giving him the means of making himself ridiculous; for when such a rare event arrived to Mr. Sampson as the purchase of new garments, the additions which he made to his wardrobe by the guidance of his own taste usually brought all the boys of the village after him for many days. On the other hand, to bring a tailor to measure him, and send home his clothes, as for a school-boy, would probably give offence. At length Mac-Morlan resolved to consult Miss Bertram, and request her interference. She assured him that, though she could not pretend to superintend a gentleman's wardrobe, nothing was more easy than to arrange the Dominie's.

'At Ellangowan,' she said, 'whenever my poor father thought any part of the Dominie's dress wanted renewal, a servant was directed to enter his room by night, for he sleeps as fast as a dormouse, carry off the old vestment, and leave the new one; nor could any one observe that the Dominie exhibited the least consciousness of the change put upon him on such occasions.'

Mac-Morlan, in conformity with Miss Bertram's advice, procured a skilful artist, who, on looking at the Dominie attentively, undertook to make for him two suits of clothes, one black and one raven-grey, and even engaged that they should fit him — as well at least (so the tailor qualified his enterprise) as a man of such an out-of-the-way build could be fitted by merely human needles and shears. When this fashioner had accomplished his task, and the dresses were brought home, Mac-Morlan, judiciously resolving to accomplish his purpose by degrees, withdrew that evening an important part of his dress, and substituted the new article of raiment in its stead. Perceiving that this passed totally without notice, he next ventured on the waistcoat, and lastly on the coat. When fully metamorphosed, and arrayed for the first time in his life in a decent dress, they did observe that the Dominie seemed to have some indistinct and embarrassing consciousness that a change had taken place on his outward man. Whenever they observed this dubious expression gather upon his countenance, accompanied with a glance that fixed now upon the sleeve of his coat, now upon the knees of his breeches, where he probably missed some antique patching and darning, which, being executed with blue thread upon a black ground, had somewhat the effect of embroidery, they always took care to turn his attention into some other channel, until his garments, 'by the aid of use, cleaved to their mould.' The only remark he was ever known

to make on the subject was, that 'the air of a town like Kippletringan seemed favourable unto wearing apparel, for he thought his coat looked almost as new as the first day he put it on, which was when he went to stand trial for his license as a preacher.'

When the Dominie first heard the liberal proposal of Colonel Mannering, he turned a jealous and doubtful glance towards Miss Bertram, as if he suspected that the project involved their separation ; but when Mr. Mac-Morlan hastened to explain that she would be a guest at Woodbourne for some time, he rubbed his huge hands together, and burst into a portentous sort of chuckle, like that of the Afrite in the tale of *The Caliph Vathek.* After this unusual explosion of satisfaction, he remained quite passive in all the rest of the transaction.

It had been settled that Mr. and Mrs. Mac-Morlan should take possession of the house a few days before Mannering's arrival, both to put everything in perfect order and to make the transference of Miss Bertram's residence from their family to his as easy and delicate as possible. Accordingly, in the beginning of the month of December the party were settled at Woodbourne.

# CHAPTER XX

A gigantic genius, fit to grapple with whole libraries.

BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson.*

THE appointed day arrived when the Colonel and Miss Mannering were expected at Woodbourne. The hour was fast approaching, and the little circle within doors had each their separate subjects of anxiety. Mac-Morlan naturally desired to attach to himself the patronage and countenance of a person of Mannering's wealth and consequence. He was aware, from his knowledge of mankind, that Mannering, though generous and benevolent, had the foible of expecting and exacting a minute compliance with his directions. He was therefore racking his recollection to discover if everything had been arranged to meet the Colonel's wishes and instructions, and, under this uncertainty of mind, he traversed the house more than once from the garret to the stables. Mrs. Mac-Morlan revolved in a lesser orbit, comprehending the dining-parlour, housekeeper's room, and kitchen. She was only afraid that the dinner might be spoiled, to the discredit of her housewifely accomplishments. Even the usual passiveness of the Dominie was so far disturbed that he twice went to the window which looked out upon the avenue, and twice exclaimed, 'Why tarry the wheels of their chariot?' Lucy, the most quiet of the expectants, had her own melancholy thoughts. She was now about to be consigned to the charge, almost to the benevolence, of strangers, with whose character, though hitherto very amiably displayed, she was but imperfectly acquainted. The moments, therefore, of suspense passed anxiously and heavily.

At length the trampling of horses and the sound of wheels were heard. The servants, who had already arrived, drew up in the hall to receive their master and mistress, with an importance and *empressement* which to Lucy, who had never

been accustomed to society, or witnessed what is called the manners of the great, had something alarming. Mac-Morlan went to the door to receive the master and mistress of the family, and in a few moments they were in the drawing-room.

Mannering, who had travelled as usual on horseback, entered with his daughter hanging upon his arm. She was of the middle size, or rather less, but formed with much elegance; piercing dark eyes, and jet-black hair of great length, corresponded with the vivacity and intelligence of features in which were blended a little haughtiness, and a little bashfulness, a great deal of shrewdness, and some power of humorous sarcasm. 'I shall not like her,' was the result of Lucy Bertram's first glance; 'and yet I rather think I shall,' was the thought excited by the second.

Miss Mannering was furred and mantled up to the throat against the severity of the weather; the Colonel in his military great-coat. He bowed to Mrs. Mac-Morlan, whom his daughter also acknowledged with a fashionable courtesy, not dropped so low as at all to incommode her person. The Colonel then led his daughter up to Miss Bertram, and, taking the hand of the latter, with an air of great kindness and almost paternal affection, he said, 'Julia, this is the young lady whom I hope our good friends have prevailed on to honour our house with a long visit. I shall be much gratified indeed if you can render Woodbourne as pleasant to Miss Bertram as Ellangowan was to me when I first came as a wanderer into this country.'

The young lady courtesied acquiescence, and took her new friend's hand. Mannering now turned his eye upon the Dominie, who had made bows since his entrance into the room, sprawling out his leg, and bending his back like an automaton, which continues to repeat the same movement until the motion is stopt by the artist. 'My good friend, Mr. Sampson,' said Mannering, introducing him to his daughter, and darting at the same time a reproving glance at the damsel, notwithstanding he had himself some disposition to join her too obvious inclination to risibility; 'this gentleman, Julia, is to put my books in order when they arrive, and I expect to derive great advantage from his extensive learning.'

'I am sure we are obliged to the gentleman, papa, and, to borrow a ministerial mode of giving thanks, I shall never forget the extraordinary countenance he has been pleased to show us. But, Miss Bertram,' continued she hastily, for her father's

brows began to darken, 'we have travelled a good way; will you permit me to retire before dinner?'

This intimation dispersed all the company save the Dominie, who, having no idea of dressing but when he was to rise, or of undressing but when he meant to go to bed, remained by himself, chewing the cud of a mathematical demonstration, until the company again assembled in the drawing-room, and from thence adjourned to the dining-parlour.

When the day was concluded, Mannering took an opportunity to hold a minute's conversation with his daughter in private.

'How do you like your guests, Julia?'

'O, Miss Bertram of all things; but this is a most original parson; why, dear sir, no human being will be able to look at him without laughing.'

'While he is under my roof, Julia, every one must learn to do so.'

'Lord, papa, the very footmen could not keep their gravity!'

'Then let them strip off my livery,' said the Colonel, 'and laugh at their leisure. Mr. Sampson is a man whom I esteem for his simplicity and benevolence of character.'

'O, I am convinced of his generosity too,' said this lively lady; 'he cannot lift a spoonful of soup to his mouth without bestowing a share on everything round.'

'Julia, you are incorrigible; but remember I expect your mirth on this subject to be under such restraint that it shall neither offend this worthy man's feelings nor those of Miss Bertram, who may be more apt to feel upon his account than he on his own. And so, good-night, my dear; and recollect that, though Mr. Sampson has certainly not sacrificed to the graces, there are many things in this world more truly deserving of ridicule than either awkwardness of manners or simplicity of character.'

In a day or two Mr. and Mrs. Mac-Morlan left Woodbourne, after taking an affectionate farewell of their late guest. The household were now settled in their new quarters. The young ladies followed their studies and amusements together. Colonel Mannering was agreeably surprised to find that Miss Bertram was well skilled in French and Italian, thanks to the assiduity of Dominie Sampson, whose labour had silently made him acquainted with most modern as well as ancient languages.

Of music she knew little or nothing, but her new friend undertook to give her lessons; in exchange for which she was to learn from Lucy the habit of walking, and the art of riding, and the courage necessary to defy the season. Mannering was careful to substitute for their amusement in the evening such books as might convey some solid instruction with entertainment, and, as he read aloud with great skill and taste, the winter nights passed pleasantly away.

Society was quickly formed where there were so many inducements. Most of the families of the neighbourhood visited Colonel Mannering, and he was soon able to select from among them such as best suited his taste and habits. Charles Hazlewood held a distinguished place in his favour, and was a frequent visitor, not without the consent and approbation of his parents; for there was no knowing, they thought, what assiduous attention might produce, and the beautiful Miss Mannering, of high family, with an Indian fortune, was a prize worth looking after. Dazzled with such a prospect, they never considered the risk which had once been some object of their apprehension, that his boyish and inconsiderate fancy might form an attachment to the penniless Lucy Bertram, who had nothing on earth to recommend her but a pretty face, good birth, and a most amiable disposition. Mannering was more prudent. He considered himself acting as Miss Bertram's guardian, and, while he did not think it incumbent upon him altogether to check her intercourse with a young gentleman for whom, excepting in wealth, she was a match in every respect, he laid it under such insensible restraints as might prevent any engagement or *éclaircissement* taking place until the young man should have seen a little more of life and of the world, and have attained that age when he might be considered as entitled to judge for himself in the matter in which his happiness was chiefly interested.

While these matters engaged the attention of the other members of the Woodbourne family, Dominie Sampson was occupied, body and soul, in the arrangement of the late bishop's library, which had been sent from Liverpool by sea, and conveyed by thirty or forty carts from the sea-port at which it was landed. Sampson's joy at beholding the ponderous contents of these chests arranged upon the floor of the large apartment, from whence he was to transfer them to the shelves, baffles all description. He grinned like an ogre, swung his arms like the sails of a wind-mill, shouted 'Pro-

digious' till the roof rung to his raptures. 'He had never,' he said, 'seen so many books together, except in the College Library'; and now his dignity and delight in being superintendent of the collection raised him, in his own opinion, almost to the rank of the academical librarian, whom he had always regarded as the greatest and happiest man on earth. Neither were his transports diminished upon a hasty examination of the contents of these volumes. Some, indeed, of *belles lettres*, poems, plays, or memoirs he tossed indignantly aside, with the implied censure of 'psha,' or 'frivolous'; but the greater and bulkier part of the collection bore a very different character. The deceased prelate, a divine of the old and deeply-learned cast, had loaded his shelves with volumes which displayed the antique and venerable attributes so happily described by a modern poet: —

> That weight of wood, with leathern coat o'erlaid,
> Those ample clasps of solid metal made,
> The close-press'd leaves unoped for many an age,
> The dull red edging of the well-fill'd page,
> On the broad back the stubborn ridges roll'd,
> Where yet the title stands in tarnish'd gold.

Books of theology and controversial divinity, commentaries, and polyglots, sets of the Fathers, and sermons which might each furnish forth ten brief discourses of modern date, books of science, ancient and modern, classical authors in their best and rarest forms — such formed the late bishop's venerable library, and over such the eye of Dominie Sampson gloated with rapture. He entered them in the catalogue in his best running hand, forming each letter with the accuracy of a lover writing a valentine, and placed each individually on the destined shelf with all the reverence which I have seen a lady pay to a jar of old china. With all this zeal his labours advanced slowly. He often opened a volume when half-way up the library steps, fell upon some interesting passage, and, without shifting his inconvenient posture, continued immersed in the fascinating perusal until the servant pulled him by the skirts to assure him that dinner waited. He then repaired to the parlour, bolted his food down his capacious throat in squares of three inches, answered ay and no at random to whatever question was asked at him, and again hurried back to the library, as soon as his napkin was removed, and sometimes with it hanging round his neck like a pinafore; —

How happily the days
Of Thalaba went by!

And, having thus left the principal characters of our tale in a situation which, being sufficiently comfortable to themselves, is, of course, utterly uninteresting to the reader, we take up the history of a person who has as yet only been named, and who has all the interest that uncertainty and misfortune can give.

# CHAPTER XXI

What say'st thou, Wise One ? that all-powerful Love
Can fortune's strong impediments remove ;
Nor is it strange that worth should wed to worth,
The pride of genius with the pride of birth.

CRABBE.

V. BROWN — I will not give at full length his thrice unhappy name — had been from infancy a ball for fortune to spurn at ; but nature had given him that elasticity of mind which rises higher from the rebound. His form was tall, manly, and active, and his features corresponded with his person ; for, although far from regular, they had an expression of intelligence and good-humour, and when he spoke, or was particularly animated, might be decidedly pronounced interesting. His manner indicated the military profession, which had been his choice, and in which he had now attained the rank of captain, the person who succeeded Colonel Mannering in his command having laboured to repair the injustice which Brown had sustained by that gentleman's prejudice against him. But this, as well as his liberation from captivity, had taken place after Mannering left India. Brown followed at no distant period, his regiment being recalled home. His first inquiry was after the family of Mannering, and, easily learning their route northward, he followed it with the purpose of resuming his addresses to Julia. With her father he deemed he had no measures to keep ; for, ignorant of the more venomous belief which had been instilled into the Colonel's mind, he regarded him as an oppressive aristocrat, who had used his power as a commanding officer to deprive him of the preferment due to his behaviour, and who had forced upon him a personal quarrel without any better reason than his attentions to a pretty young woman, agreeable to herself, and permitted and countenanced by her mother. He was determined, therefore, to take no rejection unless from the young lady herself, believing that the

heavy misfortunes of his painful wound and imprisonment were direct injuries received from the father, which might dispense with his using much ceremony towards him. How far his scheme had succeeded when his nocturnal visit was discovered by Mr. Mervyn, our readers are already informed.

Upon this unpleasant occurrence Captain Brown absented himself from the inn in which he had resided under the name of Dawson, so that Colonel Mannering's attempts to discover and trace him were unavailing. He resolved, however, that no difficulties should prevent his continuing his enterprise while Julia left him a ray of hope. The interest he had secured in her bosom was such as she had been unable to conceal from him, and with all the courage of romantic gallantry he determined upon perseverance. But we believe the reader will be as well pleased to learn his mode of thinking and intentions from his own communication to his special friend and confidant, Captain Delaserre, a Swiss gentleman who had a company in his regiment.

EXTRACT

'Let me hear from you soon, dear Delaserre. Remember, I can learn nothing about regimental affairs but through your friendly medium, and I long to know what has become of Ayre's court-martial, and whether Elliot gets the majority; also how recruiting comes on, and how the young officers like the mess. Of our kind friend the Lieutenant-Colonel I need ask nothing; I saw him as I passed through Nottingham, happy in the bosom of his family. What a happiness it is, Philip, for us poor devils, that we have a little resting-place between the camp and the grave, if we can manage to escape disease, and steel, and lead, and the effects of hard living. A retired old soldier is always a graceful and respected character. He grumbles a little now and then, but then his is licensed murmuring; were a lawyer, or a physician, or a clergyman to breathe a complaint of hard luck or want of preferment, a hundred tongues would blame his own incapacity as the cause. But the most stupid veteran that ever faltered out the thrice-told tale of a siege and a battle, and a cock and a bottle, is listened to with sympathy and reverence when he shakes his thin locks and talks with indignation of the boys that are put over his head. And you and I, Delaserre, foreigners both — for what am I the better that I was originally a Scotchman, since, could I prove my descent, the English would hardly acknowl-

edge me a countryman? — we may boast that we have fought out our preferment, and gained that by the sword which we had not money to compass otherwise. The English are a wise people. While they praise themselves, and affect to undervalue all other nations, they leave us, luckily, trap-doors and back-doors open, by which we strangers, less favoured by nature, may arrive at a share of their advantages. And thus they are in some respects like a boastful landlord, who exalts the value and flavour of his six-years-old mutton, while he is delighted to dispense a share of it to all the company. In short, you, whose proud family, and I, whose hard fate, made us soldiers of fortune, have the pleasant recollection that in the British service, stop where we may upon our career, it is only for want of money to pay the turnpike, and not from our being prohibited to travel the road. If, therefore, you can persuade little Weischel to come into *ours*, for God's sake let him buy the ensigncy, live prudently, mind his duty, and trust to the fates for promotion.

'And now, I hope you are expiring with curiosity to learn the end of my romance. I told you I had deemed it convenient to make a few days' tour on foot among the mountains of Westmoreland with Dudley, a young English artist with whom I have formed some acquaintance. A fine fellow this, you must know, Delaserre: he paints tolerably, draws beautifully, converses well, and plays charmingly on the flute; and, though thus well entitled to be a coxcomb of talent, is, in fact, a modest unpretending young man. On our return from our little tour I learned that the enemy had been reconnoitring. Mr. Mervyn's barge had crossed the lake, I was informed by my landlord, with the squire himself and a visitor.

'"What sort of person, landlord?"

'"Why, he was a dark officer-looking mon, at they called Colonel. Squoire Mervyn questioned me as close as I had been at 'sizes. I had guess, Mr. Dawson" (I told you that was my feigned name), "but I tould him nought of your vagaries, and going out a-laking in the mere a-noights, not I; an I can make no sport, I'se spoil none; and Squoire Mervyn's as cross as poy-crust too, mon; he's aye maundering an my guests but land beneath his house, though it be marked for the fourth station in the survey. Noa, noa, e'en let un smell things out o' themselves for Joe Hodges."

'You will allow there was nothing for it after this but paying honest Joe Hodges's bill and departing, unless I had

preferred making him my confidant, for which I felt in no way inclined. Besides, I learned that our *ci-devant* Colonel was on full retreat for Scotland, carrying off poor Julia along with him. I understand from those who conduct the heavy baggage that he takes his winter quarters at a place called Woodbourne, in ——shire in Scotland. He will be all on the alert just now, so I must let him enter his entrenchments without any new alarm. And then, my good Colonel, to whom I owe so many grateful thanks, pray look to your defence.

'I protest to you, Delaserre, I often think there is a little contradiction enters into the ardour of my pursuit. I think I would rather bring this haughty insulting man to the necessity of calling his daughter Mrs. Brown than I would wed her with his full consent, and with the King's permission to change my name for the style and arms of Mannering, though his whole fortune went with them. There is only one circumstance that chills me a little: Julia is young and romantic. I would not willingly hurry her into a step which her riper years might disapprove; no — nor would I like to have her upbraid me, were it but with a glance of her eye, with having ruined her fortunes, far less give her reason to say, as some have not been slow to tell their lords, that, had I left her time for consideration, she would have been wiser and done better. No, Delaserre, this must not be. The picture presses close upon me, because I am aware a girl in Julia's situation has no distinct and precise idea of the value of the sacrifice she makes. She knows difficulties only by name; and, if she thinks of love and a farm, it is a *ferme ornée*, such as is only to be found in poetic description or in the park of a gentleman of twelve thousand a-year. She would be ill prepared for the privations of that real Swiss cottage we have so often talked of, and for the difficulties which must necessarily surround us even before we attained that haven. This must be a point clearly ascertained. Although Julia's beauty and playful tenderness have made an impression on my heart never to be erased, I must be satisfied that she perfectly understands the advantages she foregoes before she sacrifices them for my sake.

'Am I too proud, Delaserre, when I trust that even this trial may terminate favourably to my wishes? Am I too vain when I suppose that the few personal qualities which I possess, with means of competence, however moderate, and the determination of consecrating my life to her happiness, may make amends for all I must call upon her to forego? Or will a difference of dress,

of attendance, of style, as it is called, of the power of shifting at pleasure the scenes in which she seeks amusement — will these outweigh in her estimation the prospect of domestic happiness and the interchange of unabating affection? I say nothing of her father: his good and evil qualities are so strangely mingled that the former are neutralised by the latter; and that which she must regret as a daughter is so much blended with what she would gladly escape from, that I place the separation of the father and child as a circumstance which weighs little in her remarkable case. Meantime I keep up my spirits as I may. I have incurred too many hardships and difficulties to be presumptuous or confident in success, and I have been too often and too wonderfully extricated from them to be despondent.

'I wish you saw this country. I think the scenery would delight you. At least it often brings to my recollection your glowing descriptions of your native country. To me it has in a great measure the charm of novelty. Of the Scottish hills, though born among them, as I have always been assured, I have but an indistinct recollection. Indeed, my memory rather dwells upon the blank which my youthful mind experienced in gazing on the levels of the isle of Zealand, than on anything which preceded that feeling; but I am confident, from that sensation as well as from the recollections which preceded it, that hills and rocks have been familiar to me at an early period, and that, though now only remembered by contrast, and by the blank which I felt while gazing around for them in vain, they must have made an indelible impression on my infant imagination. I remember, when we first mounted that celebrated pass in the Mysore country, while most of the others felt only awe and astonishment at the height and grandeur of the scenery, I rather shared your feelings and those of Cameron, whose admiration of such wild rocks was blended with familiar love, derived from early association. Despite my Dutch education, a blue hill to me is as a friend, and a roaring torrent like the sound of a domestic song that hath soothed my infancy. I never felt the impulse so strongly as in this land of lakes and mountains, and nothing grieves me so much as that duty prevents your being with me in my numerous excursions among its recesses. Some drawings I have attempted, but I succeed vilely. Dudley, on the contrary, draws delightfully, with that rapid touch which seems like magic; while I labour and botch, and make this too heavy and that too

light, and produce at last a base caricature. I must stick to the flageolet, for music is the only one of the fine arts which deigns to acknowledge me.

'Did you know that Colonel Mannering was a draughtsman? I believe not, for he scorned to display his accomplishments to the view of a subaltern. He draws beautifully, however. Since he and Julia left Mervyn Hall, Dudley was sent for there. The squire, it seems, wanted a set of drawings made up, of which Mannering had done the first four, but was interrupted by his hasty departure in his purpose of completing them. Dudley says he has seldom seen anything so masterly, though slight; and each had attached to it a short poetical description. Is Saul, you will say, among the prophets? Colonel Mannering write poetry! Why, surely this man must have taken all the pains to conceal his accomplishments that others do to display theirs. How reserved and unsociable he appeared among us! how little disposed to enter into any conversation which could become generally interesting! And then his attachment to that unworthy Archer, so much below him in every respect; and all this because he was the brother of Viscount Archerfield, a poor Scottish peer! I think, if Archer had longer survived the wounds in the affair of Cuddyboram, he would have told something that might have thrown light upon the inconsistencies of this singular man's character. He repeated to me more than once, "I have that to say which will alter your hard opinion of our late Colonel." But death pressed him too hard; and if he owed me any atonement, which some of his expressions seemed to imply, he died before it could be made.

'I propose to make a further excursion through this country while this fine frosty weather serves, and Dudley, almost as good a walker as myself, goes with me for some part of the way. We part on the borders of Cumberland, when he must return to his lodgings in Marybone, up three pair of stairs, and labour at what he calls the commercial part of his profession. There cannot, he says, be such a difference betwixt any two portions of existence as between that in which the artist, if an enthusiast, collects the subjects of his drawings and that which must necessarily be dedicated to turning over his portfolio and exhibiting them to the provoking indifference, or more provoking criticism, of fashionable amateurs. "During the summer of my year," says Dudley, "I am as free as a wild Indian, enjoying myself at liberty amid the grandest scenes of nature; while during my winters and springs I am not only cabined, cribbed,

and confined in a miserable garret, but condemned to as intolerable subservience to the humour of others, and to as indifferent company, as if I were a literal galley slave." I have promised him your acquaintance, Delaserre; you will be delighted with his specimens of art, and he with your Swiss fanaticism for mountains and torrents.

'When I lose Dudley's company, I am informed that I can easily enter Scotland by stretching across a wild country in the upper part of Cumberland; and that route I shall follow, to give the Colonel time to pitch his camp ere I reconnoitre his position. Adieu! Delaserre. I shall hardly find another opportunity of writing till I reach Scotland.'

## CHAPTER XXII

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hend the stile a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
A sad one tires in a mile a.

*Winter's Tale.*

LET the reader conceive to himself a clear frosty November morning, the scene an open heath, having for the background that huge chain of mountains in which Skiddaw and Saddleback are pre-eminent; let him look along that *blind road*, by which I mean the track so slightly marked by the passengers' footsteps that it can but be traced by a slight shade of verdure from the darker heath around it, and, being only visible to the eye when at some distance, ceases to be distinguished while the foot is actually treading it; along this faintly-traced path advances the object of our present narrative. His firm step, his erect and free carriage, have a military air which corresponds well with his well-proportioned limbs and stature of six feet high. His dress is so plain and simple that it indicates nothing as to rank; it may be that of a gentleman who travels in this manner for his pleasure, or of an inferior person of whom it is the proper and usual garb. Nothing can be on a more reduced scale than his travelling equipment. A volume of Shakspeare in each pocket, a small bundle with a change of linen slung across his shoulders, an oaken cudgel in his hand, complete our pedestrian's accommodations, and in this equipage we present him to our readers.

Brown had parted that morning from his friend Dudley, and began his solitary walk towards Scotland.

The first two or three miles were rather melancholy, from want of the society to which he had of late been accustomed. But this unusual mood of mind soon gave way to the influence of his natural good spirits, excited by the exercise and the bracing effects of the frosty air. He whistled as he went along,

not 'from want of thought,' but to give vent to those buoyant feelings which he had no other mode of expressing. For each peasant whom he chanced to meet he had a kind greeting or a good-humoured jest; the hardy Cumbrians grinned as they passed, and said, 'That 's a kind heart, God bless un!' and the market-girl looked more than once over her shoulder at the athletic form, which corresponded so well with the frank and blythe address of the stranger. A rough terrier dog, his constant companion, who rivalled his master in glee, scampered at large in a thousand wheels round the heath, and came back to jump up on him and assure him that he participated in the pleasure of the journey. Dr. Johnson thought life had few things better than the excitation produced by being whirled rapidly along in a post-chaise; but he who has in youth experienced the confident and independent feeling of a stout pedestrian in an interesting country, and during fine weather, will hold the taste of the great moralist cheap in comparison.

Part of Brown's view in choosing that unusual track which leads through the eastern wilds of Cumberland into Scotland, had been a desire to view the remains of the celebrated Roman Wall, which are more visible in that direction than in any other part of its extent. His education had been imperfect and desultory; but neither the busy scenes in which he had been engaged, nor the pleasures of youth, nor the precarious state of his own circumstances, had diverted him from the task of mental improvement. 'And this then is the Roman Wall,' he said, scrambling up to a height which commanded the course of that celebrated work of antiquity. 'What a people! whose labours, even at this extremity of their empire, comprehended such space, and were executed upon a scale of such grandeur! In future ages, when the science of war shall have changed, how few traces will exist of the labours of Vauban and Coehorn, while this wonderful people's remains will even then continue to interest and astonish posterity! Their fortifications, their aqueducts, their theatres, their fountains, all their public works, bear the grave, solid, and majestic character of their language; while our modern labours, like our modern tongues, seem but constructed out of their fragments.' Having thus moralised, he remembered that he was hungry, and pursued his walk to a small public-house, at which he proposed to get some refreshment.

The alehouse, for it was no better, was situated in the bottom of a little dell, through which trilled a small rivulet.

It was shaded by a large ash tree, against which the clay-built shed that served the purpose of a stable was erected, and upon which it seemed partly to recline. In this shed stood a saddled horse, employed in eating his corn. The cottages in this part of Cumberland partake of the rudeness which characterises those of Scotland. The outside of the house promised little for the interior, notwithstanding the vaunt of a sign, where a tankard of ale voluntarily decanted itself into a tumbler, and a hieroglyphical scrawl below attempted to express a promise of 'good entertainment for man and horse.' Brown was no fastidious traveller : he stooped and entered the cabaret.[1]

The first object which caught his eye in the kitchen was a tall, stout, country-looking man in a large jockey great-coat, the owner of the horse which stood in the shed, who was busy discussing huge slices of cold boiled beef, and casting from time to time an eye through the window to see how his steed sped with his provender. A large tankard of ale flanked his plate of victuals, to which he applied himself by intervals. The good woman of the house was employed in baking. The fire, as is usual in that country, was on a stone hearth, in the midst of an immensely large chimney, which had two seats extended beneath the vent. On one of these sat a remarkably tall woman, in a red cloak and slouched bonnet, having the appearance of a tinker or beggar. She was busily engaged with a short black tobacco-pipe.

At the request of Brown for some food, the landlady wiped with her mealy apron one corner of the deal table, placed a wooden trencher and knife and fork before the traveller, pointed to the round of beef, recommended Mr. Dinmont's good example, and finally filled a brown pitcher with her home-brewed. Brown lost no time in doing ample credit to both. For a while his opposite neighbour and he were too busy to take much notice of each other, except by a good-humoured nod as each in turn raised the tankard to his head. At length, when our pedestrian began to supply the wants of little Wasp, the Scotch store-farmer, for such was Mr. Dinmont, found himself at leisure to enter into conversation.

'A bonny terrier that, sir, and a fell chield at the vermin, I warrant him ; that is, if he 's been weel entered, for it a' lies in that.'

'Really, sir,' said Brown, 'his education has been somewhat

[1] See Mumps's Ha'. Note 2.

DANDIE DINMONT.

From a painting by Gourlay Steell, R.S.A.

neglected, and his chief property is being a pleasant companion.'

'Ay, sir? that 's a pity, begging your pardon, it 's a great pity that; beast or body, education should aye be minded. I have six terriers at hame, forbye twa couple of slow-hunds, five grews, and a wheen other dogs. There 's auld Pepper and auld Mustard, and young Pepper and young Mustard, and little Pepper and little Mustard. I have them a' regularly entered, first wi' rottens, then wi' stots or weasels, and then wi' the tods and brocks, and now they fear naething that ever cam wi' a hairy skin on 't.'

'I have no doubt, sir, they are thoroughbred; but, to have so many dogs, you seem to have a very limited variety of names for them?'

'O, that 's a fancy of my ain to mark the breed, sir. The Deuke himsell has sent as far as Charlie's Hope to get ane o' Dandy Dinmont's Pepper and Mustard terriers. Lord, man, he sent Tam Hudson[1] the keeper, and sicken a day as we had wi' the foumarts and the tods, and sicken a blythe gae-down as we had again e'en! Faith, that was a night!'

'I suppose game is very plenty with you?'

'Plenty, man! I believe there 's mair hares than sheep on my farm; and for the moor-fowl or the grey-fowl, they lie as thick as doos in a dookit. Did ye ever shoot a blackcock, man?'

'Really I had never even the pleasure to see one, except in the museum at Keswick.'

'There now! I could guess that by your Southland tongue. It 's very odd of these English folk that come here, how few of them has seen a blackcock! I 'll tell you what — ye seem to be an honest lad, and if you 'll call on me, on Dandy Dinmont, at Charlie's Hope, ye shall see a blackcock, and shoot a blackcock, and eat a blackcock too, man.'

'Why, the proof of the matter is the eating, to be sure, sir; and I shall be happy if I can find time to accept your invitation.'

'Time, man? what ails ye to gae hame wi' me the now? How d' ye travel?'

'On foot, sir; and if that handsome pony be yours, I should find it impossible to keep up with you.'

'No, unless ye can walk up to fourteen mile an hour. But ye can come ower the night as far as Riccarton, where there is a public; or if ye like to stop at Jockey Grieve's at the Heuch,

[1] The real name of this veteran sportsman is now [1829] restored.

they would be blythe to see ye, and I am just gaun to stop and drink a dram at the door wi' him, and I would tell him you 're coming up. Or stay — gudewife, could ye lend this gentleman the gudeman's galloway, and I 'll send it ower the Waste in the morning wi' the callant ? '

The galloway was turned out upon the fell, and was swear to catch. — ' Aweel, aweel, there 's nae help for 't, but come up the morn at ony rate. And now, gudewife, I maun ride, to get to the Liddel or it be dark, for your Waste has but a kittle character, ye ken yoursell.'

' Hout fie, Mr. Dinmont, that 's no like you, to gie the country an ill name. I wot, there has been nane stirred in the Waste since Sawney Culloch, the travelling-merchant, that Rowley Overdees and Jock Penny suffered for at Carlisle twa years since. There 's no ane in Bewcastle would do the like o' that now ; we be a' true folk now.'

' Ay, Tib, that will be when the deil 's blind ; and his een 's no sair yet. But hear ye, gudewife, I have been through maist feck o' Galloway and Dumfries-shire, and I have been round by Carlisle, and I was at the Staneshiebank Fair the day, and I would like ill to be rubbit sae near hame, so I 'll take the gate.'

' Hae ye been in Dumfries and Galloway ? ' said the old dame who sate smoking by the fireside, and who had not yet spoken a word.

' Troth have I, gudewife, and a weary round I 've had o't.'

' Then ye 'll maybe ken a place they ca' Ellangowan ? '

' Ellangowan, that was Mr. Bertram's ? I ken the place weel eneugh. The Laird died about a fortnight since, as I heard.'

' Died ! ' said the old woman, dropping her pipe, and rising and coming forward upon the floor — ' died ? are you sure of that ? '

' Troth, am I,' said Dinmont, ' for it made nae sma' noise in the country-side. He died just at the roup of the stocking and furniture ; it stoppit the roup, and mony folk were disappointed. They said he was the last of an auld family too, and mony were sorry ; for gude blude 's scarcer in Scotland than it has been.'

' Dead ! ' replied the old woman, whom our readers have already recognised as their acquaintance Meg Merrilies — ' dead ! that quits a' scores. And did ye say he died without an heir ? '

' Ay did he, gudewife, and the estate 's sell'd by the same token ; for they said they couldna have sell'd it if there had been an heir-male.'

'Sell'd!' echoed the gipsy, with something like a scream; 'and wha durst buy Ellangowan that was not of Bertram's blude? and wha could tell whether the bonny knave-bairn may not come back to claim his ain? wha durst buy the estate and the castle of Ellangowan?'

'Troth, gudewife, just ane o' thae writer chields that buys a' thing; they ca' him Glossin, I think.'

'Glossin! Gibbie Glossin! that I have carried in my creels a hundred times, for his mother wasna muckle better than mysell — he to presume to buy the barony of Ellangowan! Gude be wi' us; it is an awfu' warld! I wished him ill; but no sic a downfa' as a' that neither. Wae 's me! wae 's me to think o't!' She remained a moment silent, but still opposing with her hand the farmer's retreat, who betwixt every question was about to turn his back, but good-humouredly stopped on observing the deep interest his answers appeared to excite.

'It will be seen and heard of — earth and sea will not hold their peace langer! Can ye say if the same man be now the sheriff of the county that has been sae for some years past?'

'Na, he 's got some other birth in Edinburgh, they say; but gude day, gudewife, I maun ride.' She followed him to his horse, and, while he drew the girths of his saddle, adjusted the walise, and, put on the bridle, still plied him with questions concerning Mr. Bertram's death and the fate of his daughter; on which, however, she could obtain little information from the honest farmer.

'Did ye ever see a place they ca' Derncleugh, about a mile frae the Place of Ellangowan?'

'I wot weel have I, gudewife. A wild-looking den it is, wi' a whin auld wa's o' shealings yonder; I saw it when I gaed ower the ground wi' ane that wanted to take the farm.'

'It was a blythe bit ance!' said Meg, speaking to herself. 'Did ye notice if there was an auld saugh tree that 's maist blawn down, but yet its roots are in the earth, and it hangs ower the bit burn? Mony a day hae I wrought my stocking and sat on my sunkie under that saugh.'

'Hout, deil 's i' the wife, wi' her saughs, and her sunkies, and Ellangowans. Godsake, woman, let me away; there 's saxpence t' ye to buy half a mutchkin, instead o' clavering about thae auld-warld stories.'

'Thanks to ye, gudeman; and now ye hae answered a' my questions, and never speired wherefore I asked them, I 'll gie you a bit canny advice, and ye maunna speir what for neither.

Tib Mumps will be out wi' the stirrup-dram in a gliffing. She 'll ask ye whether ye gang ower Willie's Brae or through Conscowthart Moss ; tell her ony ane ye like, but be sure (speaking low and emphatically) to tak the ane ye *dinna* tell her.' The farmer laughed and promised, and the gipsy retreated.

'Will you take her advice?' said Brown, who had been an attentive listener to this conversation.

'That will I no, the randy quean! Na, I had far rather Tib Mumps kenned which way I was gaun than her, though Tib's no muckle to lippen to neither, and I would advise ye on no account to stay in the house a' night.'

In a moment after Tib, the landlady, appeared with her stirrup-cup, which was taken off. She then, as Meg had predicted, inquired whether he went the hill or the moss road. He answered, the latter; and, having bid Brown good-bye, and again told him, 'he depended on seeing him at Charlie's Hope, the morn at latest,' he rode off at a round pace.

# CHAPTER XXIII

Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway.

*Winter's Tale.*

THE hint of the hospitable farmer was not lost on Brown. But while he paid his reckoning he could not avoid repeatedly fixing his eyes on Meg Merrilies. She was in all respects the same witch-like figure as when we first introduced her at Ellangowan Place. Time had grizzled her raven locks and added wrinkles to her wild features, but her height remained erect, and her activity was unimpaired. It was remarked of this woman, as of others of the same description, that a life of action, though not of labour, gave her the perfect command of her limbs and figure, so that the attitudes into which she most naturally threw herself were free, unconstrained, and picturesque. At present she stood by the window of the cottage, her person drawn up so as to show to full advantage her masculine stature, and her head somewhat thrown back, that the large bonnet with which her face was shrouded might not interrupt her steady gaze at Brown. At every gesture he made and every tone he uttered she seemed to give an almost imperceptible start. On his part, he was surprised to find that he could not look upon this singular figure without some emotion. 'Have I dreamed of such a figure?' he said to himself, 'or does this wild and singular-looking woman recall to my recollection some of the strange figures I have seen in our Indian pagodas?'

While he embarrassed himself with these discussions, and the hostess was engaged in rummaging out silver in change of half-a-guinea, the gipsy suddenly made two strides and seized Brown's hand. He expected, of course, a display of her skill in palmistry, but she seemed agitated by other feelings.

'Tell me,' she said, 'tell me, in the name of God, young man, what is your name, and whence you came?'

'My name is Brown, mother, and I come from the East Indies.'

'From the East Indies!' dropping his hand with a sigh; 'it cannot be then. I am such an auld fool, that everything I look on seems the thing I want maist to see. But the East Indies! that cannot be. Weel, be what ye will, ye hae a face and a tongue that puts me in mind of auld times. Good day; make haste on your road, and if ye see ony of our folk, meddle not and make not, and they 'll do you nae harm.'

Brown, who had by this time received his change, put a shilling into her hand, bade his hostess farewell, and, taking the route which the farmer had gone before, walked briskly on, with the advantage of being guided by the fresh hoof-prints of his horse. Meg Merrilies looked after him for some time, and then muttered to herself, 'I maun see that lad again; and I maun gang back to Ellangowan too. The Laird 's dead! aweel, death pays a' scores; he was a kind man ance. The Sheriff 's flitted, and I can keep canny in the bush; so there 's no muckle hazard o' scouring the cramp-ring. I would like to see bonny Ellangowan again or I die.'

Brown meanwhile proceeded northward at a round pace along the moorish tract called the Waste of Cumberland. He passed a solitary house, towards which the horseman who preceded him had apparently turned up, for his horse's tread was evident in that direction. A little farther, he seemed to have returned again into the road. Mr. Dinmont had probably made a visit there either of business or pleasure. 'I wish,' thought Brown, 'the good farmer had staid till I came up; I should not have been sorry to ask him a few questions about the road, which seems to grow wilder and wilder.'

In truth, nature, as if she had designed this tract of country to be the barrier between two hostile nations, has stamped upon it a character of wildness and desolation. The hills are neither high nor rocky, but the land is all heath and morass; the huts poor and mean, and at a great distance from each other. Immediately around them there is generally some little attempt at cultivation; but a half-bred foal or two, straggling about with shackles on their hind legs, to save the trouble of inclosures, intimate the farmer's chief resource to be the breeding of horses. The people, too, are of a ruder and more inhospitable class than are elsewhere to be found in Cumberland, arising partly from their own habits, partly from their intermixture with vagrants and criminals, who make this wild country a refuge from justice. So much were the men of these districts in early times the object of suspicion and dislike to their more polished neigh-

bours, that there was, and perhaps still exists, a by-law of the corporation of Newcastle prohibiting any freeman of that city to take for apprentice a native of certain of these dales. It is pithily said, 'Give a dog an ill name and hang him'; and it may be added, if you give a man, or race of men, an ill name they are very likely to do something that deserves hanging. Of this Brown had heard something, and suspected more, from the discourse between the landlady, Dinmont, and the gipsy; but he was naturally of a fearless disposition, had nothing about him that could tempt the spoiler, and trusted to get through the Waste with daylight. In this last particular, however, he was likely to be disappointed. The way proved longer than he had anticipated, and the horizon began to grow gloomy just as he entered upon an extensive morass.

Choosing his steps with care and deliberation, the young officer proceeded along a path that sometimes sunk between two broken black banks of moss earth, sometimes crossed narrow but deep ravines filled with a consistence between mud and water, and sometimes along heaps of gravel and stones, which had been swept together when some torrent or waterspout from the neighbouring hills overflowed the marshy ground below. He began to ponder how a horseman could make his way through such broken ground; the traces of hoofs, however, were still visible; he even thought he heard their sound at some distance, and, convinced that Mr. Dinmont's progress through the morass must be still slower than his own, he resolved to push on, in hopes to overtake him and have the benefit of his knowledge of the country. At this moment his little terrier sprung forward, barking most furiously.

Brown quickened his pace, and, attaining the summit of a small rising ground, saw the subject of the dog's alarm. In a hollow about a gunshot below him a man whom he easily recognised to be Dinmont was engaged with two others in a desperate struggle. He was dismounted, and defending himself as he best could with the butt of his heavy whip. Our traveller hastened on to his assistance; but ere he could get up a stroke had levelled the farmer with the earth, and one of the robbers, improving his victory, struck him some merciless blows on the head. The other villain, hastening to meet Brown, called to his companion to come along, 'for that one 's *content*,' meaning, probably, past resistance or complaint. One ruffian was armed with a cutlass, the other with a bludgeon; but as the road was pretty narrow, 'bar fire-arms,' thought Brown,

'and I may manage them well enough.' They met accordingly, with the most murderous threats on the part of the ruffians. They soon found, however, that their new opponent was equally stout and resolute; and, after exchanging two or three blows, one of them told him to 'follow his nose over the heath, in the devil's name, for they had nothing to say to him.'

Brown rejected this composition as leaving to their mercy the unfortunate man whom they were about to pillage, if not to murder outright; and the skirmish had just recommenced when Dinmont unexpectedly recovered his senses, his feet, and his weapon, and hasted to the scene of action. As he had been no easy antagonist, even when surprised and alone, the villains did not choose to wait his joining forces with a man who had singly proved a match for them both, but fled across the bog as fast as their feet could carry them, pursued by Wasp, who had acted gloriously during the skirmish, annoying the heels of the enemy, and repeatedly effecting a moment's diversion in his master's favour.

'Deil, but your dog 's weel entered wi' the vermin now, sir!' were the first words uttered by the jolly farmer as he came up, his head streaming with blood, and recognised his deliverer and his little attendant.

'I hope, sir, you are not hurt dangerously?'

'O, deil a bit, my head can stand a gay clour; nae thanks to them, though, and mony to you. But now, hinney, ye maun help me to catch the beast, and ye maun get on behind me, for we maun off like whittrets before the whole clanjamfray be doun upon us; the rest o' them will no be far off.' The galloway was, by good fortune, easily caught, and Brown made some apology for overloading the animal.

'Deil a fear, man,' answered the proprietor; 'Dumple could carry six folk, if his back was lang eneugh; but God's sake, haste ye, get on, for I see some folk coming through the slack yonder that it may be just as weel no to wait for.'

Brown was of opinion that this apparition of five or six men, with whom the other villains seemed to join company, coming across the moss towards them, should abridge ceremony; he therefore mounted Dumple *en croupe*, and the little spirited nag cantered away with two men of great size and strength as if they had been children of six years old. The rider, to whom the paths of these wilds seemed intimately known, pushed on at a rapid pace, managing with much dexterity to choose the safest route, in which he was aided by the sagacity

of the galloway, who never failed to take the difficult passes exactly at the particular spot, and in the special manner, by which they could be most safely crossed. Yet, even with these advantages, the road was so broken, and they were so often thrown out of the direct course by various impediments, that they did not gain much on their pursuers. 'Never mind,' said the undaunted Scotchman to his companion, 'if we were ance by Withershins' Latch, the road 's no near sae *saft*, and we 'll show them fair play for 't.'

They soon came to the place he named, a narrow channel, through which soaked, rather than flowed, a small stagnant stream, mantled over with bright green mosses. Dinmont directed his steed towards a pass where the water appeared to flow with more freedom over a harder bottom; but Dumple backed from the proposed crossing-place, put his head down as if to reconnoitre the swamp more nearly, stretching forward his fore-feet, and stood as fast as if he had been cut out of stone.

'Had we not better,' said Brown, 'dismount, and leave him to his fate; or can you not urge him through the swamp?'

'Na, na,' said his pilot, 'we maun cross Dumple at no rate; he has mair sense than mony a Christian.' So saying, he relaxed the reins, and shook them loosely. 'Come now, lad, take your ain way o't; let 's see where ye 'll take us through.'

Dumple, left to the freedom of his own will, trotted briskly to another part of the latch, less promising, as Brown thought, in appearance, but which the animal's sagacity or experience recommended as the safer of the two, and where, plunging in, he attained the other side with little difficulty.

'I 'm glad we 're out o' that moss,' said Dinmont, 'where there 's mair stables for horses than change-houses for men; we have the Maiden-way to help us now, at ony rate.' Accordingly, they speedily gained a sort of rugged causeway so called, being the remains of an old Roman road which traverses these wild regions in a due northerly direction. Here they got on at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour, Dumple seeking no other respite than what arose from changing his pace from canter to trot. 'I could gar him show mair action,' said his master, 'but we are twa lang-legged chields after a', and it would be a pity to stress Dumple; there wasna the like o' him at Staneshiebank Fair the day.'

Brown readily assented to the propriety of sparing the horse, and added that, as they were now far out of the reach of the rogues, he thought Mr. Dinmont had better tie a hand-

kerchief round his head, for fear of the cold frosty air aggravating the wound.

'What would I do that for?' answered the hardy farmer; 'the best way 's to let the blood barken upon the cut; that saves plasters, hinney.'

Brown, who in his military profession had seen a great many hard blows pass, could not help remarking, 'he had never known such severe strokes received with so much apparent indifference.'

'Hout tout, man! I would never be making a hum-dudgeon about a scart on the pow; but we 'll be in Scotland in five minutes now, and ye maun gang up to Charlie's Hope wi' me, that 's a clear case.'

Brown readily accepted the offered hospitality. Night was now falling when they came in sight of a pretty river winding its way through a pastoral country. The hills were greener and more abrupt than those which Brown had lately passed, sinking their grassy sides at once upon the river. They had no pretensions to magnificence of height, or to romantic shapes, nor did their smooth swelling slopes exhibit either rocks or woods. Yet the view was wild, solitary, and pleasingly rural. No inclosures, no roads, almost no tillage; it seemed a land which a patriarch would have chosen to feed his flocks and herds. The remains of here and there a dismantled and ruined tower showed that it had once harboured beings of a very different description from its present inhabitants; those freebooters, namely, to whose exploits the wars between England and Scotland bear witness.

Descending by a path towards a well-known ford, Dumple crossed the small river, and then, quickening his pace, trotted about a mile briskly up its banks, and approached two or three low thatched houses, placed with their angles to each other, with a great contempt of regularity. This was the farm-steading of Charlie's Hope, or, in the language of the country, 'the town.' A most furious barking was set up at their approach by the whole three generations of Mustard and Pepper, and a number of allies, names unknown. The farmer[1] made his well-known voice lustily heard to restore order; the door opened, and a half-dressed ewe-milker, who had done that good office, shut it in their faces, in order that she might run 'ben the house' to cry 'Mistress, mistress, it 's the master, and another man wi' him.' Dumple, turned loose,

[1] See Dandie Dinmont. Note 3.

walked to his own stable-door, and there pawed and whinnied for admission, in strains which were answered by his acquaintances from the interior. Amid this bustle Brown was fain to secure Wasp from the other dogs, who, with ardour corresponding more to their own names than to the hospitable temper of their owner, were much disposed to use the intruder roughly.

In about a minute a stout labourer was patting Dumple, and introducing him into the stable, while Mrs. Dinmont, a well-favoured buxom dame, welcomed her husband with unfeigned rapture. 'Eh, sirs! gudeman, ye hae been a weary while away!'

# CHAPTER XXIV

> Liddell till now, except in Doric lays,
> Tuned to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,
> Unknown in song, though not a purer stream
> Rolls towards the western main.
>
> *Art of Preserving Health.*

THE present store-farmers of the south of Scotland are a much more refined race than their fathers, and the manners I am now to describe have either altogether disappeared or are greatly modified. Without losing the rural simplicity of manners, they now cultivate arts unknown to the former generation, not only in the progressive improvement of their possessions but in all the comforts of life. Their houses are more commodious, their habits of life regulated so as better to keep pace with those of the civilised world, and the best of luxuries, the luxury of knowledge, has gained much ground among their hills during the last thirty years. Deep drinking, formerly their greatest failing, is now fast losing ground; and, while the frankness of their extensive hospitality continues the same, it is, generally speaking, refined in its character and restrained in its excesses.

'Deil's in the wife,' said Dandie Dinmont, shaking off his spouse's embrace, but gently and with a look of great affection; 'deil's in ye, Ailie; d' ye no see the stranger gentleman?'

Ailie turned to make her apology — 'Troth, I was sae weel pleased to see the gudeman, that — but, gude gracious! what's the matter wi' ye baith?' for they were now in her little parlour, and the candle showed the streaks of blood which Dinmont's wounded head had plentifully imparted to the clothes of his companion as well as to his own. 'Ye've been fighting again, Dandy, wi' some o' the Bewcastle horse-coupers! Wow, man, a married man, wi' a bonny family like yours, should ken better what a father's life's worth in the warld'; the tears stood in the good woman's eyes as she spoke.

'Whisht! whisht! gudewife,' said her husband, with a

smack that had much more affection than ceremony in it; 'never mind, never mind; there 's a gentleman that will tell you that, just when I had ga'en up to Lourie Lowther's, and had bidden the drinking of twa cheerers, and gotten just in again upon the moss, and was whigging cannily awa hame, twa landloupers jumpit out of a peat-hag on me or I was thinking, and got me down, and knevelled me sair aneuch, or I could gar my whip walk about their lugs; and troth, gudewife, if this honest gentleman hadna come up, I would have gotten mair licks than I like, and lost mair siller than I could weel spare; so ye maun be thankful to him for it, under God.' With that he drew from his side-pocket a large greasy leather pocket-book, and bade the gudewife lock it up in her kist.

'God bless the gentleman, and e'en God bless him wi' a' my heart; but what can we do for him, but to gie him the meat and quarters we wadna refuse to the poorest body on earth — unless (her eye directed to the pocket-book, but with a feeling of natural propriety which made the inference the most delicate possible), unless there was ony other way ——' Brown saw, and estimated at its due rate, the mixture of simplicity and grateful generosity which took the downright way of expressing itself, yet qualified with so much delicacy; he was aware his own appearance, plain at best, and now torn and spattered with blood, made him an object of pity at least, and perhaps of charity. He hastened to say his name was Brown, a captain in the —— regiment of cavalry, travelling for pleasure, and on foot, both from motives of independence and economy; and he begged his kind landlady would look at her husband's wounds, the state of which he had refused to permit him to examine. Mrs. Dinmont was used to her husband's broken heads more than to the presence of a captain of dragoons. She therefore glanced at a table-cloth not quite clean, and conned over her proposed supper a minute or two, before, patting her husband on the shoulder, she bade him sit down for 'a hard-headed loon, that was aye bringing himsell and other folk into collie-shangies.'

When Dandie Dinmont, after executing two or three capri-oles, and cutting the Highland fling, by way of ridicule of his wife's anxiety, at last deigned to sit down and commit his round, black, shaggy bullet of a head to her inspection, Brown thought he had seen the regimental surgeon look grave upon a more trifling case. The gudewife, however, showed some knowledge of chirurgery; she cut away with her scissors

the gory locks whose stiffened and coagulated clusters interfered with her operations, and clapped on the wound some lint besmeared with a vulnerary salve, esteemed sovereign by the whole dale (which afforded upon fair nights considerable experience of such cases); she then fixed her plaster with a bandage, and, spite of her patient's resistance, pulled over all a night-cap, to keep everything in its right place. Some contusions on the brow and shoulders she fomented with brandy, which the patient did not permit till the medicine had paid a heavy toll to his mouth. Mrs. Dinmont then simply, but kindly, offered her assistance to Brown.

He assured her he had no occasion for anything but the accommodation of a basin and towel.

'And that 's what I should have thought of sooner,' she said; 'and I did think o't, but I durst na open the door, for there 's a' the bairns, poor things, sae keen to see their father.'

This explained a great drumming and whining at the door of the little parlour, which had somewhat surprised Brown, though his kind landlady had only noticed it by fastening the bolt as soon as she heard it begin. But on her opening the door to seek the basin and towel (for she never thought of showing the guest to a separate room), a whole tide of white-headed urchins streamed in, some from the stable, where they had been seeing Dumple, and giving him a welcome home with part of their four-hours scones; others from the kitchen, where they had been listening to auld Elspeth's tales and ballads; and the youngest, half-naked, out of bed, all roaring to see daddy, and to inquire what he had brought home for them from the various fairs he had visited in his peregrinations. Our knight of the broken head first kissed and hugged them all round, then distributed whistles, penny-trumpets, and gingerbread, and, lastly, when the tumult of their joy and welcome got beyond bearing, exclaimed to his guest — 'This is a' the gudewife's fault, Captain; she will gie the bairns a' their ain way.'

'Me! Lord help me,' said Ailie, who at that instant entered with the basin and ewer, 'how can I help it? I have naething else to gie them, poor things!'

Dinmont then exerted himself, and, between coaxing, threats, and shoving, cleared the room of all the intruders excepting a boy and girl, the two eldest of the family, who could, as he observed, behave themselves 'distinctly.' For the same reason, but with less ceremony, all the dogs were kicked out excepting

the venerable patriarchs, old Pepper and Mustard, whom frequent castigation and the advance of years had inspired with such a share of passive hospitality that, after mutual explanation and remonstrance in the shape of some growling, they admitted Wasp, who had hitherto judged it safe to keep beneath his master's chair, to a share of a dried wedder's skin, which, with the wool uppermost and unshorn, served all the purposes of a Bristol hearth-rug.

The active bustle of the mistress (so she was called in the kitchen, and the gudewife in the parlour) had already signed the fate of a couple of fowls, which, for want of time to dress them otherwise, soon appeared reeking from the gridiron, or brander, as Mrs. Dinmont denominated it. A huge piece of cold beef-ham, eggs, butter, cakes, and barley-meal bannocks in plenty made up the entertainment, which was to be diluted with home-brewed ale of excellent quality and a case-bottle of brandy. Few soldiers would find fault with such cheer after a day's hard exercise and a skirmish to boot; accordingly Brown did great honour to the eatables. While the gudewife partly aided, partly instructed, a great stout servant girl, with cheeks as red as her top-knot, to remove the supper matters and supply sugar and hot water (which, in the damsel's anxiety to gaze upon an actual live captain, she was in some danger of forgetting), Brown took an opportunity to ask his host whether he did not repent of having neglected the gipsy's hint.

'Wha kens?' answered he; 'they 're queer deevils; maybe I might just have 'scaped ae gang to meet the other. And yet I 'll no say that neither; for if that randy wife was coming to Charlie's Hope, she should have a pint bottle o' brandy and a pound o' tobacco to wear her through the winter. They 're queer deevils; as my auld father used to say, they 're warst where they 're warst guided. After a', there 's baith gude and ill about the gipsies.'

This, and some other desultory conversation, served as a 'shoeing-horn' to draw on another cup of ale and another 'cheerer,' as Dinmont termed it in his country phrase, of brandy and water. Brown then resolutely declined all farther conviviality for that evening, pleading his own weariness and the effects of the skirmish, being well aware that it would have availed nothing to have remonstrated with his host on the danger that excess might have occasioned to his own raw wound and bloody coxcomb. A very small bed-room, but a very clean bed, received the traveller, and the sheets made good the

courteous vaunt of the hostess, 'that they would be as pleasant as he could find ony gate, for they were washed wi' the fairy-well water, and bleached on the bonny white gowans, and bittled by Nelly and hersell, and what could woman, if she was a queen, do mair for them?'

They indeed rivalled snow in whiteness, and had, besides, a pleasant fragrance from the manner in which they had been bleached. Little Wasp, after licking his master's hand to ask leave, couched himself on the coverlet at his feet; and the traveller's senses were soon lost in grateful oblivion.

# CHAPTER XXV

> Give ye, Britons, then,
> Your sportive fury, pitiless to pour
> Loose on the nightly robber of the fold.
> Him from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
> Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.
>
> THOMSON'S *Seasons.*

BROWN rose early in the morning and walked out to look at the establishment of his new friend. All was rough and neglected in the neighbourhood of the house; — a paltry garden, no pains taken to make the vicinity dry or comfortable, and a total absence of all those little neatnesses which give the eye so much pleasure in looking at an English farm-house. There were, notwithstanding, evident signs that this arose only from want of taste or ignorance, not from poverty or the negligence which attends it. On the contrary, a noble cow-house, well filled with good milk-cows, a feeding-house, with ten bullocks of the most approved breed, a stable, with two good teams of horses, the appearance of domestics active, industrious, and apparently contented with their lot; in a word, an air of liberal though sluttish plenty indicated the wealthy farmer. The situation of the house above the river formed a gentle declivity, which relieved the inhabitants of the nuisances that might otherwise have stagnated around it. At a little distance was the whole band of children playing and building houses with peats around a huge doddered oak-tree, which was called Charlie's Bush, from some tradition respecting an old freebooter who had once inhabited the spot. Between the farm-house and the hill-pasture was a deep morass, termed in that country a slack; it had once been the defence of a fortalice, of which no vestiges now remained, but which was said to have been inhabited by the same doughty hero we have now alluded to. Brown endeavoured to make some acquaintance with the children, but 'the rogues fled from him like quicksilver,' though the two eldest stood peeping when they had got to some dis-

tance. The traveller then turned his course towards the hill, crossing the foresaid swamp by a range of stepping-stones, neither the broadest nor steadiest that could be imagined. He had not climbed far up the hill when he met a man descending.

He soon recognised his worthy host, though a 'maud,' as it is called, or a grey shepherd's plaid, supplied his travelling jockey-coat, and a cap, faced with wild-cat's fur, more commodiously covered his bandaged head than a hat would have done. As he appeared through the morning mist, Brown, accustomed to judge of men by their thewes and sinews, could not help admiring his height, the breadth of his shoulders, and the steady firmness of his step. Dinmont internally paid the same compliment to Brown, whose athletic form he now perused somewhat more at leisure than he had done formerly. After the usual greetings of the morning, the guest inquired whether his host found any inconvenient consequences from the last night's affray.

'I had maist forgotten 't,' said the hardy Borderer; 'but I think this morning, now that I am fresh and sober, if you and I were at the Withershins' Latch, wi' ilka ane a gude oak souple in his hand, we wadna turn back, no for half a dizzen o' yon scaff-raff.'

'But are you prudent, my good sir,' said Brown, 'not to take an hour or two's repose after receiving such severe contusions?'

'Confusions!' replied the farmer, laughing in derision. 'Lord, Captain, naething confuses my head. I ance jumped up and laid the dogs on the fox after I had tumbled from the tap o' Christenbury Craig, and that might have confused me to purpose. Na, naething confuses me, unless it be a screed o' drink at an orra time. Besides, I behooved to be round the hirsel this morning and see how the herds were coming on; they 're apt to be negligent wi' their footballs, and fairs, and trysts, when ane 's away. And there I met wi' Tam o' Todshaw, and a wheen o' the rest o' the billies on the water side; they 're a' for a fox-hunt this morning, — ye 'll gang? I 'll gie ye Dumple, and take the brood mare mysell.'

'But I fear I must leave you this morning, Mr. Dinmont,' replied Brown.

'The fient a bit o' that,' exclaimed the Borderer. 'I 'll no part wi' ye at ony rate for a fortnight mair. Na, na; we dinna meet sic friends as you on a Bewcastle moss every night.'

Brown had not designed his journey should be a speedy one; he therefore readily compounded with this hearty invitation by agreeing to pass a week at Charlie's Hope.

On their return to the house, where the goodwife presided over an ample breakfast, she heard news of the proposed fox-hunt, not indeed with approbation, but without alarm or surprise. 'Dand! ye 're the auld man yet; naething will make ye take warning till ye 're brought hame some day wi' your feet foremost.'

'Tut, lass!' answered Dandie, 'ye ken yoursell I am never a prin the waur o' my rambles.'

So saying, he exhorted Brown to be hasty in despatching his breakfast, as, 'the frost having given way, the scent would lie this morning primely.'

Out they sallied accordingly for Otterscope Scaurs, the farmer leading the way. They soon quitted the little valley, and involved themselves among hills as steep as they could be without being precipitous. The sides often presented gullies, down which, in the winter season, or after heavy rain, the torrents descended with great fury. Some dappled mists still floated along the peaks of the hills, the remains of the morning clouds, for the frost had broken up with a smart shower. Through these fleecy screens were seen a hundred little temporary streamlets, or rills, descending the sides of the mountains like silver threads. By small sheep-tracks along these steeps, over which Dinmont trotted with the most fearless confidence, they at length drew near the scene of sport, and began to see other men, both on horse and foot, making toward the place of rendezvous. Brown was puzzling himself to conceive how a fox-chase could take place among hills, where it was barely possible for a pony, accustomed to the ground, to trot along, but where, quitting the track for half a yard's breadth, the rider might be either bogged or precipitated down the bank. This wonder was not diminished when he came to the place of action.

They had gradually ascended very high, and now found themselves on a mountain-ridge, overhanging a glen of great depth, but extremely narrow. Here the sportsmen had collected, with an apparatus which would have shocked a member of the Pytchley Hunt; for, the object being the removal of a noxious and destructive animal, as well as the pleasures of the chase, poor Reynard was allowed much less fair play than when pursued in form through an open country. The strength of his habitation, however, and the nature of the ground by which

it was surrounded on all sides, supplied what was wanting in the courtesy of his pursuers. The sides of the glen were broken banks of earth and rocks of rotten stone, which sunk sheer down to the little winding stream below, affording here and there a tuft of scathed brushwood or a patch of furze. Along the edges of this ravine, which, as we have said, was very narrow, but of profound depth, the hunters on horse and foot ranged themselves; almost every farmer had with him at least a brace of large and fierce greyhounds, of the race of those deer-dogs which were formerly used in that country, but greatly lessened in size from being crossed with the common breed. The huntsman, a sort of provincial officer of the district, who receives a certain supply of meal, and a reward for every fox he destroys, was already at the bottom of the dell, whose echoes thundered to the chiding of two or three brace of fox-hounds. Terriers, including the whole generation of Pepper and Mustard, were also in attendance, having been sent forward under the care of a shepherd. Mongrel, whelp, and cur of low degree filled up the burden of the chorus. The spectators on the brink of the ravine, or glen, held their greyhounds in leash in readiness to slip them at the fox as soon as the activity of the party below should force him to abandon his cover.

The scene, though uncouth to the eye of a professed sportsman, had something in it wildly captivating. The shifting figures on the mountain ridge, having the sky for their background, appeared to move in the air. The dogs, impatient of their restraint, and maddened with the baying beneath, sprung here and there, and strained at the slips, which prevented them from joining their companions. Looking down, the view was equally striking. The thin mists were not totally dispersed in the glen, so that it was often through their gauzy medium that the eye strove to discover the motions of the hunters below. Sometimes a breath of wind made the scene visible, the blue rill glittering as it twined itself through its rude and solitary dell. They then could see the shepherds springing with fearless activity from one dangerous point to another, and cheering the dogs on the scent, the whole so diminished by depth and distance that they looked like pigmies. Again the mists close over them, and the only signs of their continued exertions are the halloos of the men and the clamours of the hounds, ascending as it were out of the bowels of the earth. When the fox, thus persecuted from one stronghold to another, was at length

obliged to abandon his valley, and to break away for a more distant retreat, those who watched his motions from the top slipped their greyhounds, which, excelling the fox in swiftness, and equalling him in ferocity and spirit, soon brought the plunderer to his life's end.

In this way, without any attention to the ordinary rules and decorums of sport, but apparently as much to the gratification both of bipeds and quadrupeds as if all due ritual had been followed, four foxes were killed on this active morning; and even Brown himself, though he had seen the princely sports of India, and ridden a-tiger-hunting upon an elephant with the Nabob of Arcot, professed to have received an excellent morning's amusement. When the sport was given up for the day, most of the sportsmen, according to the established hospitality of the country, went to dine at Charlie's Hope.

During their return homeward Brown rode for a short time beside the huntsman, and asked him some questions concerning the mode in which he exercised his profession. The man showed an unwillingness to meet his eye, and a disposition to be rid of his company and conversation, for which Brown could not easily account. He was a thin, dark, active fellow, well framed for the hardy profession which he exercised. But his face had not the frankness of the jolly hunter; he was down-looked, embarrassed, and avoided the eyes of those who looked hard at him. After some unimportant observations on the success of the day, Brown gave him a trifling gratuity, and rode on with his landlord. They found the goodwife prepared for their reception; the fold and the poultry-yard furnished the entertainment, and the kind and hearty welcome made amends for all deficiencies in elegance and fashion.

# CHAPTER XXVI

The Elliots and Armstrongs did convene,
They were a gallant company!

*Ballad of Johnnie Armstrong.*

WITHOUT noticing the occupations of an intervening day or two, which, as they consisted of the ordinary silvan amusements of shooting and coursing, have nothing sufficiently interesting to detain the reader, we pass to one in some degree peculiar to Scotland, which may be called a sort of salmon-hunting. This chase, in which the fish is pursued and struck with barbed spears, or a sort of long-shafted trident, called a *waster*, is much practised at the mouth of the Esk and in the other salmon rivers of Scotland. The sport is followed by day and night, but most commonly in the latter, when the fish are discovered by means of torches, or fire-grates, filled with blazing fragments of tar-barrels, which shed a strong though partial light upon the water. On the present occasion the principal party were embarked in a crazy boat upon a part of the river which was enlarged and deepened by the restraint of a mill-wear, while others, like the ancient Bacchanals in their gambols, ran along the banks, brandishing their torches and spears, and pursuing the salmon, some of which endeavoured to escape up the stream, while others, shrouding themselves under roots of trees, fragments of stones, and large rocks, attempted to conceal themselves from the researches of the fishermen. These the party in the boat detected by the slightest indications; the twinkling of a fin, the rising of an air-bell, was sufficient to point out to these adroit sportsmen in what direction to use their weapon.

The scene was inexpressibly animating to those accustomed to it; but, as Brown was not practised to use the spear, he soon tired of making efforts which were attended with no other consequences than jarring his arms against the rocks at

the bottom of the river, upon which, instead of the devoted salmon, he often bestowed his blow. Nor did he relish, though he concealed feelings which would not have been understood, being quite so near the agonies of the expiring salmon, as they lay flapping about in the boat, which they moistened with their blood. He therefore requested to be put ashore, and, from the top of a *heugh* or broken bank, enjoyed the scene much more to his satisfaction. Often he thought of his friend Dudley the artist, when he observed the effect produced by the strong red glare on the romantic banks under which the boat glided. Now the light diminished to a distant star that seemed to twinkle on the waters, like those which, according to the legends of the country, the water-kelpy sends for the purpose of indicating the watery grave of his victims. Then it advanced nearer, brightening and enlarging as it again approached, till the broad flickering flame rendered bank and rock and tree visible as it passed, tingeing them with its own red glare of dusky light, and resigning them gradually to darkness, or to pale moonlight, as it receded. By this light also were seen the figures in the boat, now holding high their weapons, now stooping to strike, now standing upright, bronzed by the same red glare into a colour which might have befitted the regions of Pandemonium.

Having amused himself for some time with these effects of light and shadow, Brown strolled homewards towards the farmhouse, gazing in his way at the persons engaged in the sport, two or three of whom are generally kept together, one holding the torch, the others with their spears, ready to avail themselves of the light it affords to strike their prey. As he observed one man struggling with a very weighty salmon which he had speared, but was unable completely to raise from the water, Brown advanced close to the bank to see the issue of his exertions. The man who held the torch in this instance was the huntsman, whose sulky demeanour Brown had already noticed with surprise. 'Come here, sir! come here, sir! look at this ane! He turns up a side like a sow.' Such was the cry from the assistants when some of them observed Brown advancing.

'Ground the waster weel, man! ground the waster weel! Haud him down! Ye haena the pith o' a cat!' were the cries of advice, encouragement, and expostulation from those who were on the bank to the sportsman engaged with the salmon, who stood up to his middle in water, jingling among

broken ice, struggling against the force of the fish and the strength of the current, and dubious in what manner he should attempt to secure his booty. As Brown came to the edge of the bank, he called out — 'Hold up your torch, friend huntsman!' for he had already distinguished his dusky features by the strong light cast upon them by the blaze. But the fellow no sooner heard his voice, and saw, or rather concluded, it was Brown who approached him, than, instead of advancing his light, he let it drop, as if accidentally, into the water.

'The deil's in Gabriel!' said the spearman, as the fragments of glowing wood floated half-blazing, half-sparkling, but soon extinguished, down the stream. 'The deil's in the man! I'll never master him without the light; and a braver kipper, could I but land him, never reisted abune a pair o' cleeks.'[1] Some dashed into the water to lend their assistance, and the fish, which was afterwards found to weigh nearly thirty pounds, was landed in safety.

The behaviour of the huntsman struck Brown, although he had no recollection of his face, nor could conceive why he should, as it appeared he evidently did, shun his observation. Could he be one of the footpads he had encountered a few days before? The supposition was not altogether improbable, although unwarranted by any observation he was able to make upon the man's figure and face. To be sure the villains wore their hats much slouched, and had loose coats, and their size was not in any way so peculiarly discriminated as to enable him to resort to that criterion. He resolved to speak to his host Dinmont on the subject, but for obvious reasons concluded it were best defer the explanation until a cool hour in the morning.

The sportsmen returned loaded with fish, upwards of one hundred salmon having been killed within the range of their sport. The best were selected for the use of the principal farmers, the others divided among their shepherds, cottars, dependents, and others of inferior rank who attended. These fish, dried in the turf smoke of their cabins or shealings, formed a savoury addition to the mess of potatoes, mixed with onions, which was the principal part of their winter food. In the meanwhile a liberal distribution of ale and whisky was made among them, besides what was called a kettle of fish, — two or three salmon, namely, plunged into a cauldron and boiled for their supper. Brown accompanied his jolly landlord

[1] See Lum Cleeks. Note 4.

and the rest of his friends into the large and smoky kitchen, where this savoury mess reeked on an oaken table, massive enough to have dined Johnnie Armstrong and his merry-men. All was hearty cheer and huzza, and jest and clamorous laughter, and bragging alternately, and raillery between whiles. Our traveller looked earnestly around for the dark countenance of the fox-hunter; but it was nowhere to be seen.

At length he hazarded a question concerning him. 'That was an awkward accident, my lads, of one of you, who dropped his torch in the water when his companion was struggling with the large fish.'

'Awkward!' returned a shepherd, looking up (the same stout young fellow who had speared the salmon); 'he deserved his paiks for 't, to put out the light when the fish was on ane's witters! I 'm weel convinced Gabriel drapped the roughies in the water on purpose; he doesna like to see ony body do a thing better than himsell.'

'Ay,' said another, 'he 's sair shamed o' himsell, else he would have been up here the night; Gabriel likes a little o' the gude thing as weel as ony o' us.'

'Is he of this country?' said Brown.

'Na, na, he 's been but shortly in office, but he 's a fell hunter; he 's frae down the country, some gate on the Dumfries side.'

'And what 's his name, pray?'

'Gabriel.'

'But Gabriel what?'

'Oh, Lord kens that; we dinna mind folk 's afternames muckle here, they run sae muckle into clans.'

'Ye see, sir,' said an old shepherd, rising, and speaking very slow, 'the folks hereabout are a' Armstrongs and Elliots,[1] and sic like — twa or three given names — and so, for distinction's sake, the lairds and farmers have the names of their places that they live at; as, for example, Tam o' Todshaw, Will o' the Flat, Hobbie o' Sorbietrees, and our good master here o' the Charlie's Hope. Aweel, sir, and then the inferior sort o' people, ye 'll observe, are kend by sorts o' by-names some o' them, as Glaiket Christie, and the Deuke's Davie, or maybe, like this lad Gabriel, by his employment; as, for example, Tod Gabbie, or Hunter Gabbie. He 's no been lang here, sir, and I dinna think ony body kens him by ony other name. But it 's no right to rin him doun ahint his back, for he 's a fell fox-

[1] See Clan Surnames. Note 5.

hunter, though he 's maybe no just sae clever as some o' the folk hereawa wi' the waster.'

After some further desultory conversation, the superior sportsmen retired to conclude the evening after their own manner, leaving the others to enjoy themselves, unawed by their presence. That evening, like all those which Brown had passed at Charlie's Hope, was spent in much innocent mirth and conviviality. The latter might have approached to the verge of riot but for the good women; for several of the neighbouring mistresses (a phrase of a signification how different from what it bears in more fashionable life!) had assembled at Charlie's Hope to witness the event of this memorable evening. Finding the punch-bowl was so often replenished that there was some danger of their gracious presence being forgotten, they rushed in valorously upon the recreant revellers, headed by our good mistress Ailie, so that Venus speedily routed Bacchus. The fiddler and piper next made their appearance, and the best part of the night was gallantly consumed in dancing to their music.

An otter-hunt the next day, and a badger-baiting the day after, consumed the time merrily. I hope our traveller will not sink in the reader's estimation, sportsman though he may be, when I inform him that on this last occasion, after young Pepper had lost a fore-foot and Mustard the second had been nearly throttled, he begged, as a particular and personal favour of Mr. Dinmont, that the poor badger, who had made so gallant a defence, should be permitted to retire to his earth without farther molestation.

The farmer, who would probably have treated this request with supreme contempt had it come from any other person, was contented in Brown's case to express the utter extremity of his wonder. 'Weel,' he said, 'that 's queer aneugh! But since ye take his part, deil a tyke shall meddle wi' him mair in my day. We 'll e'en mark him, and ca' him the Captain's brock; and I 'm sure I 'm glad I can do ony thing to oblige you, — but, Lord save us, to care about a brock!'

After a week spent in rural sport, and distinguished by the most frank attentions on the part of his honest landlord, Brown bade adieu to the banks of the Liddel and the hospitality of Charlie's Hope. The children, with all of whom he had now become an intimate and a favourite, roared manfully in full chorus at his departure, and he was obliged to promise twenty times that he would soon return and play over all their

favourite tunes upon the flageolet till they had got them by heart. 'Come back again, Captain,' said one little sturdy fellow, 'and Jenny will be your wife.' Jenny was about eleven years old; she ran and hid herself behind her mammy.

'Captain, come back,' said a little fat roll-about girl of six, holding her mouth up to be kissed, 'and I 'll be your wife my ainsell.'

'They must be of harder mould than I,' thought Brown, 'who could part from so many kind hearts with indifference.' The good dame too, with matron modesty, and an affectionate simplicity that marked the olden time, offered her cheek to the departing guest. 'It 's little the like of us can do,' she said, 'little indeed; but yet, if there were but ony thing——'

'Now, my dear Mrs. Dinmont, you embolden me to make a request: would you but have the kindness to weave me, or work me, just such a grey plaid as the goodman wears?' He had learned the language and feelings of the country even during the short time of his residence, and was aware of the pleasure the request would confer.

'A tait o' woo' would be scarce amang us,' said the goodwife, brightening, 'if ye shouldna hae that, and as gude a tweel as ever cam aff a pirn. I 'll speak to Johnnie Goodsire, the weaver at the Castletown, the morn. Fare ye weel, sir! and may ye be just as happy yoursell as ye like to see a' body else; and that would be a sair wish to some folk.'

I must not omit to mention that our traveller left his trusty attendant Wasp to be a guest at Charlie's Hope for a season. He foresaw that he might prove a troublesome attendant in the event of his being in any situation where secrecy and concealment might be necessary. He was therefore consigned to the care of the eldest boy, who promised, in the words of the old song, that he should have

A bit of his supper, a bit of his bed,

and that he should be engaged in none of those perilous pastimes in which the race of Mustard and Pepper had suffered frequent mutilation. Brown now prepared for his journey, having taken a temporary farewell of his trusty little companion.

There is an odd prejudice in these hills in favour of riding. Every farmer rides well, and rides the whole day. Probably the extent of their large pasture farms, and the necessity of surveying them rapidly, first introduced this custom; or a very zealous antiquary might derive it from the times of the

*Lay of the Last Minstrel*, when twenty thousand horsemen assembled at the light of the beacon-fires.[1] But the truth is undeniable; they like to be on horseback, and can be with difficulty convinced that any one chooses walking from other motives than those of convenience or necessity. Accordingly, Dinmont insisted upon mounting his guest and accompanying him on horseback as far as the nearest town in Dumfries-shire, where he had directed his baggage to be sent, and from which he proposed to pursue his intended journey towards Woodbourne, the residence of Julia Mannering.

Upon the way he questioned his companion concerning the character of the fox-hunter; but gained little information, as he had been called to that office while Dinmont was making the round of the Highland fairs. 'He was a shake-rag like fellow,' he said, 'and, he dared to say, had gipsy blood in his veins; but at ony rate he was nane o' the smaiks that had been on their quarters in the moss; he would ken them weel if he saw them again. There are some no bad folk amang the gipsies too, to be sic a gang,' added Dandie; 'if ever I see that auld randle-tree of a wife again, I 'll gie her something to buy tobacco, I have a great notion she meant me very fair after a'.'

When they were about finally to part, the good farmer held Brown long by the hand, and at length said, 'Captain, the woo 's sae weel up the year that it 's paid a' the rent, and we have naething to do wi' the rest o' the siller when Ailie has had her new gown, and the bairns their bits o' duds. Now I was thinking of some safe hand to put it into, for it 's ower muckle to ware on brandy and sugar; now I have heard that you army gentlemen can sometimes buy yoursells up a step, and if a hundred or twa would help ye on such an occasion, the bit scrape o' your pen would be as good to me as the siller, and ye might just take yer ain time o' settling it; it wad be a great convenience to me.' Brown, who felt the full delicacy that wished to disguise the conferring an obligation under the show of asking a favour, thanked his grateful friend most heartily, and assured him he would have recourse to his purse without scruple should circumstances ever render it convenient for him. And thus they parted with many expressions of mutual regard.

[1] It would be affectation to alter this reference. But the reader will understand that it was inserted to keep up the author's incognito, as he was not likely to be suspected of quoting his own works. This explanation is also applicable to one or two similar passages, in this and the other novels, introduced for the same reason.

## CHAPTER XXVII

If thou hast any love of mercy in thee,
Turn me upon my face that I may die.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

OUR traveller hired a post-chaise at the place where he separated from Dinmont, with the purpose of proceeding to Kippletringan, there to inquire into the state of the family at Woodbourne, before he should venture to make his presence in the country known to Miss Mannering. The stage was a long one of eighteen or twenty miles, and the road lay across the country. To add to the inconveniences of the journey, the snow began to fall pretty quickly. The postilion, however, proceeded on his journey for a good many miles without expressing doubt or hesitation. It was not until the night was completely set in that he intimated his apprehensions whether he was in the right road. The increasing snow rendered this intimation rather alarming, for, as it drove full in the lad's face and lay whitening all around him, it served in two different ways to confuse his knowledge of the country, and to diminish the chance of his recovering the right track. Brown then himself got out and looked round, not, it may be well imagined, from any better hope than that of seeing some house at which he might make inquiry. But none appeared; he could therefore only tell the lad to drive steadily on. The road on which they were ran through plantations of considerable extent and depth, and the traveller therefore conjectured that there must be a gentleman's house at no great distance. At length, after struggling wearily on for about a mile, the postboy stopped, and protested his horses would not budge a foot farther; 'but he saw,' he said, 'a light among the trees, which must proceed from a house; the only way was to inquire the road there.' Accordingly, he dismounted, heavily encumbered with a long great-coat and a pair of boots which might have rivalled in thickness the seven-fold shield of Ajax. As in this

guise he was plodding forth upon his voyage of discovery, Brown's impatience prevailed, and, jumping out of the carriage, he desired the lad to stop where he was by the horses, and he would himself go to the house; a command which the driver most joyfully obeyed.

Our traveller groped along the side of the inclosure from which the light glimmered, in order to find some mode of approaching in that direction, and, after proceeding for some space, at length found a stile in the hedge, and a pathway leading into the plantation, which in that place was of great extent. This promised to lead to the light which was the object of his search, and accordingly Brown proceeded in that direction, but soon totally lost sight of it among the trees. The path, which at first seemed broad and well marked by the opening of the wood through which it winded, was now less easily distinguishable, although the whiteness of the snow afforded some reflected light to assist his search. Directing himself as much as possible through the more open parts of the wood, he proceeded almost a mile without either recovering a view of the light or seeing anything resembling a habitation. Still, however, he thought it best to persevere in that direction. It must surely have been a light in the hut of a forester, for it shone too steadily to be the glimmer of an *ignis fatuus*. The ground at length became broken and declined rapidly, and, although Brown conceived he still moved along what had once at least been a pathway, it was now very unequal, and the snow concealing those breaches and inequalities, the traveller had one or two falls in consequence. He began now to think of turning back, especially as the falling snow, which his impatience had hitherto prevented his attending to, was coming on thicker and faster.

Willing, however, to make a last effort, he still advanced a little way, when to his great delight he beheld the light opposite at no great distance, and apparently upon a level with him. He quickly found that this last appearance was deception, for the ground continued so rapidly to sink as made it obvious there was a deep dell, or ravine of some kind, between him and the object of his search. Taking every precaution to preserve his footing, he continued to descend until he reached the bottom of a very steep and narrow glen, through which winded a small rivulet, whose course was then almost choked with snow. He now found himself embarrassed among the ruins of cottages, whose black gables, rendered more distinguishable by the

contrast with the whitened surface from which they rose, were still standing; the side-walls had long since given way to time, and, piled in shapeless heaps and covered with snow, offered frequent and embarrassing obstacles to our traveller's progress. Still, however, he persevered, crossed the rivulet, not without some trouble, and at length, by exertions which became both painful and perilous, ascended its opposite and very rugged bank, until he came on a level with the building from which the gleam proceeded.

It was difficult, especially by so imperfect a light, to discover the nature of this edifice; but it seemed a square building of small size, the upper part of which was totally ruinous. It had, perhaps, been the abode in former times of some lesser proprietor, or a place of strength and concealment, in case of need, for one of greater importance. But only the lower vault remained, the arch of which formed the roof in the present state of the building. Brown first approached the place from whence the light proceeded, which was a long narrow slit or loop-hole, such as usually are to be found in old castles. Impelled by curiosity to reconnoitre the interior of this strange place before he entered, Brown gazed in at this aperture. A scene of greater desolation could not well be imagined. There was a fire upon the floor, the smoke of which, after circling through the apartment, escaped by a hole broken in the arch above. The walls, seen by this smoky light, had the rude and waste appearance of a ruin of three centuries old at least. A cask or two, with some broken boxes and packages, lay about the place in confusion. But the inmates chiefly occupied Brown's attention. Upon a lair composed of straw, with a blanket stretched over it, lay a figure, so still that, except that it was not dressed in the ordinary habiliments of the grave, Brown would have concluded it to be a corpse. On a steadier view he perceived it was only on the point of becoming so, for he heard one or two of those low, deep, and hard-drawn sighs that precede dissolution when the frame is tenacious of life. A female figure, dressed in a long cloak, sate on a stone by this miserable couch; her elbows rested upon her knees, and her face, averted from the light of an iron lamp beside her, was bent upon that of the dying person. She moistened his mouth from time to time with some liquid, and between whiles sung, in a low monotonous cadence, one of those prayers, or rather spells, which, in some parts of Scotland and the north of England, are used by the vulgar and ignorant to speed the passage of a

parting spirit, like the tolling of the bell in Catholic days. She accompanied this dismal sound with a slow rocking motion of her body to and fro, as if to keep time with her song. The words ran nearly thus : —

Wasted, weary, wherefore stay,
Wrestling thus with earth and clay ?
From the body pass away.
Hark ! the mass is singing.

From thee doff thy mortal weed,
Mary Mother be thy speed,
Saints to help thee at thy need.
Hark ! the knell is ringing.

Fear not snow-drift driving fast,
Sleet, or hail, or levin blast.
Soon the shroud shall lap thee fast,
And the sleep be on thee cast
That shall ne'er know waking.

Haste thee, haste thee, to be gone,
Earth flits fast, and time draws on.
Gasp thy gasp, and groan thy groan,
Day is near the breaking.

The songstress paused, and was answered by one or two deep and hollow groans, that seemed to proceed from the very agony of the mortal strife. 'It will not be,' she muttered to herself; 'he cannot pass away with that on his mind, it tethers him here —

Heaven cannot abide it,
Earth refuses to hide it.[1]

I must open the door'; and, rising, she faced towards the door of the apartment, observing heedfully not to turn back her head, and, withdrawing a bolt or two (for, notwithstanding the miserable appearance of the place, the door was cautiously secured), she lifted the latch, saying,

'Open lock, end strife,
Come death, and pass life.'

Brown, who had by this time moved from his post, stood before her as she opened the door. She stepped back a pace, and he entered, instantly recognising, but with no comfortable sensation, the same gipsy woman he had met in Bewcastle. She also knew him at once, and her attitude, figure, and the anxiety of her countenance, assumed the appearance of the well-

[1] See Gipsy Superstitions. Note 6.

disposed ogress of a fairy tale, warning a stranger not to enter the dangerous castle of her husband. The first words she spoke (holding up her hands in a reproving manner) were, 'Said I not to ye, Make not, meddle not? Beware of the redding straik![1] You are come to no house o' fair-strae death.' So saying, she raised the lamp and turned its light on the dying man, whose rude and harsh features were now convulsed with the last agony. A roll of linen about his head was stained with blood, which had soaked also through the blankets and the straw. It was, indeed, under no natural disease that the wretch was suffering. Brown started back from this horrible object, and, turning to the gipsy, exclaimed, 'Wretched woman, who has done this?'

'They that were permitted,' answered Meg Merrilies, while she scanned with a close and keen glance the features of the expiring man. 'He has had a sair struggle; but it 's passing. I kenn'd he would pass when you came in. That was the death-ruckle; he 's dead.'

Sounds were now heard at a distance, as of voices. 'They are coming,' said she to Brown; 'you are a dead man if ye had as mony lives as hairs.' Brown looked eagerly round for some weapon of defence. There was none near. He then rushed to the door with the intention of plunging among the trees, and making his escape by flight from what he now esteemed a den of murderers, but Merrilies held him with a masculine grasp. 'Here,' she said, 'here, be still and you are safe; stir not, whatever you see or hear, and nothing shall befall you.'

Brown, in these desperate circumstances, remembered this woman's intimation formerly, and thought he had no chance of safety but in obeying her. She caused him to couch down among a parcel of straw on the opposite side of the apartment from the corpse, covered him carefully, and flung over him two or three old sacks which lay about the place. Anxious to observe what was to happen, Brown arranged as softly as he could the means of peeping from under the coverings by which he was hidden, and awaited with a throbbing heart the issue of this strange and most unpleasant adventure. The old gipsy in the meantime set about arranging the dead body, composing its limbs, and straighting the arms by its side. 'Best to do this,' she muttered, 'ere he stiffen.' She placed on the dead

[1] The redding straik, namely, a blow received by a peacemaker who interferes betwixt two combatants, to red or separate them, is proverbially said to be the most dangerous blow a man can receive.

man's breast a trencher, with salt sprinkled upon it, set one candle at the head and another at the feet of the body, and lighted both. Then she resumed her song, and awaited the approach of those whose voices had been heard without.

Brown was a soldier, and a brave one; but he was also a man, and at this moment his fears mastered his courage so completely that the cold drops burst out from every pore. The idea of being dragged out of his miserable concealment by wretches whose trade was that of midnight murder, without weapons or the slightest means of defence, except entreaties, which would be only their sport, and cries for help, which could never reach other ear than their own; his safety entrusted to the precarious compassion of a being associated with these felons, and whose trade of rapine and imposture must have hardened her against every human feeling — the bitterness of his emotions almost choked him. He endeavoured to read in her withered and dark countenance, as the lamp threw its light upon her features, something that promised those feelings of compassion which females, even in their most degraded state, can seldom altogether smother. There was no such touch of humanity about this woman. The interest, whatever it was, that determined her in his favour arose not from the impulse of compassion, but from some internal, and probably capricious, association of feelings, to which he had no clue. It rested, perhaps, on a fancied likeness, such as Lady Macbeth found to her father in the sleeping monarch. Such were the reflections that passed in rapid succession through Brown's mind as he gazed from his hiding-place upon this extraordinary personage. Meantime the gang did not yet approach, and he was almost prompted to resume his original intention of attempting an escape from the hut, and cursed internally his own irresolution, which had consented to his being cooped up where he had neither room for resistance nor flight.

Meg Merrilies seemed equally on the watch. She bent her ear to every sound that whistled round the old walls. Then she turned again to the dead body, and found something new to arrange or alter in its position. 'He 's a bonny corpse,' she muttered to herself, 'and weel worth the streaking.' And in this dismal occupation she appeared to feel a sort of professional pleasure, entering slowly into all the minutiæ, as if with the skill and feelings of a connoisseur. A long, dark-coloured sea-cloak, which she dragged out of a corner, was disposed for a pall. The face she left bare, after closing the mouth and

eyes, and arranged the capes of the cloak so as to hide the bloody bandages, and give the body, as she muttered, 'a mair decent appearance.'

At once three or four men, equally ruffians in appearance and dress, rushed into the hut. 'Meg, ye limb of Satan, how dare you leave the door open?' was the first salutation of the party.

'And wha ever heard of a door being barred when a man was in the dead-thraw? how d'ye think the spirit was to get awa through bolts and bars like thae?'

'Is he dead, then?' said one who went to the side of the couch to look at the body.

'Ay, ay, dead enough,' said another; 'but here's what shall give him a rousing lykewake.' So saying, he fetched a keg of spirits from a corner, while Meg hastened to display pipes and tobacco. From the activity with which she undertook the task, Brown conceived good hope of her fidelity towards her guest. It was obvious that she wished to engage the ruffians in their debauch, to prevent the discovery which might take place if by accident any of them should approach too nearly the place of Brown's concealment.

# CHAPTER XXVIII

Nor board nor garner own we now,
  Nor roof nor latched door,
Nor kind mate, bound, by holy vow,
  To bless a good man's store.
Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,
  And night is grown our day;
Uprouse ye, then, my merry men!
  And use it as ye may.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

BROWN could now reckon his foes: they were five in number; two of them were very powerful men, who appeared to be either real seamen or strollers who assumed that character; the other three, an old man and two lads, were slighter made, and, from their black hair and dark complexion, seemed to belong to Meg's tribe. They passed from one to another the cup out of which they drank their spirits. 'Here 's to his good voyage!' said one of the seamen, drinking; 'a squally night he 's got, however, to drift through the sky in.'

We omit here various execrations with which these honest gentlemen garnished their discourse, retaining only such of their expletives as are least offensive.

''A does not mind wind and weather; 'a has had many a north-easter in his day.'

'He had his last yesterday,' said another gruffly; 'and now old Meg may pray for his last fair wind, as she 's often done before.'

'I 'll pray for nane o' him,' said Meg, 'nor for you neither, you randy dog. The times are sair altered since I was a kinchen-mort. Men were men then, and fought other in the open field, and there was nae milling in the darkmans. And the gentry had kind hearts, and would have given baith lap and pannel to ony puir gipsy; and there was not one, from Johnnie Faa the upright man to little Christie that was in the panniers, would cloyed a dud from them. But ye are a'

altered from the gude auld rules, and no wonder that you scour the cramp-ring and trine to the cheat sae often. Yes, ye are a' altered: you 'll eat the goodman's meat, drink his drink, sleep on the strammel in his barn, and break his house and cut his throat for his pains! There 's blood on your hands, too, ye dogs, mair than ever came there by fair fighting. See how ye 'll die then. Lang it was ere he died; he strove, and strove sair, and could neither die nor live; but you — half the country will see how ye 'll grace the woodie.'

The party set up a hoarse laugh at Meg's prophecy.

'What made you come back here, ye auld beldam?' said one of the gipsies; 'could ye not have staid where you were, and spaed fortunes to the Cumberland flats? Bing out and tour, ye auld devil, and see that nobody has scented; that 's a' you 're good for now.'

'Is that a' I am good for now?' said the indignant matron. 'I was good for mair than that in the great fight between our folk and Patrico Salmon's; if I had not helped you with these very fambles (holding up her hands), Jean Baillie would have frummagem'd you, ye feckless do-little!'

There was here another laugh at the expense of the hero who had received this amazon's assistance.

'Here, mother,' said one of the sailors, 'here 's a cup of the right for you, and never mind that bully-huff.'

Meg drank the spirits, and, withdrawing herself from farther conversation, sat down before the spot where Brown lay hid, in such a posture that it would have been difficult for any one to have approached it without her rising. The men, however, showed no disposition to disturb her.

They closed around the fire and held deep consultation together; but the low tone in which they spoke, and the cant language which they used, prevented Brown from understanding much of their conversation. He gathered in general that they expressed great indignation against some individual. 'He shall have his gruel,' said one, and then whispered something very low into the ear of his comrade.

'I 'll have nothing to do with that,' said the other.

'Are you turned hen-hearted, Jack?'

'No, by G—d, no more than yourself, but I won't. It was something like that stopped all the trade fifteen or twenty years ago. You have heard of the Loup?'

'I have heard *him* (indicating the corpse by a jerk of his

head) tell about that job. G—d, how he used to laugh when he showed us how he fetched him off the perch!'

'Well, but it did up the trade for one while,' said Jack.

'How should that be?' asked the surly villain.

'Why,' replied Jack, 'the people got rusty about it, and would not deal, and they had bought so many brooms that ——'

'Well, for all that,' said the other, 'I think we should be down upon the fellow one of these darkmans and let him get it well.'

'But old Meg's asleep now,' said another; 'she grows a driveller, and is afraid of her shadow. She'll sing out, some of these odd-come-shortlies, if you don't look sharp.'

'Never fear,' said the old gipsy man; 'Meg's true-bred; she's the last in the gang that will start; but she has some queer ways, and often cuts queer words.'

With more of this gibberish they continued the conversation, rendering it thus, even to each other, a dark obscure dialect, eked out by significant nods and signs, but never expressing dintinctly, or in plain language, the subject on which it turned. At length one of them, observing Meg was still fast asleep, or appeared to be so, desired one of the lads 'to hand in the black Peter, that they might flick it open.' The boy stepped to the door and brought in a portmanteau, which Brown instantly recognised for his own. His thoughts immediately turned to the unfortunate lad he had left with the carriage. Had the ruffians murdered him? was the horrible doubt that crossed his mind. The agony of his attention grew yet keener, and while the villains pulled out and admired the different articles of his clothes and linen, he eagerly listened for some indication that might intimate the fate of the postilion. But the ruffians were too much delighted with their prize, and too much busied in examining its contents, to enter into any detail concerning the manner in which they had acquired it. The portmanteau contained various articles of apparel, a pair of pistols, a leathern case with a few papers, and some money, etc. etc. At any other time it would have provoked Brown excessively to see the unceremonious manner in which the thieves shared his property, and made themselves merry at the expense of the owner. But the moment was too perilous to admit any thoughts but what had immediate reference to self-preservation.

After a sufficient scrutiny into the portmanteau, and an equitable division of its contents, the ruffians applied themselves more closely to the serious occupation of drinking, in

THE RUFFIANS WERE DELIGHTED WITH THEIR PRIZE.
From a painting by William McTaggart, A.R.S.A.

which they spent the greater part of the night. Brown was for some time in great hopes that they would drink so deep as to render themselves insensible, when his escape would have been an easy matter. But their dangerous trade required precautions inconsistent with such unlimited indulgence, and they stopped short on this side of absolute intoxication. Three of them at length composed themselves to rest, while the fourth watched. He was relieved in this duty by one of the others after a vigil of two hours. When the second watch had elapsed, the sentinel awakened the whole, who, to Brown's inexpressible relief, began to make some preparations as if for departure, bundling up the various articles which each had appropriated. Still, however, there remained something to be done. Two of them, after some rummaging which not a little alarmed Brown, produced a mattock and shovel; another took a pickaxe from behind the straw on which the dead body was extended. With these implements two of them left the hut, and the remaining three, two of whom were the seamen, very strong men, still remained in garrison.

After the space of about half an hour, one of those who had departed again returned, and whispered the others. They wrapped up the dead body in the sea-cloak which had served as a pall, and went out, bearing it along with them. The aged sibyl then arose from her real or feigned slumbers. She first went to the door, as if for the purpose of watching the departure of her late inmates, then returned, and commanded Brown, in a low and stifled voice, to follow her instantly. He obeyed; but, on leaving the hut, he would willingly have repossessed himself of his money, or papers at least, but this she prohibited in the most peremptory manner. It immediately occurred to him that the suspicion of having removed anything of which he might repossess himself would fall upon this woman, by whom in all probability his life had been saved. He therefore immediately desisted from his attempt, contenting himself with seizing a cutlass, which one of the ruffians had flung aside among the straw. On his feet, and possessed of this weapon, he already found himself half delivered from the dangers which beset him. Still, however, he felt stiffened and cramped, both with the cold and by the constrained and unaltered position which he had occupied all night. But, as he followed the gipsy from the door of the hut, the fresh air of the morning and the action of walking restored circulation and activity to his benumbed limbs.

The pale light of a winter's morning was rendered more clear by the snow, which was lying all around, crisped by the influence of a severe frost. Brown cast a hasty glance at the landscape around him, that he might be able again to know the spot. The little tower, of which only a single vault remained, forming the dismal apartment in which he had spent this remarkable night, was perched on the very point of a projecting rock overhanging the rivulet. It was accessible only on one side, and that from the ravine or glen below. On the other three sides the bank was precipitous, so that Brown had on the preceding evening escaped more dangers than one; for, if he had attempted to go round the building, which was once his purpose, he must have been dashed to pieces. The dell was so narrow that the trees met in some places from the opposite sides. They were now loaded with snow instead of leaves, and thus formed a sort of frozen canopy over the rivulet beneath, which was marked by its darker colour, as it soaked its way obscurely through wreaths of snow. In one place, where the glen was a little wider, leaving a small piece of flat ground between the rivulet and the bank, were situated the ruins of the hamlet in which Brown had been involved on the preceding evening. The ruined gables, the insides of which were japanned with turf-smoke, looked yet blacker contrasted with the patches of snow which had been driven against them by the wind, and with the drifts which lay around them.

Upon this wintry and dismal scene Brown could only at present cast a very hasty glance; for his guide, after pausing an instant as if to permit him to indulge his curiosity, strode hastily before him down the path which led into the glen. He observed, with some feelings of suspicion, that she chose a track already marked by several feet, which he could only suppose were those of the depredators who had spent the night in the vault. A moment's recollection, however, put his suspicions to rest. It was not to be thought that the woman, who might have delivered him up to her gang when in a state totally defenceless, would have suspended her supposed treachery until he was armed and in the open air, and had so many better chances of defence or escape. He therefore followed his guide in confidence and silence. They crossed the small brook at the same place where it previously had been passed by those who had gone before. The foot-marks then proceeded through the ruined village, and from thence

down the glen, which again narrowed to a ravine, after the small opening in which they were situated. But the gipsy no longer followed the same track; she turned aside, and led the way by a very rugged and uneven path up the bank which overhung the village. Although the snow in many places hid the path-way, and rendered the footing uncertain and unsafe, Meg proceeded with a firm and determined step, which indicated an intimate knowledge of the ground she traversed. At length they gained the top of the bank, though by a passage so steep and intricate that Brown, though convinced it was the same by which he had descended on the night before, was not a little surprised how he had accomplished the task without breaking his neck. Above, the country opened wide and uninclosed for about a mile or two on the one hand, and on the other were thick plantations of considerable extent.

Meg, however, still led the way along the bank of the ravine out of which they had ascended, until she heard beneath the murmur of voices. She then pointed to a deep plantation of trees at some distance. 'The road to Kippletringan,' she said, 'is on the other side of these inclosures. Make the speed ye can; there 's mair rests on your life than other folks'. But you have lost all — stay.' She fumbled in an immense pocket, from which she produced a greasy purse — 'Many 's the awmous your house has gi'en Meg and hers; and she has lived to pay it back in a small degree'; and she placed the purse in his hand.

'The woman is insane,' thought Brown; but it was no time to debate the point, for the sounds he heard in the ravine below probably proceeded from the banditti. 'How shall I repay this money,' he said, 'or how acknowledge the kindness you have done me?'

'I hae twa boons to crave,' answered the sibyl, speaking low and hastily: 'one, that you will never speak of what you have seen this night; the other, that you will not leave this country till you see me again, and that you leave word at the Gordon Arms where you are to be heard of, and when I next call for you, be it in church or market, at wedding or at burial, Sunday or Saturday, meal-time or fasting, that ye leave everything else and come with me.'

'Why, that will do you little good, mother.'

'But 't will do yoursell muckle, and that 's what I 'm thinking o'. I am not mad, although I have had eneugh to make me sae; I am not mad, nor doating, nor drunken. I know

what I am asking, and I know it has been the will of God to preserve you in strange dangers, and that I shall be the instrument to set you in your father's seat again. Sae give me your promise, and mind that you owe your life to me this blessed night.'

'There 's wildness in her manner, certainly,' thought Brown, 'and yet it is more like the wildness of energy than of madness.' — 'Well, mother, since you do ask so useless and trifling a favour, you have my promise. It will at least give me an opportunity to repay your money with additions. You are an uncommon kind of creditor, no doubt, but ——'

'Away, away, then!' said she, waving her hand. 'Think not about the goud, it 's a' your ain; but remember your promise, and do not dare to follow me or look after me.' So saying, she plunged again into the dell, and descended it with great agility, the icicles and snow-wreaths showering down after her as she disappeared.

Notwithstanding her prohibition, Brown endeavoured to gain some point of the bank from which he might, unseen, gaze down into the glen; and with some difficulty (for it must be conceived that the utmost caution was necessary) he succeeded. The spot which he attained for this purpose was the point of a projecting rock, which rose precipitously from among the trees. By kneeling down among the snow and stretching his head cautiously forward, he could observe what was going on in the bottom of the dell. He saw, as he expected, his companions of the last night, now joined by two or three others. They had cleared away the snow from the foot of the rock and dug a deep pit, which was designed to serve the purpose of a grave. Around this they now stood, and lowered into it something wrapped in a naval cloak, which Brown instantly concluded to be the dead body of the man he had seen expire. They then stood silent for half a minute, as if under some touch of feeling for the loss of their companion. But if they experienced such, they did not long remain under its influence, for all hands went presently to work to fill up the grave; and Brown, perceiving that the task would be soon ended, thought it best to take the gipsy-woman's hint and walk as fast as possible until he should gain the shelter of the plantation.

Having arrived under cover of the trees, his first thought was of the gipsy's purse. He had accepted it without hesitation, though with something like a feeling of degradation,

arising from the character of the person by whom he was thus accommodated. But it relieved him from a serious though temporary embarrassment. His money, excepting a very few shillings, was in his portmanteau, and that was in possession of Meg's friends. Some time was necessary to write to his agent, or even to apply to his good host at Charlie's Hope, who would gladly have supplied him. In the meantime he resolved to avail himself of Meg's subsidy, confident he should have a speedy opportunity of replacing it with a handsome gratuity. 'It can be but a trifling sum,' he said to himself, 'and I dare-say the good lady may have a share of my bank-notes to make amends.'

With these reflections he opened the leathern purse, expecting to find at most three or four guineas. But how much was he surprised to discover that it contained, besides a considerable quantity of gold pieces, of different coinages and various countries, the joint amount of which could not be short of a hundred pounds, several valuable rings and ornaments set with jewels, and, as appeared from the slight inspection he had time to give them, of very considerable value.

Brown was equally astonished and embarrassed by the circumstances in which he found himself, possessed, as he now appeared to be, of property to a much greater amount than his own, but which had been obtained in all probability by the same nefarious means through which he had himself been plundered. His first thought was to inquire after the nearest justice of peace, and to place in his hands the treasure of which he had thus unexpectedly become the depositary, telling at the same time his own remarkable story. But a moment's consideration brought several objections to this mode of procedure. In the first place, by observing this course he should break his promise of silence, and might probably by that means involve the safety, perhaps the life, of this woman, who had risked her own to preserve his, and who had voluntarily endowed him with this treasure — a generosity which might thus become the means of her ruin. This was not to be thought of. Besides, he was a stranger, and for a time at least unprovided with means of establishing his own character and credit to the satisfaction of a stupid or obstinate country magistrate. 'I will think over the matter more maturely,' he said; 'perhaps there may be a regiment quartered at the county town, in which case my knowledge of the service and acquaintance with many officers of the army cannot fail

to establish my situation and character by evidence which a civil judge could not sufficiently estimate. And then I shall have the commanding officer's assistance in managing matters so as to screen this unhappy madwoman, whose mistake or prejudice has been so fortunate for me. A civil magistrate might think himself obliged to send out warrants for her at once, and the consequence, in case of her being taken, is pretty evident. No, she has been upon honour with me if she were the devil, and I will be equally upon honour with her. She shall have the privilege of a court-martial, where the point of honour can qualify strict law. Besides, I may see her at this place, Kipple — Couple — what did she call it? and then I can make restitution to her, and e'en let the law claim its own when it can secure her. In the meanwhile, however, I cut rather an awkward figure for one who has the honour to bear his Majesty's commission, being little better than the receiver of stolen goods.'

With these reflections, Brown took from the gipsy's treasure three or four guineas, for the purpose of his immediate expenses, and, tying up the rest in the purse which contained them, resolved not again to open it until he could either restore it to her by whom it was given, or put it into the hands of some public functionary. He next thought of the cutlass, and his first impulse was to leave it in the plantation. But, when he considered the risk of meeting with these ruffians, he could not resolve on parting with his arms. His walking-dress, though plain, had so much of a military character as suited not amiss with his having such a weapon. Besides, though the custom of wearing swords by persons out of uniform had been gradually becoming antiquated, it was not yet so totally forgotten as to occasion any particular remark towards those who chose to adhere to it. Retaining, therefore, his weapon of defence, and placing the purse of the gipsy in a private pocket, our traveller strode gallantly on through the wood in search of the promised highroad.

# CHAPTER XXIX

All school-day's friendship, childhood innocence!
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

JULIA MANNERING TO MATILDA MARCHMONT

'HOW can you upbraid me, my dearest Matilda, with abatement in friendship or fluctuation in affection? Is it possible for me to forget that you are the chosen of my heart, in whose faithful bosom I have deposited every feeling which your poor Julia dares to acknowledge to herself? And you do me equal injustice in upbraiding me with exchanging your friendship for that of Lucy Bertram. I assure you she has not the materials I must seek for in a bosom confidante. She is a charming girl, to be sure, and I like her very much, and I confess our forenoon and evening engagements have left me less time for the exercise of my pen than our proposed regularity of correspondence demands. But she is totally devoid of elegant accomplishments, excepting the knowledge of French and Italian, which she acquired from the most grotesque monster you ever beheld, whom my father has engaged as a kind of librarian, and whom he patronises, I believe, to show his defiance of the world's opinion. Colonel Mannering seems to have formed a determination that nothing shall be considered as ridiculous so long as it appertains to or is connected with him. I remember in India he had picked up somewhere a little mongrel cur, with bandy legs, a long back, and huge flapping ears. Of this uncouth creature he chose to make a favourite, in despite of all taste and opinion; and I remember one instance which he alleged, of what he called Brown's petulance, was, that he had

criticised severely the crooked legs and drooping ears of Bingo. On my word, Matilda, I believe he nurses his high opinion of this most awkward of all pedants upon a similar principle. He seats the creature at table, where he pronounces a grace that sounds like the scream of the man in the square that used to cry mackerel, flings his meat down his throat by shovelfuls, like a dustman loading his cart, and apparently without the most distant perception of what he is swallowing, then bleats forth another unnatural set of tones by way of returning thanks, stalks out of the room, and immerses himself among a parcel of huge worm-eaten folios that are as uncouth as himself! I could endure the creature well enough had I anybody to laugh at him along with me; but Lucy Bertram, if I but verge on the border of a jest affecting this same Mr. Sampson (such is the horrid man's horrid name), looks so piteous that it deprives me of all spirit to proceed, and my father knits his brow, flashes fire from his eye, bites his lip, and says something that is extremely rude and uncomfortable to my feelings.

'It was not of this creature, however, that I meant to speak to you, only that, being a good scholar in the modern as well as the ancient languages, he has contrived to make Lucy Bertram mistress of the former, and she has only, I believe, to thank her own good sense, or obstinacy, that the Greek, Latin (and Hebrew, for aught I know), were not added to her acquisitions. And thus she really has a great fund of information, and I assure you I am daily surprised at the power which she seems to possess of amusing herself by recalling and arranging the subjects of her former reading. We read together every morning, and I begin to like Italian much better than when we were teased by that conceited animal Cicipici. This is the way to spell his name, and not Chichipichi; you see I grow a connoisseur.

'But perhaps I like Miss Bertram more for the accomplishments she wants than for the knowledge she possesses. She knows nothing of music whatever, and no more of dancing than is here common to the meanest peasants, who, by the way, dance with great zeal and spirit. So that I am instructor in my turn, and she takes with great gratitude lessons from me upon the harpsichord; and I have even taught her some of La Pique's steps, and you know he thought me a promising scholar.

'In the evening papa often reads, and I assure you he is the best reader of poetry you ever heard; not like that actor who made a kind of jumble between reading and acting, — staring,

and bending his brow, and twisting his face, and gesticulating as if he were on the stage and dressed out in all his costume. My father's manner is quite different; it is the reading of a gentleman, who produces effect by feeling, taste, and inflection of voice, not by action or mummery. Lucy Bertram rides remarkably well, and I can now accompany her on horseback, having become emboldened by example. We walk also a good deal in spite of the cold. So, upon the whole, I have not quite so much time for writing as I used to have.

'Besides, my love, I must really use the apology of all stupid correspondents, that I have nothing to say. My hopes, my fears, my anxieties about Brown are of a less interesting cast since I know that he is at liberty and in health. Besides, I must own I think that by this time the gentleman might have given me some intimation what he was doing. Our intercourse may be an imprudent one, but it is not very complimentary to me that Mr. Vanbeest Brown should be the first to discover that such is the case, and to break off in consequence. I can promise him that we might not differ much in opinion should that happen to be his, for I have sometimes thought I have behaved extremely foolishly in that matter. Yet I have so good an opinion of poor Brown, that I cannot but think there is something extraordinary in his silence.

'To return to Lucy Bertram. No, my dearest Matilda, she can never, never rival you in my regard, so that all your affectionate jealousy on that account is without foundation. She is, to be sure, a very pretty, a very sensible, a very affectionate girl, and I think there are few persons to whose consolatory friendship I could have recourse more freely in what are called the real evils of life. But then these so seldom come in one's way, and one wants a friend who will sympathise with distresses of sentiment as well as with actual misfortune. Heaven knows, and you know, my dearest Matilda, that these diseases of the heart require the balm of sympathy and affection as much as the evils of a more obvious and determinate character. Now Lucy Bertram has nothing of this kindly sympathy, nothing at all, my dearest Matilda. Were I sick of a fever, she would sit up night after night to nurse me with the most unrepining patience; but with the fever of the heart, which my Matilda has soothed so often, she has no more sympathy than her old tutor. And yet what provokes me is, that the demure monkey actually has a lover of her own, and that their mutual affection (for mutual I take it to be) has a great deal of complicated and

romantic interest. She was once, you must know, a great heiress, but was ruined by the prodigality of her father and the villainy of a horrid man in whom he confided. And one of the handsomest young gentlemen in the country is attached to her; but, as he is heir to a great estate, she discourages his addresses on account of the disproportion of their fortune.

'But with all this moderation, and self-denial, and modesty, and so forth, Lucy is a sly girl. I am sure she loves young Hazlewood, and I am sure he has some guess of that, and would probably bring her to acknowledge it too if my father or she would allow him an opportunity. But you must know the Colonel is always himself in the way to pay Miss Bertram those attentions which afford the best indirect opportunities for a young gentleman in Hazlewood's situation. I would have my good papa take care that he does not himself pay the usual penalty of meddling folks. I assure you, if I were Hazlewood I should look on his compliments, his bowings, his cloakings, his shawlings, and his handings with some little suspicion; and truly I think Hazlewood does so too at some odd times. Then imagine what a silly figure your poor Julia makes on such occasions! Here is my father making the agreeable to my friend; there is young Hazlewood watching every word of her lips, and every motion of her eye; and I have not the poor satisfaction of interesting a human being, not even the exotic monster of a parson, for even he sits with his mouth open, and his huge round goggling eyes fixed like those of a statue, admiring Mess Baartram!

'All this makes me sometimes a little nervous, and sometimes a little mischievous. I was so provoked at my father and the lovers the other day for turning me completely out of their thoughts and society, that I began an attack upon Hazlewood, from which it was impossible for him, in common civility, to escape. He insensibly became warm in his defence, — I assure you, Matilda, he is a very clever as well as a very handsome young man, and I don't think I ever remember having seen him to the same advantage, — when, behold, in the midst of our lively conversation, a very soft sigh from Miss Lucy reached my not ungratified ears. I was greatly too generous to prosecute my victory any farther, even if I had not been afraid of papa. Luckily for me, he had at that moment got into a long description of the peculiar notions and manners of a certain tribe of Indians who live far up the country, and was illustrating them by making drawings on Miss Bertram's work-patterns,

three of which he utterly damaged by introducing among the intricacies of the pattern his specimens of Oriental costume. But I believe she thought as little of her own gown at the moment as of the India turbands and cummerbands. However, it was quite as well for me that he did not see all the merit of my little manœuvre, for he is as sharp-sighted as a hawk, and a sworn enemy to the slightest shade of coquetry.

'Well, Matilda, Hazlewood heard this same half-audible sigh, and instantly repented his temporary attentions to such an unworthy object as your Julia, and, with a very comical expression of consciousness, drew near to Lucy's work-table. He made some trifling observation, and her reply was one in which nothing but an ear as acute as that of a lover, or a curious observer like myself, could have distinguished anything more cold and dry than usual. But it conveyed reproof to the self-accusing hero, and he stood abashed accordingly. You will admit that I was called upon in generosity to act as mediator. So I mingled in the conversation, in the quiet tone of an unobserving and uninterested third party, led them into their former habits of easy chat, and, after having served awhile as the channel of communication through which they chose to address each other, set them down to a pensive game at chess, and very dutifully went to tease papa, who was still busied with his drawings. The chess-players, you must observe, were placed near the chimney, beside a little work-table, which held the board and men, the Colonel at some distance, with lights upon a library table; for it is a large old-fashioned room, with several recesses, and hung with grim tapestry, representing what it might have puzzled the artist himself to explain.

'"Is chess a very interesting game, papa?"

'"I am told so," without honouring me with much of his notice.

'"I should think so, from the attention Mr. Hazlewood and Lucy are bestowing on it."

'He raised his head hastily and held his pencil suspended for an instant. Apparently he saw nothing that excited his suspicions, for he was resuming the folds of a Mahratta's turban in tranquillity when I interrupted him with — "How old is Miss Bertram, sir?"

'"How should I know, Miss? About your own age, I suppose."

'"Older, I should think, sir. You are always telling me how much more decorously she goes through all the honours of the

tea-table. Lord, papa, what if you should give her a right to preside once and for ever!"

'"Julia, my dear," returned papa, "you are either a fool outright or you are more disposed to make mischief than I have yet believed you."

'"Oh, my dear sir! put your best construction upon it; I would not be thought a fool for all the world."

'"Then why do you talk like one?" said my father.

'"Lord, sir, I am sure there is nothing so foolish in what I said just now. Everybody knows you are a very handsome man" (a smile was just visible), "that is, for your time of life" (the dawn was overcast), "which is far from being advanced, and I am sure I don't know why you should not please yourself, if you have a mind. I am sensible I am but a thoughtless girl, and if a graver companion could render you more happy——"

'There was a mixture of displeasure and grave affection in the manner in which my father took my hand, that was a severe reproof to me for trifling with his feelings. "Julia," he said, "I bear with much of your petulance because I think I have in some degree deserved it, by neglecting to superintend your education sufficiently closely. Yet I would not have you give it the rein upon a subject so delicate. If you do not respect the feelings of your surviving parent towards the memory of her whom you have lost, attend at least to the sacred claims of misfortune; and observe, that the slightest hint of such a jest reaching Miss Bertram's ears would at once induce her to renounce her present asylum, and go forth, without a protector, into a world she has already felt so unfriendly."

'What could I say to this, Matilda? I only cried heartily, begged pardon, and promised to be a good girl in future. And so here am I neutralised again, for I cannot, in honour or common good-nature, tease poor Lucy by interfering with Hazlewood, although she has so little confidence in me; and neither can I, after this grave appeal, venture again upon such delicate ground with papa. So I burn little rolls of paper, and sketch Turks' heads upon visiting cards with the blackened end — I assure you I succeeded in making a superb Hyder-Ally last night — and I jingle on my unfortunate harpsichord, and begin at the end of a grave book and read it backward. After all, I begin to be very much vexed about Brown's silence. Had he been obliged to leave the country, I am sure he would at least have written to me. Is it possible that my father can have intercepted his letters? But no, that is contrary to all his

principles; I don't think he would open a letter addressed to me to-night, to prevent my jumping out of window to-morrow. What an expression I have suffered to escape my pen! I should be ashamed of it, even to you, Matilda, and used in jest. But I need not take much merit for acting as I ought to do. This same Mr. Vanbeest Brown is by no means so very ardent a lover as to hurry the object of his attachment into such inconsiderate steps. He gives one full time to reflect, that must be admitted. However, I will not blame him unheard, nor permit myself to doubt the manly firmness of a character which I have so often extolled to you. Were he capable of doubt, of fear, of the shadow of change, I should have little to regret.

'And why, you will say, when I expect such steady and unalterable constancy from a lover, why should I be anxious about what Hazlewood does, or to whom he offers his attentions? I ask myself the question a hundred times a-day, and it only receives the very silly answer that one does not like to be neglected, though one would not encourage a serious infidelity.

'I write all these trifles because you say that they amuse you, and yet I wonder how they should. I remember, in our stolen voyages to the world of fiction, you always admired the grand and the romantic, — tales of knights, dwarfs, giants, and distressed damsels, soothsayers, visions, beckoning ghosts, and bloody hands; whereas I was partial to the involved intrigues of private life, or at farthest to so much only of the supernatural as is conferred by the agency of an Eastern genie or a beneficent fairy. *You* would have loved to shape your course of life over the broad ocean, with its dead calms and howling tempests, its tornadoes, and its billows mountain-high; whereas I should like to trim my little pinnace to a brisk breeze in some inland lake or tranquil bay, where there was just difficulty of navigation sufficient to give interest and to require skill without any sensible degree of danger. So that, upon the whole, Matilda, I think you should have had my father, with his pride of arms and of ancestry, his chivalrous point of honour, his high talents, and his abstruse and mystic studies. You should have had Lucy Bertram too for your friend, whose fathers, with names which alike defy memory and orthography, ruled over this romantic country, and whose birth took place, as I have been indistinctly informed, under circumstances of deep and peculiar interest. You should have had, too, our Scottish residence, surrounded by mountains, and our lonely

walks to haunted ruins. And I should have had, in exchange, the lawns and shrubs, and green-houses and conservatories, of Pine Park, with your good, quiet, indulgent aunt, her chapel in the morning, her nap after dinner, her hand at whist in the evening, not forgetting her fat coach-horses and fatter coachman. Take notice, however, that Brown is not included in this proposed barter of mine; his good-humour, lively conversation, and open gallantry suit my plan of life as well as his athletic form, handsome features, and high spirit would accord with a character of chivalry. So, as we cannot change altogether out and out, I think we must e'en abide as we are.'

# CHAPTER XXX

I renounce your defiance; if you parley so roughly I'll barricado my gates against you. Do you see yon bay window? Storm, I care not, serving the good Duke of Norfolk.

*Merry Devil of Edmonton.*

## Julia Mannering to Matilda Marchmont

'I RISE from a sick-bed, my dearest Matilda, to communicate the strange and frightful scenes which have just passed. Alas! how little we ought to jest with futurity! I closed my letter to you in high spirits, with some flippant remarks on your taste for the romantic and extraordinary in fictitious narrative. How little I expected to have had such events to record in the course of a few days! And to witness scenes of terror, or to contemplate them in description, is as different, my dearest Matilda, as to bend over the brink of a precipice holding by the frail tenure of a half-rooted shrub, or to admire the same precipice as represented in the landscape of Salvator. But I will not anticipate my narrative.

'The first part of my story is frightful enough, though it had nothing to interest my feelings. You must know that this country is particularly favourable to the commerce of a set of desperate men from the Isle of Man, which is nearly opposite. These smugglers are numerous, resolute, and formidable, and have at different times become the dread of the neighbourhood when any one has interfered with their contraband trade. The local magistrates, from timidity or worse motives, have become shy of acting against them, and impunity has rendered them equally daring and desperate. With all this my father, a stranger in the land, and invested with no official authority, had, one would think, nothing to do. But it must be owned that, as he himself expresses it, he was born when Mars was lord of his ascendant, and that strife and bloodshed find him out in circumstances and situations the most retired and pacific.

'About eleven o'clock on last Tuesday morning, while Hazlewood and my father were proposing to walk to a little lake about three miles' distance, for the purpose of shooting wild ducks, and while Lucy and I were busied with arranging our plan of work and study for the day, we were alarmed by the sound of horses' feet advancing very fast up the avenue. The ground was hardened by a severe frost, which made the clatter of the hoofs sound yet louder and sharper. In a moment two or three men, armed, mounted, and each leading a spare horse loaded with packages, appeared on the lawn, and, without keeping upon the road, which makes a small sweep, pushed right across for the door of the house. Their appearance was in the utmost degree hurried and disordered, and they frequently looked back like men who apprehended a close and deadly pursuit. My father and Hazlewood hurried to the front door to demand who they were, and what was their business. They were revenue officers, they stated, who had seized these horses, loaded with contraband articles, at a place about three miles off. But the smugglers had been reinforced, and were now pursuing them with the avowed purpose of recovering the goods, and putting to death the officers who had presumed to do their duty. The men said that, their horses being loaded, and the pursuers gaining ground upon them, they had fled to Woodbourne, conceiving that, as my father had served the King, he would not refuse to protect the servants of government when threatened to be murdered in the discharge of their duty.

'My father, to whom, in his enthusiastic feelings of military loyalty, even a dog would be of importance if he came in the King's name, gave prompt orders for securing the goods in the hall, arming the servants, and defending the house in case it should be necessary. Hazlewood seconded him with great spirit, and even the strange animal they call Sampson stalked out of his den, and seized upon a fowling-piece which my father had laid aside to take what they call a rifle-gun, with which they shoot tigers, etc., in the East. The piece went off in the awkward hands of the poor parson, and very nearly shot one of the excisemen. At this unexpected and involuntary explosion of his weapon, the Dominie (such is his nickname) exclaimed, "Prodigious!" which is his usual ejaculation when astonished. But no power could force the man to part with his discharged piece, so they were content to let him retain it, with the precaution of trusting him with no ammunition. This

(excepting the alarm occasioned by the report) escaped my notice at the time, you may easily believe; but, in talking over the scene afterwards, Hazlewood made us very merry with the Dominie's ignorant but zealous valour.

'When my father had got everything into proper order for defence, and his people stationed at the windows with their fire-arms, he wanted to order us out of danger — into the cellar, I believe — but we could not be prevailed upon to stir. Though terrified to death, I have so much of his own spirit that I would look upon the peril which threatens us rather than hear it rage around me without knowing its nature or its progress. Lucy, looking as pale as a marble statue, and keeping her eyes fixed on Hazlewood, seemed not even to hear the prayers with which he conjured her to leave the front of the house. But in truth, unless the hall-door should be forced, we were in little danger; the windows being almost blocked up with cushions and pillows, and, what the Dominie most lamented, with folio volumes, brought hastily from the library, leaving only spaces through which the defenders might fire upon the assailants.

'My father had now made his dispositions, and we sat in breathless expectation in the darkened apartment, the men remaining all silent upon their posts, in anxious contemplation probably of the approaching danger. My father, who was quite at home in such a scene, walked from one to another and reiterated his orders that no one should presume to fire until he gave the word. Hazlewood, who seemed to catch courage from his eye, acted as his aid-de-camp, and displayed the utmost alertness in bearing his directions from one place to another, and seeing them properly carried into execution. Our force, with the strangers included, might amount to about twelve men.

'At length the silence of this awful period of expectation was broken by a sound which at a distance was like the rushing of a stream of water, but as it approached we distinguished the thick-beating clang of a number of horses advancing very fast. I had arranged a loop-hole for myself, from which I could see the approach of the enemy. The noise increased and came nearer, and at length thirty horsemen and more rushed at once upon the lawn. You never saw such horrid wretches! Notwithstanding the severity of the season, they were most of them stripped to their shirts and trowsers, with silk handkerchiefs knotted about their heads, and all well

armed with carbines, pistols, and cutlasses. I, who am a soldier's daughter, and accustomed to see war from my infancy, was never so terrified in my life as by the savage appearance of these ruffians, their horses reeking with the speed at which they had ridden, and their furious exclamations of rage and disappointment when they saw themselves baulked of their prey. They paused, however, when they saw the preparations made to receive them, and appeared to hold a moment's consultation among themselves. At length one of the party, his face blackened with gunpowder by way of disguise, came forward with a white handkerchief on the end of his carbine, and asked to speak with Colonel Mannering. My father, to my infinite terror, threw open a window near which he was posted, and demanded what he wanted. "We want our goods, which we have been robbed of by these sharks," said the fellow; "and our lieutenant bids me say that, if they are delivered, we 'll go off for this bout without clearing scores with the rascals who took them; but if not, we 'll burn the house, and have the heart's blood of every one in it," — a threat which he repeated more than once, graced by a fresh variety of imprecations, and the most horrid denunciations that cruelty could suggest.

'"And which is your lieutenant?" said my father in reply.

'"That gentleman on the grey horse," said the miscreant, "with the red handkerchief bound about his brow."

'"Then be pleased to tell that gentleman that, if he and the scoundrels who are with him do not ride off the lawn this instant, I will fire upon them without ceremony." So saying, my father shut the window and broke short the conference.

'The fellow no sooner regained his troop than, with a loud hurra, or rather a savage yell, they fired a volley against our garrison. The glass of the windows was shattered in every direction, but the precautions already noticed saved the party within from suffering. Three such volleys were fired without a shot being returned from within. My father then observed them getting hatchets and crows, probably to assail the hall-door, and called aloud, "Let none fire but Hazlewood and me; Hazlewood, mark the ambassador." He himself aimed at the man on the grey horse, who fell on receiving his shot. Hazlewood was equally successful. He shot the spokesman, who had dismounted and was advancing with an axe in his hand. Their fall discouraged the rest, who began to turn round their

horses, and a few shots fired at them soon sent them off, bearing along with them their slain or wounded companions. We could not observe that they suffered any farther loss. Shortly after their retreat a party of soldiers made their appearance, to my infinite relief. These men were quartered at a village some miles distant, and had marched on the first rumour of the skirmish. A part of them escorted the terrified revenue officers and their seizure to a neighbouring seaport as a place of safety, and at my earnest request two or three files remained with us for that and the following day, for the security of the house from the vengeance of these banditti.

'Such, dearest Matilda, was my first alarm. I must not forget to add that the ruffians left, at a cottage on the roadside, the man whose face was blackened with powder, apparently because he was unable to bear transportation. He died in about half an hour after. On examining the corpse, it proved to be that of a profligate boor in the neighbourhood, a person notorious as a poacher and smuggler. We received many messages of congratulation from the neighbouring families, and it was generally allowed that a few such instances of spirited resistance would greatly check the presumption of these lawless men. My father distributed rewards among his servants, and praised Hazlewood's courage and coolness to the skies. Lucy and I came in for a share of his applause, because we had stood fire with firmness, and had not disturbed him with screams or expostulations. As for the Dominie, my father took an opportunity of begging to exchange snuff-boxes with him. The honest gentleman was much flattered with the proposal, and extolled the beauty of his new snuff-box excessively. "It looked," he said, "as well as if it were real gold from Ophir." Indeed, it would be odd if it should not, being formed in fact of that very metal; but, to do this honest creature justice, I believe the knowledge of its real value would not enhance his sense of my father's kindness, supposing it, as he does, to be pinchbeck gilded. He has had a hard task replacing the folios which were used in the barricade, smoothing out the creases and dog's-ears, and repairing the other disasters they have sustained during their service in the fortification. He brought us some pieces of lead and bullets which these ponderous tomes had intercepted during the action, and which he had extracted with great care; and, were I in spirits, I could give you a comic account of his astonishment at the apathy with which we heard of the wounds and mutilation

suffered by Thomas Aquinas or the venerable Chrysostom. But I am not in spirits, and I have yet another and a more interesting incident to communicate. I feel, however, so much fatigued with my present exertion that I cannot resume the pen till to-morrow. I will detain this letter notwithstanding, that you may not feel any anxiety upon account of your own

'JULIA MANNERING.'

# CHAPTER XXXI

Here's a good world !
Knew you of this fair work ?
*King John.*

JULIA MANNERING TO MATILDA MARCHMONT

'I MUST take up the thread of my story, my dearest Matilda, where I broke off yesterday.

'For two or three days we talked of nothing but our siege and its probable consequences, and dinned into my father's unwilling ears a proposal to go to Edinburgh, or at least to Dumfries, where there is remarkably good society, until the resentment of these outlaws should blow over. He answered with great composure that he had no mind to have his landlord's house and his own property at Woodbourne destroyed; that, with our good leave, he had usually been esteemed competent to taking measures for the safety or protection of his family; that, if he remained quiet at home, he conceived the welcome the villains had received was not of a nature to invite a second visit, but should he show any signs of alarm, it would be the sure way to incur the very risk which we were afraid of. Heartened by his arguments, and by the extreme indifference with which he treated the supposed danger, we began to grow a little bolder, and to walk about as usual. Only the gentlemen were sometimes invited to take their guns when they attended us, and I observed that my father for several nights paid particular attention to having the house properly secured, and required his domestics to keep their arms in readiness in case of necessity.

'But three days ago chanced an occurrence of a nature which alarmed me more by far than the attack of the smugglers.

'I told you there was a small lake at some distance from Woodbourne, where the gentlemen sometimes go to shoot

wild-fowl. I happened at breakfast to say I should like to see this place in its present frozen state, occupied by skaters and curlers, as they call those who play a particular sort of game upon the ice. There is snow on the ground, but frozen so hard that I thought Lucy and I might venture to that distance, as the footpath leading there was well beaten by the repair of those who frequented it for pastime. Hazlewood instantly offered to attend us, and we stipulated that he should take his fowling-piece. He laughed a good deal at the idea of going a-shooting in the snow; but, to relieve our tremors, desired that a groom, who acts as gamekeeper occasionally, should follow us with his gun. As for Colonel Mannering, he does not like crowds or sights of any kind where human figures make up the show, unless indeed it were a military review, so he declined the party.

'We set out unusually early, on a fine, frosty, exhilarating morning, and we felt our minds, as well as our nerves, braced by the elasticity of the pure air. Our walk to the lake was delightful, or at least the difficulties were only such as diverted us, — a slippery descent, for instance, or a frozen ditch to cross, which made Hazlewood's assistance absolutely necessary. I don't think Lucy liked her walk the less for these occasional embarrassments.

'The scene upon the lake was beautiful. One side of it is bordered by a steep crag, from which hung a thousand enormous icicles all glittering in the sun; on the other side was a little wood, now exhibiting that fantastic appearance which the pine trees present when their branches are loaded with snow. On the frozen bosom of the lake itself were a multitude of moving figures, some flitting along with the velocity of swallows, some sweeping in the most graceful circles, and others deeply interested in a less active pastime, crowding round the spot where the inhabitants of two rival parishes contended for the prize at curling, — an honour of no small importance, if we were to judge from the anxiety expressed both by the players and bystanders. We walked round the little lake, supported by Hazlewood, who lent us each an arm. He spoke, poor fellow, with great kindness to old and young, and seemed deservedly popular among the assembled crowd. At length we thought of retiring.

'Why do I mention these trivial occurrences? Not, Heaven knows, from the interest I can now attach to them; but because, like a drowning man who catches at a brittle twig, I seize every

apology for delaying the subsequent and dreadful part of my narrative. But it must be communicated: I must have the sympathy of at least one friend under this heart-rending calamity.

'We were returning home by a footpath which led through a plantation of firs. Lucy had quitted Hazelwood's arm; it is only the plea of absolute necessity which reconciles her to accept his assistance. I still leaned upon his other arm. Lucy followed us close, and the servant was two or three paces behind us. Such was our position, when at once, and as if he had started out of the earth, Brown stood before us at a short turn of the road! He was very plainly, I might say coarsely, dressed, and his whole appearance had in it something wild and agitated. I screamed between surprise and terror. Hazlewood mistook the nature of my alarm, and, when Brown advanced towards me as if to speak, commanded him haughtily to stand back, and not to alarm the lady. Brown replied, with equal asperity, he had no occasion to take lessons from him how to behave to that or any other lady. I rather believe that Hazlewood, impressed with the idea that he belonged to the band of smugglers, and had some bad purpose in view, heard and understood him imperfectly. He snatched the gun from the servant, who had come up on a line with us, and, pointing the muzzle at Brown, commanded him to stand off at his peril. My screams, for my terror prevented my finding articulate language, only hastened the catastrophe. Brown, thus menaced, sprung upon Hazlewood, grappled with him, and had nearly succeeded in wrenching the fowling-piece from his grasp, when the gun went off in the struggle, and the contents were lodged in Hazlewood's shoulder, who instantly fell. I saw no more, for the whole scene reeled before my eyes, and I fainted away; but, by Lucy's report, the unhappy perpetrator of this action gazed a moment on the scene before him, until her screams began to alarm the people upon the lake, several of whom now came in sight. He then bounded over a hedge which divided the footpath from the plantation, and has not since been heard of. The servant made no attempt to stop or secure him, and the report he made of the matter to those who came up to us induced them rather to exercise their humanity in recalling me to life, than show their courage by pursuing a desperado, described by the groom as a man of tremendous personal strength, and completely armed.

'Hazlewood was conveyed home, that is, to Woodbourne, in

safety; I trust his wound will prove in no respect dangerous, though he suffers much. But to Brown the consequences must be most disastrous. He is already the object of my father's resentment, and he has now incurred danger from the law of the country, as well as from the clamorous vengeance of the father of Hazlewood, who threatens to move heaven and earth against the author of his son's wound. How will he be able to shroud himself from the vindictive activity of the pursuit? how to defend himself, if taken, against the severity of laws which, I am told, may even affect his life? and how can I find means to warn him of his danger? Then poor Lucy's ill-concealed grief, occasioned by her lover's wound, is another source of distress to me, and everything round me appears to bear witness against that indiscretion which has occasioned this calamity.

'For two days I was very ill indeed. The news that Hazlewood was recovering, and that the person who had shot him was nowhere to be traced, only that for certain he was one of the leaders of the gang of smugglers, gave me some comfort. The suspicion and pursuit being directed towards those people must naturally facilitate Brown's escape, and I trust has ere this ensured it. But patrols of horse and foot traverse the country in all directions, and I am tortured by a thousand confused and unauthenticated rumours of arrests and discoveries.

'Meanwhile my greatest source of comfort is the generous candour of Hazlewood, who persists in declaring that, with whatever intentions the person by whom he was wounded approached our party, he is convinced the gun went off in the struggle by accident, and that the injury he received was undesigned. The groom, on the other hand, maintains that the piece was wrenched out of Hazlewood's hands and deliberately pointed at his body, and Lucy inclines to the same opinion; I do not suspect them of wilful exaggeration, yet such is the fallacy of human testimony, for the unhappy shot was most unquestionably discharged unintentionally. Perhaps it would be the best way to confide the whole secret to Hazlewood; but he is very young, and I feel the utmost repugnance to communicate to him my folly. I once thought of disclosing the mystery to Lucy, and began by asking what she recollected of the person and features of the man whom we had so unfortunately met; but she ran out into such a horrid description of a hedge-ruffian, that I was deprived of all courage and disposition to own my attach-

ment to one of such appearance as she attributed to him. I must say Miss Bertram is strangely biassed by her prepossessions, for there are fewer handsomer men than poor Brown. I had not seen him for a long time, and even in his strange and sudden apparition on this unhappy occasion, and under every disadvantage, his form seems to me, on reflection, improved in grace and his features in expressive dignity. Shall we ever meet again? Who can answer that question? Write to me kindly, my dearest Matilda; but when did you otherwise? Yet, again, write to me soon, and write to me kindly. I am not in a situation to profit by advice or reproof, nor have I my usual spirits to parry them by raillery. I feel the terrors of a child who has in heedless sport put in motion some powerful piece of machinery; and, while he beholds wheels revolving, chains clashing, cylinders rolling around him, is equally astonished at the tremendous powers which his weak agency has called into action, and terrified for the consequences which he is compelled to await, without the possibility of averting them.

'I must not omit to say that my father is very kind and affectionate. The alarm which I have received forms a sufficient apology for my nervous complaints. My hopes are, that Brown has made his escape into the sister kingdom of England, or perhaps to Ireland or the Isle of Man. In either case he may wait the issue of Hazlewood's wound with safety and with patience, for the communication of these countries with Scotland, for the purpose of justice, is not (thank Heaven) of an intimate nature. The consequences of his being apprehended would be terrible at this moment. I endeavour to strengthen my mind by arguing against the possibility of such a calamity. Alas! how soon have sorrows and fears, real as well as severe, followed the uniform and tranquil state of existence at which so lately I was disposed to repine! But I will not oppress you any longer with my complaints. Adieu, my dearest Matilda!

'JULIA MANNERING.'

# CHAPTER XXXII

A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears. See how yon justice rails upon yon simple thief. Hark in thine ear: Change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?

*King Lear.*

AMONG those who took the most lively interest in endeavouring to discover the person by whom young Charles Hazlewood had been waylaid and wounded was Gilbert Glossin, Esquire, late writer in ——, now Laird of Ellangowan, and one of the worshipful commission of justices of the peace for the county of ——. His motives for exertion on this occasion were manifold; but we presume that our readers, from what they already know of this gentleman, will acquit him of being actuated by any zealous or intemperate love of abstract justice.

The truth was, that this respectable personage felt himself less at ease than he had expected, after his machinations put him in possession of his benefactor's estate. His reflections within doors, where so much occurred to remind him of former times, were not always the self-congratulations of successful stratagem. And when he looked abroad he could not but be sensible that he was excluded from the society of the gentry of the county, to whose rank he conceived he had raised himself. He was not admitted to their clubs, and at meetings of a public nature, from which he could not be altogether excluded, he found himself thwarted and looked upon with coldness and contempt. Both principle and prejudice co-operated in creating this dislike; for the gentlemen of the county despised him for the lowness of his birth, while they hated him for the means by which he had raised his fortune. With the common people his reputation stood still worse. They would neither yield him the territorial appellation of Ellangowan nor the usual compliment of Mr. Glossin: with them he was bare Glossin; and so incredibly was his vanity interested by this trifling circumstance,

that he was known to give half-a-crown to a beggar because he had thrice called him Ellangowan in beseeching him for a penny. He therefore felt acutely the general want of respect, and particularly when he contrasted his own character and reception in society with those of Mr. Mac-Morlan, who, in far inferior worldly circumstances, was beloved and respected both by rich and poor, and was slowly but securely laying the foundation of a moderate fortune, with the general good-will and esteem of all who knew him.

Glossin, while he repined internally at what he would fain have called the prejudices and prepossessions of the country, was too wise to make any open complaint. He was sensible his elevation was too recent to be immediately forgotten, and the means by which he had attained it too odious to be soon forgiven. But time, thought he, diminishes wonder and palliates misconduct. With the dexterity, therefore, of one who made his fortune by studying the weak points of human nature, he determined to lie by for opportunities to make himself useful even to those who most disliked him; trusting that his own abilities, the disposition of country gentlemen to get into quarrels, when a lawyer's advice becomes precious, and a thousand other contingencies, of which, with patience and address, he doubted not to be able to avail himself, would soon place him in a more important and respectable light to his neighbours, and perhaps raise him to the eminence sometimes attained by a shrewd, worldly, bustling man of business, when, settled among a generation of country gentlemen, he becomes, in Burns's language,

> The tongue of the trump to them a'.

The attack on Colonel Mannering's house, followed by the accident of Hazlewood's wound, appeared to Glossin a proper opportunity to impress upon the country at large the service which could be rendered by an active magistrate (for he had been in the commission for some time), well acquainted with the law, and no less so with the haunts and habits of the illicit traders. He had acquired the latter kind of experience by a former close alliance with some of the most desperate smugglers, in consequence of which he had occasionally acted, sometimes as partner, sometimes as legal adviser, with these persons. But the connexion had been dropped many years; nor, considering how short the race of eminent characters of this description, and the frequent circumstances which occur to make them

retire from particular scenes of action, had he the least reason to think that his present researches could possibly compromise any old friend who might possess means of retaliation. The having been concerned in these practices abstractedly was a circumstance which, according to his opinion, ought in no respect to interfere with his now using his experience in behalf of the public, or rather to further his own private views. To acquire the good opinion and countenance of Colonel Mannering would be no small object to a gentleman who was much disposed to escape from Coventry; and to gain the favour of old Hazlewood, who was a leading man in the county, was of more importance still. Lastly, if he should succeed in discovering, apprehending, and convicting the culprits, he would have the satisfaction of mortifying, and in some degree disparaging, Mac-Morlan, to whom, as sheriff-substitute of the county, this sort of investigation properly belonged, and who would certainly suffer in public opinion should the voluntary exertions of Glossin be more successful than his own.

Actuated by motives so stimulating, and well acquainted with the lower retainers of the law, Glossin set every spring in motion to detect and apprehend, if possible, some of the gang who had attacked Woodbourne, and more particularly the individual who had wounded Charles Hazlewood. He promised high rewards, he suggested various schemes, and used his personal interest among his old acquaintances who favoured the trade, urging that they had better make sacrifice of an understrapper or two than incur the odium of having favoured such atrocious proceedings. But for some time all these exertions were in vain. The common people of the country either favoured or feared the smugglers too much to afford any evidence against them. At length this busy magistrate obtained information that a man, having the dress and appearance of the person who had wounded Hazlewood, had lodged on the evening before the *rencontre* at the Gordon Arms in Kippletringan. Thither Mr. Glossin immediately went, for the purpose of interrogating our old acquaintance Mrs. Mac-Candlish.

The reader may remember that Mr. Glossin did not, according to this good woman's phrase, stand high in her books. She therefore attended his summons to the parlour slowly and reluctantly, and, on entering the room, paid her respects in the coldest possible manner. The dialogue then proceeded as follows:

'A fine frosty morning, Mrs. Mac-Candlish.'

'Ay, sir; the morning 's weel eneugh,' answered the landlady, drily.

'Mrs. Mac-Candlish, I wish to know if the justices are to dine here as usual after the business of the court on Tuesday?'

'I believe — I fancy sae, sir — as usual' — (about to leave the room).

'Stay a moment, Mrs. Mac-Candlish; why, you are in a prodigious hurry, my good friend? I have been thinking a club dining here once a month would be a very pleasant thing.'

'Certainly, sir; a club of *respectable* gentlemen.'

'True, true,' said Glossin, 'I mean landed proprietors and gentlemen of weight in the county; and I should like to set such a thing agoing.'

The short dry cough with which Mrs. Mac-Candlish received this proposal by no means indicated any dislike to the overture abstractedly considered, but inferred much doubt how far it would succeed under the auspices of the gentleman by whom it was proposed. It was not a cough negative, but a cough dubious, and as such Glossin felt it; but it was not his cue to take offence.

'Have there been brisk doings on the road, Mrs. Mac-Candlish? Plenty of company, I suppose?'

'Pretty weel, sir, — but I believe I am wanted at the bar.'

'No, no; stop one moment, cannot you, to oblige an old customer? Pray, do you remember a remarkably tall young man who lodged one night in your house last week?'

'Troth, sir, I canna weel say; I never take heed whether my company be lang or short, if they make a lang bill.'

'And if they do not, you can do that for them, eh, Mrs. Mac-Candlish? ha, ha, ha! But this young man that I inquire after was upwards of six feet high, had a dark frock, with metal buttons, light-brown hair unpowdered, blue eyes, and a straight nose, travelled on foot, had no servant or baggage; you surely can remember having seen such a traveller?'

'Indeed, sir,' answered Mrs. Mac-Candlish, bent on baffling his inquiries, 'I canna charge my memory about the matter; there 's mair to do in a house like this, I trow, than to look after passengers' hair, or their een, or noses either.'

'Then, Mrs. Mac-Candlish, I must tell you in plain terms that this person is suspected of having been guilty of a crime; and it is in consequence of these suspicions that I, as a magistrate, require this information from you; and if you refuse to answer my questions, I must put you upon your oath.'

'Troth, sir, I am no free to swear;[1] we ay gaed to the Anti-burgher meeting. It 's very true, in Bailie Mac-Candlish's time (honest man) we keepit the kirk, whilk was most seemly in his station, as having office; but after his being called to a better place than Kippletringan I hae gaen back to worthy Maister Mac-Grainer. And so ye see, sir, I am no clear to swear without speaking to the minister, especially against ony sackless puir young thing that 's gaun through the country, stranger and freendless like.'

'I shall relieve your scruples, perhaps, without troubling Mr. Mac-Grainer, when I tell you that this fellow whom I inquire after is the man who shot your young friend Charles Hazlewood.'

'Gudeness! wha could hae thought the like o' that o' him? Na, if it had been for debt, or e'en for a bit tuilzie wi' the gauger, the deil o' Nelly Mac-Candlish's tongue should ever hae wranged him. But if he really shot young Hazlewood — but I canna think it, Mr. Glossin; this will be some o' your skits now. I canna think it o' sae douce a lad; na, na, this is just some o' your auld skits. Ye 'll be for having a horning or a caption after him.'

'I see you have no confidence in me, Mrs. Mac-Candlish; but look at these declarations, signed by the persons who saw the crime committed, and judge yourself if the description of the ruffian be not that of your guest.'

He put the papers into her hand, which she perused very carefully, often taking off her spectacles to cast her eyes up to heaven, or perhaps to wipe a tear from them, for young Hazlewood was an especial favourite with the good dame. 'Aweel, aweel,' she said, when she had concluded her examination, 'since it 's e'en sae, I gie him up, the villain. But O, we are erring mortals! I never saw a face I liked better, or a lad that was mair douce and canny: I thought he had been some gentleman under trouble. But I gie him up, the villain! To shoot Charles Hazlewood, and before the young ladies, poor innocent things! I gie him up.'

'So you admit, then, that such a person lodged here the night before this vile business?'

'Troth did he, sir, and a' the house were taen wi' him, he was sic a frank, pleasant young man. It wasna for his spending, I 'm sure, for he just had a mutton-chop and a mug of ale, and maybe a glass or twa o' wine; and I asked him to drink

[1] Some of the strict dissenters decline taking an oath before a civil magistrate.

tea wi' mysell, and didna put that into the bill; and he took nae supper, for he said he was defeat wi' travel a' the night afore. I daresay now it had been on some hellicat errand or other.'

'Did you by any chance learn his name?'

'I wot weel did I,' said the landlady, now as eager to communicate her evidence as formerly desirous to suppress it. 'He tell'd me his name was Brown, and he said it was likely that an auld woman like a gipsy wife might be asking for him. Ay, ay! tell me your company, and I'll tell you wha ye are! O the villain! Aweel, sir, when he gaed away in the morning he paid his bill very honestly, and gae something to the chambermaid nae doubt; for Grizzy has naething frae me, by twa pair o' new shoon ilka year, and maybe a bit compliment at Hansel Monanday——' Here Glossin found it necessary to interfere, and bring the good woman back to the point.

'Ou than, he just said, "If there comes such a person to inquire after Mr. Brown, you will say I am gone to look at the skaters on Loch Creeran, as you call it, and I will be back here to dinner." But he never came back, though I expected him sae faithfully that I gae a look to making the friar's chicken mysell, and to the crappit-heads too, and that's what I dinna do for ordinary, Mr. Glossin. But little did I think what skating wark he was gaun about — to shoot Mr. Charles, the innocent lamb!'

Mr. Glossin having, like a prudent examinator, suffered his witness to give vent to all her surprise and indignation, now began to inquire whether the suspected person had left any property or papers about the inn.

'Troth, he put a parcel — a sma' parcel — under my charge, and he gave me some siller, and desired me to get him half-a-dozen ruffled sarks, and Peg Pasley's in hands wi' them e'en now; they may serve him to gang up the Lawnmarket[1] in, the scoundrel!' Mr. Glossin then demanded to see the packet, but here mine hostess demurred.

'She didna ken — she wad not say but justice should take its course — but when a thing was trusted to ane in her way, doubtless they were responsible; but she suld cry in Deacon Bearcliff,

[1] The procession of the criminals to the gallows of old took that direction, moving, as the school-boy rhyme had it,

Up the Lawnmarket,
Down the West Bow,
Up the lang ladder,
And down the little tow.

and if Mr. Glossin liked to tak an inventar o' the property, and gie her a receipt before the Deacon — or, what she wad like muckle better, an it could be sealed up and left in Deacon Bearcliff's hands — it wad mak her mind easy. She was for naething but justice on a' sides.

Mrs. Mac-Candlish's natural sagacity and acquired suspicion being inflexible, Glossin sent for Deacon Bearcliff, to speak 'anent the villain that had shot Mr. Charles Hazlewood.' The Deacon accordingly made his appearance with his wig awry, owing to the hurry with which, at this summons of the Justice, he had exchanged it for the Kilmarnock cap in which he usually attended his customers. Mrs. Mac-Candlish then produced the parcel deposited with her by Brown, in which was found the gipsy's purse. On perceiving the value of the miscellaneous contents, Mrs. Mac-Candlish internally congratulated herself upon the precautions she had taken before delivering them up to Glossin, while he, with an appearance of disinterested candour, was the first to propose they should be properly inventoried, and deposited with Deacon Bearcliff, until they should be sent to the Crown-office. 'He did not, he observed, 'like to be personally responsible for articles which seemed of considerable value, and had doubtless been acquired by the most nefarious practices.'

He then examined the paper in which the purse had been wrapt up. It was the back of a letter addressed to V. Brown, Esquire, but the rest of the address was torn away. The landlady, now as eager to throw light upon the criminal's escape as she had formerly been desirous of withholding it, for the miscellaneous contents of the purse argued strongly to her mind that all was not right, — Mrs. Mac-Candlish, I say, now gave Glossin to understand that her postilion and hostler had both seen the stranger upon the ice that day when young Hazlewood was wounded.

Our readers' old acquaintance Jock Jabos was first summoned, and admitted frankly that he had seen and conversed upon the ice that morning with a stranger, who, he understood, had lodged at the Gordon Arms the night before.

'What turn did your conversation take?' said Glossin.

'Turn? ou, we turned nae gate at a', but just keepit straight forward upon the ice like.'

'Well, but what did ye speak about?'

'Ou, he just asked questions like ony ither stranger,' answered the postilion, possessed, as it seemed, with the

refractory and uncommunicative spirit which had left his mistress.

'But about what?' said Glossin.

'Ou, just about the folk that was playing at the curling, and about auld Jock Stevenson that was at the cock, and about the leddies, and sic like.'

'What ladies? and what did he ask about them, Jock?' said the interrogator.

'What leddies? Ou, it was Miss Jowlia Mannering and Miss Lucy Bertram, that ye ken fu' weel yoursell, Mr. Glossin; they were walking wi' the young Laird of Hazlewood upon the ice.'

'And what did you tell him about them?' demanded Glossin.

'Tut, we just said that was Miss Lucy Bertram of Ellangowan, that should ance have had a great estate in the country; and that was Miss Jowlia Mannering, that was to be married to young Hazlewood, see as she was hinging on his arm. We just spoke about our country clashes like; he was a very frank man.'

'Well, and what did he say in answer?'

'Ou, he just stared at the young leddies very keen like, and asked if it was for certain that the marriage was to be between Miss Mannering and young Hazlewood; and I answered him that it was for positive and absolute certain, as I had an undoubted right to say sae, for my third cousin Jean Clavers (she 's a relation o' your ain, Mr. Glossin, ye wad ken Jean lang syne?), she 's sib to the housekeeper at Woodbourne, and she 's tell'd me mair than ance that there was naething could be mair likely.'

'And what did the stranger say when you told him all this?' said Glossin.

'Say?' echoed the postilion, 'he said naething at a'; he just stared at them as they walked round the loch upon the ice, as if he could have eaten them, and he never took his ee aff them, or said another word, or gave another glance at the bonspiel, though there was the finest fun amang the curlers ever was seen; and he turned round and gaed aff the loch by the kirk-stile through Woodbourne fir-plantings, and we saw nae mair o' him.'

'Only think,' said Mrs. Mac-Candlish, 'what a hard heart he maun hae had, to think o' hurting the poor young gentleman in the very presence of the leddy he was to be married to!'

'O, Mrs. Mac-Candlish,' said Glossin, 'there 's been many cases

such as that on the record; doubtless he was seeking revenge where it would be deepest and sweetest.'

'God pity us!' said Deacon Bearcliff, 'we're puir frail creatures when left to oursells! Ay, he forgot wha said, "Vengeance is Mine, and I will repay it."'

'Weel, aweel, sirs,' said Jabos, whose hard-headed and uncultivated shrewdness seemed sometimes to start the game when others beat the bush — 'weel, weel, ye may be a' mista'en yet; I'll never believe that a man would lay a plan to shoot another wi' his ain gun. Lord help ye, I was the keeper's assistant down at the Isle mysell, and I'll uphaud it the biggest man in Scotland shouldna take a gun frae me or I had weized the slugs through him, though I'm but sic a little feckless body, fit for naething but the outside o' a saddle and the fore-end o' a poschay; na, na, nae living man wad venture on that. I'll wad my best buckskins, and they were new coft at Kirkcudbright Fair, it's been a chance job after a'. But if ye hae naething mair to say to me, I am thinking I maun gang and see my beasts fed,' and he departed accordingly.

The hostler, who had accompanied him, gave evidence to the same purpose. He and Mrs. Mac-Candlish were then reinterrogated whether Brown had no arms with him on that unhappy morning. 'None,' they said, 'but an ordinary bit cutlass or hanger by his side.'

'Now,' said the Deacon, taking Glossin by the button (for, in considering this intricate subject, he had forgot Glossin's new accession of rank), 'this is but doubtfu' after a', Maister Gilbert; for it was not sae dooms likely that he would go down into battle wi' sic sma' means.'

Glossin extricated himself from the Deacon's grasp and from the discussion, though not with rudeness; for it was his present interest to buy golden opinions from all sorts of people. He inquired the price of tea and sugar, and spoke of providing himself for the year; he gave Mrs. Mac-Candlish directions to have a handsome entertainment in readiness for a party of five friends whom he intended to invite to dine with him at the Gordon Arms next Saturday week; and, lastly, he gave a half-crown to Jock Jabos, whom the hostler had deputed to hold his steed.

'Weel,' said the Deacon to Mrs. Mac-Candlish, as he accepted her offer of a glass of bitters at the bar, 'the deil's no sae ill as he's ca'd. It's pleasant to see a gentleman pay the regard to the business o' the county that Mr. Glossin does.'

'Ay, 'deed is 't, Deacon,' answered the landlady; 'and yet I wonder our gentry leave their ain wark to the like o' him. But as lang as siller 's current, Deacon, folk maunna look ower nicely at what king's head 's on 't.'

'I doubt Glossin will prove but shand after a', mistress,' said Jabos, as he passed through the little lobby beside the bar; 'but this is a gude half-crown ony way.'

# CHAPTER XXXIII

A man that apprehends death to be no more dreadful but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

*Measure for Measure.*

GLOSSIN had made careful minutes of the information derived from these examinations. They threw little light upon the story, so far as he understood its purport; but the better-informed reader has received through means of this investigation an account of Brown's proceedings, between the moment when we left him upon his walk to Kippletringan and the time when, stung by jealousy, he so rashly and unhappily presented himself before Julia Mannering, and well-nigh brought to a fatal termination the quarrel which his appearance occasioned.

Glossin rode slowly back to Ellangowan, pondering on what he had heard, and more and more convinced that the active and successful prosecution of this mysterious business was an opportunity of ingratiating himself with Hazlewood and Mannering to be on no account neglected. Perhaps, also, he felt his professional acuteness interested in bringing it to a successful close. It was, therefore, with great pleasure that, on his return to his house from Kippletringan, he heard his servants announce hastily, 'that Mac-Guffog, the thief-taker, and twa or three concurrents, had a man in hands in the kitchen waiting for his honour.'

He instantly jumped from horseback, and hastened into the house. 'Send my clerk here directly, ye 'll find him copying the survey of the estate in the little green parlour. Set things to rights in my study, and wheel the great leathern chair up to the writing-table; set a stool for Mr. Scrow. Scrow (to the clerk, as he entered the presence-chamber), hand down Sir George Mackenzie *On Crimes;* open it at the section "*Vis Publica et Privata,*" and fold down a leaf at the passage "anent the bearing of unlawful weapons." Now lend me a hand off with

my muckle-coat, and hang it up in the lobby, and bid them bring up the prisoner, I trow I 'll sort him; but stay, first send up Mac-Guffog. Now, Mac-Guffog, where did ye find this chield?'

Mac-Guffog, a stout, bandy-legged fellow, with a neck like a bull, a face like a firebrand, and a most portentous squint of the left eye, began, after various contortions by way of courtesy to the Justice, to tell his story, eking it out by sundry sly nods and knowing winks, which appeared to bespeak an intimate correspondence of ideas between the narrator and his principal auditor. 'Your honour sees I went down to yon place that your honour spoke o', that 's kept by her that your honour kens o', by the sea-side. So says she, "What are you wanting here? ye 'll be come wi' a broom in your pocket frae Ellangowan?" — So says I, "Deil a broom will come frae there awa, for ye ken," says I, "his honour Ellangowan himsell in former times ——"'

'Well, well,' said Glossin, 'no occasion to be particular, tell the essentials.'

'Weel, so we sat niffering about some brandy that I said I wanted, till he came in.'

'Who?'

'He!' pointing with his thumb inverted to the kitchen, where the prisoner was in custody. 'So he had his griego wrapped close round him, and I judged he was not dry-handed; so I thought it was best to speak proper, and so he believed I was a Manks man, and I kept ay between him and her, for fear she had whistled. And then we began to drink about, and then I betted he would not drink out a quartern of Hollands without drawing breath, and then he tried it, and just then Slounging Jock and Dick Spur'em came in, and we clinked the darbies on him, took him as quiet as a lamb; and now he 's had his bit sleep out, and is as fresh as a May gowan, to answer what your honour likes to speir.' This narrative, delivered with a wonderful quantity of gesture and grimace, received at the conclusion the thanks and praises which the narrator expected.

'Had he no arms?' asked the Justice.

'Ay, ay, they are never without barkers and slashers.'

'Any papers?'

'This bundle,' delivering a dirty pocket-book.

'Go downstairs then, Mac-Guffog, and be in waiting.' The officer left the room.

The clink of irons was immediately afterwards heard upon

the stair, and in two or three minutes a man was introduced, handcuffed and fettered. He was thick, brawny, and muscular, and although his shagged and grizzled hair marked an age somewhat advanced, and his stature was rather low, he appeared, nevertheless, a person whom few would have chosen to cope with in personal conflict. His coarse and savage features were still flushed, and his eye still reeled under the influence of the strong potation which had proved the immediate cause of his seizure. But the sleep, though short, which Mac-Guffog had allowed him, and still more a sense of the peril of his situation, had restored to him the full use of his faculties. The worthy judge and the no less estimable captive looked at each other steadily for a long time without speaking. Glossin apparently recognised his prisoner, but seemed at a loss how to proceed with his investigation. At length he broke silence. — 'Soh, Captain, this is you? you have been a stranger on this coast for some years.'

'Stranger?' replied the other. 'Strange enough, I think; for hold me der deyvil, if I been ever here before.'

'That won't pass, Mr. Captain.'

'That *must* pass, Mr. Justice, sapperment!'

'And who will you be pleased to call yourself, then, for the present,' said Glossin, 'just until I shall bring some other folks to refresh your memory concerning who you are, or at least who you have been?'

'What bin I? donner and blitzen! I bin Jans Jansen, from Cuxhaven; what sall Ich bin?'

Glossin took from a case which was in the apartment a pair of small pocket pistols, which he loaded with ostentatious care. 'You may retire,' said he to his clerk, 'and carry the people with you, Scrow; but wait in the lobby within call.'

The clerk would have offered some remonstrances to his patron on the danger of remaining alone with such a desperate character, although ironed beyond the possibility of active exertion, but Glossin waved him off impatiently. When he had left the room the Justice took two short turns through the apartment, then drew his chair opposite to the prisoner, so as to confront him fully, placed the pistols before him in readiness, and said in a steady voice, 'You are Dirk Hatteraick of Flushing, are you not?'

The prisoner turned his eye instinctively to the door, as if he apprehended some one was listening. Glossin rose, opened the door, so that from the chair in which his prisoner sate he

might satisfy himself there was no eavesdropper within hearing, then shut it, resumed his seat, and repeated his question, 'You are Dirk Hatteraick, formerly of the "Yungfrauw Hagenslaapen," are you not?'

'Tausend deyvils! and if you know that, why ask me?' said the prisoner.

'Because I am surprised to see you in the very last place where you ought to be, if you regard your safety,' observed Glossin, coolly.

'Der deyvil! no man regards his own safety that speaks so to me!'

'What? unarmed, and in irons! well said, Captain!' replied Glossin, ironically. 'But, Captain, bullying won't do; you'll hardly get out of this country without accounting for a little accident that happened at Warroch Point a few years ago.'

Hatteraick's looks grew black as midnight.

'For my part,' continued Glossin, 'I have no particular wish to be hard upon an old acquaintance; but I must do my duty. I shall send you off to Edinburgh in a post-chaise and four this very day.'

'Poz donner! you would not do that?' said Hatteraick, in a lower and more humbled tone; 'why, you had the matter of half a cargo in bills on Vanbeest and Vanbruggen.'

'It is so long since, Captain Hatteraick,' answered Glossin, superciliously, 'that I really forget how I was recompensed for my trouble.'

'Your trouble? your silence, you mean.'

'It was an affair in the course of business,' said Glossin, 'and I have retired from business for some time.'

'Ay, but I have a notion that I could make you go steady about and try the old course again,' answered Dirk Hatteraick. 'Why, man, hold me der deyvil, but I meant to visit you and tell you something that concerns you.'

'Of the boy?' said Glossin, eagerly.

'Yaw, Mynheer,' replied the Captain, coolly.

'He does not live, does he?'

'As lifelich as you or I,' said Hatteraick.

'Good God! But in India?' exclaimed Glossin.

'No, tausend deyvils, here! on this dirty coast of yours,' rejoined the prisoner.

'But, Hatteraick, this, — that is, if it be true, which I do not believe, — this will ruin us both, for he cannot but re-

member your neat job; and for me, it will be productive of the worst consequences! It will ruin us both, I tell you.'

'I tell you,' said the seaman, 'it will ruin none but you; for I am done up already, and if I must strap for it, all shall out.'

'Zounds,' said the Justice impatiently, 'what brought you back to this coast like a madman?'

'Why, all the gelt was gone, and the house was shaking, and I thought the job was clayed over and forgotten,' answered the worthy skipper.

'Stay; what can be done?' said Glossin, anxiously. 'I dare not discharge you; but might you not be rescued in the way? Ay sure! a word to Lieutenant Brown, and I would send the people with you by the coast-road.'

'No, no! that won't do. Brown's dead, shot, laid in the locker, man; the devil has the picking of him.'

'Dead? shot? At Woodbourne, I suppose?' replied Glossin.

'Yaw, Mynheer.'

Glossin paused; the sweat broke upon his brow with the agony of his feelings, while the hard-featured miscreant who sat opposite coolly rolled his tobacco in his cheek and squirted the juice into the fire-grate. 'It would be ruin,' said Glossin to himself, 'absolute ruin, if the heir should reappear; and then what might be the consequence of conniving with these men? Yet there is so little time to take measures. Hark you, Hatteraick; I can't set you at liberty; but I can put you where you may set yourself at liberty, I always like to assist an old friend. I shall confine you in the old castle for to-night, and give these people double allowance of grog. Mac-Guffog will fall in the trap in which he caught you. The stancheons on the window of the strong room, as they call it, are wasted to pieces, and it is not above twelve feet from the level of the ground without, and the snow lies thick.'

'But the darbies,' said Hatteraick, looking upon his fetters.

'Hark ye,' said Glossin, going to a tool chest, and taking out a small file, 'there's a friend for you, and you know the road to the sea by the stairs.' Hatteraick shook his chains in ecstasy, as if he were already at liberty, and strove to extend his fettered hand towards his protector. Glossin laid his finger upon his lips with a cautious glance at the door, and then proceeded in his instructions. 'When you escape, you had better go to the Kaim of Derncleugh.'

'Donner! that howff is blown.'

'The devil! well, then, you may steal my skiff that lies on the beach there, and away. But you must remain snug at the Point of Warroch till I come to see you.'

'The Point of Warroch?' said Hatteraick, his countenance again falling; 'what, in the cave, I suppose? I would rather it were anywhere else; es spuckt da: they say for certain that he walks. But, donner and blitzen! I never shunned him alive, and I won't shun him dead. Strafe mich helle! it shall never be said Dirk Hatteraick feared either dog or devil! So I am to wait there till I see you?'

'Ay, ay,' answered Glossin, 'and now I must call in the men.' He did so accordingly.

'I can make nothing of Captain Jansen, as he calls himself, Mac-Guffog, and it's now too late to bundle him off to the county jail. Is there not a strong room up yonder in the old castle?'

'Ay is there, sir; my uncle the constable ance kept a man there for three days in auld Ellangowan's time. But there was an unco dust about it; it was tried in the Inner House afore the Feifteen.'

'I know all that, but this person will not stay there very long; it's only a makeshift for a night, a mere lock-up house till farther examination. There is a small room through which it opens; you may light a fire for yourselves there, and I'll send you plenty of stuff to make you comfortable. But be sure you lock the door upon the prisoner; and, hark ye, let him have a fire in the strong room too, the season requires it. Perhaps he'll make a clean breast to-morrow.'

With these instructions, and with a large allowance of food and liquor, the Justice dismissed his party to keep guard for the night in the old castle, under the full hope and belief that they would neither spend the night in watching nor prayer.

There was little fear that Glossin himself should that night sleep over-sound. His situation was perilous in the extreme, for the schemes of a life of villainy seemed at once to be crumbling around and above him. He laid himself to rest, and tossed upon his pillow for a long time in vain. At length he fell asleep, but it was only to dream of his patron, now as he had last seen him, with the paleness of death upon his features, then again transformed into all the vigour and comeliness of youth, approaching to expel him from the mansion-house of his fathers. Then he dreamed that, after wandering long over a wild heath, he came at length to an inn, from

which sounded the voice of revelry; and that when he entered the first person he met was Frank Kennedy, all smashed and gory, as he had lain on the beach at Warroch Point, but with a reeking punch-bowl in his hand. Then the scene changed to a dungeon, where he heard Dirk Hatteraick, whom he imagined to be under sentence of death, confessing his crimes to a clergyman. 'After the bloody deed was done,' said the penitent, 'we retreated into a cave close beside, the secret of which was known but to one man in the country; we were debating what to do with the child, and we thought of giving it up to the gipsies, when we heard the cries of the pursuers hallooing to each other. One man alone came straight to our cave, and it was that man who knew the secret; but we made him our friend at the expense of half the value of the goods saved. By his advice we carried off the child to Holland in our consort, which came the following night to take us from the coast. That man was ——'

'No, I deny it! it was not I!' said Glossin, in half-uttered accents; and, struggling in his agony to express his denial more distinctly, he awoke.

It was, however, conscience that had prepared this mental phantasmagoria. The truth was that, knowing much better than any other person the haunts of the smugglers, he had, while the others were searching in different directions, gone straight to the cave, even before he had learned the murder of Kennedy, whom he expected to find their prisoner. He came upon them with some idea of mediation, but found them in the midst of their guilty terrors, while the rage which had hurried them on to murder began, with all but Hatteraick, to sink into remorse and fear. Glossin was then indigent and greatly in debt, but he was already possessed of Mr. Bertram's ear, and, aware of the facility of his disposition, he saw no difficulty in enriching himself at his expense, provided the heir-male were removed, in which case the estate became the unlimited property of the weak and prodigal father. Stimulated by present gain and the prospect of contingent advantage, he accepted the bribe which the smugglers offered in their terror, and connived at, or rather encouraged, their intention of carrying away the child of his benefactor, who, if left behind, was old enough to have described the scene of blood which he had witnessed. The only palliative which the ingenuity of Glossin could offer to his conscience was, that the temptation was great, and came suddenly upon him, embracing as it were

the very advantages on which his mind had so long rested, and promising to relieve him from distresses which must have otherwise speedily overwhelmed him. Besides, he endeavoured to think that self-preservation rendered his conduct necessary. He was, in some degree, in the power of the robbers, and pleaded hard with his conscience that, had he declined their offers, the assistance which he could have called for, though not distant, might not have arrived in time to save him from men who, on less provocation, had just committed murder.

Galled with the anxious forebodings of a guilty conscience, Glossin now arose and looked out upon the night. The scene which we have already described in the beginning of the volume was now covered with snow, and the brilliant, though waste, whiteness of the land gave to the sea by contrast a dark and livid tinge. A landscape covered with snow, though abstractedly it may be called beautiful, has, both from the association of cold and barrenness and from its comparative infrequency, a wild, strange, and desolate appearance. Objects well known to us in their common state have either disappeared, or are so strangely varied and disguised that we seem gazing on an unknown world. But it was not with such reflections that the mind of this bad man was occupied. His eye was upon the gigantic and gloomy outlines of the old castle, where, in a flanking tower of enormous size and thickness, glimmered two lights, one from the window of the strong room, where Hatteraick was confined, the other from that of the adjacent apartment, occupied by his keepers. 'Has he made his escape, or will he be able to do so? Have these men watched, who never watched before, in order to complete my ruin? If morning finds him there, he must be committed to prison; Mac-Morlan or some other person will take the matter up; he will be detected, convicted, and will tell all in revenge!'

While these racking thoughts glided rapidly through Glossin's mind, he observed one of the lights obscured, as by an opaque body placed at the window. What a moment of interest! 'He has got clear of his irons! he is working at the stancheons of the window! they are surely quite decayed, they must give way. O God! they have fallen outward, I heard them clink among the stones! the noise cannot fail to wake them. Furies seize his Dutch awkwardness! The light burns free again; they have torn him from the window, and are binding him in the room! No! he had only retired an instant on the alarm of the falling bars; he is at the window

again, and the light is quite obscured now; he is getting out!'

A heavy sound, as of a body dropped from a height among the snow, announced that Hatteraick had completed his escape, and shortly after Glossin beheld a dark figure, like a shadow, steal along the whitened beach and reach the spot where the skiff lay. New cause for fear! 'His single strength will be unable to float her,' said Glossin to himself; 'I must go to the rascal's assistance. But no! he has got her off, and now, thank God, her sail is spreading itself against the moon; ay, he has got the breeze now; would to heaven it were a tempest, to sink him to the bottom!'

After this last cordial wish, he continued watching the progress of the boat as it stood away towards the Point of Warroch, until he could no longer distinguish the dusky sail from the gloomy waves over which it glided. Satisfied then that the immediate danger was averted, he retired with somewhat more composure to his guilty pillow.

# CHAPTER XXXIV

Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallowed and blood-stained hole ?

*Titus Andronicus.*

ON the next morning, great was the alarm and confusion of the officers when they discovered the escape of their prisoner. Mac-Guffog appeared before Glossin with a head perturbed with brandy and fear, and incurred a most severe reprimand for neglect of duty. The resentment of the Justice appeared only to be suspended by his anxiety to recover possession of the prisoner, and the thief-takers, glad to escape from his awful and incensed presence, were sent off in every direction (except the right one) to recover their prisoner, if possible. Glossin particularly recommended a careful search at the Kaim of Derncleugh, which was occasionally occupied under night by vagrants of different descriptions. Having thus dispersed his myrmidons in various directions, he himself hastened by devious paths through the wood of Warroch to his appointed interview with Hatteraick, from whom he hoped to learn at more leisure than last night's conference admitted the circumstances attending the return of the heir of Ellangowan to his native country.

With manœuvres like those of a fox when he doubles to avoid the pack, Glossin strove to approach the place of appointment in a manner which should leave no distinct track of his course. 'Would to Heaven it would snow,' he said, looking upward, 'and hide these footprints. Should one of the officers light upon them, he would run the scent up like a bloodhound and surprise us. I must get down upon the sea-beach, and contrive to creep along beneath the rocks.'

And accordingly he descended from the cliffs with some difficulty, and scrambled along between the rocks and the advancing tide; now looking up to see if his motions were

watched from the rocks above him, now casting a jealous glance to mark if any boat appeared upon the sea, from which his course might be discovered.

But even the feelings of selfish apprehension were for a time superseded, as Glossin passed the spot where Kennedy's body had been found. It was marked by the fragment of rock which had been precipitated from the cliff above, either with the body or after it. The mass was now encrusted with small shell-fish, and tasselled with tangle and seaweed; but still its shape and substance were different from those of the other rocks which lay scattered around. His voluntary walks, it will readily be believed, had never led to this spot; so that, finding himself now there for the first time after the terrible catastrophe, the scene at once recurred to his mind with all its accompaniments of horror. He remembered how, like a guilty thing, gliding from the neighbouring place of concealment, he had mingled with eagerness, yet with caution, among the terrified group who surrounded the corpse, dreading lest any one should ask from whence he came. He remembered, too, with what conscious fear he had avoided gazing upon that ghastly spectacle. The wild scream of his patron, 'My bairn! my bairn!' again rang in his ears. 'Good God!' he exclaimed, 'and is all I have gained worth the agony of that moment, and the thousand anxious fears and horrors which have since embittered my life! O how I wish that I lay where that wretched man lies, and that he stood here in life and health! But these regrets are all too late.'

Stifling, therefore, his feelings, he crept forward to the cave, which was so near the spot where the body was found that the smugglers might have heard from their hiding-place the various conjectures of the bystanders concerning the fate of their victim. But nothing could be more completely concealed than the entrance to their asylum. The opening, not larger than that of a fox-earth, lay in the face of the cliff directly behind a large black rock, or rather upright stone, which served at once to conceal it from strangers and as a mark to point out its situation to those who used it as a place of retreat. The space between the stone and the cliff was exceedingly narrow, and, being heaped with sand and other rubbish, the most minute search would not have discovered the mouth of the cavern without removing those substances which the tide had drifted before it. For the purpose of farther concealment, it was usual with the contraband traders who frequented this haunt, after they had

entered, to stuff the mouth with withered seaweed, loosely piled together as if carried there by the waves. Dirk Hatteraick had not forgotten this precaution.

Glossin, though a bold and hardy man, felt his heart throb and his knees knock together when he prepared to enter this den of secret iniquity, in order to hold conference with a felon, whom he justly accounted one of the most desperate and depraved of men. 'But he has no interest to injure me,' was his consolatory reflection. He examined his pocket-pistols, however, before removing the weeds and entering the cavern, which he did upon hands and knees. The passage, which at first was low and narrow, just admitting entrance to a man in a creeping posture, expanded after a few yards into a high arched vault of considerable width. The bottom, ascending gradually, was covered with the purest sand. Ere Glossin had got upon his feet, the hoarse yet suppressed voice of Hatteraick growled through the recesses of the cave:

'Hagel and donner! be'st du?'

'Are you in the dark?'

'Dark? der deyvil! ay,' said Dirk Hatteraick; 'where should I have a glim?'

'I have brought light'; and Glossin accordingly produced a tinder-box and lighted a small lantern.

'You must kindle some fire too, for hold mich der deyvil, Ich bin ganz gefrorne!'

'It is a cold place, to be sure,' said Glossin, gathering together some decayed staves of barrels and pieces of wood, which had perhaps lain in the cavern since Hatteraick was there last.

'Cold? Snow-wasser and hagel! it's perdition; I could only keep myself alive by rambling up and down this d—d vault, and thinking about the merry rouses we have had in it.'

The flame then began to blaze brightly, and Hatteraick hung his bronzed visage and expanded his hard and sinewy hands over it, with an avidity resembling that of a famished wretch to whom food is exposed. The light showed his savage and stern features, and the smoke, which in his agony of cold he seemed to endure almost to suffocation, after circling round his head, rose to the dim and rugged roof of the cave, through which it escaped by some secret rents or clefts in the rock; the same doubtless that afforded air to the cavern when the tide was in, at which time the aperture to the sea was filled with water.

'And now I have brought you some breakfast,' said Glossin,

producing some cold meat and a flask of spirits. The latter Hatteraick eagerly seized upon and applied to his mouth; and, after a hearty draught, he exclaimed with great rapture, 'Das schmeckt! That is good, that warms the liver!' Then broke into the fragment of a High-Dutch song, —

'Saufen Bier und Brantewein,
Schmeissen alle die Fenstern ein;
Ich bin liederlich,
Du bist liederlich;
Sind wir nicht liederlich Leute a?'

'Well said, my hearty Captain!' cried Glossin, endeavouring to catch the tone of revelry, —

'Gin by pailfuls, wine in rivers,
Dash the window-glass to shivers!
For three wild lads were we, brave boys,
And three wild lads were we;
Thou on the land, and I on the sand,
And Jack on the gallows-tree!

That 's it, my bully-boy! Why, you 're alive again now! And now let us talk about our business.'

'*Your* business, if you please,' said Hatteraick. 'Hagel and donner! mine was done when I got out of the bilboes.'

'Have patience, my good friend; I 'll convince you our interests are just the same.'

Hatteraick gave a short dry cough, and Glossin, after a pause, proceeded.

'How came you to let the boy escape?'

'Why, fluch and blitzen! he was no charge of mine. Lieutenant Brown gave him to his cousin that 's in the Middleburgh house of Vanbeest and Vanbruggen, and told him some goose's gazette about his being taken in a skirmish with the land sharks; he gave him for a foot-boy. Me let him escape! the bastard kinchin should have walked the plank ere I troubled myself about him.'

'Well, and was he bred a foot-boy then?'

'Nein, nein; the kinchin got about the old man's heart, and he gave him his own name, and bred him up in the office, and then sent him to India; I believe he would have packed him back here, but his nephew told him it would do up the free trade for many a day if the youngster got back to Scotland.'

'Do you think the younker knows much of his own origin now?'

'Deyvil!' replied Hatteraick, 'how should I tell what he knows now? But he remembered something of it long. When he was but ten years old he persuaded another Satan's limb of an English bastard like himself to steal my lugger's khan—boat—what do you call it? to return to his country, as he called it; fire him! Before we could overtake them they had the skiff out of channel as far as the Deurloo; the boat might have been lost.'

'I wish to Heaven she had, with him in her!' ejaculated Glossin.

'Why, I was so angry myself that, sapperment! I did give him a tip over the side; but split him! the comical little devil swam like a duck; so I made him swim astern for a mile to teach him manners, and then took him in when he was sinking. By the knocking Nicholas! he'll plague you, now he's come over the herring-pond! When he was so high he had the spirit of thunder and lightning.'

'How did he get back from India?'

'Why, how should I know? The house there was done up; and that gave us a shake at Middleburgh, I think; so they sent me again to see what could be done among my old acquaintances here, for we held old stories were done away and forgotten. So I had got a pretty trade on foot within the last two trips; but that stupid houndsfoot schelm, Brown, has knocked it on the head again, I suppose, with getting himself shot by the colonel-man.'

'Why were not you with them?'

'Why, you see, sapperment! I fear nothing; but it was too far within land, and I might have been scented.'

'True. But to return to this youngster——'

'Ay, ay, donner and blitzen! *he's* your affair,' said the Captain.

'How do you really know that he is in this country?'

'Why, Gabriel saw him up among the hills.'

'Gabriel! who is he?'

'A fellow from the gipsies, that, about eighteen years since, was pressed on board that d—d fellow Pritchard's sloop-of-war. It was he came off and gave us warning that the "Shark" was coming round upon us the day Kennedy was done; and he told us how Kennedy had given the information. The gipsies and Kennedy had some quarrel besides. This Gab went to the East Indies in the same ship with your younker, and, sapperment! knew him well, though the other did not remember him. Gab kept out of his eye though, as he had served

the States against England, and was a deserter to boot; and he sent us word directly, that we might know of his being here, though it does not concern us a rope's end.'

'So, then, really, and in sober earnest, he is actually in this country, Hatteraick, between friend and friend?' asked Glossin, seriously.

'Wetter and donner, yaw! What do you take me for?'

'For a bloodthirsty, fearless miscreant!' thought Glossin internally; but said aloud, 'And which of your people was it that shot young Hazlewood?'

'Sturmwetter!' said the Captain, 'do ye think we were mad? none of *us*, man. Gott! the country was too hot for the trade already with that d—d frolic of Brown's, attacking what you call Woodbourne House.'

'Why, I am told,' said Glossin, 'it was Brown who shot Hazlewood?'

'Not our lieutenant, I promise you; for he was laid six feet deep at Derncleugh the day before the thing happened. Tausend deyvils, man! do ye think that he could rise out of the earth to shoot another man?'

A light here began to break upon Glossin's confusion of ideas. 'Did you not say that the younker, as you call him, goes by the name of Brown?'

'Of Brown? yaw; Vanbeest Brown. Old Vanbeest Brown, of our Vanbeest and Vanbruggen, gave him his own name, he did.'

'Then,' said Glossin, rubbing his hands, 'it is he, by Heaven, who has committed this crime!'

'And what have we to do with that?' demanded Hatteraick.

Glossin paused, and, fertile in expedients, hastily ran over his project in his own mind, and then drew near the smuggler with a confidential air. 'You know, my dear Hatteraick, it is our principal business to get rid of this young man?'

'Umph!' answered Dirk Hatteraick.

'Not,' continued Glossin — 'not that I would wish any personal harm to him — if — if — if we can do without. Now, he is liable to be seized upon by justice, both as bearing the same name with your lieutenant, who was engaged in that affair at Woodbourne, and for firing at young Hazlewood with intent to kill or wound.'

'Ay, ay,' said Dirk Hatteraick; 'but what good will that do you? He 'll be loose again as soon as he shows himself to carry other colours.'

'True, my dear Dirk; well noticed, my friend Hatteraick! But there is ground enough for a temporary imprisonment till he fetch his proofs from England or elsewhere, my good friend. I understand the law, Captain Hatteraick, and I 'll take it upon me, simple Gilbert Glossin of Ellangowan, justice of peace for the county of ——, to refuse his bail, if he should offer the best in the country, until he is brought up for a second examination; now where d' ye think I 'll incarcerate him?'

'Hagel and wetter! what do I care?'

'Stay, my friend; you do care a great deal. Do you know your goods that were seized and carried to Woodbourne are now lying in the custom-house at Portanferry? (a small fishing-town). Now I will commit this younker ——'

'When you have caught him.'

'Ay, ay, when I have caught him; I shall not be long about that. I will commit him to the workhouse, or bridewell, which you know is beside the custom-house.'

'Yaw, the rasp-house; I know it very well.'

'I will take care that the redcoats are dispersed through the country; you land at night with the crew of your lugger, receive your own goods, and carry the younker Brown with you back to Flushing. Won't that do?'

'Ay, carry him to Flushing,' said the Captain, 'or — to America?'

'Ay, ay, my friend.'

'Or — to Jericho?'

'Psha! Wherever you have a mind.'

'Ay, or — pitch him overboard?'

'Nay, I advise no violence.'

'Nein, nein; you leave that to me. Sturmwetter! I know you of old. But, hark ye, what am I, Dirk Hatteraick, to be the better of this?'

'Why, is it not your interest as well as mine?' said Glossin; 'besides, I set you free this morning.'

'*You* set me free! Donner and deyvil! I set myself free. Besides, it was all in the way of your profession, and happened a long time ago, ha, ha, ha!'

'Pshaw! pshaw! don't let us jest; I am not against making a handsome compliment; but it 's your affair as well as mine.'

'What do you talk of *my* affair? is it not you that keep the younker's whole estate from him? Dirk Hatteraick never touched a stiver of his rents.'

'Hush! hush! I tell you it shall be a joint business.'

'Why, will ye give me half the kitt?'

'What, half the estate? D' ye mean we should set up house together at Ellangowan, and take the barony ridge about?'

'Sturmwetter, no! but you might give me half the value — half the gelt. Live with you? nein. I would have a lusthaus of mine own on the Middleburgh dyke, and a blumengarten like a burgomaster's.'

'Ay, and a wooden lion at the door, and a painted sentinel in the garden, with a pipe in his mouth! But, hark ye, Hatteraick, what will all the tulips and flower-gardens and pleasure-houses in the Netherlands do for you if you are hanged here in Scotland?'

Hatteraick's countenance fell. 'Der deyvil! hanged!'

'Ay, hanged, mein Herr Captain. The devil can scarce save Dirk Hatteraick from being hanged for a murderer and kidnapper if the younker of Ellangowan should settle in this country, and if the gallant Captain chances to be caught here re-establishing his fair trade! And I won't say but, as peace is now so much talked of, their High Mightinesses may not hand him over to oblige their new allies, even if he remained in faderland.'

'Poz hagel, blitzen, and donner! I — I doubt you say true.'

'Not,' said Glossin, perceiving he had made the desired impression, 'not that I am against being civil'; and he slid into Hatteraick's passive hand a bank-note of some value.

'Is this all?' said the smuggler. 'You had the price of half a cargo for winking at our job, and made us do your business too.'

'But, my good friend, you forget: in this case you will recover all your own goods.'

'Ay, at the risk of all our own necks; we could do that without you.'

'I doubt that, Captain Hatteraick,' said Glossin, drily; 'because you would probably find a dozen redcoats at the custom-house, whom it must be my business, if we agree about this matter, to have removed. Come, come, I will be as liberal as I can, but you should have a conscience.'

'Now strafe mich der deyfel! this provokes me more than all the rest! You rob and you murder, and you want me to rob and murder, and play the silver-cooper, or kidnapper, as you call it, a dozen times over, and then, hagel and windsturm! you speak to me of conscience! Can you think of no fairer way of getting rid of this unlucky lad?'

'No, mein Herr; but as I commit him to your charge ——'

'To *my* charge! to the charge of steel and gunpowder! and — well, if it must be, it must; but you have a tolerably good guess what's like to come of it.'

'O, my dear friend, I trust no degree of severity will be necessary,' replied Glossin.

'Severity!' said the fellow, with a kind of groan, 'I wish you had had my dreams when I first came to this dog-hole, and tried to sleep among the dry seaweed. First, there was that d—d fellow there, with his broken back, sprawling as he did when I hurled the rock over a-top on him, ha, ha! You would have sworn he was lying on the floor where you stand, wriggling like a crushed frog, and then ——'

'Nay, my friend,' said Glossin, interrupting him, 'what signifies going over this nonsense? If you are turned chicken-hearted, why, the game's up, that's all; the game's up with us both.'

'Chicken-hearted? no. I have not lived so long upon the account to start at last, neither for devil nor Dutchman.'

'Well, then, take another schnaps; the cold's at your heart still. And now tell me, are any of your old crew with you?'

'Nein; all dead, shot, hanged, drowned, and damned. Brown was the last. All dead but Gipsy Gab, and he would go off the country for a spill of money; or he'll be quiet for his own sake; or old Meg, his aunt, will keep him quiet for hers.'

'Which Meg?'

'Meg Merrilies, the old devil's limb of a gipsy witch.'

'Is she still alive?'

'Yaw.'

'And in this country?'

'And in this country. She was at the Kaim of Derncleugh, at Vanbeest Brown's last wake, as they call it, the other night, with two of my people, and some of her own blasted gipsies.'

'That's another breaker ahead, Captain! Will she not squeak, think ye?'

'Not she! she won't start; she swore by the salmon,[1] if we did the kinchin no harm, she would never tell how the gauger got it. Why, man, though I gave her a wipe with my hanger in the heat of the matter, and cut her arm, and though she was so long after in trouble about it up at your boroughtown there, der deyvil! old Meg was as true as steel.'

'Why, that's true, as you say,' replied Glossin. 'And yet

[1] The great and inviolable oath of the strolling tribes.

if she could be carried over to Zealand, or Hamburgh, or — or — anywhere else, you know, it were as well.'

Hatteraick jumped upright upon his feet, and looked at Glossin from head to heel. 'I don't see the goat's foot,' he said, 'and yet he must be the very deyvil! But Meg Merrilies is closer yet with the kobold than you are; ay, and I had never such weather as after having drawn her blood. Nein, nein, I 'll meddle with her no more; she 's a witch of the fiend, a real deyvil's kind, — but that 's her affair. Donner and wetter! I 'll neither make nor meddle; that 's her work. But for the rest — why, if I thought the trade would not suffer, I would soon rid you of the younker, if you send me word when he 's under embargo.'

In brief and under tones the two worthy associates concerted their enterprise, and agreed at which of his haunts Hatteraick should be heard of. The stay of his lugger on the coast was not difficult, as there were no king's vessels there at the time.

## CHAPTER XXXV

You are one of those that will not serve God if the devil bids you. — Because we come to do you service, you think we are ruffians.

*Othello.*

WHEN Glossin returned home he found, among other letters and papers sent to him, one of considerable importance. It was signed by Mr. Protocol, an attorney in Edinburgh, and, addressing him as the agent for Godfrey Bertram, Esq., late of Ellangowan, and his representatives, acquainted him with the sudden death of Mrs. Margaret Bertram of Singleside, requesting him to inform his clients thereof, in case they should judge it proper to have any person present for their interest at opening the repositories of the deceased. Mr. Glossin perceived at once that the letter-writer was unacquainted with the breach which had taken place between him and his late patron. The estate of the deceased lady should by rights, as he well knew, descend to Lucy Bertram; but it was a thousand to one that the caprice of the old lady might have altered its destination. After running over contingencies and probabilities in his fertile mind, to ascertain what sort of personal advantage might accrue to him from this incident, he could not perceive any mode of availing himself of it, except in so far as it might go to assist his plan of recovering, or rather creating, a character, the want of which he had already experienced, and was likely to feel yet more deeply. I must place myself,' he thought, 'on strong ground, that, if anything goes wrong with Dirk Hatteraick's project, I may have prepossessions in my favour at least.' Besides, to do Glossin justice, bad as he was, he might feel some desire to compensate to Miss Bertram in a small degree, and in a case in which his own interest did not interfere with hers, the infinite mischief which he had occasioned to her family. He therefore resolved early the next morning to ride over to Woodbourne.

It was not without hesitation that he took this step, having

the natural reluctance to face Colonel Mannering which fraud and villainy have to encounter honour and probity. But he had great confidence in his own *savoir faire*. His talents were naturally acute, and by no means confined to the line of his profession. He had at different times resided a good deal in England, and his address was free both from country rusticity and professional pedantry; so that he had considerable powers both of address and persuasion, joined to an unshaken effrontery, which he affected to disguise under plainness of manner. Confident, therefore, in himself, he appeared at Woodbourne about ten in the morning, and was admitted as a gentleman come to wait upon Miss Bertram.

He did not announce himself until he was at the door of the breakfast-parlour, when the servant, by his desire, said aloud — 'Mr. Glossin, to wait upon Miss Bertram.' Lucy, remembering the last scene of her father's existence, turned as pale as death, and had well-nigh fallen from her chair. Julia Mannering flew to her assistance, and they left the room together. There remained Colonel Mannering, Charles Hazlewood, with his arm in a sling, and the Dominie, whose gaunt visage and wall-eyes assumed a most hostile aspect on recognising Glossin.

That honest gentleman, though somewhat abashed by the effect of his first introduction, advanced with confidence, and hoped he did not intrude upon the ladies. Colonel Mannering, in a very upright and stately manner, observed, that he did not know to what he was to impute the honour of a visit from Mr. Glossin.

'Hem! hem! I took the liberty to wait upon Miss Bertram, Colonel Mannering, on account of a matter of business.'

'If it can be communicated to Mr. Mac-Morlan, her agent, sir, I believe it will be more agreeable to Miss Bertram.'

'I beg pardon, Colonel Mannering,' said Glossin, making a wretched attempt at an easy demeanour; 'you are a man of the world; there are some cases in which it is most prudent for all parties to treat with principals.'

'Then,' replied Mannering, with a repulsive air, 'if Mr. Glossin will take the trouble to state his object in a letter, I will answer that Miss Bertram pays proper attention to it.'

'Certainly,' stammered Glossin; 'but there are cases in which a *viva voce* conference — Hem! I perceive — I know — Colonel Mannering has adopted some prejudices which may make my visit appear intrusive; but I submit to his good

sense, whether he ought to exclude me from a hearing without knowing the purpose of my visit, or of how much consequence it may be to the young lady whom he honours with his protection.'

'Certainly, sir, I have not the least intention to do so,' replied the Colonel. 'I will learn Miss Bertram's pleasure on the subject, and acquaint Mr. Glossin, if he can spare time to wait for her answer.' So saying, he left the room.

Glossin had still remained standing in the midst of the apartment. Colonel Mannering had made not the slightest motion to invite him to sit, and indeed had remained standing himself during their short interview. When he left the room, however, Glossin seized upon a chair, and threw himself into it with an air between embarrassment and effrontery. He felt the silence of his companions disconcerting and oppressive, and resolved to interrupt it.

'A fine day, Mr. Sampson.'

The Dominie answered with something between an acquiescent grunt and an indignant groan.

'You never come down to see your old acquaintance on the Ellangowan property, Mr. Sampson. You would find most of the old stagers still stationary there. I have too much respect for the late family to disturb old residenters, even under pretence of improvement. Besides, it's not my way, I don't like it; I believe, Mr. Sampson, Scripture particularly condemns those who oppress the poor, and remove landmarks.'

'Or who devour the substance of orphans,' subjoined the Dominie. 'Anathema, Maranatha!' So saying, he rose, shouldered the folio which he had been perusing, faced to the right about, and marched out of the room with the strides of a grenadier.

Mr. Glossin, no way disconcerted, or at least feeling it necessary not to appear so, turned to young Hazlewood, who was apparently busy with the newspaper. — 'Any news, sir?' Hazlewood raised his eyes, looked at him, and pushed the paper towards him, as if to a stranger in a coffee-house, then rose, and was about to leave the room. 'I beg pardon, Mr. Hazlewood, but I can't help wishing you joy of getting so easily over that infernal accident.' This was answered by a sort of inclination of the head, as slight and stiff as could well be imagined. Yet it encouraged our man of law to proceed. — 'I can promise you, Mr. Hazlewood, few people have taken the

interest in that matter which I have done, both for the sake of the country and on account of my particular respect for your family, which has so high a stake in it; indeed, so very high a stake that, as Mr. Featherhead is turning old now, and as there 's a talk, since his last stroke, of his taking the Chiltern Hundreds, it might be worth your while to look about you. I speak as a friend, Mr. Hazlewood, and as one who understands the roll; and if in going over it together——'

'I beg pardon, sir, but I have no views in which your assistance could be useful.'

'O, very well, perhaps you are right; it 's quite time enough, and I love to see a young gentleman cautious. But I was talking of your wound. I think I have got a clue to that business — I think I have, and if I don't bring the fellow to condign punishment——!'

'I beg your pardon, sir, once more; but your zeal outruns my wishes. I have every reason to think the wound was accidental; certainly it was not premeditated. Against ingratitude and premeditated treachery, should you find any one guilty of them, my resentment will be as warm as your own.' This was Hazlewood's answer.

'Another rebuff,' thought Glossin; 'I must try him upon the other tack.' 'Right, sir; very nobly said! I would have no more mercy on an ungrateful man than I would on a woodcock. And now we talk of sport (this was a sort of diverting of the conversation which Glossin had learned from his former patron), I see you often carry a gun, and I hope you will be soon able to take the field again. I observe you confine yourself always to your own side of the Hazleshaws burn. I hope, my dear sir, you will make no scruple of following your game to the Ellangowan bank; I believe it is rather the best exposure of the two for woodcocks, although both are capital.'

As this offer only excited a cold and constrained bow, Glossin was obliged to remain silent, and was presently afterwards somewhat relieved by the entrance of Colonel Mannering.

'I have detained you some time, I fear, sir,' said he, addressing Glossin; 'I wished to prevail upon Miss Bertram to see you, as, in my opinion, her objections ought to give way to the necessity of hearing in her own person what is stated to be of importance that she should know. But I find that circumstances of recent occurrence, and not easily to be forgotten, have rendered her so utterly repugnant to a personal interview with Mr. Glossin that it would be cruelty to insist upon it;

and she has deputed me to receive his commands, or proposal, or, in short, whatever he may wish to say to her.'

'Hem, hem! I am sorry, sir — I am very sorry, Colonel Mannering, that Miss Bertram should suppose — that any prejudice, in short — or idea that anything on my part ——'

'Sir,' said the inflexible Colonel, 'where no accusation is made, excuses or explanations are unnecessary. Have you any objection to communicate to me, as Miss Bertram's temporary guardian, the circumstances which you conceive to interest her?'

'None, Colonel Mannering; she could not choose a more respectable friend, or one with whom I, in particular, would more anxiously wish to communicate frankly.'

'Have the goodness to speak to the point, sir, if you please.'

'Why, sir, it is not so easy all at once — but Mr. Hazlewood need not leave the room, — I mean so well to Miss Bertram that I could wish the whole world to hear my part of the conference.'

'My friend Mr. Charles Hazlewood will not probably be anxious, Mr. Glossin, to listen to what cannot concern him. And now, when he has left us alone, let me pray you to be short and explicit in what you have to say. I am a soldier, sir, somewhat impatient of forms and introductions.' So saying, he drew himself up in his chair and waited for Mr. Glossin's communication.

'Be pleased to look at that letter,' said Glossin, putting Protocol's epistle into Mannering's hand, as the shortest way of stating his business.

The Colonel read it and returned it, after pencilling the name of the writer in his memorandum-book. 'This, sir, does not seem to require much discussion. I will see that Miss Bertram's interest is attended to.'

'But, sir, — but, Colonel Mannering,' added Glossin, 'there is another matter which no one can explain but myself. This lady — this Mrs. Margaret Bertram, to my certain knowledge, made a general settlement of her affairs in Miss Lucy Bertram's favour while she lived with my old friend Mr. Bertram at Ellangowan. The Dominie — that was the name by which my deceased friend always called that very respectable man Mr. Sampson — he and I witnessed the deed. And she had full power at that time to make such a settlement, for she was in fee of the estate of Singleside even then, although it was life-rented by an elder sister. It was a whimsical settlement of

old Singleside's, sir; he pitted the two cats his daughters against each other, ha, ha, ha!'

'Well, sir,' said Mannering, without the slightest smile of sympathy, 'but to the purpose. You say that this lady had power to settle her estate on Miss Bertram, and that she did so?'

'Even so, Colonel,' replied Glossin. 'I think I should understand the law, I have followed it for many years; and, though I have given it up to retire upon a handsome competence, I did not throw away that knowledge which is pronounced better than house and land, and which I take to be the knowledge of the law, since, as our common rhyme has it,

> 'T is most excellent,
> To win the land that 's gone and spent.

No, no, I love the smack of the whip: I have a little, a very little law yet, at the service of my friends.'

Glossin ran on in this manner, thinking he had made a favourable impression on Mannering. The Colonel, indeed, reflected that this might be a most important crisis for Miss Bertram's interest, and resolved that his strong inclination to throw Glossin out at window or at door should not interfere with it. He put a strong curb on his temper, and resolved to listen with patience at least, if without complacency. He therefore let Mr. Glossin get to the end of his self-congratulations, and then asked him if he knew where the deed was.

'I know — that is, I think — I believe I can recover it. In such cases custodiers have sometimes made a charge.'

'We won't differ as to that, sir,' said the Colonel, taking out his pocket-book.

'But, my dear sir, you take me so very short. I said *some persons might* make such a claim, I mean for payment of the expenses of the deed, trouble in the affair, etc. But I, for my own part, only wish Miss Bertram and her friends to be satisfied that I am acting towards her with honour. There 's the paper, sir! It would have been a satisfaction to me to have delivered it into Miss Bertram's own hands, and to have wished her joy of the prospects which it opens. But, since her prejudices on the subject are invincible, it only remains for me to transmit her my best wishes through you, Colonel Mannering, and to express that I shall willingly give my testimony in support of that deed when I shall be called upon. I have the honour to wish you a good morning, sir.'

This parting speech was so well got up, and had so much the tone of conscious integrity unjustly suspected, that even Colonel Mannering was staggered in his bad opinion. He followed him two or three steps, and took leave of him with more politeness (though still cold and formal) than he had paid during his visit. Glossin left the house half pleased with the impression he had made, half mortified by the stern caution and proud reluctance with which he had been received. 'Colonel Mannering might have had more politeness,' he said to himself. 'It is not every man that can bring a good chance of £400 a-year to a penniless girl. Singleside must be up to £400 a-year now; there 's Reilageganbeg, Gillifidget, Loverless, Liealone, and the Spinster's Knowe — good £400 a-year. Some people might have made their own of it in my place; and yet, to own the truth, after much consideration, I don't see how that is possible.'

Glossin was no sooner mounted and gone than the Colonel despatched a groom for Mr. Mac-Morlan, and, putting the deed into his hand, requested to know if it was likely to be available to his friend Lucy Bertram. Mac-Morlan perused it with eyes that sparkled with delight, snapped his fingers repeatedly, and at length exclaimed, 'Available! it 's as tight as a glove; naebody could make better wark than Glossin, when he didna let down a steek on purpose. But (his countenance falling) the auld b——, that I should say so, might alter at pleasure!'

'Ah! And how shall we know whether she has done so?'

'Somebody must attend on Miss Bertram's part when the repositories of the deceased are opened.'

'Can you go?' said the Colonel.

'I fear I cannot,' replied Mac-Morlan; 'I must attend a jury trial before our court.'

'Then I will go myself,' said the Colonel; 'I 'll set out tomorrow. Sampson shall go with me; he is witness to this settlement. But I shall want a legal adviser.'

'The gentleman that was lately sheriff of this county is high in reputation as a barrister; I will give you a card of introduction to him.'

'What I like about you, Mr. Mac-Morlan,' said the Colonel, 'is that you always come straight to the point. Let me have it instantly. Shall we tell Miss Lucy her chance of becoming an heiress?'

'Surely, because you must have some powers from her, which I will instantly draw out. Besides, I will be caution for her

prudence, and that she will consider it only in the light of a chance.'

Mac-Morlan judged well. It could not be discerned from Miss Bertram's manner that she founded exulting hopes upon the prospect thus unexpectedly opening before her. She did, indeed, in the course of the evening ask Mr. Mac-Morlan, as if by accident, what might be the annual income of the Hazlewood property; but shall we therefore aver for certain that she was considering whether an heiress of four hundred a-year might be a suitable match for the young Laird?

# CHAPTER XXXVI

Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red. For I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

*Henry IV.* Part I.

MANNERING, with Sampson for his companion, lost no time in his journey to Edinburgh. They travelled in the Colonel's post-chariot, who, knowing his companion's habits of abstraction, did not choose to lose him out of his own sight, far less to trust him on horseback, where, in all probability, a knavish stable-boy might with little address have contrived to mount him with his face to the tail. Accordingly, with the aid of his valet, who attended on horseback, he contrived to bring Mr. Sampson safe to an inn in Edinburgh — for hotels in those days there were none — without any other accident than arose from his straying twice upon the road. On one occasion he was recovered by Barnes, who understood his humour, when, after engaging in close colloquy with the schoolmaster of Moffat respecting a disputed quantity in Horace's 7th Ode, Book II., the dispute led on to another controversy concerning the exact meaning of the word *malobathro* in that lyric effusion. His second escapade was made for the purpose of visiting the field of Rullion Green, which was dear to his Presbyterian predilections. Having got out of the carriage for an instant, he saw the sepulchral monument of the slain at the distance of about a mile, and was arrested by Barnes in his progress up the Pentland Hills, having on both occasions forgot his friend, patron, and fellow-traveller as completely as if he had been in the East Indies. On being reminded that Colonel Mannering was waiting for him, he uttered his usual ejaculation of 'Prodigious! I was oblivious,' and then strode back to his post. Barnes was surprised at his master's patience on both occasions, knowing by experience how little he brooked neglect or delay; but the Dominie was in every respect a privileged person. His patron and he were

never for a moment in each other's way, and it seemed obvious that they were formed to be companions through life. If Mannering wanted a particular book, the Dominie could bring it; if he wished to have accounts summed up or checked, his assistance was equally ready; if he desired to recall a particular passage in the classics, he could have recourse to the Dominie as to a dictionary; and all the while this walking statue was neither presuming when noticed nor sulky when left to himself. To a proud, shy, reserved man, and such in many respects was Mannering, this sort of living catalogue and animated automaton had all the advantages of a literary dumb-waiter.

As soon as they arrived in Edinburgh, and were established at the George Inn, near Bristo Port, then kept by Old Cockburn (I love to be particular), the Colonel desired the waiter to procure him a guide to Mr. Pleydell's, the advocate, for whom he had a letter of introduction from Mr. Mac-Morlan. He then commanded Barnes to have an eye to the Dominie, and walked forth with a chairman, who was to usher him to the man of law.

The period was near the end of the American war. The desire of room, of air, and of decent accommodation had not as yet made very much progress in the capital of Scotland. Some efforts had been made on the south side of the town towards building houses *within themselves*, as they are emphatically termed; and the New Town on the north, since so much extended, was then just commenced. But the great bulk of the better classes, and particularly those connected with the law, still lived in flats or dungeons of the Old Town. The manners also of some of the veterans of the law had not admitted innovation. One or two eminent lawyers still saw their clients in taverns, as was the general custom fifty years before; and although their habits were already considered as old-fashioned by the younger barristers, yet the custom of mixing wine and revelry with serious business was still maintained by those senior counsellors who loved the old road, either because it was such or because they had got too well used to it to travel any other. Among those praisers of the past time, who with ostentatious obstinacy affected the manners of a former generation, was this same Paulus Pleydell, Esq., otherwise a good scholar, an excellent lawyer, and a worthy man.

Under the guidance of his trusty attendant, Colonel Mannering, after threading a dark lane or two, reached the High Street, then clanging with the voices of oyster-women and

the bells of pye-men; for it had, as his guide assured him, just 'chappit eight upon the Tron.' It was long since Mannering had been in the street of a crowded metropolis, which, with its noise and clamour, its sounds of trade, of revelry, and of license, its variety of lights, and the eternally changing bustle of its hundred groups, offers, by night especially, a spectacle which, though composed of the most vulgar materials when they are separately considered, has, when they are combined, a striking and powerful effect on the imagination. The extraordinary height of the houses was marked by lights, which, glimmering irregularly along their front, ascended so high among the attics that they seemed at length to twinkle in the middle sky. This *coup d'œil*, which still subsists in a certain degree, was then more imposing, owing to the uninterrupted range of buildings on each side, which, broken only at the space where the North Bridge joins the main street, formed a superb and uniform place, extending from the front of the Luckenbooths to the head of the Canongate, and corresponding in breadth and length to the uncommon height of the buildings on either side.

Mannering had not much time to look and to admire. His conductor hurried him across this striking scene, and suddenly dived with him into a very steep paved lane. Turning to the right, they entered a scale staircase, as it is called, the state of which, so far as it could be judged of by one of his senses, annoyed Mannering's delicacy not a little. When they had ascended cautiously to a considerable height, they heard a heavy rap at a door, still two stories above them. The door opened, and immediately ensued the sharp and worrying bark of a dog, the squalling of a woman, the screams of an assaulted cat, and the hoarse voice of a man, who cried in a most imperative tone, 'Will ye, Mustard? Will ye? down, sir, down!'

'Lord preserve us!' said the female voice, 'an he had worried our cat, Mr. Pleydell would ne'er hae forgi'en me!'

'Aweel, my doo, the cat 's no a prin the waur. So he 's no in, ye say?'

'Na, Mr. Pleydell 's ne'er in the house on Saturday at e'en,' answered the female voice.

'And the morn 's Sabbath too,' said the querist. 'I dinna ken what will be done.'

By this time Mannering appeared, and found a tall, strong countryman, clad in a coat of pepper-and-salt-coloured mixture, with huge metal buttons, a glazed hat and boots, and a large horsewhip beneath his arm, in colloquy with a slipshod damsel,

who had in one hand the lock of the door, and in the other a pail of whiting, or *camstane*, as it is called, mixed with water — a circumstance which indicates Saturday night in Edinburgh.

'So Mr. Pleydell is not at home, my good girl?' said Mannering.

'Ay, sir, he 's at hame, but he 's no in the house; he 's aye out on Saturday at e'en.'

'But, my good girl, I am a stranger, and my business express. Will you tell me where I can find him?'

'His honour,' said the chairman, 'will be at Clerihugh's about this time. Hersell could hae tell'd ye that, but she thought ye wanted to see his house.'

'Well, then, show me to this tavern. I suppose he will see me, as I come on business of some consequence?'

'I dinna ken, sir,' said the girl; 'he disna like to be disturbed on Saturdays wi' business; but he 's aye civil to strangers.'

'I 'll gang to the tavern too,' said our friend Dinmont, 'for I am a stranger also, and on business e'en sic like.'

'Na,' said the handmaiden, 'an he see the gentleman, he 'll see the simple body too; but, Lord's sake, dinna say it was me sent ye there!'

'Atweel, I am a simple body, that 's true, hinny, but I am no come to steal ony o' his skeel for naething,' said the farmer in his honest pride, and strutted away downstairs, followed by Mannering and the cadie. Mannering could not help admiring the determined stride with which the stranger who preceded them divided the press, shouldering from him, by the mere weight and impetus of his motion, both drunk and sober passengers. 'He 'll be a Teviotdale tup tat ane,' said the chairman, 'tat 's for keeping ta crown o' ta causeway tat gate; he 'll no gang far or he 'll get somebody to bell ta cat wi' him.'

His shrewd augury, however, was not fulfilled. Those who recoiled from the colossal weight of Dinmont, on looking up at his size and strength, apparently judged him too heavy metal to be rashly encountered, and suffered him to pursue his course unchallenged. Following in the wake of this first-rate, Mannering proceeded till the farmer made a pause, and, looking back to the chairman, said, 'I 'm thinking this will be the close, friend.'

'Ay, ay,' replied Donald, 'tat 's ta close.'

Dinmont descended confidently, then turned into a dark alley, then up a dark stair, and then into an open door.

While he was whistling shrilly for the waiter, as if he had been one of his collie dogs, Mannering looked round him, and could hardly conceive how a gentleman of a liberal profession and good society should choose such a scene for social indulgence. Besides the miserable entrance, the house itself seemed paltry and half ruinous. The passage in which they stood had a window to the close, which admitted a little light during the daytime, and a villainous compound of smells at all times, but more especially towards evening. Corresponding to this window was a borrowed light on the other side of the passage, looking into the kitchen, which had no direct communication with the free air, but received in the daytime, at second hand, such straggling and obscure light as found its way from the lane through the window opposite. At present the interior of the kitchen was visible by its own huge fires — a sort of Pandemonium, where men and women, half undressed, were busied in baking, broiling, roasting oysters, and preparing devils on the gridiron; the mistress of the place, with her shoes slipshod, and her hair straggling like that of Megæra from under a round-eared cap, toiling, scolding, receiving orders, giving them, and obeying them all at once, seemed the presiding enchantress of that gloomy and fiery region.

Loud and repeated bursts of laughter from different quarters of the house proved that her labours were acceptable, and not unrewarded by a generous public. With some difficulty a waiter was prevailed upon to show Colonel Mannering and Dinmont the room where their friend learned in the law held his hebdomadal carousals. The scene which it exhibited, and particularly the attitude of the counsellor himself, the principal figure therein, struck his two clients with amazement.

Mr. Pleydell was a lively, sharp-looking gentleman, with a professional shrewdness in his eye, and, generally speaking, a professional formality in his manners. But this, like his three-tailed wig and black coat, he could slip off on a Saturday evening, when surrounded by a party of jolly companions, and disposed for what he called his altitudes. On the present occasion the revel had lasted since four o'clock, and at length, under the direction of a venerable compotator, who had shared the sports and festivity of three generations, the frolicsome company had begun to practise the ancient and now forgotten pastime of *high jinks*.[1] This game was played in several different ways. Most frequently the dice were thrown by the

[1] See High Jinks. Note 7.

company, and those upon whom the lot fell were obliged to assume and maintain for a time a certain fictitious character, or to repeat a certain number of fescennine verses in a particular order. If they departed from the characters assigned, or if their memory proved treacherous in the repetition, they incurred forfeits, which were either compounded for by swallowing an additional bumper or by paying a small sum towards the reckoning. At this sport the jovial company were closely engaged when Mannering entered the room.

Mr. Counsellor Pleydell, such as we have described him, was enthroned as a monarch in an elbow-chair placed on the dining-table, his scratch wig on one side, his head crowned with a bottle-slider, his eye leering with an expression betwixt fun and the effects of wine, while his court around him resounded with such crambo scraps of verse as these :

> Where is Gerunto now ? and what 's become of him ?
> Gerunto 's drowned because he could not swim, etc. etc.

Such, O Themis, were anciently the sports of thy Scottish children ! Dinmont was first in the room. He stood aghast a moment, and then exclaimed, 'It 's him, sure enough. Deil o' the like o' that ever I saw ! '

At the sound of 'Mr. Dinmont and Colonel Mannering wanting to speak to you, sir,' Pleydell turned his head, and blushed a little when he saw the very genteel figure of the English stranger. He was, however, of the opinion of Falstaff, 'Out, ye villains, play out the play ! ' wisely judging it the better way to appear totally unconcerned. 'Where be our guards ? ' exclaimed this second Justinian ; 'see ye not a stranger knight from foreign parts arrived at this our court of Holyrood, with our bold yeoman Andrew Dinmont, who has succeeded to the keeping of our royal flocks within the forest of Jedwood, where, thanks to our royal care in the administration of justice, they feed as safe as if they were within the bounds of Fife ? Where be our heralds, our pursuivants, our Lyon, our Marchmount, our Carrick, and our Snowdown ? Let the strangers be placed at our board, and regaled as beseemeth their quality and this our high holiday ; to-morrow we will hear their tidings.'

'So please you, my liege, to-morrow 's Sunday,' said one of the company.

'Sunday, is it ? then we will give no offence to the assembly of the kirk ; on Monday shall be their audience.'

Mannering, who had stood at first uncertain whether to advance or retreat, now resolved to enter for the moment into the whim of the scene, though internally fretting at Mac-Morlan for sending him to consult with a crack-brained humourist. He therefore advanced with three profound congees, and craved permission to lay his credentials at the feet of the Scottish monarch, in order to be perused at his best leisure. The gravity with which he accommodated himself to the humour of the moment, and the deep and humble inclination with which he at first declined, and then accepted, a seat presented by the master of the ceremonies, procured him three rounds of applause.

'Deil hae me, if they arena a' mad thegither!' said Dinmont, occupying with less ceremony a seat at the bottom of the table; 'or else they hae taen Yule before it comes, and are gaun a-guisarding.'

A large glass of claret was offered to Mannering, who drank it to the health of the reigning prince. 'You are, I presume to guess,' said the monarch, 'that celebrated Sir Miles Mannering, so renowned in the French wars, and may well pronounce to us if the wines of Gascony lose their flavour in our more northern realm.'

Mannering, agreeably flattered by this allusion to the fame of his celebrated ancestor, replied by professing himself only a distant relation of the *preux chevalier*, and added, 'that in his opinion the wine was superlatively good.'

'It's ower cauld for my stamach,' said Dinmont, setting down the glass — empty however.

'We will correct that quality,' answered King Paulus, the first of the name; 'we have not forgotten that the moist and humid air of our valley of Liddel inclines to stronger potations. Seneschal, let our faithful yeoman have a cup of brandy; it will be more germain to the matter.'

'And now,' said Mannering, 'since we have unwarily intruded upon your majesty at a moment of mirthful retirement, be pleased to say when you will indulge a stranger with an audience on those affairs of weight which have brought him to your northern capital.'

The monarch opened Mac-Morlan's letter, and, running it hastily over, exclaimed with his natural voice and manner, 'Lucy Bertram of Ellangowan, poor dear lassie!'

'A forfeit! a forfeit!' exclaimed a dozen voices; 'his majesty has forgot his kingly character.'

'Not a whit! not a whit!' replied the king; 'I'll be judged by this courteous knight. May not a monarch love a maid of low degree? Is not King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid an adjudged case in point?'

'Professional! professional! another forfeit,' exclaimed the tumultuary nobility.

'Had not our royal predecessors,' continued the monarch, exalting his sovereign voice to drown these disaffected clamours, — 'had they not their Jean Logies, their Bessie Carmichaels, their Oliphants, their Sandilands, and their Weirs, and shall it be denied to us even to name a maiden whom we delight to honour? Nay, then, sink state and perish sovereignty! for, like a second Charles V., we will abdicate, and seek in the private shades of life those pleasures which are denied to a throne.'

So saying, he flung away his crown, and sprung from his exalted station with more agility than could have been expected from his age, ordered lights and a wash-hand basin and towel, with a cup of green tea, into another room, and made a sign to Mannering to accompany him. In less than two minutes he washed his face and hands, settled his wig in the glass, and, to Mannering's great surprise, looked quite a different man from the childish Bacchanal he had seen a moment before.

'There are folks,' he said, 'Mr. Mannering, before whom one should take care how they play the fool, because they have either too much malice or too little wit, as the poet says. The best compliment I can pay Colonel Mannering is to show I am not ashamed to expose myself before him; and truly I think it is a compliment I have not spared to-night on your good-nature. But what 's that great strong fellow wanting?'

Dinmont, who had pushed after Mannering into the room, began with a scrape with his foot and a scratch of his head in unison. 'I am Dandie Dinmont, sir, of the Charlie's Hope — the Liddesdale lad; ye 'll mind me? It was for me ye won yon grand plea.'

'What plea, you loggerhead?' said the lawyer. 'D'ye think I can remember all the fools that come to plague me?'

'Lord, sir, it was the grand plea about the grazing o' the Langtae Head!' said the farmer.

'Well, curse thee, never mind; give me the memorial and come to me on Monday at ten,' replied the learned counsel.

'But, sir, I haena got ony distinct memorial.'

'No memorial, man?' said Pleydell.

'Na, sir, nae memorial,' answered Dandie; 'for your honour said before, Mr. Pleydell, ye 'll mind, that ye liked best to hear us hill-folk tell our ain tale by word o' mouth.'

'Beshrew my tongue, that said so!' answered the counsellor; 'it will cost my ears a dinning. Well, say in two words what you 've got to say. You see the gentleman waits.'

'Ou, sir, if the gentleman likes he may play his ain spring first; it 's a' ane to Dandie.'

'Now, you looby,' said the lawyer, 'cannot you conceive that your business can be nothing to Colonel Mannering, but that he may not choose to have these great ears of thine regaled with his matters?'

'Aweel, sir, just as you and he like, so ye see to my business,' said Dandie, not a whit disconcerted by the roughness of this reception. 'We 're at the auld wark o' the marches again, Jock o' Dawston Cleugh and me. Ye see we march on the tap o' Touthope Rigg after we pass the Pomoragrains; for the Pomoragrains, and Slackenspool, and Bloodylaws, they come in there, and they belang to the Peel; but after ye pass Pomoragrains at a muckle great saucer-headed cutlugged stane that they ca' Charlie's Chuckie, there Dawston Cleugh and Charlie's Hope they march. Now, I say the march rins on the tap o' the hill where the wind and water shears; but Jock o' Dawston Cleugh again, he contravenes that, and says that it hauds down by the auld drove-road that gaes awa by the Knot o' the Gate ower to Keeldar Ward; and that makes an unco difference.'

'And what difference does it make, friend?' said Pleydell. 'How many sheep will it feed?'

'Ou, no mony,' said Dandie, scratching his head; 'it 's lying high and exposed: it may feed a hog, or aiblins twa in a good year.'

'And for this grazing, which may be worth about five shillings a-year, you are willing to throw away a hundred pounds or two?'

'Na, sir, it 's no for the value of the grass,' replied Dinmont; 'it 's for justice.'

'My good friend,' said Pleydell, 'justice, like charity, should begin at home. Do you justice to your wife and family, and think no more about the matter.'

Dinmont still lingered, twisting his hat in his hand. 'It 's no for that, sir; but I would like ill to be bragged wi' him; he threeps he 'll bring a score o' witnesses and mair, and I 'm sure there 's as mony will swear for me as for him, folk that lived a'

their days upon the Charlie's Hope, and wadna like to see the land lose its right.'

'Zounds, man, if it be a point of honour,' said the lawyer, 'why don't your landlords take it up?'

'I dinna ken, sir (scratching his head again); there's been nae election-dusts lately, and the lairds are unco neighbourly, and Jock and me canna get them to yoke thegither about it a' that we can say; but if ye thought we might keep up the rent——'

'No! no! that will never do,' said Pleydell. 'Confound you, why don't you take good cudgels and settle it?'

'Odd, sir,' answered the farmer, 'we tried that three times already, that's twice on the land and ance at Lockerby Fair. But I dinna ken; we're baith gey good at single-stick, and it couldna weel be judged.'

'Then take broadswords, and be d—d to you, as your fathers did before you,' said the counsel learned in the law.

'Aweel, sir, if ye think it wadna be again the law, it's a' ane to Dandie.'

'Hold! hold!' exclaimed Pleydell, 'we shall have another Lord Soulis' mistake.[1] Pr'ythee, man, comprehend me; I wish you to consider how very trifling and foolish a lawsuit you wish to engage in.'

'Ay, sir?' said Dandie, in a disappointed tone. 'So ye winna take on wi' me, I'm doubting?'

'Me! not I. Go home, go home, take a pint and agree.' Dandie looked but half contented, and still remained stationary. 'Anything more, my friend?'

'Only, sir, about the succession of this leddy that's dead, auld Miss Margaret Bertram o' Singleside.'

'Ay, what about her?' said the counsellor, rather surprised.

'Ou, we have nae connexion at a' wi' the Bertrams,' said Dandie; 'they were grand folk by the like o' us; but Jean Liltup, that was auld Singleside's housekeeper, and the mother of these twa young ladies that are gane — the last o' them's dead at a ripe age, I trow — Jean Liltup came out o' Liddel water, and she was as near our connexion as second cousin to my mother's half-sister. She drew up wi' Singleside, nae doubt, when she was his housekeeper, and it was a sair vex and grief to a' her kith and kin. But he acknowledged a marriage, and satisfied the kirk; and now I wad ken frae you if we hae not some claim by law?'

[1] See *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. iv. p. 241 (*Laing*).

'Not the shadow of a claim.'

'Aweel, we're nae puirer,' said Dandie; 'but she may hae thought on us if she was minded to make a testament. Weel, sir, I've said my say; I'se e'en wish you good-night, and ——' putting his hand in his pocket.

'No, no, my friend; I never take fees on Saturday nights, or without a memorial. Away with you, Dandie.' And Dandie made his reverence and departed accordingly.

# CHAPTER XXXVII

But this poor farce has neither truth nor art
To please the fancy or to touch the heart.
Dark but not awful, dismal but yet mean,
With anxious bustle moves the cumbrous scene,
Presents no objects tender or profound,
But spreads its cold unmeaning gloom around.

*Parish Register.*

'YOUR majesty,' said Mannering, laughing, 'has solemnised your abdication by an act of mercy and charity. That fellow will scarce think of going to law.'

'O, you are quite wrong,' said the experienced lawyer. 'The only difference is, I have lost my client and my fee. He'll never rest till he finds somebody to encourage him to commit the folly he has predetermined. No! no! I have only shown you another weakness of my character: I always speak truth of a Saturday night.'

'And sometimes through the week, I should think,' said Mannering, continuing the same tone.

'Why, yes; as far as my vocation will permit. I am, as Hamlet says, indifferent honest, when my clients and their solicitors do not make me the medium of conveying their double-distilled lies to the bench. But *oportet vivere!* it is a sad thing. And now to our business. I am glad my old friend Mac-Morlan has sent you to me; he is an active, honest, and intelligent man, long sheriff-substitute of the county of —— under me, and still holds the office. He knows I have a regard for that unfortunate family of Ellangowan, and for poor Lucy. I have not seen her since she was twelve years old, and she was then a sweet pretty girl, under the management of a very silly father. But my interest in her is of an early date. I was called upon, Mr. Mannering, being then sheriff of that county, to investigate the particulars of a murder which had been committed near Ellangowan the day on which this poor child was born; and

which, by a strange combination that I was unhappily not able to trace, involved the death or abstraction of her only brother, a boy of about five years old. No, Colonel, I shall never forget the misery of the house of Ellangowan that morning! the father half-distracted — the mother dead in premature travail — the helpless infant, with scarce any one to attend it, coming wawling and crying into this miserable world at such a moment of unutterable misery. We lawyers are not of iron, sir, or of brass, any more than you soldiers are of steel. We are conversant with the crimes and distresses of civil society, as you are with those that occur in a state of war, and to do our duty in either case a little apathy is perhaps necessary. But the devil take a soldier whose heart can be as hard as his sword, and his dam catch the lawyer who bronzes his bosom instead of his forehead! But come, I am losing my Saturday at e'en. Will you have the kindness to trust me with these papers which relate to Miss Bertram's business? and stay — to-morrow you 'll take a bachelor's dinner with an old lawyer, — I insist upon it — at three precisely, and come an hour sooner. The old lady is to be buried on Monday; it is the orphan's cause, and we 'll borrow an hour from the Sunday to talk over this business, although I fear nothing can be done if she has altered her settlement, unless perhaps it occurs within the sixty days, and then, if Miss Bertram can show that she possesses the character of heir-at-law, why —— But, hark! my lieges are impatient of their *interregnum*. I do not invite you to rejoin us, Colonel; it would be a trespass on your complaisance, unless you had begun the day with us, and gradually glided on from wisdom to mirth, and from mirth to — to — to — extravagance. Good-night. Harry, go home with Mr. Mannering to his lodging. Colonel, I expect you at a little past two to-morrow.'

The Colonel returned to his inn, equally surprised at the childish frolics in which he had found his learned counsellor engaged, at the candour and sound sense which he had in a moment summoned up to meet the exigencies of his profession, and at the tone of feeling which he displayed when he spoke of the friendless orphan.

In the morning, while the Colonel and his most quiet and silent of all retainers, Dominie Sampson, were finishing the breakfast which Barnes had made and poured out, after the Dominie had scalded himself in the attempt, Mr. Pleydell was suddenly ushered in. A nicely dressed bob-wig, upon every

hair of which a zealous and careful barber had bestowed its proper allowance of powder; a well-brushed black suit, with very clean shoes and gold buckles and stock-buckle; a manner rather reserved and formal than intrusive, but withal showing only the formality of manner, by no means that of awkwardness; a countenance, the expressive and somewhat comic features of which were in complete repose — all showed a being perfectly different from the choice spirit of the evening before. A glance of shrewd and piercing fire in his eye was the only marked expression which recalled the man of 'Saturday at e'en.'

'I am come,' said he, with a very polite address, 'to use my regal authority in your behalf in spirituals as well as temporals; can I accompany you to the Presbyterian kirk, or Episcopal meeting-house? *Tros Tyriusve*, a lawyer, you know, is of both religions, or rather I should say of both forms; — or can I assist in passing the forenoon otherwise? You 'll excuse my old-fashioned importunity, I was born in a time when a Scotchman was thought inhospitable if he left a guest alone a moment, except when he slept; but I trust you will tell me at once if I intrude.'

'Not at all, my dear sir,' answered Colonel Mannering. 'I am delighted to put myself under your pilotage. I should wish much to hear some of your Scottish preachers whose talents have done such honour to your country — your Blair, your Robertson, or your Henry; and I embrace your kind offer with all my heart. Only,' drawing the lawyer a little aside, and turning his eye towards Sampson, 'my worthy friend there in the reverie is a little helpless and abstracted, and my servant, Barnes, who is his pilot in ordinary, cannot well assist him here, especially as he has expressed his determination of going to some of your darker and more remote places of worship.'

The lawyer's eye glanced at Dominie Sampson. 'A curiosity worth preserving; and I 'll find you a fit custodier. Here you, sir (to the waiter), go to Luckie Finlayson's in the Cowgate for Miles Macfin the cadie, he 'll be there about this time, and tell him I wish to speak to him.'

The person wanted soon arrived. 'I will commit your friend to this man's charge,' said Pleydell; 'he 'll attend him, or conduct him, wherever he chooses to go, with a happy indifference as to kirk or market, meeting or court of justice, or any other place whatever; and bring him safe home at

whatever hour you appoint; so that Mr. Barnes there may be left to the freedom of his own will.'

This was easily arranged, and the Colonel committed the Dominie to the charge of this man while they should remain in Edinburgh.

'And now, sir, if you please, we shall go to the Greyfriars church, to hear our historian of Scotland, of the Continent, and of America.'

They were disappointed: he did not preach that morning. 'Never mind,' said the Counsellor, 'have a moment's patience and we shall do very well.'

The colleague of Dr. Robertson ascended the pulpit.[1] His external appearance was not prepossessing. A remarkably fair complexion, strangely contrasted with a black wig without a grain of powder; a narrow chest and a stooping posture; hands which, placed like props on either side of the pulpit, seemed necessary rather to support the person than to assist the gesticulation of the preacher; no gown, not even that of Geneva, a tumbled band, and a gesture which seemed scarce voluntary, were the first circumstances which struck a stranger. 'The preacher seems a very ungainly person,' whispered Mannering to his new friend.

'Never fear, he 's the son of an excellent Scottish lawyer;[2] he 'll show blood, I 'll warrant him.'

The learned Counsellor predicted truly. A lecture was delivered, fraught with new, striking, and entertaining views of Scripture history, a sermon in which the Calvinism of the Kirk of Scotland was ably supported, yet made the basis of a sound system of practical morals, which should neither shelter the sinner under the cloak of speculative faith or of peculiarity of opinion, nor leave him loose to the waves of unbelief and schism. Something there was of an antiquated turn of argument and metaphor, but it only served to give zest and peculiarity to the style of elocution. The sermon was not read: a scrap of paper containing the heads of the discourse was occasionally referred to, and the enunciation, which at first seemed imperfect and embarrassed, became, as the preacher warmed in his progress, animated and distinct; and although the discourse could not be quoted as a correct specimen of pulpit eloquence, yet Mannering had seldom heard so much

[1] This was the celebrated Dr. Erskine, a distinguished clergyman, and a most excellent man.

[2] The father of Dr. Erskine was an eminent lawyer, and his *Institutes of the Law of Scotland* are to this day the text-book of students of that science.

learning, metaphysical acuteness, and energy of argument brought into the service of Christianity.

'Such,' he said, going out of the church, 'must have been the preachers to whose unfearing minds, and acute though sometimes rudely exercised talents, we owe the Reformation.'

'And yet that reverend gentleman,' said Pleydell, 'whom I love for his father's sake and his own, has nothing of the sour or pharisaical pride which has been imputed to some of the early fathers of the Calvinistic Kirk of Scotland. His colleague and he differ, and head different parties in the kirk, about particular points of church discipline; but without for a moment losing personal regard or respect for each other, or suffering malignity to interfere in an opposition steady, constant, and apparently conscientious on both sides.'

'And you, Mr. Pleydell, what do you think of their points of difference?'

'Why, I hope, Colonel, a plain man may go to heaven without thinking about them at all; besides, *inter nos*, I am a member of the suffering and Episcopal Church of Scotland — the shadow of a shade now, and fortunately so; but I love to pray where my fathers prayed before me, without thinking worse of the Presbyterian forms because they do not affect me with the same associations.' And with this remark they parted until dinner-time.

From the awkward access to the lawyer's mansion, Mannering was induced to form very moderate expectations of the entertainment which he was to receive. The approach looked even more dismal by daylight than on the preceding evening. The houses on each side of the lane were so close that the neighbours might have shaken hands with each other from the different sides, and occasionally the space between was traversed by wooden galleries, and thus entirely closed up. The stair, the scale-stair, was not well cleaned; and on entering the house Mannering was struck with the narrowness and meanness of the wainscotted passage. But the library, into which he was shown by an elderly, respectable-looking man-servant, was a complete contrast to these unpromising appearances. It was a well-proportioned room, hung with a portrait or two of Scottish characters of eminence, by Jamieson, the Caledonian Vandyke, and surrounded with books, the best editions of the best authors, and in particular an admirable collection of classics.

'These,' said Pleydell, 'are my tools of trade. A lawyer without history or literature is a mechanic, a mere working

mason; if he possesses some knowledge of these, he may venture to call himself an architect.'

But Mannering was chiefly delighted with the view from the windows, which commanded that incomparable prospect of the ground between Edinburgh and the sea — the Firth of Forth, with its islands, the embayment which is terminated by the Law of North Berwick, and the varied shores of Fife to the northward, indenting with a hilly outline the clear blue horizon.

When Mr. Pleydell had sufficiently enjoyed the surprise of his guest, he called his attention to Miss Bertram's affairs. 'I was in hopes,' he said, 'though but faint, to have discovered some means of ascertaining her indefeasible right to this property of Singleside; but my researches have been in vain. The old lady was certainly absolute fiar, and might dispose of it in full right of property. All that we have to hope is, that the devil may not have tempted her to alter this very proper settlement. You must attend the old girl's funeral to-morrow, to which you will receive an invitation, for I have acquainted her agent with your being here on Miss Bertram's part; and I will meet you afterwards at the house she inhabited, and be present to see fair play at the opening of the settlement. The old cat had a little girl, the orphan of some relation, who lived with her as a kind of slavish companion. I hope she has had the conscience to make her independent, in consideration of the *peine forte et dure* to which she subjected her during her lifetime.'

Three gentlemen now appeared, and were introduced to the stranger. They were men of good sense, gaiety, and general information, so that the day passed very pleasantly over; and Colonel Mannering assisted, about eight o'clock at night, in discussing the landlord's bottle, which was, of course, a magnum. Upon his return to the inn he found a card inviting him to the funeral of Miss Margaret Bertram, late of Singleside, which was to proceed from her own house to the place of interment in the Greyfriars churchyard at one o'clock afternoon.

At the appointed hour Mannering went to a small house in the suburbs to the southward of the city, where he found the place of mourning indicated, as usual in Scotland, by two rueful figures with long black cloaks, white crapes and hat-bands, holding in their hands poles, adorned with melancholy streamers of the same description. By two other mutes, who, from their visages, seemed suffering under the pressure of some

strange calamity, he was ushered into the dining-parlour of the defunct, where the company were assembled for the funeral.

In Scotland the custom, now disused in England, of inviting the relations of the deceased to the interment is universally retained. On many occasions this has a singular and striking effect, but it degenerates into mere empty form and grimace in cases where the defunct has had the misfortune to live unbeloved and die unlamented. The English service for the dead, one of the most beautiful and impressive parts of the ritual of the church, would have in such cases the effect of fixing the attention, and uniting the thoughts and feelings of the audience present in an exercise of devotion so peculiarly adapted to such an occasion. But according to the Scottish custom, if there be not real feeling among the assistants, there is nothing to supply the deficiency, and exalt or rouse the attention; so that a sense of tedious form, and almost hypocritical restraint, is too apt to pervade the company assembled for the mournful solemnity. Mrs. Margaret Bertram was unluckily one of those whose good qualities had attached no general friendship. She had no near relations who might have mourned from natural affection, and therefore her funeral exhibited merely the exterior trappings of sorrow.

Mannering, therefore, stood among this lugubrious company of cousins in the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth degree, composing his countenance to the decent solemnity of all who were around him, and looking as much concerned on Mrs. Margaret Bertram's account as if the deceased lady of Singleside had been his own sister or mother. After a deep and awful pause, the company began to talk aside, under their breaths, however, and as if in the chamber of a dying person.

'Our poor friend,' said one grave gentleman, scarcely opening his mouth, for fear of deranging the necessary solemnity of his features, and sliding his whisper from between his lips, which were as little unclosed as possible — 'our poor friend has died well to pass in the world.'

'Nae doubt,' answered the person addressed, with half-closed eyes; 'poor Mrs. Margaret was aye careful of the gear.'

'Any news to-day, Colonel Mannering?' said one of the gentlemen whom he had dined with the day before, but in a tone which might, for its impressive gravity, have communicated the death of his whole generation.

'Nothing particular, I believe, sir,' said Mannering, in the

cadence which was, he observed, appropriated to the house of mourning.

'I understand,' continued the first speaker, emphatically, and with the air of one who is well informed — 'I understand there *is* a settlement.'

'And what does little Jenny Gibson get?'

'A hundred, and the auld repeater.'

'That 's but sma' gear, puir thing; she had a sair time o't with the auld leddy. But it 's ill waiting for dead folks' shoon.'

'I am afraid,' said the politician, who was close by Mannering, 'we have not done with your old friend Tippoo Sahib yet, I doubt he 'll give the Company more plague; and I am told, but you 'll know for certain, that East India Stock is not rising.'

'I trust it will, sir, soon.'

'Mrs. Margaret,' said another person, mingling in the conversation, 'had some India bonds. I know that, for I drew the interest for her; it would be desirable now for the trustees and legatees to have the Colonel's advice about the time and mode of converting them into money. For my part I think — but there 's Mr. Mortcloke to tell us they are gaun to lift.'

Mr. Mortcloke the undertaker did accordingly, with a visage of professional length and most grievous solemnity, distribute among the pall-bearers little cards, assigning their respective situations in attendance upon the coffin. As this precedence is supposed to be regulated by propinquity to the defunct, the undertaker, however skilful a master of these lugubrious ceremonies, did not escape giving some offence. To be related to Mrs. Bertram was to be of kin to the lands of Singleside, and was a propinquity of which each relative present at that moment was particularly jealous. Some murmurs there were on the occasion, and our friend Dinmont gave more open offence, being unable either to repress his discontent or to utter it in the key properly modulated to the solemnity. 'I think ye might hae at least gi'en me a leg o' her to carry,' he exclaimed, in a voice considerably louder than propriety admitted. 'God! an it hadna been for the rigs o' land, I would hae gotten her a' to carry mysell, for as mony gentles as are here.'

A score of frowning and reproving brows were bent upon the unappalled yeoman, who, having given vent to his displeasure, stalked sturdily downstairs with the rest of the company, totally disregarding the censures of those whom his remarks had scandalised.

And then the funeral pomp set forth; saulies with their batons and gumphions of tarnished white crape, in honour of the well-preserved maiden fame of Mrs. Margaret Bertram. Six starved horses, themselves the very emblems of mortality, well cloaked and plumed, lugging along the hearse with its dismal emblazonry, crept in slow state towards the place of interment, preceded by Jamie Duff, an idiot, who, with weepers and cravat made of white paper, attended on every funeral, and followed by six mourning coaches, filled with the company. Many of these now gave more free loose to their tongues, and discussed with unrestrained earnestness the amount of the succession, and the probability of its destination. The principal expectants, however, kept a prudent silence, indeed ashamed to express hopes which might prove fallacious; and the agent or man of business, who alone knew exactly how matters stood, maintained a countenance of mysterious importance, as if determined to preserve the full interest of anxiety and suspense.

At length they arrived at the churchyard gates, and from thence, amid the gaping of two or three dozen of idle women with infants in their arms, and accompanied by some twenty children, who ran gambolling and screaming alongside of the sable procession, they finally arrived at the burial-place of the Singleside family. This was a square inclosure in the Greyfriars churchyard, guarded on one side by a veteran angel without a nose, and having only one wing, who had the merit of having maintained his post for a century, while his comrade cherub, who had stood sentinel on the corresponding pedestal, lay a broken trunk among the hemlock, burdock, and nettles which grew in gigantic luxuriance around the walls of the mausoleum. A moss-grown and broken inscription informed the reader that in the year 1650 Captain Andrew Bertram, first of Singleside, descended of the very ancient and honourable house of Ellangowan, had caused this monument to be erected for himself and his descendants. A reasonable number of scythes and hour-glasses, and death's heads and cross-bones, garnished the following sprig of sepulchral poetry, to the memory of the founder of the mausoleum: —

> Nathaniel's heart, Bezaleel's hand,
> If ever any had,
> These boldly do I say had he,
> Who lieth in this bed.

Here, then, amid the deep black fat loam into which her ancestors were now resolved, they deposited the body of Mrs. Margaret Bertram ; and, like soldiers returning from a military funeral, the nearest relations who might be interested in the settlements of the lady urged the dog-cattle of the hackney coaches to all the speed of which they were capable, in order to put an end to farther suspense on that interesting topic.

# CHAPTER XXXVIII

Die and endow a college or a cat. — POPE.

THERE is a fable told by Lucian, that while a troop of monkeys, well drilled by an intelligent manager, were performing a tragedy with great applause, the decorum of the whole scene was at once destroyed, and the natural passions of the actors called forth into very indecent and active emulation, by a wag who threw a handful of nuts upon the stage. In like manner, the approaching crisis stirred up among the expectants feelings of a nature very different from those of which, under the superintendence of Mr. Mortcloke, they had but now been endeavouring to imitate the expression. Those eyes which were lately devoutly cast up to heaven, or with greater humility bent solemnly upon earth, were now sharply and alertly darting their glances through shuttles, and trunks, and drawers, and cabinets, and all the odd corners of an old maiden lady's repositories. Nor was their search without interest, though they did not find the will of which they were in quest.

Here was a promissory note for £20 by the minister of the nonjuring chapel, interest marked as paid to Martinmas last, carefully folded up in a new set of words to the old tune of 'Over the Water to Charlie'; there was a curious love correspondence between the deceased and a certain Lieutenant O'Kean of a marching regiment of foot; and tied up with the letters was a document which at once explained to the relatives why a connexion that boded them little good had been suddenly broken off, being the Lieutenant's bond for two hundred pounds, upon which *no* interest whatever appeared to have been paid. Other bills and bonds to a larger amount, and signed by better names (I mean commercially) than those of the worthy divine and gallant soldier, also occurred in the course of their researches, besides a hoard of coins of every size and denomination, and scraps of broken gold and silver, old ear-

rings, hinges of cracked snuff-boxes, mountings of spectacles, etc. etc. etc. Still no will made its appearance, and Colonel Mannering began full well to hope that the settlement which he had obtained from Glossin contained the ultimate arrangement of the old lady's affairs. But his friend Pleydell, who now came into the room, cautioned him against entertaining this belief.

'I am well acquainted with the gentleman,' he said, 'who is conducting the search, and I guess from his manner that he knows something more of the matter than any of us.'

Meantime, while the search proceeds, let us take a brief glance at one or two of the company who seem most interested.

Of Dinmont, who, with his large hunting-whip under his arm, stood poking his great round face over the shoulder of the *homme d'affaires*, it is unnecessary to say anything. That thin-looking oldish person, in a most correct and gentleman-like suit of mourning, is Mac-Casquil, formerly of Drumquag, who was ruined by having a legacy bequeathed to him of two shares in the Ayr bank. His hopes on the present occasion are founded on a very distant relationship, upon his sitting in the same pew with the deceased every Sunday, and upon his playing at cribbage with her regularly on the Saturday evenings, taking great care never to come off a winner. That other coarse-looking man, wearing his own greasy hair tied in a leathern cue more greasy still, is a tobacconist, a relation of Mrs. Bertram's mother, who, having a good stock in trade when the colonial war broke out, trebled the price of his commodity to all the world, Mrs. Bertram alone excepted, whose tortoise-shell snuff-box was weekly filled with the best rappee at the old prices, because the maid brought it to the shop with Mrs. Bertram's respects to her cousin Mr. Quid. That young fellow, who has not had the decency to put off his boots and buckskins, might have stood as forward as most of them in the graces of the old lady, who loved to look upon a comely young man; but it is thought he has forfeited the moment of fortune by sometimes neglecting her tea-table when solemnly invited, sometimes appearing there when he had been dining with blyther company twice treading upon her cat's tail, and once affronting her parrot.

To Mannering the most interesting of the group was the poor girl who had been a sort of humble companion of the deceased, as a subject upon whom she could at all times expectorate

her bad humour. She was for form's sake dragged into the room by the deceased's favourite female attendant, where, shrinking into a corner as soon as possible, she saw with wonder and affright the intrusive researches of the strangers amongst those recesses to which from childhood she had looked with awful veneration. This girl was regarded with an unfavourable eye by all the competitors, honest Dinmont only excepted; the rest conceived they should find in her a formidable competitor, whose claims might at least encumber and diminish their chance of succession. Yet she was the only person present who seemed really to feel sorrow for the deceased. Mrs. Bertram had been her protectress, although from selfish motives, and her capricious tyranny was forgotten at the moment, while the tears followed each other fast down the cheeks of her frightened and friendless dependent. 'There 's ower muckle saut water there, Drumquag,' said the tobacconist to the ex-proprietor, 'to bode ither folk muckle gude. Folk seldom greet that gate but they ken what it 's for.' Mr. Mac-Casquil only replied with a nod, feeling the propriety of asserting his superior gentry in presence of Mr. Pleydell and Colonel Mannering.

'Very queer if there suld be nae will after a', friend,' said Dinmont, who began to grow impatient, to the man of business.

'A moment's patience, if you please. She was a good and prudent woman, Mrs. Margaret Bertram — a good and prudent and well-judging woman, and knew how to choose friends and depositaries; she may have put her last will and testament, or rather her *mortis causa* settlement, as it relates to heritage, into the hands of some safe friend.'

'I 'll bet a rump and dozen,' said Pleydell, whispering to the Colonel, 'he has got it in his own pocket.' Then addressing the man of law, 'Come, sir, we 'll cut this short, if you please: here is a settlement of the estate of Singleside, executed several years ago, in favour of Miss Lucy Bertram of Ellangowan.' The company stared fearfully wild. 'You, I presume, Mr. Protocol, can inform us if there is a later deed?'

'Please to favour me, Mr. Pleydell'; and so saying, he took the deed out of the learned counsel's hand, and glanced his eye over the contents.

'Too cool,' said Pleydell, 'too cool by half; he has another deed in his pocket still.'

'Why does he not show it then, and be d—d to him!' said

the military gentleman, whose patience began to wax threadbare.

'Why, how should I know?' answered the barrister; 'why does a cat not kill a mouse when she takes him? The consciousness of power and the love of teasing, I suppose. Well, Mr. Protocol, what say you to that deed?'

'Why, Mr. Pleydell, the deed is a well-drawn deed, properly authenticated and tested in forms of the statute.'

'But recalled or superseded by another of posterior date in your possession, eh?' said the Counsellor.

'Something of the sort, I confess, Mr. Pleydell,' rejoined the man of business, producing a bundle tied with tape, and sealed at each fold and ligation with black wax. 'That deed, Mr. Pleydell, which you produce and found upon, is dated 1st June 17—; but this (breaking the seals and unfolding the document slowly) is dated the 20th — no, I see it is the 21st — of April of this present year, being ten years posterior.'

'Marry, hang her, brock!' said the Counsellor, borrowing an exclamation from Sir Toby Belch; 'just the month in which Ellangowan's distresses became generally public. But let us hear what she has done.'

Mr. Protocol accordingly, having required silence, began to read the settlement aloud in a slow, steady, business-like tone. The group around, in whose eyes hope alternately awakened and faded, and who were straining their apprehensions to get at the drift of the testator's meaning through the mist of technical language in which the conveyance had involved it, might have made a study for Hogarth.

The deed was of an unexpected nature. It set forth with conveying and disponing all and whole the estate and lands of Singleside and others, with the lands of Loverless, Liealone, Spinster's Knowe, and heaven knows what beside, 'to and in favours of (here the reader softened his voice to a gentle and modest piano) Peter Protocol, clerk to the signet, having the fullest confidence in his capacity and integrity — these are the very words which my worthy deceased friend insisted upon my inserting — but in TRUST always (here the reader recovered his voice and style, and the visages of several of the hearers, which had attained a longitude that Mr. Mortcloke might have envied, were perceptibly shortened) — in TRUST always, and for the uses, ends, and purposes herein after-mentioned.'

In these 'uses, ends, and purposes' lay the cream of the affair. The first was introduced by a preamble setting forth

that the testatrix was lineally descended from the ancient house of Ellangowan, her respected great-grandfather, Andrew Bertram, first of Singleside, of happy memory, having been second son to Allan Bertram, fifteenth Baron of Ellangowan. It proceeded to state that Henry Bertram, son and heir of Godfrey Bertram, now of Ellangowan, had been stolen from his parents in infancy, but that she, the testatrix, *was well assured that he was yet alive in foreign parts, and by the providence of heaven would be restored to the possessions of his ancestors*, in which case the said Peter Protocol was bound and obliged, like as he bound and obliged himself, by acceptance of these presents, to denude himself of the said lands of Singleside and others, and of all the other effects thereby conveyed (excepting always a proper gratification for his own trouble), to and in favour of the said Henry Bertram, upon his return to his native country. And during the time of his residing in foreign parts, or in case of his never again returning to Scotland, Mr. Peter Protocol, the trustee, was directed to distribute the rents of the land, and interest of the other funds (deducting always a proper gratification for his trouble in the premises), in equal portions, among four charitable establishments pointed out in the will. The power of management, of letting leases, of raising and lending out money, in short, the full authority of a proprietor, was vested in this confidential trustee, and, in the event of his death, went to certain official persons named in the deed. There were only two legacies; one of a hundred pounds to a favourite waiting-maid, another of the like sum to Janet Gibson (whom the deed stated to have been supported by the charity of the testatrix), for the purpose of binding her an apprentice to some honest trade.

A settlement in mortmain is in Scotland termed a *mortification*, and in one great borough (Aberdeen, if I remember rightly) there is a municipal officer who takes care of these public endowments, and is thence called the Master of Mortifications. One would almost presume that the term had its origin in the effect which such settlements usually produce upon the kinsmen of those by whom they are executed. Heavy at least was the mortification which befell the audience who, in the late Mrs. Margaret Bertram's parlour, had listened to this unexpected destination of the lands of Singleside. There was a profound silence after the deed had been read over.

Mr. Pleydell was the first to speak. He begged to look at the deed, and, having satisfied himself that it was correctly

drawn and executed, he returned it without any observation, only saying aside to Mannering, 'Protocol is not worse than other people, I believe; but this old lady has determined that, if he do not turn rogue, it shall not be for want of temptation.'

'I really think,' said Mr. Mac-Casquil of Drumquag, who, having gulped down one half of his vexation, determined to give vent to the rest—'I really think this is an extraordinary case! I should like now to know from Mr. Protocol, who, being sole and unlimited trustee, must have been consulted upon this occasion—I should like, I say, to know how Mrs. Bertram could possibly believe in the existence of a boy that a' the world kens was murdered many a year since?'

'Really, sir,' said Mr. Protocol, 'I do not conceive it is possible for me to explain her motives more than she has done herself. Our excellent deceased friend was a good woman, sir—a pious woman—and might have grounds for confidence in the boy's safety which are not accessible to us, sir.'

'Hout,' said the tobacconist, 'I ken very weel what were her grounds for confidence. There's Mrs. Rebecca (the maid) sitting there has tell'd me a hundred times in my ain shop, there was nae kenning how her leddy wad settle her affairs, for an auld gipsy witch wife at Gilsland had possessed her with a notion that the callant—Harry Bertram ca's she him?—would come alive again some day after a'. Ye'll no deny that, Mrs. Rebecca? though I dare to say ye forgot to put your mistress in mind of what ye promised to say when I gied ye mony a half-crown. But ye'll no deny what I am saying now, lass?'

'I ken naething at a' about it,' answered Rebecca, doggedly, and looking straight forward with the firm countenance of one not disposed to be compelled to remember more than was agreeable to her.

'Weel said, Rebecca! ye're satisfied wi' your ain share ony way,' rejoined the tobacconist.

The buck of the second-head, for a buck of the first-head he was not, had hitherto been slapping his boots with his switch-whip, and looking like a spoiled child that has lost its supper. His murmurs, however, were all vented inwardly, or at most in a soliloquy such as this—'I am sorry, by G—d, I ever plagued myself about her. I came here, by G—d, one night to drink tea, and I left King and the Duke's rider Will Hack. They were toasting a round of running horses; by G—d, I might have got leave to wear the jacket as well as other folk

if I had carried it on with them; and she has not so much as left me that hundred!'

'We'll make the payment of the note quite agreeable,' said Mr. Protocol, who had no wish to increase at that moment the odium attached to his office. 'And now, gentlemen, I fancy we have no more to wait for here, and I shall put the settlement of my excellent and worthy friend on record to-morrow, that every gentleman may examine the contents, and have free access to take an extract; and' — he proceeded to lock up the repositories of the deceased with more speed than he had opened them — 'Mrs. Rebecca, ye'll be so kind as to keep all right here until we can let the house; I had an offer from a tenant this morning, if such a thing should be, and if I was to have any management.'

Our friend Dinmont, having had his hopes as well as another, had hitherto sate sulky enough in the arm-chair formerly appropriated to the deceased, and in which she would have been not a little scandalised to have seen this colossal specimen of the masculine gender lolling at length. His employment had been rolling up into the form of a coiled snake the long lash of his horse-whip, and then by a jerk causing it to unroll itself into the middle of the floor. The first words he said when he had digested the shock contained a magnanimous declaration, which he probably was not conscious of having uttered aloud — 'Weel, blude's thicker than water; she's welcome to the cheeses and the hams just the same.' But when the trustee had made the above-mentioned motion for the mourners to depart, and talked of the house being immediately let, honest Dinmont got upon his feet and stunned the company with this blunt question, 'And what's to come o' this poor lassie then, Jenny Gibson? Sae mony o' us as thought oursells sib to the family when the gear was parting, we may do something for her amang us surely.'

This proposal seemed to dispose most of the assembly instantly to evacuate the premises, although upon Mr. Protocol's motion they had lingered as if around the grave of their disappointed hopes. Drumquag said, or rather muttered, something of having a family of his own, and took precedence, in virtue of his gentle blood, to depart as fast as possible. The tobacconist sturdily stood forward and scouted the motion — 'A little huzzie like that was weel eneugh provided for already; and Mr. Protocol at ony rate was the proper person to take direction of her, as he had charge of her legacy'; and after

uttering such his opinion in a steady and decisive tone of voice, he also left the place. The buck made a stupid and brutal attempt at a jest upon Mrs. Bertram's recommendation that the poor girl should be taught some honest trade; but encountered a scowl from Colonel Mannering's darkening eye (to whom, in his ignorance of the tone of good society, he had looked for applause) that made him ache to the very backbone. He shuffled downstairs, therefore, as fast as possible.

Protocol, who was really a good sort of man, next expressed his intention to take a temporary charge of the young lady, under protest always that his so doing should be considered as merely eleemosynary; when Dinmont at length got up, and, having shaken his huge dreadnought great-coat, as a Newfoundland dog does his shaggy hide when he comes out of the water, ejaculated, 'Weel, deil hae me then, if ye hae ony fash wi' her, Mr. Protocol, if she likes to gang hame wi' me, that is. Ye see, Ailie and me we're weel to pass, and we would like the lassies to hae a wee bit mair lair than oursells, and to be neighbour-like, that wad we. And ye see Jenny canna miss but to ken manners, and the like o' reading books, and sewing seams, having lived sae lang wi' a grand lady like Lady Singleside; or, if she disna ken ony thing about it, I'm jealous that our bairns will like her a' the better. And I'll take care o' the bits o' claes, and what spending siller she maun hae, so the hundred pound may rin on in your hands, Mr. Protocol, and I'll be adding something till 't, till she'll maybe get a Liddesdale joe that wants something to help to buy the hirsel. What d'ye say to that, hinny? I'll take out a ticket for ye in the fly to Jethart; odd, but ye maun take a powny after that o'er the Limestane Rig, deil a wheeled carriage ever gaed into Liddesdale.[1] And I'll be very glad if Mrs. Rebecca comes wi' you, hinny, and stays a month or twa while ye're stranger like.'

While Mrs. Rebecca was courtesying, and endeavouring to make the poor orphan girl courtesy instead of crying, and while Dandie, in his rough way, was encouraging them both, old Pleydell had recourse to his snuff-box. 'It's meat and drink to me now, Colonel,' he said, as he recovered himself, 'to see a clown like this. I must gratify him in his own way, must assist him to ruin himself; there's no help for it. Here, you Liddesdale — Dandie — Charlie's Hope — what do they call you?'

The farmer turned, infinitely gratified even by this sort of

[1] See Roads of Liddesdale. Note 8.

notice; for in his heart, next to his own landlord, he honoured a lawyer in high practice.

'So you will not be advised against trying that question about your marches?'

'No, no, sir; naebody likes to lose their right, and to be laughed at down the haill water. But since your honour's no agreeable, and is maybe a friend to the other side like, we maun try some other advocate.'

'There, I told you so, Colonel Mannering! Well, sir, if you must needs be a fool, the business is to give you the luxury of a lawsuit at the least possible expense, and to bring you off conqueror if possible. Let Mr. Protocol send me your papers, and I will advise him how to conduct your cause. I don't see, after all, why you should not have your lawsuits too, and your feuds in the Court of Session, as well as your forefathers had their manslaughters and fire-raisings.'

'Very natural, to be sure, sir. We wad just take the auld gate as readily, if it werena for the law. And as the law binds us, the law should loose us. Besides, a man's aye the better thought o' in our country for having been afore the Feifteen.'

'Excellently argued, my friend! Away with you, and send your papers to me. Come, Colonel, we have no more to do here.'

'God, we'll ding Jock o' Dawston Cleugh now after a'!' said Dinmont, slapping his thigh in great exultation.

# CHAPTER XXXIX

> I am going to the parliament;
> You understand this bag: If you have any business
> Depending there, be short, and let me hear it,
> And pay your fees.
>
> *Little French Lawyer.*

'SHALL you be able to carry this honest fellow's cause for him?' said Mannering.

'Why, I don't know; the battle is not to the strong, but he shall come off triumphant over Jock of Dawston if we can make it out. I owe him something. It is the pest of our profession that we seldom see the best side of human nature. People come to us with every selfish feeling newly pointed and grinded; they turn down the very caulkers of their animosities and prejudices, as smiths do with horses' shoes in a white frost. Many a man has come to my garret yonder that I have at first longed to pitch out at the window, and yet at length have discovered that he was only doing as I might have done in his case, being very angry, and of course very unreasonable. I have now satisfied myself that, if our profession sees more of human folly and human roguery than others, it is because we witness them acting in that channel in which they can most freely vent themselves. In civilised society law is the chimney through which all that smoke discharges itself that used to circulate through the whole house, and put every one's eyes out; no wonder, therefore, that the vent itself should sometimes get a little sooty. But we will take care our Liddesdale man's cause is well conducted and well argued, so all unnecessary expense will be saved: he shall have his pine-apple at wholesale price.'

'Will you do me the pleasure,' said Mannering, as they parted, 'to dine with me at my lodgings? My landlord says he has a bit of red-deer venison and some excellent wine.'

'Venison, eh?' answered the Counsellor alertly, but presently added — 'But no! it's impossible; and I can't ask you home

neither. Monday 's a sacred day; so 's Tuesday; and Wednesday we are to be heard in the great teind case in presence; but stay — it 's frosty weather, and if you don't leave town, and that venison would keep till Thursday ——'

'You will dine with me that day?'

'Under certification.'

'Well, then, I will indulge a thought I had of spending a week here; and if the venison will not keep, why we will see what else our landlord can do for us.'

'O, the venison *will* keep,' said Pleydell; 'and now good-bye. Look at these two or three notes, and deliver them if you like the addresses. I wrote them for you this morning. Farewell, my clerk has been waiting this hour to begin a d—d information.' And away walked Mr. Pleydell with great activity, diving through closes and ascending covered stairs in order to attain the High Street by an access which, compared to the common route, was what the Straits of Magellan are to the more open but circuitous passage round Cape Horn.

On looking at the notes of introduction which Pleydell had thrust into his hand, Mannering was gratified with seeing that they were addressed to some of the first literary characters of Scotland. 'To David Hume, Esq.' 'To John Home, Esq.' 'To Dr. Ferguson.' 'To Dr. Black.' 'To Lord Kaimes.' 'To Mr. Hutton.' 'To John Clerk, Esq., of Eldin.' 'To Adam Smith, Esq.' 'To Dr. Robertson.'

'Upon my word, my legal friend has a good selection of acquaintances; these are names pretty widely blown indeed. An East-Indian must rub up his faculties a little, and put his mind in order, before he enters this sort of society.'

Mannering gladly availed himself of these introductions; and we regret deeply it is not in our power to give the reader an account of the pleasure and information which he received in admission to a circle never closed against strangers of sense and information, and which has perhaps at no period been equalled, considering the depth and variety of talent which it embraced and concentrated.

Upon the Thursday appointed Mr. Pleydell made his appearance at the inn where Colonel Mannering lodged. The venison proved in high order, the claret excellent, and the learned counsel, a professed amateur in the affairs of the table, did distinguished honour to both. I am uncertain, however, if even the good cheer gave him more satisfaction than the presence of Dominie Sampson, from whom, in his own juridical

style of wit, he contrived to extract great amusement both for himself and one or two friends whom the Colonel regaled on the same occasion. The grave and laconic simplicity of Sampson's answers to the insidious questions of the barrister placed the *bonhomie* of his character in a more luminous point of view than Mannering had yet seen it. Upon the same occasion he drew forth a strange quantity of miscellaneous and abstruse, though, generally speaking, useless learning. The lawyer afterwards compared his mind to the magazine of a pawnbroker, stowed with goods of every description, but so cumbrously piled together, and in such total disorganisation, that the owner can never lay his hands upon any one article at the moment he has occasion for it.

As for the advocate himself, he afforded at least as much exercise to Sampson as he extracted amusement from him. When the man of law began to get into his altitudes, and his wit, naturally shrewd and dry, became more lively and poignant, the Dominie looked upon him with that sort of surprise with which we can conceive a tame bear might regard his future associate, the monkey, on their being first introduced to each other. It was Mr. Pleydell's delight to state in grave and serious argument some position which he knew the Dominie would be inclined to dispute. He then beheld with exquisite pleasure the internal labour with which the honest man arranged his ideas for reply, and tasked his inert and sluggish powers to bring up all the heavy artillery of his learning for demolishing the schismatic or heretical opinion which had been stated, when behold, before the ordnance could be discharged, the foe had quitted the post and appeared in a new position of annoyance on the Dominie's flank or rear. Often did he exclaim 'Prodigious!' when, marching up to the enemy in full confidence of victory, he found the field evacuated, and it may be supposed that it cost him no little labour to attempt a new formation. 'He was like a native Indian army,' the Colonel said, 'formidable by numerical strength and size of ordnance, but liable to be thrown into irreparable confusion by a movement to take them in flank.' On the whole, however, the Dominie, though somewhat fatigued with these mental exertions, made at unusual speed and upon the pressure of the moment, reckoned this one of the white days of his life, and always mentioned Mr. Pleydell as a very erudite and fa-ce-ti-ous person.

By degrees the rest of the party dropped off and left these three gentlemen together. Their conversation turned to Mrs.

Bertram's settlements. 'Now what could drive it into the noddle of that old harridan,' said Pleydell, 'to disinherit poor Lucy Bertram under pretence of settling her property on a boy who has been so long dead and gone? I ask your pardon, Mr. Sampson, I forgot what an affecting case this was for you; I remember taking your examination upon it, and I never had so much trouble to make any one speak three words consecutively. You may talk of your Pythagoreans or your silent Bramins, Colonel; go to, I tell you this learned gentleman beats them all in taciturnity; but the words of the wise are precious, and not to be thrown away lightly.'

'Of a surety,' said the Dominie, taking his blue-checqued handkerchief from his eyes, 'that was a bitter day with me indeed; ay, and a day of grief hard to be borne; but He giveth strength who layeth on the load.'

Colonel Mannering took this opportunity to request Mr. Pleydell to inform him of the particulars attending the loss of the boy; and the Counsellor, who was fond of talking upon subjects of criminal jurisprudence, especially when connected with his own experience, went through the circumstances at full length. 'And what is your opinion upon the result of the whole?'

'O, that Kennedy was murdered: it's an old case which has occurred on that coast before now, the case of Smuggler *versus* Exciseman.'

'What, then, is your conjecture concerning the fate of the child?'

'O, murdered too, doubtless,' answered Pleydell. 'He was old enough to tell what he had seen, and these ruthless scoundrels would not scruple committing a second Bethlehem massacre if they thought their interest required it.'

The Dominie groaned deeply, and ejaculated 'Enormous!'

'Yet there was mention of gipsies in the business too, Counsellor,' said Mannering, 'and from what that vulgar-looking fellow said after the funeral ——'

'Mrs. Margaret Bertram's idea that the child was alive was founded upon the report of a gipsy?' said Pleydell, catching at the half-spoken hint. 'I envy you the concatenation, Colonel; it is a shame to me not to have drawn the same conclusion. We'll follow this business up instantly. Here, hark ye, waiter, go down to Luckie Wood's in the Cowgate; ye'll find my clerk Driver; he'll be set down to high jinks by this time — for we and our retainers, Colonel, are exceedingly regular in our

irregularities — tell him to come here instantly and I will pay his forfeits.'

'He won't appear in character, will he?' said Mannering.

'Ah! "no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me,"' said Pleydell. 'But we must have some news from the land of Egypt, if possible. O, if I had but hold of the slightest thread of this complicated skein, you should see how I would unravel it! I would work the truth out of your Bohemian, as the French call them, better than a *monitoire* or a *plainte de Tournelle;* I know how to manage a refractory witness.'

While Mr. Pleydell was thus vaunting his knowledge of his profession, the waiter re-entered with Mr. Driver, his mouth still greasy with mutton pies, and the froth of the last draught of twopenny yet unsubsided on his upper lip, with such speed had he obeyed the commands of his principal. 'Driver, you must go instantly and find out the woman who was old Mrs. Margaret Bertram's maid. Inquire for her everywhere, but if you find it necessary to have recourse to Protocol, Quid the tobacconist, or any other of these folks, you will take care not to appear yourself, but send some woman of your acquaintance; I daresay you know enough that may be so condescending as to oblige you. When you have found her out, engage her to come to my chambers to-morrow at eight o'clock precisely.'

'What shall I say to make her forthcoming?' asked the aid-de-camp.

'Anything you choose,' replied the lawyer. 'Is it my business to make lies for you, do you think? But let her be *in præsentia* by eight o'clock, as I have said before.' The clerk grinned, made his reverence, and exit.

'That 's a useful fellow,' said the Counsellor; 'I don't believe his match ever carried a process. He 'll write to my dictating three nights in the week without sleep, or, what 's the same thing, he writes as well and correctly when he 's asleep as when he 's awake. Then he 's such a steady fellow; some of them are always changing their ale-houses, so that they have twenty cadies sweating after them, like the bare-headed captains traversing the taverns of Eastcheap in search of Sir John Falstaff. But this is a complete fixture; he has his winter seat by the fire and his summer seat by the window in Luckie Wood's, betwixt which seats are his only migrations; there he 's to be found at all times when he is off duty. It is my opinion he never puts off his clothes or goes to sleep; sheer ale supports

him under everything. It is meat, drink, and cloth, bed, board, and washing.'

'And is he always fit for duty upon a sudden turnout? I should distrust it, considering his quarters.'

'O, drink never disturbs him, Colonel; he can write for hours after he cannot speak. I remember being called suddenly to draw an appeal case. I had been dining, and it was Saturday night, and I had ill will to begin to it; however, they got me down to Clerihugh's, and there we sat birling till I had a fair tappit hen[1] under my belt, and then they persuaded me to draw the paper. Then we had to seek Driver, and it was all that two men could do to bear him in, for, when found, he was, as it happened, both motionless and speechless. But no sooner was his pen put between his fingers, his paper stretched before him, and he heard my voice, than he began to write like a scrivener; and, excepting that we were obliged to have somebody to dip his pen in the ink, for he could not see the standish, I never saw a thing scrolled more handsomely.'

'But how did your joint production look the next morning?' said the Colonel.

'Wheugh! capital! not three words required to be altered;[2] it was sent off by that day's post. But you 'll come and breakfast with me to-morrow, and hear this woman's examination?'

'Why, your hour is rather early.'

'Can't make it later. If I were not on the boards of the Outer House precisely as the nine-hours' bell rings, there would be a report that I had got an apoplexy, and I should feel the effects of it all the rest of the session.'

'Well, I will make an exertion to wait upon you.'

Here the company broke up for the evening.

In the morning Colonel Mannering appeared at the Counsellor's chambers, although cursing the raw air of a Scottish morning in December. Mr. Pleydell had got Mrs. Rebecca installed on one side of his fire, accommodated her with a cup of chocolate, and was already deeply engaged in conversation with her. 'O no, I assure you, Mrs. Rebecca, there is no intention to challenge your mistress's will; and I give you my word of honour that your legacy is quite safe. You have deserved it by your conduct to your mistress, and I wish it had been twice as much.'

'Why, to be sure, sir, it 's no right to mention what is said before ane; ye heard how that dirty body Quid cast up to me

[1] See Note 9.
[2] See Convivial Habits of the Scottish Bar. Note 10.

the bits o' compliments he gied me, and tell'd ower again ony loose cracks I might hae had wi' him; now if ane was talking loosely to your honour, there 's nae saying what might come o't.'

'I assure you, my good Rebecca, my character and your own age and appearance are your security, if you should talk as loosely as an amatory poet.'

'Aweel, if your honour thinks I am safe — the story is just this. Ye see, about a year ago, or no just sae lang, my leddy was advised to go to Gilsland for a while, for her spirits were distressing her sair. Ellangowan's troubles began to be spoken o' publicly, and sair vexed she was; for she was proud o' her family. For Ellangowan himsell and her, they sometimes 'greed and sometimes no; but at last they didna 'gree at a' for twa or three year, for he was aye wanting to borrow siller, and that was what she couldna bide at no hand, and she was aye wanting it paid back again, and that the Laird he liked as little. So at last they were clean aff thegither. And then some of the company at Gilsland tells her that the estate was to be sell'd; and ye wad hae thought she had taen an ill will at Miss Lucy Bertram frae that moment, for mony a time she cried to me, "O Becky, O Becky, if that useless peenging thing o' a lassie there at Ellangowan, that canna keep her ne'er-do-weel father within bounds — if she had been but a lad-bairn they couldna hae sell'd the auld inheritance for that fool-body's debts"; and she would rin on that way till I was just wearied and sick to hear her ban the puir lassie, as if she wadna hae been a lad-bairn and keepit the land if it had been in her will to change her sect. And ae day at the spaw-well below the craig at Gilsland she was seeing a very bonny family o' bairns — they belanged to ane Mac-Crosky — and she broke out — "Is not it an odd like thing that ilka waf carle in the country has a son and heir, and that the house of Ellangowan is without male succession?" There was a gipsy wife stood ahint and heard her, a muckle sture fearsome-looking wife she was as ever I set een on. "Wha is it," says she, "that dare say the house of Ellangowan will perish without male succession?" My mistress just turned on her; she was a high-spirited woman, and aye ready wi' an answer to a'body. "It 's me that says it," says she, "that may say it with a sad heart." Wi' that the gipsy wife gripped till her hand — "I ken you weel eneugh," says she, "though ye kenna me. But as sure as that sun 's in heaven, and as sure as that water 's rinning to the sea, and as sure as there 's an ee that sees and an ear that hears us baith,

Harry Bertram, that was thought to perish at Warroch Point, never did die there. He was to have a weary weird o't till his ane-and-twentieth year, that was aye said o' him; but if ye live and I live, ye 'll hear mair o' him this winter before the snaw lies twa days on the Dun of Singleside. I want nane o' your siller," she said, "to make ye think I am blearing your ee; fare ye weel till after Martinmas," and there she left us standing.'

'Was she a very tall woman?' interrupted Mannering.

'Had she black hair, black eyes, and a cut above the brow?' added the lawyer.

'She was the tallest woman I ever saw, and her hair was as black as midnight, unless where it was grey, and she had a scar abune the brow that ye might hae laid the lith of your finger in. Naebody that 's seen her will ever forget her; and I am morally sure that it was on the ground o' what that gipsy-woman said that my mistress made her will, having taen a dislike at the young leddy o' Ellangowan. And she liked her far waur after she was obliged to send her £20; for she said Miss Bertram, no content wi' letting the Ellangowan property pass into strange hands, owing to her being a lass and no a lad, was coming, by her poverty, to be a burden and a disgrace to Singleside too. But I hope my mistress's is a good will for a' that, for it would be hard on me to lose the wee bit legacy; I served for little fee and bountith, weel I wot.'

The Counsellor relieved her fears on this head, then inquired after Jenny Gibson, and understood she had accepted Mr. Dinmont's offer. 'And I have done sae mysell too, since he was sae discreet as to ask me,' said Mrs. Rebecca; 'they are very decent folk the Dinmonts, though my lady didna dow to hear muckle about the friends on that side the house. But she liked the Charlie's Hope hams and the cheeses and the muir-fowl that they were aye sending, and the lamb's-wool hose and mittens — she liked them weel eneugh.'

Mr. Pleydell now dismissed Mrs. Rebecca. When she was gone, 'I think I know the gipsy-woman,' said the lawyer.

'I was just going to say the same,' replied Mannering.

'And her name,' said Pleydell ——

'Is Meg Merrilies,' answered the Colonel.

'Are you avised of that?' said the Counsellor, looking at his military friend with a comic expression of surprise.

Mannering answered that he had known such a woman when he was at Ellangowan upwards of twenty years before; and

then made his learned friend acquainted with all the remarkable particulars of his first visit there.

Mr. Pleydell listened with great attention, and then replied, 'I congratulated myself upon having made the acquaintance of a profound theologian in your chaplain; but I really did not expect to find a pupil of Albumazar or Messahala in his patron. I have a notion, however, this gipsy could tell us some more of the matter than she derives from astrology or second-sight. I had her through hands once, and could then make little of her, but I must write to Mac-Morlan to stir heaven and earth to find her out. I will gladly come to ——shire myself to assist at her examination; I am still in the commission of the peace there, though I have ceased to be sheriff. I never had anything more at heart in my life than tracing that murder and the fate of the child. I must write to the sheriff of Roxburghshire too, and to an active justice of peace in Cumberland.'

'I hope when you come to the country you will make Woodbourne your headquarters?'

'Certainly; I was afraid you were going to forbid me. But we must go to breakfast now or I shall be too late.'

On the following day the new friends parted, and the Colonel rejoined his family without any adventure worthy of being detailed in these chapters.

# CHAPTER XL

Can no rest find me, no private place secure me,
But still my miseries like bloodhounds haunt me?
Unfortunate young man, which way now guides thee,
Guides thee from death? The country 's laid around for thee.

*Women Pleased.*

OUR narrative now recalls us for a moment to the period when young Hazlewood received his wound. That accident had no sooner happened than the consequences to Miss Mannering and to himself rushed upon Brown's mind. From the manner in which the muzzle of the piece was pointed when it went off, he had no great fear that the consequences would be fatal. But an arrest in a strange country, and while he was unprovided with any means of establishing his rank and character, was at least to be avoided. He therefore resolved to escape for the present to the neighbouring coast of England, and to remain concealed there, if possible, until he should receive letters from his regimental friends, and remittances from his agent; and then to resume his own character, and offer to young Hazlewood and his friends any explanation or satisfaction they might desire. With this purpose he walked stoutly forward, after leaving the spot where the accident had happened, and reached without adventure the village which we have called Portanferry (but which the reader will in vain seek for under that name in the county map). A large open boat was just about to leave the quay, bound for the little seaport of Allonby, in Cumberland. In this vessel Brown embarked, and resolved to make that place his temporary abode, until he should receive letters and money from England.

In the course of their short voyage he entered into some conversation with the steersman, who was also owner of the boat, a jolly old man, who had occasionally been engaged in the smuggling trade, like most fishers on the coast. After talking about objects of less interest, Brown endeavoured to

turn the discourse toward the Mannering family. The sailor had heard of the attack upon the house at Woodbourne, but disapproved of the smugglers' proceedings.

'Hands off is fair play; zounds, they'll bring the whole country down upon them. Na, na! when I was in that way I played at giff-gaff with the officers: here a cargo taen — vera weel, that was their luck; there another carried clean through, that was mine; na, na! hawks shouldna pike out hawks' een.'

'And this Colonel Mannering?' said Brown.

'Troth, he's nae wise man neither, to interfere; no that I blame him for saving the gaugers' lives, that was very right; but it wasna like a gentleman to be fighting about the poor folk's pocks o' tea and brandy kegs. However, he's a grand man and an officer man, and they do what they like wi' the like o' us.'

'And his daughter,' said Brown, with a throbbing heart, 'is going to be married into a great family too, as I have heard?'

'What, into the Hazlewoods'?' said the pilot. 'Na, na, that's but idle clashes; every Sabbath day, as regularly as it came round, did the young man ride hame wi' the daughter of the late Ellangowan; and my daughter Peggy's in the service up at Woodbourne, and she says she's sure young Hazlewood thinks nae mair of Miss Mannering than you do.'

Bitterly censuring his own precipitate adoption of a contrary belief, Brown yet heard with delight that the suspicions of Julia's fidelity, upon which he had so rashly acted, were probably void of foundation. How must he in the meantime be suffering in her opinion? or what could she suppose of conduct which must have made him appear to her regardless alike of her peace of mind and of the interests of their affection? The old man's connexion with the family at Woodbourne seemed to offer a safe mode of communication, of which he determined to avail himself.

'Your daughter is a maid-servant at Woodbourne? I knew Miss Mannering in India, and, though I am at present in an inferior rank of life, I have great reason to hope she would interest herself in my favour. I had a quarrel unfortunately with her father, who was my commanding officer, and I am sure the young lady would endeavour to reconcile him to me. Perhaps your daughter could deliver a letter to her upon the subject, without making mischief between her father and her?'

The old man, a friend to smuggling of every kind, readily answered for the letter's being faithfully and secretly delivered;

and, accordingly, as soon as they arrived at Allonby Brown wrote to Miss Mannering, stating the utmost contrition for what had happened through his rashness, and conjuring her to let him have an opportunity of pleading his own cause, and obtaining forgiveness for his indiscretion. He did not judge it safe to go into any detail concerning the circumstances by which he had been misled, and upon the whole endeavoured to express himself with such ambiguity that, if the letter should fall into wrong hands, it would be difficult either to understand its real purport or to trace the writer. This letter the old man undertook faithfully to deliver to his daughter at Woodbourne; and, as his trade would speedily again bring him or his boat to Allonby, he promised farther to take charge of any answer with which the young lady might entrust him.

And now our persecuted traveller landed at Allonby, and sought for such accommodations as might at once suit his temporary poverty and his desire of remaining as much unobserved as possible. With this view he assumed the name and profession of his friend Dudley, having command enough of the pencil to verify his pretended character to his host of Allonby. His baggage he pretended to expect from Wigton; and keeping himself as much within doors as possible, awaited the return of the letters which he had sent to his agent, to Delaserre, and to his lieutenant-colonel. From the first he requested a supply of money; he conjured Delaserre, if possible, to join him in Scotland; and from the lieutenant-colonel he required such testimony of his rank and conduct in the regiment as should place his character as a gentleman and officer beyond the power of question. The inconvenience of being run short in his finances struck him so strongly that he wrote to Dinmont on that subject, requesting a small temporary loan, having no doubt that, being within sixty or seventy miles of his residence, he should receive a speedy as well as favourable answer to his request of pecuniary accommodation, which was owing, as he stated, to his having been robbed after their parting. And then, with impatience enough, though without any serious apprehension, he waited the answers of these various letters.

It must be observed, in excuse of his correspondents, that the post was then much more tardy than since Mr. Palmer's ingenious invention has taken place; and with respect to honest Dinmont in particular, as he rarely received above one letter a-quarter (unless during the time of his being engaged

in a law-suit, when he regularly sent to the post-town), his correspondence usually remained for a month or two sticking in the postmaster's window among pamphlets, gingerbread, rolls, or ballads, according to the trade which the said postmaster exercised. Besides, there was then a custom, not yet wholly obsolete, of causing a letter from one town to another, perhaps within the distance of thirty miles, perform a circuit of two hundred miles before delivery; which had the combined advantage of airing the epistle thoroughly, of adding some pence to the revenue of the post-office, and of exercising the patience of the correspondents. Owing to these circumstances Brown remained several days in Allonby without any answers whatever, and his stock of money, though husbanded with the utmost economy, began to wear very low, when he received by the hands of a young fisherman the following letter: —

'You have acted with the most cruel indiscretion; you have shown how little I can trust to your declarations that my peace and happiness are dear to you; and your rashness has nearly occasioned the death of a young man of the highest worth and honour. Must I say more? must I add that I have been myself very ill in consequence of your violence and its effects? And, alas! need I say still farther, that I have thought anxiously upon them as they are likely to affect you, although you have given me such slight cause to do so? The C. is gone from home for several days, Mr. H. is almost quite recovered, and I have reason to think that the blame is laid in a quarter different from that where it is deserved. Yet do not think of venturing here. Our fate has been crossed by accidents of a nature too violent and terrible to permit me to think of renewing a correspondence which has so often threatened the most dreadful catastrophe. Farewell, therefore, and believe that no one can wish your happiness more sincerely than J. M.'

This letter contained that species of advice which is frequently given for the precise purpose that it may lead to a directly opposite conduct from that which it recommends. At least so thought Brown, who immediately asked the young fisherman if he came from Portanferry.

'Ay,' said the lad; 'I am auld Willie Johnstone's son, and I got that letter frae my sister Peggy, that's laundry-maid at Woodbourne.'

'My good friend, when do you sail?'

'With the tide this evening.'

'I 'll return with you; but, as I do not desire to go to Portanferry, I wish you could put me on shore somewhere on the coast.'

'We can easily do that,' said the lad.

Although the price of provisions, etc., was then very moderate, the discharging his lodgings, and the expense of his living, together with that of a change of dress, which safety as well as a proper regard to his external appearance rendered necessary, brought Brown's purse to a very low ebb. He left directions at the post-office that his letters should be forwarded to Kippletringan, whither he resolved to proceed and reclaim the treasure which he had deposited in the hands of Mrs. MacCandlish. He also felt it would be his duty to assume his proper character as soon as he should receive the necessary evidence for supporting it, and, as an officer in the king's service, give and receive every explanation which might be necessary with young Hazlewood. 'If he is not very wrong-headed indeed,' he thought, 'he must allow the manner in which I acted to have been the necessary consequence of his own overbearing conduct.'

And now we must suppose him once more embarked on the Solway Firth. The wind was adverse, attended by some rain, and they struggled against it without much assistance from the tide. The boat was heavily laden with goods (part of which were probably contraband), and laboured deep in the sea. Brown, who had been bred a sailor, and was indeed skilled in most athletic exercises, gave his powerful and effectual assistance in rowing, or occasionally in steering the boat, and his advice in the management, which became the more delicate as the wind increased, and, being opposed to the very rapid tides of that coast, made the voyage perilous. At length, after spending the whole night upon the firth, they were at morning within sight of a beautiful bay upon the Scottish coast. The weather was now more mild. The snow, which had been for some time waning, had given way entirely under the fresh gale of the preceding night. The more distant hills, indeed, retained their snowy mantle, but all the open country was cleared, unless where a few white patches indicated that it had been drifted to an uncommon depth. Even under its wintry appearance the shore was highly interesting. The line of sea-coast, with all its varied curves, indentures, and

embayments, swept away from the sight on either hand, in that varied, intricate, yet graceful and easy line which the eye loves so well to pursue. And it was no less relieved and varied in elevation than in outline by the different forms of the shore, the beach in some places being edged by steep rocks, and in others rising smoothly from the sands in easy and swelling slopes. Buildings of different kinds caught and reflected the wintry sunbeams of a December morning, and the woods, though now leafless, gave relief and variety to the landscape. Brown felt that lively and awakening interest which taste and sensibility always derive from the beauties of nature when opening suddenly to the eye after the dulness and gloom of a night voyage. Perhaps — for who can presume to analyse that inexplicable feeling which binds the person born in a mountainous country to his native hills — perhaps some early associations, retaining their effect long after the cause was forgotten, mingled in the feelings of pleasure with which he regarded the scene before him.

'And what,' said Brown to the boatman, 'is the name of that fine cape that stretches into the sea with its sloping banks and hillocks of wood, and forms the right side of the bay?'

'Warroch Point,' answered the lad.

'And that old castle, my friend, with the modern house situated just beneath it? It seems at this distance a very large building.'

'That's the Auld Place, sir; and that's the New Place below it. We'll land you there if you like.'

'I should like it of all things. I must visit that ruin before I continue my journey.'

'Ay, it's a queer auld bit,' said the fisherman; 'and that highest tower is a gude landmark as far as Ramsay in Man and the Point of Ayr; there was muckle fighting about the place lang syne.'

Brown would have inquired into farther particulars, but a fisherman is seldom an antiquary. His boatman's local knowledge was summed up in the information already given, 'that it was a grand landmark, and that there had been muckle fighting about the bit lang syne.'

'I shall learn more of it,' said Brown to himself, 'when I get ashore.'

The boat continued its course close under the point upon which the castle was situated, which frowned from the summit

of its rocky site upon the still agitated waves of the bay beneath. 'I believe,' said the steersman, 'ye 'll get ashore here as dry as ony gate. There 's a place where their berlins and galleys, as they ca'd them, used to lie in lang syne, but it 's no used now, because it 's ill carrying gudes up the narrow stairs or ower the rocks. Whiles of a moonlight night I have landed articles there, though.'

While he thus spoke they pulled round a point of rock, and found a very small harbour, partly formed by nature, partly by the indefatigable labour of the ancient inhabitants of the castle, who, as the fisherman observed, had found it essential for the protection of their boats and small craft, though it could not receive vessels of any burden. The two points of rock which formed the access approached each other so nearly that only one boat could enter at a time. On each side were still remaining two immense iron rings, deeply morticed into the solid rock. Through these, according to tradition, there was nightly drawn a huge chain, secured by an immense padlock, for the protection of the haven and the armada which it contained. A ledge of rock had, by the assistance of the chisel and pickaxe, been formed into a sort of quay. The rock was of extremely hard consistence, and the task so difficult that, according to the fisherman, a labourer who wrought at the work might in the evening have carried home in his bonnet all the shivers which he had struck from the mass in the course of the day. This little quay communicated with a rude staircase, already repeatedly mentioned, which descended from the old castle. There was also a communication between the beach and the quay, by scrambling over the rocks.

'Ye had better land here,' said the lad, 'for the surf's running high at the Shellicoat Stane, and there will no be a dry thread amang us or we get the cargo out. Na! na! (in answer to an offer of money), ye have wrought for your passage, and wrought far better than ony o' us. Gude day to ye; I wuss ye weel.'

So saying, he pushed off in order to land his cargo on the opposite side of the bay; and Brown, with a small bundle in his hand, containing the trifling stock of necessaries which he had been obliged to purchase at Allonby, was left on the rocks beneath the ruin.

And thus, unconscious as the most absolute stranger, and in circumstances which, if not destitute, were for the present highly embarrassing, without the countenance of a friend

within the circle of several hundred miles, accused of a heavy crime, and, what was as bad as all the rest, being nearly penniless, did the harassed wanderer for the first time after the interval of so many years approach the remains of the castle where his ancestors had exercised all but regal dominion.

## CHAPTER XLI

> Yes, ye moss-green walls,
> Ye towers defenceless, I revisit ye
> Shame-stricken! Where are all your trophies now?
> Your thronged courts, the revelry, the tumult,
> That spoke the grandeur of my house, the homage
> Of neighbouring barons?
>
> *Mysterious Mother.*

ENTERING the castle of Ellangowan by a postern doorway which showed symptoms of having been once secured with the most jealous care, Brown (whom, since he has set foot upon the property of his fathers, we shall hereafter call by his father's name of Bertram) wandered from one ruined apartment to another, surprised at the massive strength of some parts of the building, the rude and impressive magnificence of others, and the great extent of the whole. In two of these rooms, close beside each other, he saw signs of recent habitation. In one small apartment were empty bottles, half-gnawed bones, and dried fragments of bread. In the vault which adjoined, and which was defended by a strong door, then left open, he observed a considerable quantity of straw, and in both were the relics of recent fires. How little was it possible for Bertram to conceive that such trivial circumstances were closely connected with incidents affecting his prosperity, his honour, perhaps his life!

After satisfying his curiosity by a hasty glance through the interior of the castle, Bertram now advanced through the great gateway which opened to the land, and paused to look upon the noble landscape which it commanded. Having in vain endeavoured to guess the position of Woodbourne, and having nearly ascertained that of Kippletringan, he turned to take a parting look at the stately ruins which he had just traversed. He admired the massive and picturesque effect of the huge round towers, which, flanking the gateway, gave a double

portion of depth and majesty to the high yet gloomy arch under which it opened. The carved stone escutcheon of the ancient family, bearing for their arms three wolves' heads, was hung diagonally beneath the helmet and crest, the latter being a wolf couchant pierced with an arrow. On either side stood as supporters, in full human size or larger, a salvage man *proper*, to use the language of heraldry, *wreathed and cinctured*, and holding in his hand an oak tree *eradicated*, that is, torn up by the roots.

'And the powerful barons who owned this blazonry,' thought Bertram, pursuing the usual train of ideas which flows upon the mind at such scenes — 'do their posterity continue to possess the lands which they had laboured to fortify so strongly? or are they wanderers, ignorant perhaps even of the fame or power of their forefathers, while their hereditary possessions are held by a race of strangers? Why is it,' he thought, continuing to follow out the succession of ideas which the scene prompted — 'why is it that some scenes awaken thoughts which belong as it were to dreams of early and shadowy recollection, such as my old Bramin *moonshie* would have ascribed to a state of previous existence? Is it the visions of our sleep that float confusedly in our memory, and are recalled by the appearance of such real objects as in any respect correspond to the phantoms they presented to our imagination? How often do we find ourselves in society which we have never before met, and yet feel impressed with a mysterious and ill-defined consciousness that neither the scene, the speakers, nor the subject are entirely new; nay, feel as if we could anticipate that part of the conversation which has not yet taken place! It is even so with me while I gaze upon that ruin; nor can I divest myself of the idea that these massive towers and that dark gateway, retiring through its deep-vaulted and ribbed arches, and dimly lighted by the courtyard beyond, are not entirely strange to me. Can it be that they have been familiar to me in infancy, and that I am to seek in their vicinity those friends of whom my childhood has still a tender though faint remembrance, and whom I early exchanged for such severe taskmasters? Yet Brown, who, I think, would not have deceived me, always told me I was brought off from the eastern coast, after a skirmish in which my father was killed; and I do remember enough of a horrid scene of violence to strengthen his account.'

It happened that the spot upon which young Bertram

chanced to station himself for the better viewing the castle was nearly the same on which his father had died. It was marked by a large old oak-tree, the only one on the esplanade, and which, having been used for executions by the barons of Ellangowan, was called the Justice Tree. It chanced, and the coincidence was remarkable, that Glossin was this morning engaged with a person whom he was in the habit of consulting in such matters concerning some projected repairs and a large addition to the house of Ellangowan, and that, having no great pleasure in remains so intimately connected with the grandeur of the former inhabitants, he had resolved to use the stones of the ruinous castle in his new edifice. Accordingly he came up the bank, followed by the land-surveyor mentioned on a former occasion, who was also in the habit of acting as a sort of architect in case of necessity. In drawing the plans, etc., Glossin was in the custom of relying upon his own skill. Bertram's back was towards them as they came up the ascent, and he was quite shrouded by the branches of the large tree, so that Glossin was not aware of the presence of the stranger till he was close upon him.

'Yes, sir, as I have often said before to you, the Old Place is a perfect quarry of hewn stone, and it would be better for the estate if it were all down, since it is only a den for smugglers.' At this instant Bertram turned short round upon Glossin at the distance of two yards only, and said — 'Would you destroy this fine old castle, sir?'

His face, person, and voice were so exactly those of his father in his best days, that Glossin, hearing his exclamation, and seeing such a sudden apparition in the shape of his patron, and on nearly the very spot where he had expired, almost thought the grave had given up its dead! He staggered back two or three paces, as if he had received a sudden and deadly wound. He instantly recovered, however, his presence of mind, stimulated by the thrilling reflection that it was no inhabitant of the other world which stood before him, but an injured man whom the slightest want of dexterity on his part might lead to acquaintance with his rights, and the means of asserting them to his utter destruction. Yet his ideas were so much confused by the shock he had received that his first question partook of the alarm.

'In the name of God, how came you here?' said Glossin.

'How came I here?' repeated Bertram, surprised at the solemnity of the address; 'I landed a quarter of an hour since

in the little harbour beneath the castle, and was employing a moment's leisure in viewing these fine ruins. I trust there is no intrusion?'

'Intrusion, sir? No, sir,' said Glossin, in some degree recovering his breath, and then whispered a few words into his companion's ear, who immediately left him and descended towards the house. 'Intrusion, sir? no, sir; you or any gentleman are welcome to satisfy your curiosity.'

'I thank you, sir,' said Bertram. 'They call this the Old Place, I am informed?'

'Yes, sir; in distinction to the New Place, my house there below.

Glossin, it must be remarked, was, during the following dialogue, on the one hand eager to learn what local recollections young Bertram had retained of the scenes of his infancy, and on the other compelled to be extremely cautious in his replies, lest he should awaken or assist, by some name, phrase, or anecdote, the slumbering train of association. He suffered, indeed, during the whole scene the agonies which he so richly deserved; yet his pride and interest, like the fortitude of a North American Indian, manned him to sustain the tortures inflicted at once by the contending stings of a guilty conscience, of hatred, of fear, and of suspicion.

'I wish to ask the name, sir,' said Bertram, 'of the family to whom this stately ruin belongs.'

'It is my property, sir; my name is Glossin.'

'Glossin — Glossin?' repeated Bertram, as if the answer were somewhat different from what he expected. 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Glossin; I am apt to be very absent. May I ask if the castle has been long in your family?'

'It was built, I believe, long ago by a family called MacDingawaie,' answered Glossin, suppressing for obvious reasons the more familiar sound of Bertram, which might have awakened the recollections which he was anxious to lull to rest, and slurring with an evasive answer the question concerning the endurance of his own possession.

'And how do you read the half-defaced motto, sir,' said Bertram, 'which is upon that scroll above the entablature with the arms?'

'I — I — I really do not exactly know,' replied Glossin.

'I should be apt to make it out, *Our Right makes our Might.*'

'I believe it is something of that kind,' said Glossin.

'May I ask, sir,' said the stranger, 'if it is your family motto?'

'N—n — no — no — not ours. That is, I believe, the motto of the former people; mine is — mine is — in fact, I have had some correspondence with Mr. Cumming of the Lyon Office in Edinburgh about mine. He writes me the Glossins anciently bore for a motto, "He who takes it, makes it."'

'If there be any uncertainty, sir, and the case were mine,' said Bertram, 'I would assume the old motto, which seems to me the better of the two.'

Glossin, whose tongue by this time clove to the roof of his mouth, only answered by a nod.

'It is odd enough,' said Bertram, fixing his eye upon the arms and gateway, and partly addressing Glossin, partly as it were thinking aloud — 'it is odd the tricks which our memory plays us. The remnants of an old prophecy, or song, or rhyme of some kind or other, return to my recollection on hearing that motto; stay — it is a strange jingle of sounds:

> The dark shall be light,
> And the wrong made right,
> When Bertram's right and Bertram's might
> Shall meet on ——

I cannot remember the last line — on some particular height; *height* is the rhyme, I am sure; but I cannot hit upon the preceding word.'

'Confound your memory,' muttered Glossin, 'you remember by far too much of it!'

'There are other rhymes connected with these early recollections,' continued the young man. 'Pray, sir, is there any song current in this part of the world respecting a daughter of the King of the Isle of Man eloping with a Scottish knight?'

'I am the worst person in the world to consult upon legendary antiquities,' answered Glossin.

'I could sing such a ballad,' said Bertram, 'from one end to another when I was a boy. You must know I left Scotland, which is my native country, very young, and those who brought me up discouraged all my attempts to preserve recollection of my native land, on account, I believe, of a boyish wish which I had to escape from their charge.'

'Very natural,' said Glossin, but speaking as if his utmost efforts were unable to unseal his lips beyond the width of a quarter of an inch, so that his whole utterance was a kind of compressed muttering, very different from the round, bold, bullying voice with which he usually spoke. Indeed, his appearance

and demeanour during all this conversation seemed to diminish even his strength and stature; so that he appeared to wither into the shadow of himself, now advancing one foot, now the other, now stooping and wriggling his shoulders, now fumbling with the buttons of his waistcoat, now clasping his hands together; in short, he was the picture of a mean-spirited, shuffling rascal in the very agonies of detection. To these appearances Bertram was totally inattentive, being dragged on as it were by the current of his own associations. Indeed, although he addressed Glossin, he was not so much thinking of him as arguing upon the embarrassing state of his own feelings and recollection. 'Yes,' he said, 'I preserved my language among the sailors, most of whom spoke English, and when I could get into a corner by myself I used to sing all that song over from beginning to end; I have forgot it all now, but I remember the tune well, though I cannot guess what should at present so strongly recall it to my memory.'

He took his flageolet from his pocket and played a simple melody. Apparently the tune awoke the corresponding associations of a damsel who, close beside a fine spring about half-way down the descent, and which had once supplied the castle with water, was engaged in bleaching linen. She immediately took up the song:

> 'Are these the links of Forth, she said,
> Or are they the crooks of Dee,
> Or the bonnie woods of Warroch Head
> That I so fain would see?'

'By heaven,' said Bertram, 'it is the very ballad! I must learn these words from the girl.'

'Confusion!' thought Glossin; 'if I cannot put a stop to this all will be out. O the devil take all ballads and ballad-makers and ballad-singers! and that d—d jade too, to set up her pipe!' — 'You will have time enough for this on some other occasion,' he said aloud; 'at present' (for now he saw his emissary with two or three men coming up the bank) — 'at present we must have some more serious conversation together.'

'How do you mean, sir?' said Bertram, turning short upon him, and not liking the tone which he made use of.

'Why, sir, as to that — I believe your name is Brown?' said Glossin.

'And what of that, sir?'

Glossin looked over his shoulder to see how near his party had approached; they were coming fast on. 'Vanbeest Brown? if I mistake not.'

'And what of that, sir?' said Bertram, with increasing astonishment and displeasure.

'Why, in that case,' said Glossin, observing his friends had now got upon the level space close beside them — 'in that case you are my prisoner in the king's name!' At the same time he stretched his hand towards Bertram's collar, while two of the men who had come up seized upon his arms; he shook himself, however, free of their grasp by a violent effort, in which he pitched the most pertinacious down the bank, and, drawing his cutlass, stood on the defensive, while those who had felt his strength recoiled from his presence and gazed at a safe distance. 'Observe,' he called out at the same time, 'that I have no purpose to resist legal authority; satisfy me that you have a magistrate's warrant, and are authorised to make this arrest, and I will obey it quietly; but let no man who loves his life venture to approach me till I am satisfied for what crime, and by whose authority, I am apprehended.'

Glossin then caused one of the officers show a warrant for the apprehension of Vanbeest Brown, accused of the crime of wilfully and maliciously shooting at Charles Hazlewood, younger of Hazlewood, with an intent to kill, and also of other crimes and misdemeanours, and which appointed him, having been so apprehended, to be brought before the next magistrate for examination. The warrant being formal, and the fact such as he could not deny, Bertram threw down his weapon and submitted himself to the officers, who, flying on him with eagerness corresponding to their former pusillanimity, were about to load him with irons, alleging the strength and activity which he had displayed as a justification of this severity. But Glossin was ashamed or afraid to permit this unnecessary insult, and directed the prisoner to be treated with all the decency, and even respect, that was consistent with safety. Afraid, however, to introduce him into his own house, where still further subjects of recollection might have been suggested, and anxious at the same time to cover his own proceedings by the sanction of another's authority, he ordered his carriage (for he had lately set up a carriage) to be got ready, and in the meantime directed refreshments to be given to the prisoner and the officers, who were consigned to one of the rooms in the old castle, until the means of conveyance for examination before a magistrate should be provided.

## CHAPTER XLII

> Bring in the evidence.
> Thou robed man of justice, take thy place,
> And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,
> Bench by his side; you are of the commission,
> Sit you too.
>
> *King Lear.*

WHILE the carriage was getting ready, Glossin had a letter to compose, about which he wasted no small time. It was to his neighbour, as he was fond of calling him, Sir Robert Hazlewood of Hazlewood, the head of an ancient and powerful interest in the county, which had in the decadence of the Ellangowan family gradually succeeded to much of their authority and influence. The present representative of the family was an elderly man, dotingly fond of his own family, which was limited to an only son and daughter, and stoically indifferent to the fate of all mankind besides. For the rest, he was honourable in his general dealings because he was afraid to suffer the censure of the world, and just from a better motive. He was presumptuously over-conceited on the score of family pride and importance, a feeling considerably enhanced by his late succession to the title of a Nova Scotia baronet; and he hated the memory of the Ellangowan family, though now a memory only, because a certain baron of that house was traditionally reported to have caused the founder of the Hazlewood family hold his stirrup until he mounted into his saddle. In his general deportment he was pompous and important, affecting a species of florid elocution, which often became ridiculous from his misarranging the triads and quaternions with which he loaded his sentences.

To this personage Glossin was now to write in such a conciliatory style as might be most acceptable to his vanity and family pride, and the following was the form of his note: —

'Mr. Gilbert Glossin' (he longed to add of Ellangowan, but prudence prevailed, and he suppressed that territorial designation) — 'Mr. Gilbert Glossin has the honour to offer his most respectful compliments to Sir Robert Hazlewood, and to inform him that he has this morning been fortunate enough to secure the person who wounded Mr. C. Hazlewood. As Sir Robert Hazlewood may probably choose to conduct the examination of this criminal himself, Mr. G. Glossin will cause the man to be carried to the inn at Kippletringan or to Hazlewood House, as Sir Robert Hazlewood may be pleased to direct. And, with Sir Robert Hazlewood's permission, Mr. G. Glossin will attend him at either of these places with the proofs and declarations which he has been so fortunate as to collect respecting this atrocious business.'

*Addressed,*

'Sir Robert Hazlewood of Hazlewood, Bart.
'Hazlewood House, etc. etc.

'Ell^N. G^N.
'Tuesday.'

This note he despatched by a servant on horseback, and having given the man some time to get ahead, and desired him to ride fast, he ordered two officers of justice to get into the carriage with Bertram; and he himself, mounting his horse, accompanied them at a slow pace to the point where the roads to Kippletringan and Hazlewood House separated, and there awaited the return of his messenger, in order that his farther route might be determined by the answer he should receive from the Baronet. In about half an hour his servant returned with the following answer, handsomely folded, and sealed with the Hazlewood arms, having the Nova Scotia badge depending from the shield: —

'Sir Robert Hazlewood of Hazlewood returns Mr. G. Glossin's compliments, and thanks him for the trouble he has taken in a matter affecting the safety of Sir Robert's family. Sir R. H. requests Mr. G. G. will have the goodness to bring the prisoner to Hazlewood House for examination, with the other proofs or declarations which he mentions. And after the business is over, in case Mr. G. G. is not otherwise engaged, Sir R. and Lady Hazlewood request his company to dinner.'

*Addressed,*

'Mr. Gilbert Glossin, etc.

'Hazlewood House,
'Tuesday.'

'Soh!' thought Mr. Glossin, 'here is one finger in at least, and that I will make the means of introducing my whole hand. But I must first get clear of this wretched young fellow. I think I can manage Sir Robert. He is dull and pompous, and will be alike disposed to listen to my suggestions upon the law of the case and to assume the credit of acting upon them as his own proper motion. So I shall have the advantage of being the real magistrate, without the odium of responsibility.'

As he cherished these hopes and expectations, the carriage approached Hazlewood House through a noble avenue of old oaks, which shrouded the ancient abbey-resembling building so called. It was a large edifice, built at different periods, part having actually been a priory, upon the suppression of which, in the time of Queen Mary, the first of the family had obtained a gift of the house and surrounding lands from the crown. It was pleasantly situated in a large deer-park, on the banks of the river we have before mentioned. The scenery around was of a dark, solemn, and somewhat melancholy cast, according well with the architecture of the house. Everything appeared to be kept in the highest possible order, and announced the opulence and rank of the proprietor.

As Mr. Glossin's carriage stopped at the door of the hall, Sir Robert reconnoitred the new vehicle from the windows. According to his aristocratic feelings, there was a degree of presumption in this *novus homo*, this Mr. Gilbert Glossin, late writer in ——, presuming to set up such an accommodation at all; but his wrath was mitigated when he observed that the mantle upon the panels only bore a plain cipher of G. G. This apparent modesty was indeed solely owing to the delay of Mr. Cumming of the Lyon Office, who, being at that time engaged in discovering and matriculating the arms of two commissaries from North America, three English-Irish peers, and two great Jamaica traders, had been more slow than usual in finding an escutcheon for the new Laird of Ellangowan. But his delay told to the advantage of Glossin in the opinion of the proud Baronet.

While the officers of justice detained their prisoner in a sort of steward's room, Mr. Glossin was ushered into what was called the great oak-parlour, a long room, panelled with well-varnished wainscot, and adorned with the grim portraits of Sir Robert Hazlewood's ancestry. The visitor, who had no internal consciousness of worth to balance that of meanness of birth, felt his inferiority, and by the depth of his bow and the obsequiousness of his demeanour showed that the Laird of

Ellangowan was sunk for the time in the old and submissive habits of the quondam retainer of the law. He would have persuaded himself, indeed, that he was only humouring the pride of the old Baronet for the purpose of turning it to his own advantage, but his feelings were of a mingled nature, and he felt the influence of those very prejudices which he pretended to flatter.

The Baronet received his visitor with that condescending parade which was meant at once to assert his own vast superiority, and to show the generosity and courtesy with which he could waive it, and descend to the level of ordinary conversation with ordinary men. He thanked Glossin for his attention to a matter in which 'young Hazlewood' was so intimately concerned, and, pointing to his family pictures, observed, with a gracious smile, 'Indeed, these venerable gentlemen, Mr. Glossin, are as much obliged as I am in this case for the labour, pains, care, and trouble which you have taken in their behalf; and I have no doubt, were they capable of expressing themselves, would join me, sir, in thanking you for the favour you have conferred upon the house of Hazlewood by taking care, and trouble, sir, and interest in behalf of the young gentleman who is to continue their name and family.'

Thrice bowed Glossin, and each time more profoundly than before; once in honour of the knight who stood upright before him, once in respect to the quiet personages who patiently hung upon the wainscot, and a third time in deference to the young gentleman who was to carry on the name and family. *Roturier* as he was, Sir Robert was gratified by the homage which he rendered, and proceeded in a tone of gracious familiarity: 'And now, Mr. Glossin, my exceeding good friend, you must allow me to avail myself of your knowledge of law in our proceedings in this matter. I am not much in the habit of acting as a justice of the peace; it suits better with other gentlemen, whose domestic and family affairs require less constant superintendence, attention, and management than mine.'

Of course, whatever small assistance Mr. Glossin could render was entirely at Sir Robert Hazlewood's service; but, as Sir Robert Hazlewood's name stood high in the list of the faculty, the said Mr. Glossin could not presume to hope it could be either necessary or useful.

'Why, my good sir, you will understand me only to mean

that I am something deficient in the practical knowledge of the ordinary details of justice business. I was indeed educated to the bar, and might boast perhaps at one time that I had made some progress in the speculative and abstract and abstruse doctrines of our municipal code; but there is in the present day so little opportunity of a man of family and fortune rising to that eminence at the bar which is attained by adventurers who are as willing to plead for John a' Nokes as for the first noble of the land, that I was really early disgusted with practice. The first case, indeed, which was laid on my table quite sickened me: it respected a bargain, sir, of tallow between a butcher and a candle-maker; and I found it was expected that I should grease my mouth not only with their vulgar names, but with all the technical terms and phrases and peculiar language of their dirty arts. Upon my honour, my good sir, I have never been able to bear the smell of a tallow-candle since.'

Pitying, as seemed to be expected, the mean use to which the Baronet's faculties had been degraded on this melancholy occasion, Mr. Glossin offered to officiate as clerk or assessor, or in any way in which he could be most useful. 'And with a view to possessing you of the whole business, and in the first place, there will, I believe, be no difficulty in proving the main fact, that this was the person who fired the unhappy piece. Should he deny it, it can be proved by Mr. Hazlewood, I presume?'

'Young Hazlewood is not at home to-day, Mr. Glossin.'

'But we can have the oath of the servant who attended him,' said the ready Mr. Glossin; 'indeed, I hardly think the fact will be disputed. I am more apprehensive that, from the too favourable and indulgent manner in which I have understood that Mr. Hazlewood has been pleased to represent the business, the assault may be considered as accidental, and the injury as unintentional, so that the fellow may be immediately set at liberty to do more mischief.'

'I have not the honour to know the gentleman who now holds the office of king's advocate,' replied Sir Robert, gravely; 'but I presume, sir — nay, I am confident, that he will consider the mere fact of having wounded young Hazlewood of Hazlewood, even by inadvertency, to take the matter in its mildest and gentlest, and in its most favourable and improbable, light, as a crime which will be too easily atoned by imprisonment, and as more deserving of deportation.'

'Indeed, Sir Robert,' said his assenting brother in justice, 'I am entirely of your opinion; but, I don't know how it is, I have observed the Edinburgh gentlemen of the bar, and even the officers of the crown, pique themselves upon an indifferent administration of justice, without respect to rank and family; and I should fear ——'

'How, sir, without respect to rank and family? Will you tell me *that* doctrine can be held by men of birth and legal education? No, sir; if a trifle stolen in the street is termed mere pickery, but is elevated into sacrilege if the crime be committed in a church, so, according to the just gradations of society, the guilt of an injury is enhanced by the rank of the person to whom it is offered, done, or perpetrated, sir.'

Glossin bowed low to this declaration *ex cathedrâ*, but observed, that in case of the very worst, and of such unnatural doctrines being actually held as he had already hinted, 'the law had another hold on Mr. Vanbeest Brown.'

'Vanbeest Brown! is that the fellow's name? Good God! that young Hazlewood of Hazlewood should have had his life endangered, the clavicle of his right shoulder considerably lacerated and dislodged, several large drops or slugs deposited in the acromion process, as the account of the family surgeon expressly bears, and all by an obscure wretch named Vanbeest Brown!'

'Why, really, Sir Robert, it is a thing which one can hardly bear to think of; but, begging ten thousand pardons for resuming what I was about to say, a person of the same name is, as appears from these papers (producing Dirk Hatteraick's pocket-book), mate to the smuggling vessel who offered such violence at Woodbourne, and I have no doubt that this is the same individual; which, however, your acute discrimination will easily be able to ascertain.'

'The same, my good sir, he must assuredly be; it would be injustice even to the meanest of the people to suppose there could be found among them *two* persons doomed to bear a name so shocking to one's ears as this of Vanbeest Brown.'

'True, Sir Robert; most unquestionably; there cannot be a shadow of doubt of it. But you see farther, that this circumstance accounts for the man's desperate conduct. You, Sir Robert, will discover the motive for his crime — you, I say, will discover it without difficulty on your giving your mind to the examination; for my part, I cannot help suspecting the moving spring to have been revenge for the gallantry with

which Mr. Hazlewood, with all the spirit of his renowned forefathers, defended the house at Woodbourne against this villain and his lawless companions.'

'I will inquire into it, my good sir,' said the learned Baronet. 'Yet even now I venture to conjecture that I shall adopt the solution or explanation of this riddle, enigma, or mystery which you have in some degree thus started. Yes! revenge it must be; and, good heaven! entertained by and against whom? entertained, fostered, cherished against young Hazlewood of Hazlewood, and in part carried into effect, executed, and implemented by the hand of Vanbeest Brown! These are dreadful days indeed, my worthy neighbour (this epithet indicated a rapid advance in the Baronet's good graces) — days when the bulwarks of society are shaken to their mighty base, and that rank which forms, as it were, its highest grace and ornament is mingled and confused with the viler parts of the architecture. O, my good Mr. Gilbert Glossin, in my time, sir, the use of swords and pistols, and such honourable arms, was reserved by the nobility and gentry to themselves, and the disputes of the vulgar were decided by the weapons which nature had given them, or by cudgels cut, broken, or hewed out of the next wood. But now, sir, the clouted shoe of the peasant galls the kibe of the courtier. The lower ranks have their quarrels, sir, and their points of honour, and their revenges, which they must bring, forsooth, to fatal arbitrement. But well, well! it will last my time. Let us have in this fellow, this Vanbeest Brown, and make an end of him, at least for the present.'

# CHAPTER XLIII

> 'T was he
> Gave heat unto the injury, which returned,
> Like a petard ill lighted, into the bosom
> Of him gave fire to 't. Yet I hope his hurt
> Is not so dangerous but he may recover.
>
> *Fair Maid of the Inn.*

THE prisoner was now presented before the two worshipful magistrates. Glossin, partly from some compunctious visitings, and partly out of his cautious resolution to suffer Sir Robert Hazlewood to be the ostensible manager of the whole examination, looked down upon the table, and busied himself with reading and arranging the papers respecting the business, only now and then throwing in a skilful catchword as prompter, when he saw the principal, and apparently most active, magistrate stand in need of a hint. As for Sir Robert Hazlewood, he assumed on his part a happy mixture of the austerity of the justice combined with the display of personal dignity appertaining to the baronet of ancient family.

'There, constables, let him stand there at the bottom of the table. Be so good as look me in the face, sir, and raise your voice as you answer the questions which I am going to put to you.'

'May I beg, in the first place, to know, sir, who it is that takes the trouble to interrogate me?' said the prisoner; 'for the honest gentlemen who have brought me here have not been pleased to furnish any information upon that point.'

'And pray, sir,' answered Sir Robert, 'what has my name and quality to do with the questions I am about to ask you?'

'Nothing, perhaps, sir,' replied Bertram; 'but it may considerably influence my disposition to answer them.'

'Why, then, sir, you will please to be informed that you are in presence of Sir Robert Hazlewood of Hazlewood, and another justice of peace for this county — that 's all.'

As this intimation produced a less stunning effect upon the prisoner than he had anticipated, Sir Robert proceeded in his investigation with an increasing dislike to the object of it.

'Is your name Vanbeest Brown, sir?'

'It is,' answered the prisoner.

'So far well; and how are we to design you farther, sir?' demanded the Justice.

'Captain in his Majesty's —— regiment of horse,' answered Bertram.

The Baronet's ears received this intimation with astonishment; but he was refreshed in courage by an incredulous look from Glossin, and by hearing him gently utter a sort of interjectional whistle, in a note of surprise and contempt. 'I believe, my friend,' said Sir Robert, 'we shall find for you, before we part, a more humble title.'

'If you do, sir,' replied his prisoner, 'I shall willingly submit to any punishment which such an imposture shall be thought to deserve.'

'Well, sir, we shall see,' continued Sir Robert. 'Do you know young Hazlewood of Hazlewood?'

'I never saw the gentleman who I am informed bears that name excepting once, and I regret that it was under very unpleasant circumstances.'

'You mean to acknowledge, then,' said the Baronet, 'that you inflicted upon young Hazlewood of Hazlewood that wound which endangered his life, considerably lacerated the clavicle of his right shoulder, and deposited, as the family surgeon declares, several large drops or slugs in the acromion process?'

'Why, sir,' replied Bertram, 'I can only say I am equally ignorant of and sorry for the extent of the damage which the young gentleman has sustained. I met him in a narrow path, walking with two ladies and a servant, and before I could either pass them or address them, this young Hazlewood took his gun from his servant, presented it against my body, and commanded me in the most haughty tone to stand back. I was neither inclined to submit to his authority nor to leave him in possession of the means to injure me, which he seemed disposed to use with such rashness. I therefore closed with him for the purpose of disarming him; and, just as I had nearly effected my purpose, the piece went off accidentally, and, to my regret then and since, inflicted upon the young gentle-

man a severer chastisement than I desired, though I am glad to understand it is like to prove no more than his unprovoked folly deserved.'

'And so, sir,' said the Baronet, every feature swoln with offended dignity, 'you, sir, admit, sir, that it was your purpose, sir, and your intention, sir, and the real jet and object of your assault, sir, to disarm young Hazlewood of Hazlewood of his gun, sir, or his fowling-piece, or his fuzee, or whatever you please to call it, sir, upon the king's highway, sir? I think this will do, my worthy neighbour! I think he should stand committed?'

'You are by far the best judge, Sir Robert,' said Glossin, in his most insinuating tone; 'but if I might presume to hint, there was something about these smugglers.'

'Very true, good sir. And besides, sir, you, Vanbeest Brown, who call yourself a captain in his Majesty's service, are no better or worse than a rascally mate of a smuggler!'

'Really, sir,' said Bertram, 'you are an old gentleman, and acting under some strange delusion, otherwise I should be very angry with you.'

'Old gentleman, sir! strange delusion, sir!' said Sir Robert, colouring with indignation. 'I protest and declare —— Why, sir, have you any papers or letters that can establish your pretended rank and estate and commission?'

'None at present, sir,' answered Bertram; 'but in the return of a post or two ——'

'And how do you, sir,' continued the Baronet, 'if you are a captain in his Majesty's service — how do you chance to be travelling in Scotland without letters of introduction, credentials, baggage, or anything belonging to your pretended rank, estate, and condition, as I said before?'

'Sir,' replied the prisoner, 'I had the misfortune to be robbed of my clothes and baggage.'

'Oho! then you are the gentleman who took a post-chaise from —— to Kippletringan, gave the boy the slip on the road, and sent two of your accomplices to beat the boy and bring away the baggage?'

'I was, sir, in a carriage, as you describe, was obliged to alight in the snow, and lost my way endeavouring to find the road to Kippletringan. The landlady of the inn will inform you that on my arrival there the next day, my first inquiries were after the boy.'

'Then give me leave to ask where you spent the night,

not in the snow, I presume? You do not suppose that will pass, or be taken, credited, and received?'

'I beg leave,' said Bertram, his recollection turning to the gipsy female and to the promise he had given her — 'I beg leave to decline answering that question.'

'I thought as much,' said Sir Robert. 'Were you not during that night in the ruins of Derncleugh? — in the ruins of Derncleugh, sir?'

'I have told you that I do not intend answering that question,' replied Bertram.

'Well, sir, then you will stand committed, sir,' said Sir Robert, 'and be sent to prison, sir, that's all, sir. Have the goodness to look at these papers; are you the Vanbeest Brown who is there mentioned?'

It must be remarked that Glossin had shuffled among the papers some writings which really did belong to Bertram, and which had been found by the officers in the old vault where his portmanteau was ransacked.

'Some of these papers,' said Bertram, looking over them, 'are mine, and were in my portfolio when it was stolen from the post-chaise. They are memoranda of little value, and, I see, have been carefully selected as affording no evidence of my rank or character, which many of the other papers would have established fully. They are mingled with ship-accounts and other papers, belonging apparently to a person of the same name.'

'And wilt thou attempt to persuade me, friend,' demanded Sir Robert, 'that there are *two* persons in this country at the same time of thy very uncommon and awkwardly sounding name?'

'I really do not see, sir, as there is an old Hazlewood and a young Hazlewood, why there should not be an old and a young Vanbeest Brown. And, to speak seriously, I was educated in Holland, and I know that this name, however uncouth it may sound in British ears ——'

Glossin, conscious that the prisoner was now about to enter upon dangerous ground, interfered, though the interruption was unnecessary, for the purpose of diverting the attention of Sir Robert Hazlewood, who was speechless and motionless with indignation at the presumptuous comparison implied in Bertram's last speech. In fact, the veins of his throat and of his temples swelled almost to bursting, and he sat with the indignant and disconcerted air of one who has received a mortal

insult from a quarter to which he holds it unmeet and indecorous to make any reply. While, with a bent brow and an angry eye, he was drawing in his breath slowly and majestically, and puffing it forth again with deep and solemn exertion, Glossin stepped in to his assistance. 'I should think now, Sir Robert, with great submission, that this matter may be closed. One of the constables, besides the pregnant proof already produced, offers to make oath that the sword of which the prisoner was this morning deprived (while using it, by the way, in resistance to a legal warrant) was a cutlass taken from him in a fray between the officers and smugglers just previous to their attack upon Woodbourne. And yet,' he added, 'I would not have you form any rash construction upon that subject; perhaps the young man can explain how he came by that weapon.'

'That question, sir,' said Bertram, 'I shall also leave unanswered.'

'There is yet another circumstance to be inquired into, always under Sir Robert's leave,' insinuated Glossin. 'This prisoner put into the hands of Mrs. Mac-Candlish of Kipple-tringan a parcel containing a variety of gold coins and valuable articles of different kinds. Perhaps, Sir Robert, you might think it right to ask how he came by property of a description which seldom occurs?'

'You, sir, Mr. Vanbeest Brown, sir, you hear the question, sir, which the gentleman asks you?'

'I have particular reasons for declining to answer that question,' answered Bertram.

'Then I am afraid, sir,' said Glossin, who had brought matters to the point he desired to reach, 'our duty must lay us under the necessity to sign a warrant of committal.'

'As you please, sir,' answered Bertram; 'take care, however, what you do. Observe that I inform you that I am a captain in his Majesty's —— regiment, and that I am just returned from India, and therefore cannot possibly be connected with any of those contraband traders you talk of; that my lieutenant-colonel is now at Nottingham, the major, with the officers of my corps, at Kingston-upon-Thames. I offer before you both to submit to any degree of ignominy if, within the return of the Kingston and Nottingham posts, I am not able to establish these points. Or you may write to the agent for the regiment if you please, and ——'

'This is all very well, sir,' said Glossin, beginning to fear lest the firm expostulation of Bertram should make some

impression on Sir Robert, who would almost have died of shame at committing such a solecism as sending a captain of horse to jail — 'this is all very well, sir; but is there no person nearer whom you could refer to?'

'There are only two persons in this country who know anything of me,' replied the prisoner. 'One is a plain Liddesdale sheep-farmer, called Dinmont of Charlie's Hope; but he knows nothing more of me than what I told him, and what I now tell you.'

'Why, this is well enough, Sir Robert!' said Glossin. 'I suppose he would bring forward this thick-skulled fellow to give his oath of credulity, Sir Robert, ha, ha, ha!'

'And what is your other witness, friend?' said the Baronet.

'A gentleman whom I have some reluctance to mention because of certain private reasons, but under whose command I served some time in India, and who is too much a man of honour to refuse his testimony to my character as a soldier and gentleman.'

'And who is this doughty witness, pray, sir?' said Sir Robert, 'some half-pay quartermaster or sergeant, I suppose?'

'Colonel Guy Mannering, late of the —— regiment, in which, as I told you, I have a troop.'

'Colonel Guy Mannering!' thought Glossin, 'who the devil could have guessed this?'

'Colonel Guy Mannering?' echoed the Baronet, considerably shaken in his opinion. 'My good sir,' apart to Glossin, 'the young man with a dreadfully plebeian name and a good deal of modest assurance has nevertheless something of the tone and manners and feeling of a gentleman, of one at least who has lived in good society; they do give commissions very loosely and carelessly and inaccurately in India. I think we had better pause till Colonel Mannering shall return; he is now, I believe, at Edinburgh.'

'You are in every respect the best judge, Sir Robert,' answered Glossin — 'in every possible respect. I would only submit to you that we are certainly hardly entitled to dismiss this man upon an assertion which cannot be satisfied by proof, and that we shall incur a heavy responsibility by detaining him in private custody, without committing him to a public jail. Undoubtedly, however, you are the best judge, Sir Robert; and I would only say, for my own part, that I very lately incurred severe censure by detaining a person in a place which I thought perfectly secure, and under the custody of the proper officers.

The man made his escape, and I have no doubt my own character for attention and circumspection as a magistrate has in some degree suffered. I only hint this: I will join in any step you, Sir Robert, think most advisable.' But Mr. Glossin was well aware that such a hint was of power sufficient to decide the motions of his self-important but not self-relying colleague. So that Sir Robert Hazlewood summed up the business in the following speech, which proceeded partly upon the supposition of the prisoner being really a gentleman, and partly upon the opposite belief that he was a villain and an assassin: —

'Sir, Mr. Vanbeest Brown — I would call you Captain Brown if there was the least reason or cause or grounds to suppose that you are a captain, or had a troop in the very respectable corps you mention, or indeed in any other corps in his Majesty's service, as to which circumstance I beg to be understood to give no positive, settled, or unalterable judgment, declaration, or opinion, — I say, therefore, sir, Mr. Brown, we have determined, considering the unpleasant predicament in which you now stand, having been robbed, as you say, an assertion as to which I suspend my opinion, and being possessed of much and valuable treasure, and of a brass-handled cutlass besides, as to your obtaining which you will favour us with no explanation, — I say, sir, we have determined and resolved and made up our minds to commit you to jail, or rather to assign you an apartment therein, in order that you may be forthcoming upon Colonel Mannering's return from Edinburgh.'

'With humble submission, Sir Robert,' said Glossin, 'may I inquire if it is your purpose to send this young gentleman to the county jail? For if that were not your settled intention, I would take the liberty to hint that there would be less hardship in sending him to the bridewell at Portanferry, where he can be secured without public exposure, a circumstance which, on the mere chance of his story being really true, is much to be avoided.'

'Why, there is a guard of soldiers at Portanferry, to be sure, for protection of the goods in the custom-house; and upon the whole, considering everything, and that the place is comfortable for such a place, I say, all things considered, we will commit this person, I would rather say authorise him to be detained, in the workhouse at Portanferry.'

The warrant was made out accordingly, and Bertram was informed he was next morning to be removed to his place of confinement, as Sir Robert had determined he should not be

taken there under cloud of night, for fear of rescue. He was during the interval to be detained at Hazlewood House.

'It cannot be so hard as my imprisonment by the *looties* in India,' he thought; 'nor can it last so long. But the deuce take the old formal dunderhead, and his more sly associate, who speaks always under his breath; they cannot understand a plain man's story when it is told them.'

In the meanwhile Glossin took leave of the Baronet with a thousand respectful bows and cringing apologies for not accepting his invitation to dinner, and venturing to hope he might be pardoned in paying his respects to him, Lady Hazlewood, and young Mr. Hazlewood on some future occasion.

'Certainly, sir,' said the Baronet, very graciously. 'I hope our family was never at any time deficient in civility to our neighbours; and when I ride that way, good Mr. Glossin, I will convince you of this by calling at your house as familiarly as is consistent — that is, as can be hoped or expected.'

'And now,' said Glossin to himself, 'to find Dirk Hatteraick and his people, to get the guard sent off from the custom-house; and then for the grand cast of the dice. Everything must depend upon speed. How lucky that Mannering has betaken himself to Edinburgh! His knowledge of this young fellow is a most perilous addition to my dangers.' Here he suffered his horse to slacken his pace. 'What if I should try to compound with the heir? It 's likely he might be brought to pay a round sum for restitution, and I could give up Hatteraick. But no, no, no! there were too many eyes on me — Hatteraick himself, and the gipsy sailor, and that old hag. No, no! I must stick to my original plan.' And with that he struck his spurs against his horse's flanks, and rode forward at a hard trot to put his machines in motion.

# CHAPTER XLIV

A prison is a house of care,
A place where none can thrive,
A touchstone true to try a friend,
A grave for one alive.
Sometimes a place of right,
Sometimes a place of wrong,
Sometimes a place of rogues and thieves,
And honest men among.

*Inscription on Edinburgh Tolbooth.*

EARLY on the following morning the carriage which had brought Bertram to Hazlewood House was, with his two silent and surly attendants, appointed to convey him to his place of confinement at Portanferry. This building adjoined to the custom-house established at that little seaport, and both were situated so close to the sea-beach that it was necessary to defend the back part with a large and strong rampart or bulwark of huge stones, disposed in a slope towards the surf, which often reached and broke upon them. The front was surrounded by a high wall, inclosing a small courtyard, within which the miserable inmates of the mansion were occasionally permitted to take exercise and air. The prison was used as a house of correction, and sometimes as a chapel of ease to the county jail, which was old, and far from being conveniently situated with reference to the Kippletringan district of the county. Mac-Guffog, the officer by whom Bertram had at first been apprehended, and who was now in attendance upon him, was keeper of this palace of little-ease. He caused the carriage to be drawn close up to the outer gate, and got out himself to summon the warders. The noise of his rap alarmed some twenty or thirty ragged boys, who left off sailing their mimic sloops and frigates in the little pools of salt water left by the receding tide, and hastily crowded round the vehicle to see what luckless being was to be delivered to the prison-house out of 'Glossin's braw new carriage.' The door of the courtyard,

after the heavy clanking of many chains and bars, was opened by Mrs. Mac-Guffog — an awful spectacle, being a woman for strength and resolution capable of maintaining order among her riotous inmates, and of administering the discipline of the house, as it was called, during the absence of her husband, or when he chanced to have taken an overdose of the creature. The growling voice of this Amazon, which rivalled in harshness the crashing music of her own bolts and bars, soon dispersed in every direction the little varlets who had thronged around her threshold, and she next addressed her amiable helpmate :

'Be sharp, man, and get out the swell, canst thou not?'

'Hold your tongue and be d—d, you ——,' answered her loving husband, with two additional epithets of great energy, but which we beg to be excused from repeating. Then addressing Bertram — 'Come, will you get out, my handy lad, or must we lend you a lift?'

Bertram came out of the carriage, and, collared by the constable as he put his foot on the ground, was dragged, though he offered no resistance, across the threshold, amid the continued shouts of the little *sansculottes*, who looked on at such distance as their fear of Mrs. Mac-Guffog permitted. The instant his foot had crossed the fatal porch, the portress again dropped her chains, drew her bolts, and, turning with both hands an immense key, took it from the lock and thrust it into a huge side-pocket of red cloth.

Bertram was now in the small court already mentioned. Two or three prisoners were sauntering along the pavement, and deriving as it were a feeling of refreshment from the momentary glimpse with which the opening door had extended their prospect to the other side of a dirty street. Nor can this be thought surprising, when it is considered that, unless on such occasions, their view was confined to the grated front of their prison, the high and sable walls of the courtyard, the heaven above them, and the pavement beneath their feet — a sameness of landscape which, to use the poet's expression, 'lay like a load on the wearied eye,' and had fostered in some a callous and dull misanthropy, in others that sickness of the heart which induces him who is immured already in a living grave to wish for a sepulchre yet more calm and sequestered.

Mac-Guffog, when they entered the courtyard, suffered Bertram to pause for a minute and look upon his companions in affliction. When he had cast his eye around on faces on which guilt and despondence and low excess had fixed their

stigma — upon the spendthrift, and the swindler, and the thief, the bankrupt debtor, the 'moping idiot, and the madman gay,' whom a paltry spirit of economy congregated to share this dismal habitation, he felt his heart recoil with inexpressible loathing from enduring the contamination of their society even for a moment.

'I hope, sir,' he said to the keeper, 'you intend to assign me a place of confinement apart?'

'And what should I be the better of that?'

'Why, sir, I can but be detained here a day or two, and it would be very disagreeable to me to mix in the sort of company this place affords.'

'And what do I care for that?'

'Why then, sir, to speak to your feelings,' said Bertram, 'I shall be willing to make you a handsome compliment for this indulgence.'

'Ay, but when, Captain? when and how? that's the question, or rather the twa questions,' said the jailor.

'When I am delivered, and get my remittances from England,' answered the prisoner.

Mac-Guffog shook his head incredulously.

'Why, friend, you do not pretend to believe that I am really a malefactor?' said Bertram.

'Why, I no ken,' said the fellow; 'but if you *are* on the account, ye're nae sharp ane, that's the daylight o't.'

'And why do you say I am no sharp one?'

'Why, wha but a crack-brained greenhorn wad hae let them keep up the siller that ye left at the Gordon Arms?' said the constable. 'Deil fetch me, but I wad have had it out o' their wames! Ye had nae right to be strippit o' your money and sent to jail without a mark to pay your fees; they might have keepit the rest o' the articles for evidence. But why, for a blind bottle-head, did not ye ask the guineas? and I kept winking and nodding a' the time, and the donnert deevil wad never ance look my way!'

'Well, sir,' replied Bertram, 'if I have a title to have that property delivered up to me, I shall apply for it; and there is a good deal more than enough to pay any demand you can set up.'

'I dinna ken a bit about that,' said Mac-Guffog; 'ye may be here lang eneugh. And then the gieing credit maun be considered in the fees. But, however, as ye *do* seem to be a chap by common, though my wife says I lose by my good-

nature, if ye gie me an order for my fees upon that money I daresay Glossin will make it forthcoming; I ken something about an escape from Ellangowan. Ay, ay, he 'll be glad to carry me through, and be neighbour-like.'

'Well, sir,' replied Bertram, 'if I am not furnished in a day or two otherwise, you shall have such an order.'

'Weel, weel, then ye shall be put up like a prince,' said Mac-Guffog. 'But mark ye me, friend, that we may have nae collieshangie afterhend, these are the fees that I always charge a swell that must have his lib-ken to himsell: — Thirty shillings a-week for lodgings, and a guinea for garnish; half-a-guinea a-week for a single bed; and I dinna get the whole of it, for I must gie half-a-crown out of it to Donald Laider that 's in for sheep-stealing, that should sleep with you by rule, and he 'll expect clean strae, and maybe some whisky beside. So I make little upon that.'

'Well, sir, go on.'

'Then for meat and liquor, ye may have the best, and I never charge abune twenty per cent ower tavern price for pleasing a gentleman that way; and that 's little eneugh for sending in and sending out, and wearing the lassie's shoon out. And then if ye 're dowie I will sit wi' you a gliff in the evening mysell, man, and help ye out wi' your bottle. I have drank mony a glass wi' Glossin, man, that did you up, though he 's a justice now. And then I'se warrant ye 'll be for fire thir cauld nights, or if ye want candle, that 's an expensive article, for it 's against the rules. And now I 've tell'd ye the head articles of the charge, and I dinna think there 's muckle mair, though there will aye be some odd expenses ower and abune.'

'Well, sir, I must trust to your conscience, if ever you happened to hear of such a thing; I cannot help myself.'

'Na, na, sir,' answered the cautious jailor, 'I 'll no permit you to be saying that. I 'm forcing naething upon ye; an ye dinna like the price, ye needna take the article. I force no man; I was only explaining what civility was. But if ye like to take the common run of the house, it 's a' ane to me; I 'll be saved trouble, that 's a'.'

'Nay, my friend, I have, as I suppose you may easily guess, no inclination to dispute your terms upon such a penalty,' answered Bertram. 'Come, show me where I am to be, for I would fain be alone for a little while.'

'Ay, ay, come along then, Captain,' said the fellow, with a contortion of visage which he intended to be a smile; 'and I 'll

tell you now — to show you that I *have* a conscience, as ye ca't — d—n me if I charge ye abune sixpence a-day for the freedom o' the court, and ye may walk in 't very near three hours a-day, and play at pitch-and-toss and hand ba' and what not.'

With this gracious promise he ushered Bertram into the house, and showed him up a steep and narrow stone staircase, at the top of which was a strong door, clenched with iron and studded with nails. Beyond this door was a narrow passage or gallery, having three cells on each side, wretched vaults, with iron bed-frames and straw mattresses. But at the farther end was a small apartment of rather a more decent appearance, that is, having less the air of a place of confinement, since, unless for the large lock and chain upon the door, and the crossed and ponderous stanchions upon the window, it rather resembled the 'worst inn's worst room.' It was designed as a sort of infirmary for prisoners whose state of health required some indulgence; and, in fact, Donald Laider, Bertram's destined chum, had been just dragged out of one of the two beds which it contained, to try whether clean straw and whisky might not have a better chance to cure his intermitting fever. This process of ejection had been carried into force by Mrs. Mac-Guffog while her husband parleyed with Bertram in the court-yard, that good lady having a distinct presentiment of the manner in which the treaty must necessarily terminate. Apparently the expulsion had not taken place without some application of the strong hand, for one of the bed-posts of a sort of tent-bed was broken down, so that the tester and curtains hung forward into the middle of the narrow chamber, like the banner of a chieftain half-sinking amid the confusion of a combat.

'Never mind that being out o' sorts, Captain,' said Mrs. Mac-Guffog, who now followed them into the room; then, turning her back to the prisoner, with as much delicacy as the action admitted, she whipped from her knee her ferret garter, and applied it to splicing and fastening the broken bed-post; then used more pins than her apparel could well spare to fasten up the bed-curtains in festoons; then shook the bed-clothes into something like form; then flung over all a tattered patch-work quilt, and pronounced that things were now 'something purpose-like.' 'And there's your bed, Captain,' pointing to a massy four-posted hulk, which, owing to the inequality of the floor, that had sunk considerably (the house, though

new, having been built by contract), stood on three legs, and held the fourth aloft as if pawing the air, and in the attitude of advancing like an elephant passant upon the panel of a coach, — 'there 's your bed and the blankets; but if ye want sheets, or bowster, or pillow, or ony sort o' nappery for the table, or for your hands, ye 'll hae to speak to me about it, for that 's out o' the gudeman's line (Mac-Guffog had by this time left the room, to avoid, probably, any appeal which might be made to him upon this new exaction), and he never engages for ony thing like that.'

'In God's name,' said Bertram, 'let me have what is decent, and make any charge you please.'

'Aweel, aweel, that 's sune settled; we 'll no excise you neither, though we live sae near the custom-house. And I maun see to get you some fire and some dinner too, I'se warrant; but your dinner will be but a puir ane the day, no expecting company that would be nice and fashious.' So saying, and in all haste, Mrs. Mac-Guffog fetched a scuttle of live coals, and having replenished 'the rusty grate, unconscious of a fire' for months before, she proceeded with unwashed hands to arrange the stipulated bed-linen (alas, how different from Ailie Dinmont's!), and, muttering to herself as she discharged her task, seemed, in inveterate spleen of temper, to grudge even those accommodations for which she was to receive payment. At length, however, she departed, grumbling between her teeth, that 'she wad rather lock up a haill ward than be fiking about thae niff-naffy gentles that gae sae muckle fash wi' their fancies.'

When she was gone Bertram found himself reduced to the alternative of pacing his little apartment for exercise, or gazing out upon the sea in such proportions as could be seen from the narrow panes of his window, obscured by dirt and by close iron bars, or reading over the records of brutal wit and blackguardism which despair had scrawled upon the half-whitened walls. The sounds were as uncomfortable as the objects of sight; the sullen dash of the tide, which was now retreating, and the occasional opening and shutting of a door, with all its accompaniments of jarring bolts and creaking hinges, mingling occasionally with the dull monotony of the retiring ocean. Sometimes, too, he could hear the hoarse growl of the keeper, or the shriller strain of his helpmate, almost always in the tone of discontent, anger, or insolence. At other times the large mastiff chained in the courtyard answered with furious

bark the insults of the idle loiterers who made a sport of incensing him.

At length the tædium of this weary space was broken by the entrance of a dirty-looking serving-wench, who made some preparations for dinner by laying a half-dirty cloth upon a whole-dirty deal table. A knife and fork, which had not been worn out by overcleaning, flanked a cracked delf plate; a nearly empty mustard-pot, placed on one side of the table, balanced a salt-cellar, containing an article of a greyish, or rather a blackish, mixture, upon the other, both of stoneware, and bearing too obvious marks of recent service. Shortly after the same Hebe brought up a plate of beef-collops, done in the frying-pan, with a huge allowance of grease floating in an ocean of lukewarm water; and, having added a coarse loaf to these savoury viands, she requested to know what liquors the gentleman chose to order. The appearance of this fare was not very inviting; but Bertram endeavoured to mend his commons by ordering wine, which he found tolerably good, and, with the assistance of some indifferent cheese, made his dinner chiefly off the brown loaf. When his meal was over the girl presented her master's compliments, and, if agreeable to the gentleman, he would help him to spend the evening. Bertram desired to be excused, and begged, instead of this gracious society, that he might be furnished with paper, pen, ink, and candles. The light appeared in the shape of one long broken tallow-candle, inclining over a tin candlestick coated with grease; as for the writing materials, the prisoner was informed that he might have them the next day if he chose to send out to buy them. Bertram next desired the maid to procure him a book, and enforced his request with a shilling; in consequence of which, after long absence, she reappeared with two odd volumes of the *Newgate Calendar*, which she had borrowed from Sam Silverquill, an idle apprentice, who was imprisoned under a charge of forgery. Having laid the books on the table she retired, and left Bertram to studies which were not ill adapted to his present melancholy situation.

## CHAPTER XLV

But if thou shouldst be dragg'd in scorn
To yonder ignominious tree,
Thou shalt not want one faithful friend
To share the cruel fates' decree.

SHENSTONE.

PLUNGED in the gloomy reflections which were naturally excited by his dismal reading and disconsolate situation, Bertram for the first time in his life felt himself affected with a disposition to low spirits. 'I have been in worse situations than this too,' he said; 'more dangerous, for here is no danger; more dismal in prospect, for my present confinement must necessarily be short; more intolerable for the time, for here, at least, I have fire, food, and shelter. Yet, with reading these bloody tales of crime and misery in a place so corresponding to the ideas which they excite, and in listening to these sad sounds, I feel a stronger disposition to melancholy than in my life I ever experienced. But I will not give way to it. Begone, thou record of guilt and infamy!' he said, flinging the book upon the spare bed; 'a Scottish jail shall not break, on the very first day, the spirits which have resisted climate, and want, and penury, and disease, and imprisonment in a foreign land. I have fought many a hard battle with Dame Fortune, and she shall not beat me now if I can help it.'

Then bending his mind to a strong effort, he endeavoured to view his situation in the most favourable light. Delaserre must soon be in Scotland; the certificates from his commanding officer must soon arrive; nay, if Mannering were first applied to, who could say but the effect might be a reconciliation between them? He had often observed, and now remembered, that when his former colonel took the part of any one, it was never by halves, and that he seemed to love those persons most who had lain under obligation to him. In the present case a favour, which could be asked with honour and granted

with readiness, might be the means of reconciling them to each other. From this his feelings naturally turned towards Julia; and, without very nicely measuring the distance between a soldier of fortune, who expected that her father's attestation would deliver him from confinement, and the heiress of that father's wealth and expectations, he was building the gayest castle in the clouds, and varnishing it with all the tints of a summer-evening sky, when his labour was interrupted by a loud knocking at the outer gate, answered by the barking of the gaunt half-starved mastiff which was quartered in the courtyard as an addition to the garrison. After much scrupulous precaution the gate was opened and some person admitted. The house-door was next unbarred, unlocked, and unchained, a dog's feet pattered upstairs in great haste, and the animal was heard scratching and whining at the door of the room. Next a heavy step was heard lumbering up, and Mac-Guffog's voice in the character of pilot — 'This way, this way; take care of the step; that 's the room.' Bertram's door was then unbolted, and to his great surprise and joy his terrier, Wasp, rushed into the apartment and almost devoured him with caresses, followed by the massy form of his friend from Charlie's Hope.

'Eh whow! Eh whow!' ejaculated the honest farmer, as he looked round upon his friend's miserable apartment and wretched accommodation — 'What 's this o't! what 's this o't!'

'Just a trick of fortune, my good friend,' said Bertram, rising and shaking him heartily by the hand, 'that 's all.'

'But what will be done about it? or what *can* be done about it?' said honest Dandie. 'Is 't for debt, or what is 't for?'

'Why, it is not for debt,' answered Bertram; 'and if you have time to sit down, I 'll tell you all I know of the matter myself.'

'If I hae time?' said Dandie, with an accent on the word that sounded like a howl of derision. 'Ou, what the deevil am I come here for, man, but just ance errand to see about it? But ye 'll no be the waur o' something to eat, I trow; it 's getting late at e'en. I tell'd the folk at the Change, where I put up Dumple, to send ower my supper here, and the chield Mac-Guffog is agreeable to let it in; I hae settled a' that. And now let 's hear your story. Whisht, Wasp, man! wow, but he 's glad to see you, poor thing!'

Bertram's story, being confined to the accident of Hazlewood,

and the confusion made between his own identity and that of one of the smugglers who had been active in the assault of Woodbourne, and chanced to bear the same name, was soon told. Dinmont listened very attentively. 'Aweel,' he said, 'this suld be nae sic dooms desperate business surely; the lad 's doing weel again that was hurt, and what signifies twa or three lead draps in his shouther? if ye had putten out his ee it would hae been another case. But eh, as I wuss auld Sherra Pleydell was to the fore here! Odd, he was the man for sorting them, and the queerest rough-spoken deevil too that ever ye heard!'

'But now tell me, my excellent friend, how did you find out I was here?'

'Odd, lad, queerly eneugh,' said Dandie; 'but I 'll tell ye that after we are done wi' our supper, for it will maybe no be sae weel to speak about it while that lang-lugged limmer o' a lass is gaun flisking in and out o' the room.'

Bertram's curiosity was in some degree put to rest by the appearance of the supper which his friend had ordered, which, although homely enough, had the appetising cleanliness in which Mrs. Mac-Guffog's cookery was so eminently deficient. Dinmont also, premising he had ridden the whole day since breakfast-time without tasting anything 'to speak of,' which qualifying phrase related to about three pounds of cold roast mutton which he had discussed at his mid-day stage — Dinmont, I say, fell stoutly upon the good cheer, and, like one of Homer's heroes, said little, either good or bad, till the rage of thirst and hunger was appeased. At length, after a draught of home-brewed ale, he began by observing, 'Aweel, aweel, that hen,' looking upon the lamentable relics of what had been once a large fowl, 'wasna a bad ane to be bred at a town end, though it 's no like our barn-door chuckies at Charlie's Hope; and I am glad to see that this vexing job hasna taen awa your appetite, Captain.'

'Why, really, my dinner was not so excellent, Mr. Dinmont, as to spoil my supper.'

'I daresay no, I daresay no,' said Dandie. 'But now, hinny, that ye hae brought us the brandy, and the mug wi' the het water, and the sugar, and a' right, ye may steek the door, ye see, for we wad hae some o' our ain cracks.' The damsel accordingly retired and shut the door of the apartment, to which she added the precaution of drawing a large bolt on the outside.

As soon as she was gone Dandie reconnoitred the premises, listened at the key-hole as if he had been listening for the blowing of an otter, and, having satisfied himself that there were no eavesdroppers, returned to the table; and, making himself what he called a gey stiff cheerer, poked the fire, and began his story in an undertone of gravity and importance not very usual with him.

'Ye see, Captain, I had been in Edinbro' for twa or three days, looking after the burial of a friend that we hae lost, and maybe I suld hae had something for my ride; but there 's disappointments in a' things, and wha can help the like o' that? And I had a wee bit law business besides, but that 's neither here nor there. In short, I had got my matters settled, and hame I cam; and the morn awa to the muirs to see what the herds had been about, and I thought I might as weel gie a look to the Touthope Head, where Jock o' Dawston and me has the outcast about a march. Weel, just as I was coming upon the bit, I saw a man afore me that I kenn'd was nane o' our herds, and it 's a wild bit to meet ony other body, so when I cam up to him it was Tod Gabriel, the fox-hunter. So I says to him, rather surprised like, "What are ye doing up amang the craws here, without your hounds, man? are ye seeking the fox without the dogs?" So he said, "Na, gudeman, but I wanted to see yoursell."

'"Ay," said I, "and ye 'll be wanting eilding now, or something to pit ower the winter?"

'"Na, na," quo' he, "it 's no that I 'm seeking; but ye tak an unco concern in that Captain Brown that was staying wi' you, d' ye no?"

'"Troth do I, Gabriel," says I; "and what about him, lad?"

'Says he, "There 's mair tak an interest in him than you, and some that I am bound to obey; and it 's no just on my ain will that I 'm here to tell you something about him that will no please you."

'"Faith, naething will please me," quo' I, "that 's no pleasing to him."

'"And then," quo' he, "ye 'll be ill-sorted to hear that he 's like to be in the prison at Portanferry, if he disna tak a' the better care o' himsell, for there 's been warrants out to tak him as soon as he comes ower the water frae Allonby. And now, gudeman, an ever ye wish him weel, ye maun ride down to Portanferry, and let nae grass grow at the nag's heels; and if

ye find him in confinement, ye maun stay beside him night and day for a day or twa, for he 'll want friends that hae baith heart and hand; and if ye neglect this ye 'll never rue but ance, for it will be for a' your life."

'"But, safe us, man," quo' I, "how did ye learn a' this? it 's an unco way between this and Portanferry."

'"Never ye mind that," quo' he, "them that brought us the news rade night and day, and ye maun be aff instantly if ye wad do ony gude; and sae I have naething mair to tell ye." Sae he sat himsell doun and hirselled doun into the glen, where it wad hae been ill following him wi' the beast, and I cam back to Charlie's Hope to tell the gudewife, for I was uncertain what to do. It wad look unco-like, I thought, just to be sent out on a hunt-the-gowk errand wi' a landlouper like that. But, Lord! as the gudewife set up her throat about it, and said what a shame it wad be if ye was to come to ony wrang, an I could help ye; and then in cam your letter that confirmed it. So I took to the kist, and out wi' the pickle notes in case they should be needed, and a' the bairns ran to saddle Dumple. By great luck I had taen the other beast to Edinbro', sae Dumple was as fresh as a rose. Sae aff I set, and Wasp wi' me, for ye wad really hae thought he kenn'd where I was gaun, puir beast; and here I am after a trot o' sixty mile or near by. But Wasp rade thirty o' them afore me on the saddle, and the puir doggie balanced itsell as ane of the weans wad hae dune, whether I trotted or cantered.'

In this strange story Bertram obviously saw, supposing the warning to be true, some intimation of danger more violent and imminent than could be likely to arise from a few days' imprisonment. At the same time it was equally evident that some unknown friend was working in his behalf. 'Did you not say,' he asked Dinmont, 'that this man Gabriel was of gipsy blood?'

'It was e'en judged sae,' said Dinmont, 'and I think this maks it likely; for they aye ken where the gangs o' ilk ither are to be found, and they can gar news flee like a footba' through the country an they like. An' I forgat to tell ye, there 's been an unco inquiry after the auld wife that we saw in Bewcastle; the Sheriff 's had folk ower the Limestane Edge after her, and down the Hermitage and Liddel, and a' gates, and a reward offered for her to appear o' fifty pound sterling, nae less; and Justice Forster, he 's had out warrants, as I am tell'd, in Cumberland; and an unco ranging and ripeing they

have had a' gates seeking for her; but she 'll no be taen wi' them unless she likes, for a' that.'

'And how comes that?' said Bertram.

'Ou, I dinna ken; I daur say it 's nonsense, but they say she has gathered the fern-seed, and can gang ony gate she likes, like Jock the Giant-killer in the ballant, wi' his coat o' darkness and his shoon o' swiftness. Ony way she 's a kind o' queen amang the gipsies; she is mair than a hundred year auld, folk say, and minds the coming in o' the moss-troopers in the troublesome times when the Stuarts were put awa. Sae, if she canna hide hersell, she kens them that can hide her weel eneugh, ye needna doubt that. Odd, an I had kenn'd it had been Meg Merrilies yon night at Tibb Mumps's, I wad taen care how I crossed her.

Bertram listened with great attention to this account, which tallied so well in many points with what he had himself seen of this gipsy sibyl. After a moment's consideration he concluded it would be no breach of faith to mention what he had seen at Derncleugh to a person who held Meg in such reverence as Dinmont obviously did. He told his story accordingly, often interrupted by ejaculations, such as, 'Weel, the like o' that now!' or, 'Na, deil an that 's no something now!'

When our Liddesdale friend had heard the whole to an end, he shook his great black head — 'Weel, I 'll uphaud there 's baith gude and ill amang the gipsies, and if they deal wi' the Enemy, it 's a' their ain business and no ours. I ken what the streeking the corpse wad be, weel eneugh. Thae smuggler deevils, when ony o' them 's killed in a fray, they 'll send for a wife like Meg far eneugh to dress the corpse; odd, it 's a' the burial they ever think o'! and then to be put into the ground without ony decency, just like dogs. But they stick to it, that they 'll be streekit, and hae an auld wife when they 're dying to rhyme ower prayers, and ballants, and charms, as they ca' them, rather than they 'll hae a minister to come and pray wi' them — that 's an auld threep o' theirs; and I am thinking the man that died will hae been ane o' the folk that was shot when they burnt Woodbourne.'

'But, my good friend, Woodbourne is not burnt,' said Bertram.

'Weel, the better for them that bides in 't,' answered the store-farmer. 'Odd, we had it up the water wi' us that there wasna a stane on the tap o' anither. But there was fighting, ony way; I daur to say it would be fine fun! And, as I said,

ye may take it on trust that that 's been ane o' the men killed there, and that it 's been the gipsies that took your pockmanky when they fand the chaise stickin' in the snaw; they wadna pass the like o' that, it wad just come to their hand like the bowl o' a pint stoup.'

'But if this woman is a sovereign among them, why was she not able to afford me open protection, and to get me back my property?'

'Ou, wha kens? she has muckle to say wi' them, but whiles they 'll tak their ain way for a' that, when they 're under temptation. And then there 's the smugglers that they 're aye leagued wi', she maybe couldna manage them sae weel. They 're aye banded thegither; I 've heard that the gipsies ken when the smugglers will come aff, and where they 're to land, better than the very merchants that deal wi' them. And then, to the boot o' that, she 's whiles crack-brained, and has a bee in her head; they say that, whether her spaeings and fortune-tellings be true or no, for certain she believes in them a' hersell, and is aye guiding hersell by some queer prophecy or anither. So she disna aye gang the straight road to the well. But deil o' sic a story as yours, wi' glamour and dead folk and losing ane's gate, I ever heard out o' the tale-books! But whisht, I hear the keeper coming.'

Mac-Guffog accordingly interrupted their discourse by the harsh harmony of the bolts and bars, and showed his bloated visage at the opening door. 'Come, Mr. Dinmont, we have put off locking up for an hour to oblige ye; ye must go to your quarters.'

'Quarters, man? I intend to sleep here the night. There 's a spare bed in the Captain's room.'

'It 's impossible!' answered the keeper.

'But I say it *is* possible, and that I winna stir; and there 's a dram t' ye.'

Mac-Guffog drank off the spirits and resumed his objection. 'But it 's against rule, sir; ye have committed nae malefaction.'

'I 'll break your head,' said the sturdy Liddesdale man, 'if ye say ony mair about it, and that will be malefaction eneugh to entitle me to ae night's lodging wi' you, ony way.'

'But I tell ye, Mr. Dinmont,' reiterated the keeper, 'it 's against rule, and I behoved to lose my post.'

'Weel, Mac-Guffog,' said Dandie, 'I hae just twa things to say. Ye ken wha I am weel eneugh, and that I wadna loose a prisoner.'

'And how do I ken that?' answered the jailor.

'Weel, if ye dinna ken that,' said the resolute farmer, 'ye ken this: ye ken ye're whiles obliged to be up our water in the way o' your business. Now, if ye let me stay quietly here the night wi' the Captain, I'se pay ye double fees for the room; and if ye say no, ye shall hae the best sark-fu' o' sair banes that ever ye had in your life the first time ye set a foot by Liddel Moat!'

'Aweel, aweel, gudeman,' said Mac-Guffog, 'a wilfu' man maun hae his way; but if I am challenged for it by the justices, I ken wha sall bear the wyte,' and, having sealed this observation with a deep oath or two, he retired to bed, after carefully securing all the doors of the bridewell. The bell from the town steeple tolled nine just as the ceremony was concluded.

'Although it's but early hours,' said the farmer, who had observed that his friend looked somewhat pale and fatigued, 'I think we had better lie down, Captain, if ye're no agreeable to another cheerer. But troth, ye're nae glass-breaker; and neither am I, unless it be a screed wi' the neighbours, or when I'm on a ramble.'

Bertram readily assented to the motion of his faithful friend, but, on looking at the bed, felt repugnance to trust himself undressed to Mrs. Mac-Guffog's clean sheets.

'I'm muckle o' your opinion, Captain,' said Dandie. 'Odd, this bed looks as if a' the colliers in Sanquhar had been in't thegither. But it'll no win through my muckle coat.' So saying, he flung himself upon the frail bed with a force that made all its timbers crack, and in a few moments gave audible signal that he was fast asleep. Bertram slipped off his coat and boots and occupied the other dormitory. The strangeness of his destiny, and the mysteries which appeared to thicken around him, while he seemed alike to be persecuted and protected by secret enemies and friends, arising out of a class of people with whom he had no previous connexion, for some time occupied his thoughts. Fatigue, however, gradually composed his mind, and in a short time he was as fast asleep as his companion. And in this comfortable state of oblivion we must leave them until we acquaint the reader with some other circumstances which occurred about the same period.

# CHAPTER XLVI

> Say from whence
> You owe this strange intelligence? or why
> Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
> With such prophetic greeting?
> Speak, I charge you.
>
> *Macbeth.*

UPON the evening of the day when Bertram's examination had taken place, Colonel Mannering arrived at Woodbourne from Edinburgh. He found his family in their usual state, which probably, so far as Julia was concerned, would not have been the case had she learned the news of Bertram's arrest. But as, during the Colonel's absence, the two young ladies lived much retired, this circumstance fortunately had not reached Woodbourne. A letter had already made Miss Bertram acquainted with the downfall of the expectations which had been formed upon the bequest of her kinswoman. Whatever hopes that news might have dispelled, the disappointment did not prevent her from joining her friend in affording a cheerful reception to the Colonel, to whom she thus endeavoured to express the deep sense she entertained of his paternal kindness. She touched on her regret that at such a season of the year he should have made, upon her account, a journey so fruitless.

'That it was fruitless to you, my dear,' said the Colonel, 'I do most deeply lament; but for my own share, I have made some valuable acquaintances, and have spent the time I have been absent in Edinburgh with peculiar satisfaction; so that on that score there is nothing to be regretted. Even our friend the Dominie is returned thrice the man he was, from having sharpened his wits in controversy with the geniuses of the northern metropolis.'

'Of a surety,' said the Dominie, with great complacency, 'I did wrestle, and was not overcome, though my adversary was cunning in his art.'

'I presume,' said Miss Mannering, 'the contest was somewhat fatiguing, Mr. Sampson?'

'Very much, young lady; howbeit I girded up my loins and strove against him.'

'I can bear witness,' said the Colonel; 'I never saw an affair better contested. The enemy was like the Mahratta cavalry: he assailed on all sides, and presented no fair mark for artillery; but Mr. Sampson stood to his guns notwithstanding, and fired away, now upon the enemy and now upon the dust which he had raised. But we must not fight our battles over again to-night; to-morrow we shall have the whole at breakfast.'

The next morning at breakfast, however, the Dominie did not make his appearance. He had walked out, a servant said, early in the morning. It was so common for him to forget his meals that his absence never deranged the family. The housekeeper, a decent old-fashioned Presbyterian matron, having, as such, the highest respect for Sampson's theological acquisitions, had it in charge on these occasions to take care that he was no sufferer by his absence of mind, and therefore usually waylaid him on his return, to remind him of his sublunary wants, and to minister to their relief. It seldom, however, happened that he was absent from two meals together, as was the case in the present instance. We must explain the cause of this unusual occurrence.

The conversation which Mr. Pleydell had held with Mr. Mannering on the subject of the loss of Harry Bertram had awakened all the painful sensations which that event had inflicted upon Sampson. The affectionate heart of the poor Dominie had always reproached him that his negligence in leaving the child in the care of Frank Kennedy had been the proximate cause of the murder of the one, the loss of the other, the death of Mrs. Bertram, and the ruin of the family of his patron. It was a subject which he never conversed upon, if indeed his mode of speech could be called conversation at any time; but it was often present to his imagination. The sort of hope so strongly affirmed and asserted in Mrs. Bertram's last settlement had excited a corresponding feeling in the Dominie's bosom, which was exasperated into a sort of sickening anxiety by the discredit with which Pleydell had treated it. 'Assuredly,' thought Sampson to himself, 'he is a man of erudition, and well skilled in the weighty matters of the law; but he is also a man of humorous levity and inconsistency of speech, and wherefore should he pronounce *ex cathedrâ*, as it were, on the hope expressed by worthy Madam Margaret Bertram of Singleside?'

All this, I say, the Dominie *thought* to himself; for had he uttered half the sentence, his jaws would have ached for a month under the unusual fatigue of such a continued exertion. The result of these cogitations was a resolution to go and visit the scene of the tragedy at Warroch Point, where he had not been for many years; not, indeed, since the fatal accident had happened. The walk was a long one, for the Point of Warroch lay on the farther side of the Ellangowan property, which was interposed between it and Woodbourne. Besides, the Dominie went astray more than once, and met with brooks swoln into torrents by the melting of the snow, where he, honest man, had only the summer recollection of little trickling rills.

At length, however, he reached the woods which he had made the object of his excursion, and traversed them with care, muddling his disturbed brains with vague efforts to recall every circumstance of the catastrophe. It will readily be supposed that the influence of local situation and association was inadequate to produce conclusions different from those which he had formed under the immediate pressure of the occurrences themselves. 'With many a weary sigh, therefore, and many a groan,' the poor Dominie returned from his hopeless pilgrimage, and weariedly plodded his way towards Woodbourne, debating at times in his altered mind a question which was forced upon him by the cravings of an appetite rather of the keenest, namely, whether he had breakfasted that morning or no? It was in this twilight humour, now thinking of the loss of the child, then involuntarily compelled to meditate upon the somewhat incon gruous subject of hung beef, rolls, and butter, that his route, which was different from that which he had taken in the morning, conducted him past the small ruined tower, or rather vestige of a tower, called by the country people the Kaim of Derncleugh.

The reader may recollect the description of this ruin in the twenty-seventh chapter, as the vault in which young Bertram, under the auspices of Meg Merrilies, witnessed the death of Hatteraick's lieutenant. The tradition of the country added ghostly terrors to the natural awe inspired by the situation of this place, which terrors the gipsies who so long inhabited the vicinity had probably invented, or at least propagated, for their own advantage. It was said that, during the times of the Galwegian independence, one Hanlon Mac-Dingawaie, brother to the reigning chief, Knarth Mac-Dingawaie, murdered his brother and sovereign, in order to usurp the principality from his infant

nephew, and that, being pursued for vengeance by the faithful allies and retainers of the house, who espoused the cause of the lawful heir, he was compelled to retreat, with a few followers whom he had involved in his crime, to this impregnable tower called the Kaim of Derncleugh, where he defended himself until nearly reduced by famine, when, setting fire to the place, he and the small remaining garrison desperately perished by their own swords, rather than fall into the hands of their exasperated enemies. This tragedy, which, considering the wild times wherein it was placed, might have some foundation in truth, was larded with many legends of superstition and diablerie, so that most of the peasants of the neighbourhood, if benighted, would rather have chosen to make a considerable circuit than pass these haunted walls. The lights, often seen around the tower, when used as the rendezvous of the lawless characters by whom it was occasionally frequented, were accounted for, under authority of these tales of witchery, in a manner at once convenient for the private parties concerned and satisfactory to the public.

Now it must be confessed that our friend Sampson, although a profound scholar and mathematician, had not travelled so far in philosophy as to doubt the reality of witchcraft or apparitions. Born, indeed, at a time when a doubt in the existence of witches was interpreted as equivalent to a justification of their infernal practices, a belief of such legends had been impressed upon the Dominie as an article indivisible from his religious faith, and perhaps it would have been equally difficult to have induced him to doubt the one as the other. With these feelings, and in a thick misty day, which was already drawing to its close, Dominie Sampson did not pass the Kaim of Derncleugh without some feelings of tacit horror.

What, then, was his astonishment when, on passing the door — that door which was supposed to have been placed there by one of the latter Lairds of Ellangowan to prevent presumptuous strangers from incurring the dangers of the haunted vault — that door, supposed to be always locked, and the key of which was popularly said to be deposited with the presbytery — that door, that very door, opened suddenly, and the figure of Meg Merrilies, well known, though not seen for many a revolving year, was placed at once before the eyes of the startled Dominie! She stood immediately before him in the footpath, confronting him so absolutely that he could not avoid her

except by fairly turning back, which his manhood prevented him from thinking of.

'I kenn'd ye wad be here,' she said, with her harsh and hollow voice; 'I ken wha ye seek; but ye maun do my bidding.'

'Get thee behind me!' said the alarmed Dominie. 'Avoid ye! *Conjuro te, scelestissima, nequissima, spurcissima, iniquissima atque miserrima, conjuro te!!!*'

Meg stood her ground against this tremendous volley of superlatives, which Sampson hawked up from the pit of his stomach and hurled at her in thunder. 'Is the carl daft,' she said, 'wi' his glamour?'

'*Conjuro*,' continued the Dominie, '*abjuro, contestor atque viriliter impero tibi!*'

'What, in the name of Sathan, are ye feared for, wi' your French gibberish, that would make a dog sick? Listen, ye stickit stibbler, to what I tell ye, or ye sall rue it while there 's a limb o' ye hings to anither! Tell Colonel Mannering that I ken he 's seeking me. He kens, and I ken, that the blood will be wiped out, and the lost will be found,

> And Bertram's right and Bertram's might
> Shall meet on Ellangowan height.

Hae, there 's a letter to him; I was gaun to send it in another way. I canna write mysell; but I hae them that will baith write and read, and ride and rin for me. Tell him the time 's coming now, and the weird 's dree'd, and the wheel 's turning. Bid him look at the stars as he has looked at them before. Will ye mind a' this?'

'Assuredly,' said the Dominie, 'I am dubious; for, woman, I am perturbed at thy words, and my flesh quakes to hear thee.'

'They 'll do you nae ill though, and maybe muckle gude.'

'Avoid ye! I desire no good that comes by unlawful means.'

'Fule body that thou art,' said Meg, stepping up to him, with a frown of indignation that made her dark eyes flash like lamps from under her bent brows — 'Fule body! if I meant ye wrang, couldna I clod ye ower that craig, and wad man ken how ye cam by your end mair than Frank Kennedy? Hear ye that, ye worriecow?'

'In the name of all that is good,' said the Dominie, recoiling, and pointing his long pewter-headed walking cane like a javelin at the supposed sorceress — 'in the name of all that is good, bide off hands! I will not be handled; woman, stand off, upon thine own proper peril! Desist, I say; I am strong; lo, I will

resist!' Here his speech was cut short; for Meg, armed with supernatural strength (as the Dominie asserted), broke in upon his guard, put by a thrust which he made at her with his cane, and lifted him into the vault, 'as easily,' said he, 'as I could sway a Kitchen's Atlas.'

'Sit down there,' she said, pushing the half-throttled preacher with some violence against a broken chair — 'sit down there and gather your wind and your senses, ye black barrow-tram o' the kirk that ye are. Are ye fou or fasting?'

'Fasting, from all but sin,' answered the Dominie, who, recovering his voice, and finding his exorcisms only served to exasperate the intractable sorceress, thought it best to affect complaisance and submission, inwardly conning over, however, the wholesome conjurations which he durst no longer utter aloud. But as the Dominie's brain was by no means equal to carry on two trains of ideas at the same time, a word or two of his mental exercise sometimes escaped and mingled with his uttered speech in a manner ludicrous enough, especially as the poor man shrunk himself together after every escape of the kind, from terror of the effect it might produce upon the irritable feelings of the witch.

Meg in the meanwhile went to a great black cauldron that was boiling on a fire on the floor, and, lifting the lid, an odour was diffused through the vault which, if the vapours of a witch's cauldron could in aught be trusted, promised better things than the hell-broth which such vessels are usually supposed to contain. It was, in fact, the savour of a goodly stew, composed of fowls, hares, partridges, and moor-game boiled in a large mess with potatoes, onions, and leeks, and from the size of the cauldron appeared to be prepared for half a dozen of people at least. 'So ye hae eat naething a' day?' said Meg, heaving a large portion of this mess into a brown dish and strewing it savourily with salt and pepper.[1]

'Nothing,' answered the Dominie, '*scelestissima!* — that is, gudewife.'

'Hae then,' said she, placing the dish before him, 'there's what will warm your heart.'

'I do not hunger, *malefica*— that is to say, Mrs. Merrilies!' for he said unto himself, 'the savour is sweet, but it hath been cooked by a Canidia or an Ericthoe.'

'If ye dinna eat instantly and put some saul in ye, by the bread and the salt, I'll put it down your throat wi' the cutty

[1] See Gipsy Cooking. Note 11.

spoon, scaulding as it is, and whether ye will or no. Gape, sinner, and swallow!'

Sampson, afraid of eye of newt, and toe of frog, tigers' chaudrons, and so forth, had determined not to venture; but the smell of the stew was fast melting his obstinacy, which flowed from his chops as it were in streams of water, and the witch's threats decided him to feed. Hunger and fear are excellent casuists.

'Saul,' said Hunger, 'feasted with the witch of Endor.' 'And,' quoth Fear, 'the salt which she sprinkled upon the food showeth plainly it is not a necromantic banquet, in which that seasoning never occurs.' 'And, besides,' says Hunger, after the first spoonful, 'it is savoury and refreshing viands.'

'So ye like the meat?' said the hostess.

'Yea,' answered the Dominie, 'and I give thee thanks, *sceleratissima!* — which means, Mrs. Margaret.'

'Aweel, eat your fill; but an ye kenn'd how it was gotten ye maybe wadna like it sae weel.' Sampson's spoon dropped in the act of conveying its load to his mouth. 'There 's been mony a moonlight watch to bring a' that trade thegither,' continued Meg; 'the folk that are to eat that dinner thought little o' your game laws.'

'Is that all?' thought Sampson, resuming his spoon and shovelling away manfully; 'I will not lack my food upon that argument.'

'Now ye maun tak a dram?'

'I will,' quoth Sampson, '*conjuro te* — that is, I thank you heartily,' for he thought to himself, in for a penny in for a pound; and he fairly drank the witch's health in a cupful of brandy. When he had put this copestone upon Meg's good cheer, he felt, as he said, 'mightily elevated, and afraid of no evil which could befall unto him.'

'Will ye remember my errand now?' said Meg Merrilies; 'I ken by the cast o' your ee that ye 're anither man than when you cam in.'

'I will, Mrs. Margaret,' repeated Sampson, stoutly; 'I will deliver unto him the sealed yepistle, and will add what you please to send by word of mouth.'

'Then I 'll make it short,' says Meg. 'Tell him to look at the stars without fail this night, and to do what I desire him in that letter, as he would wish

That Bertram's right and Bertram's might
Should meet on Ellangowan height.

I have seen him twice when he saw na me; I ken when he was in this country first, and I ken what 's brought him back again. Up an' to the gate! ye 're ower lang here; follow me.'

Sampson followed the sibyl accordingly, who guided him about a quarter of a mile through the woods, by a shorter cut than he could have found for himself; they then entered upon the common, Meg still marching before him at a great pace, until she gained the top of a small hillock which overhung the road.

'Here,' she said, 'stand still here. Look how the setting sun breaks through yon cloud that 's been darkening the lift a' day. See where the first stream o' light fa's: it 's upon Donagild's round tower, the auldest tower in the Castle o' Ellangowan; that 's no for naething! See as it 's glooming to seaward abune yon sloop in the bay; that 's no for naething neither. Here I stood on this very spot,' said she, drawing herself up so as not to lose one hair-breadth of her uncommon height, and stretching out her long sinewy arm and clenched hand — 'here I stood when I tauld the last Laird o' Ellangowan what was coming on his house; and did that fa' to the ground? na, it hit even ower sair! And here, where I brake the wand of peace ower him, here I stand again, to bid God bless and prosper the just heir of Ellangowan that will sune be brought to his ain; and the best laird he shall be that Ellangowan has seen for three hundred years. I 'll no live to see it, maybe; but there will be mony a blythe ee see it though mine be closed. And now, Abe Sampson, as ever ye lo'ed the house of Ellangowan, away wi' my message to the English Colonel, as if life and death were upon your haste!'

So saying, she turned suddenly from the amazed Dominie and regained with swift and long strides the shelter of the wood from which she had issued at the point where it most encroached upon the common. Sampson gazed after her for a moment in utter astonishment, and then obeyed her directions, hurrying to Woodbourne at a pace very unusual for him, exclaiming three times, 'Prodigious! prodigious! pro-di-gi-ous!'

## CHAPTER XLVII

> It is not madness
> That I have utter'd; bring me to the test,
> And I the matter will re-word; which madness
> Would gambol from.
>
> *Hamlet.*

As Mr. Sampson crossed the hall with a bewildered look, Mrs. Allan, the good housekeeper, who, with the reverent attention which is usually rendered to the clergy in Scotland, was on the watch for his return, sallied forth to meet him — 'What 's this o't now, Mr. Sampson, this is waur than ever! Ye 'll really do yoursell some injury wi' these lang fasts; naething 's sae hurtful to the stamach, Mr. Sampson. If ye would but put some peppermint draps in your pocket, or let Barnes cut ye a sandwich.'

'Avoid thee!' quoth the Dominie, his mind running still upon his interview with Meg Merrilies, and making for the dining-parlour.

'Na, ye needna gang in there, the cloth 's been removed an hour syne, and the Colonel 's at his wine; but just step into my room, I have a nice steak that the cook will do in a moment.'

'*Exorciso te!*' said Sampson; 'that is, I have dined.'

'Dined! it 's impossible; wha can ye hae dined wi', you that gangs out nae gate?'

'With Beelzebub, I believe,' said the minister.

'Na, then he 's bewitched for certain,' said the housekeeper, letting go her hold; 'he 's bewitched, or he 's daft, and ony way the Colonel maun just guide him his ain gate. Wae 's me! Hech, sirs! It 's a sair thing to see learning bring folk to this!' And with this compassionate ejaculation she retreated into her own premises.

The object of her commiseration had by this time entered the dining-parlour, where his appearance gave great surprise.

He was mud up to the shoulders, and the natural paleness of his hue was twice as cadaverous as usual, through terror, fatigue, and perturbation of mind. 'What on earth is the meaning of this, Mr. Sampson?' said Mannering, who observed Miss Bertram looking much alarmed for her simple but attached friend.

'*Exorciso*,' said the Dominie.

'How, sir?' replied the astonished Colonel.

'I crave pardon, honourable sir! but my wits ——'

'Are gone a wool-gathering, I think; pray, Mr. Sampson, collect yourself, and let me know the meaning of all this.'

Sampson was about to reply, but finding his Latin formula of exorcism still came most readily to his tongue, he prudently desisted from the attempt, and put the scrap of paper which he had received from the gipsy into Mannering's hand, who broke the seal and read it with surprise. 'This seems to be some jest,' he said, 'and a very dull one.'

'It came from no jesting person,' said Mr. Sampson.

'From whom then did it come?' demanded Mannering.

The Dominie, who often displayed some delicacy of recollection in cases where Miss Bertram had an interest, remembered the painful circumstances connected with Meg Merrilies, looked at the young ladies, and remained silent. 'We will join you at the tea-table in an instant, Julia,' said the Colonel; 'I see that Mr. Sampson wishes to speak to me alone. And now they are gone, what, in Heaven's name, Mr. Sampson, is the meaning of all this?'

'It may be a message from Heaven,' said the Dominie, 'but it came by Beelzebub's postmistress. It was that witch, Meg Merrilies, who should have been burned with a tar-barrel twenty years since for a harlot, thief, witch, and gipsy.'

'Are you sure it was she?' said the Colonel with great interest.

'Sure, honoured sir? Of a truth she is one not to be forgotten, the like o' Meg Merrilies is not to be seen in any land.'

The Colonel paced the room rapidly, cogitating with himself. 'To send out to apprehend her; but it is too distant to send to Mac-Morlan, and Sir Robert Hazlewood is a pompous coxcomb; besides, the chance of not finding her upon the spot, or that the humour of silence that seized her before may again return. No, I will not, to save being thought a fool, neglect the course she points out. Many of her class set

out by being impostors and end by becoming enthusiasts, or hold a kind of darkling conduct between both lines, unconscious almost when they are cheating themselves or when imposing on others. Well, my course is a plain one at any rate; and if my efforts are fruitless, it shall not be owing to over-jealousy of my own character for wisdom.'

With this he rang the bell, and, ordering Barnes into his private sitting-room, gave him some orders, with the result of which the reader may be made hereafter acquainted.

We must now take up another adventure, which is also to be woven into the story of this remarkable day.

Charles Hazlewood had not ventured to make a visit at Woodbourne during the absence of the Colonel. Indeed, Mannering's whole behaviour had impressed upon him an opinion that this would be disagreeable; and such was the ascendency which the successful soldier and accomplished gentleman had attained over the young man's conduct, that in no respect would he have ventured to offend him. He saw, or thought he saw, in Colonel Mannering's general conduct, an approbation of his attachment to Miss Bertram. But then he saw still more plainly the impropriety of any attempt at a private correspondence, of which his parents could not be supposed to approve, and he respected this barrier interposed betwixt them both on Mannering's account and as he was the liberal and zealous protector of Miss Bertram. 'No,' said he to himself, 'I will not endanger the comfort of my Lucy's present retreat until I can offer her a home of her own.'

With this valorous resolution, which he maintained although his horse, from constant habit, turned his head down the avenue of Woodbourne, and although he himself passed the lodge twice every day, Charles Hazlewood withstood a strong inclination to ride down just to ask how the young ladies were, and whether he could be of any service to them during Colonel Mannering's absence. But on the second occasion he felt the temptation so severe that he resolved not to expose himself to it a third time; and, contenting himself with sending hopes and inquiries and so forth to Woodbourne, he resolved to make a visit long promised to a family at some distance, and to return in such time as to be one of the earliest among Mannering's visitors who should congratulate his safe arrival from his distant and hazardous expedition to Edinburgh. Accordingly he made out his visit, and, having arranged matters so as to be informed within a few hours after Colonel Mannering reached home, he finally resolved

to take leave of the friends with whom he had spent the intervening time, with the intention of dining at Woodbourne, where he was in a great measure domesticated; and this (for he thought much more deeply on the subject than was necessary) would, he flattered himself, appear a simple, natural, and easy mode of conducting himself.

Fate, however, of which lovers make so many complaints, was in this case unfavourable to Charles Hazlewood. His horse's shoes required an alteration, in consequence of the fresh weather having decidedly commenced. The lady of the house where he was a visitor chose to indulge in her own room till a very late breakfast hour. His friend also insisted on showing him a litter of puppies which his favourite pointer bitch had produced that morning. The colours had occasioned some doubts about the paternity — a weighty question of legitimacy, to the decision of which Hazlewood's opinion was called in as arbiter between his friend and his groom, and which inferred in its consequences which of the litter should be drowned, which saved. Besides, the Laird himself delayed our young lover's departure for a considerable time, endeavouring, with long and superfluous rhetoric, to insinuate to Sir Robert Hazlewood, through the medium of his son, his own particular ideas respecting the line of a meditated turnpike road. It is greatly to the shame of our young lover's apprehension that, after the tenth reiterated account of the matter, he could not see the advantage to be obtained by the proposed road passing over the Lang Hirst, Windy Knowe, the Goodhouse Park, Hailziecroft, and then crossing the river at Simon's Pool, and so by the road to Kippletringan; and the less eligible line pointed out by the English surveyor, which would go clear through the main inclosures at Hazlewood, and cut within a mile or nearly so of the house itself, destroying the privacy and pleasure, as his informer contended, of the grounds.

In short, the adviser (whose actual interest was to have the bridge built as near as possible to a farm of his own) failed in every effort to attract young Hazlewood's attention until he mentioned by chance that the proposed line was favoured by 'that fellow Glossin,' who pretended to take a lead in the county. On a sudden young Hazlewood became attentive and interested; and, having satisfied himself which was the line that Glossin patronised, assured his friend it should not be his fault if his father did not countenance any other instead of that. But these various interruptions consumed the morning.

Hazlewood got on horseback at least three hours later than he intended, and, cursing fine ladies, pointers, puppies, and turnpike acts of parliament, saw himself detained beyond the time when he could with propriety intrude upon the family at Woodbourne.

He had passed, therefore, the turn of the road which led to that mansion, only edified by the distant appearance of the blue smoke curling against the pale sky of the winter evening, when he thought he beheld the Dominie taking a footpath for the house through the woods. He called after him, but in vain; for that honest gentleman, never the most susceptible of extraneous impressions, had just that moment parted from Meg Merrilies, and was too deeply wrapt up in pondering upon her vaticinations to make any answer to Hazlewood's call. He was therefore obliged to let him proceed without inquiry after the health of the young ladies, or any other fishing question, to which he might by good chance have had an answer returned wherein Miss Bertram's name might have been mentioned. All cause for haste was now over, and, slackening the reins upon his horse's neck, he permitted the animal to ascend at his own leisure the steep sandy track between two high banks, which, rising to a considerable height, commanded at length an extensive view of the neighbouring country.

Hazlewood was, however, so far from eagerly looking forward to this prospect, though it had the recommendation that great part of the land was his father's, and must necessarily be his own, that his head still turned backward towards the chimneys of Woodbourne, although at every step his horse made the difficulty of employing his eyes in that direction become greater. From the reverie in which he was sunk he was suddenly roused by a voice, too harsh to be called female, yet too shrill for a man: 'What 's kept you on the road sae lang? Maun ither folk do your wark?'

He looked up. The spokeswoman was very tall, had a voluminous handkerchief rolled round her head, grizzled hair flowing in elf-locks from beneath it, a long red cloak, and a staff in her hand, headed with a sort of spear-point; it was, in short, Meg Merrilies. Hazlewood had never seen this remarkable figure before; he drew up his reins in astonishment at her appearance, and made a full stop. 'I think,' continued she, 'they that hae taen interest in the house of Ellangowan suld sleep nane this night; three men hae been seeking ye, and you are

gaun hame to sleep in your bed. D' ye think if the lad-bairn fa's, the sister will do weel? Na, na!'

'I don't understand you, good woman,' said Hazlewood. 'If you speak of Miss ——, I mean of any of the late Ellangowan family, tell me what I can do for them.'

'Of the late Ellangowan family?' she answered with great vehemence — 'of the *late* Ellangowan family! and when was there ever, or when will there ever be, a family of Ellangowan but bearing the gallant name of the bauld Bertrams?'

'But what do you mean, good woman?'

'I am nae good woman; a' the country kens I am bad eneugh, and baith they and I may be sorry eneugh that I am nae better. But I can do what good women canna, and daurna do. I can do what would freeze the blood o' them that is bred in biggit wa's for naething but to bind bairns' heads and to hap them in the cradle. Hear me: the guard 's drawn off at the custom-house at Portanferry, and it 's brought up to Hazlewood House by your father's orders, because he thinks his house is to be attacked this night by the smugglers. There 's naebody means to touch his house; he has gude blood and gentle blood — I say little o' him for himsell — but there 's naebody thinks him worth meddling wi'. Send the horsemen back to their post, cannily and quietly; see an they winna hae wark the night, ay will they: the guns will flash and the swords will glitter in the braw moon.'

'Good God! what do you mean?' said young Hazlewood; 'your words and manner would persuade me you are mad, and yet there is a strange combination in what you say.'

'I am not mad!' exclaimed the gipsy; 'I have been imprisoned for mad — scourged for mad — banished for mad — but mad I am not. Hear ye, Charles Hazlewood of Hazlewood: d' ye bear malice against him that wounded you?'

'No, dame, God forbid; my arm is quite well, and I have always said the shot was discharged by accident. I should be glad to tell the young man so himself.'

'Then do what I bid ye,' answered Meg Merrilies, 'and ye 'll do him mair gude than ever he did you ill; for if he was left to his ill-wishers he would be a bloody corpse ere morn, or a banished man; but there 's Ane abune a'. Do as I bid you; send back the soldiers to Portanferry. There 's nae mair fear o' Hazlewood House than there 's o' Cruffel Fell.' And she vanished with her usual celerity of pace.

It would seem that the appearance of this female, and the

mixture of frenzy and enthusiasm in her manner, seldom failed to produce the strongest impression upon those whom she addressed. Her words, though wild, were too plain and intelligible for actual madness, and yet too vehement and extravagant for sober-minded communication. She seemed acting under the influence of an imagination rather strongly excited than deranged; and it is wonderful how palpably the difference in such cases is impressed upon the mind of the auditor. This may account for the attention with which her strange and mysterious hints were heard and acted upon. It is certain, at least, that young Hazlewood was strongly impressed by her sudden appearance and imperative tone. He rode to Hazlewood at a brisk pace. It had been dark for some time before he reached the house, and on his arrival there he saw a confirmation of what the sibyl had hinted.

Thirty dragoon horses stood under a shed near the offices, with their bridles linked together. Three or four soldiers attended as a guard, while others stamped up and down with their long broadswords and heavy boots in front of the house. Hazlewood asked a non-commissioned officer from whence they came.

'From Portanferry.'

'Had they left any guard there?'

'No; they had been drawn off by order of Sir Robert Hazlewood for defence of his house against an attack which was threatened by the smugglers.'

Charles Hazlewood instantly went in quest of his father, and, having paid his respects to him upon his return, requested to know upon what account he had thought it necessary to send for a military escort. Sir Robert assured his son in reply that, from the information, intelligence, and tidings which had been communicated to, and laid before him, he had the deepest reason to believe, credit, and be convinced that a riotous assault would that night be attempted and perpetrated against Hazlewood House by a set of smugglers, gipsies, and other desperadoes.

'And what, my dear sir,' said his son, 'should direct the fury of such persons against ours rather than any other house in the country?'

'I should rather think, suppose, and be of opinion, sir,' answered Sir Robert, 'with deference to your wisdom and experience, that on these occasions and times the vengeance of such persons is directed or levelled against the most important

and distinguished in point of rank, talent, birth, and situation who have checked, interfered with, and discountenanced their unlawful and illegal and criminal actions or deeds.'

Young Hazlewood, who knew his father's foible, answered, that the cause of his surprise did not lie where Sir Robert apprehended, but that he only wondered they should think of attacking a house where there were so many servants, and where a signal to the neighbouring tenants could call in such strong assistance; and added, that he doubted much whether the reputation of the family would not in some degree suffer from calling soldiers from their duty at the custom-house to protect them, as if they were not sufficiently strong to defend themselves upon any ordinary occasion. He even hinted that, in case their house's enemies should observe that this precaution had been taken unnecessarily, there would be no end of their sarcasms.

Sir Robert Hazlewood was rather puzzled at this intimation, for, like most dull men, he heartily hated and feared ridicule. He gathered himself up and looked with a sort of pompous embarrassment, as if he wished to be thought to despise the opinion of the public, which in reality he dreaded.

'I really should have thought,' he said, 'that the injury which had already been aimed at my house in your person, being the next heir and representative of the Hazlewood family, failing me — I should have thought and believed, I say, that this would have justified me sufficiently in the eyes of the most respectable and the greater part of the people for taking such precautions as are calculated to prevent and impede a repetition of outrage.'

'Really, sir,' said Charles, 'I must remind you of what I have often said before, that I am positive the discharge of the piece was accidental.'

'Sir, it was not accidental,' said his father, angrily; 'but you will be wiser than your elders.'

'Really, sir,' replied Hazlewood, 'in what so intimately concerns myself——'

'Sir, it does not concern you but in a very secondary degree; that is, it does not concern you, as a giddy young fellow who takes pleasure in contradicting his father; but it concerns the country, sir, and the county, sir, and the public, sir, and the kingdom of Scotland, in so far as the interest of the Hazlewood family, sir, is committed and interested and put in

peril, in, by, and through you, sir. And the fellow is in safe custody, and Mr. Glossin thinks ——'

'Mr. Glossin, sir?'

'Yes, sir, the gentleman who has purchased Ellangowan; you know who I mean, I suppose?'

'Yes, sir,' answered the young man; 'but I should hardly have expected to hear you quote such authority. Why, this fellow — all the world knows him to be sordid, mean, tricking, and I suspect him to be worse. And you yourself, my dear sir, when did you call such a person a gentleman in your life before?'

'Why, Charles, I did not mean gentleman in the precise sense and meaning, and restricted and proper use, to which, no doubt, the phrase ought legitimately to be confined; but I meant to use it relatively, as marking something of that state to which he has elevated and raised himself; as designing, in short, a decent and wealthy and estimable sort of a person.'

'Allow me to ask, sir,' said Charles, 'if it was by this man's orders that the guard was drawn from Portanferry?'

'Sir,' replied the Baronet, 'I do apprehend that Mr. Glossin would not presume to give orders, or even an opinion, unless asked, in a matter in which Hazlewood House and the house of Hazlewood — meaning by the one this mansion-house of my family, and by the other, typically, metaphorically, and parabolically, the family itself, — I say, then, where the house of Hazlewood, or Hazlewood House, was so immediately concerned.'

'I presume, however, sir,' said the son, 'this Glossin approved of the proposal?'

'Sir,' replied his father, 'I thought it decent and right and proper to consult him as the nearest magistrate as soon as report of the intended outrage reached my ears; and although he declined, out of deference and respect, as became our relative situations, to concur in the order, yet he did entirely approve of my arrangement.'

At this moment a horse's feet were heard coming very fast up the avenue. In a few minutes the door opened, and Mr. Mac-Morlan presented himself. 'I am under great concern to intrude, Sir Robert, but ——'

'Give me leave, Mr. Mac-Morlan,' said Sir Robert, with a gracious flourish of welcome; 'this is no intrusion, sir; for, your situation as sheriff-substitute calling upon you to attend to the peace of the county, and you, doubtless, feeling yourself

particularly called upon to protect Hazlewood House, you have an acknowledged and admitted and undeniable right, sir, to enter the house of the first gentleman in Scotland uninvited — always presuming you to be called there by the duty of your office.'

'It is indeed the duty of my office,' said Mac-Morlan, who waited with impatience an opportunity to speak, 'that makes me an intruder.'

'No intrusion!' reiterated the Baronet, gracefully waving his hand.

'But permit me to say, Sir Robert,' said the sheriff-substitute, 'I do not come with the purpose of remaining here, but to recall these soldiers to Portanferry, and to assure you that I will answer for the safety of your house.'

'To withdraw the guard from Hazlewood House!' exclaimed the proprietor in mingled displeasure and surprise; 'and *you* will be answerable for it! And, pray, who are you, sir, that I should take your security and caution and pledge, official or personal, for the safety of Hazlewood House? I think, sir, and believe, sir, and am of opinion, sir, that if any one of these family pictures were deranged or destroyed or injured it would be difficult for me to make up the loss upon the guarantee which *you* so obligingly offer me.'

'In that case I shall be sorry for it, Sir Robert,' answered the downright Mac-Morlan; 'but I presume I may escape the pain of feeling my conduct the cause of such irreparable loss, as I can assure you there will be no attempt upon Hazlewood House whatever, and I have received information which induces me to suspect that the rumour was put afloat merely in order to occasion the removal of the soldiers from Portanferry. And under this strong belief and conviction I must exert my authority as sheriff and chief magistrate of police to order the whole, or greater part of them, back again. I regret much that by my accidental absence a good deal of delay has already taken place, and we shall not now reach Portanferry until it is late.'

As Mr. Mac-Morlan was the superior magistrate, and expressed himself peremptory in the purpose of acting as such, the Baronet, though highly offended, could only say, 'Very well, sir; it is very well. Nay, sir, take them all with you; I am far from desiring any to be left here, sir. We, sir, can protect ourselves, sir. But you will have the goodness to observe, sir, that you are acting on your own proper risk, sir, and peril, sir,

and responsibility, sir, if anything shall happen or befall to Hazlewood House, sir, or the inhabitants, sir, or to the furniture and paintings, sir.'

'I am acting to the best of my judgment and information, Sir Robert,' said Mac-Morlan, 'and I must pray of you to believe so, and to pardon me accordingly. I beg you to observe it is no time for ceremony; it is already very late.'

But Sir Robert, without deigning to listen to his apologies, immediately employed himself with much parade in arming and arraying his domestics. Charles Hazlewood longed to accompany the military, which were about to depart for Portanferry, and which were now drawn up and mounted by direction and under the guidance of Mr. Mac-Morlan, as the civil magistrate. But it would have given just pain and offence to his father to have left him at a moment when he conceived himself and his mansion-house in danger. Young Hazlewood therefore gazed from a window with suppressed regret and displeasure, until he heard the officer give the word of command — 'From the right to the front, by files, m-a-rch. Leading file, to the right wheel. Trot.' The whole party of soldiers then getting into a sharp and uniform pace, were soon lost among the trees, and the noise of the hoofs died speedily away in the distance.

## CHAPTER XLVIII

Wi' coulters and wi' forehammers
We garr'd the bars bang merrily,
Until we came to the inner prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie.

*Old Border Ballad.*

WE return to Portanferry, and to Bertram and his honest-hearted friend, whom we left most innocent inhabitants of a place built for the guilty. The slumbers of the farmer were as sound as it was possible.

But Bertram's first heavy sleep passed away long before midnight, nor could he again recover that state of oblivion. Added to the uncertain and uncomfortable state of his mind, his body felt feverish and oppressed. This was chiefly owing to the close and confined air of the small apartment in which they slept. After enduring for some time the broiling and suffocating feeling attendant upon such an atmosphere, he rose to endeavour to open the window of the apartment, and thus to procure a change of air. Alas! the first trial reminded him that he was in jail, and that the building being contrived for security, not comfort, the means of procuring fresh air were not left at the disposal of the wretched inhabitants.

Disappointed in this attempt, he stood by the unmanageable window for some time. Little Wasp, though oppressed with the fatigue of his journey on the preceding day, crept out of bed after his master, and stood by him rubbing his shaggy coat against his legs, and expressing by a murmuring sound the delight which he felt at being restored to him. Thus accompanied, and waiting until the feverish feeling which at present agitated his blood should subside into a desire for warmth and slumber, Bertram remained for some time looking out upon the sea.

The tide was now nearly full, and dashed hoarse and near below the base of the building. Now and then a large wave

reached even the barrier or bulwark which defended the foundation of the house, and was flung upon it with greater force and noise than those which only broke upon the sand. Far in the distance, under the indistinct light of a hazy and often overclouded moon, the ocean rolled its multitudinous complication of waves, crossing, bursting, and mingling with each other.

'A wild and dim spectacle,' said Bertram to himself, 'like those crossing tides of fate which have tossed me about the world from my infancy upwards. When will this uncertainty cease, and how soon shall I be permitted to look out for a tranquil home, where I may cultivate in quiet, and without dread and perplexity, those arts of peace from which my cares have been hitherto so forcibly diverted? The ear of Fancy, it is said, can discover the voice of sea-nymphs and tritons amid the bursting murmurs of the ocean; would that I could do so, and that some siren or Proteus would arise from these billows to unriddle for me the strange maze of fate in which I am so deeply entangled! Happy friend!' he said, looking at the bed where Dinmont had deposited his bulky person, 'thy cares are confined to the narrow round of a healthy and thriving occupation! Thou canst lay them aside at pleasure, and enjoy the deep repose of body and mind which wholesome labour has prepared for thee!'

At this moment his reflections were broken by little Wasp, who, attempting to spring up against the window, began to yelp and bark most furiously. The sounds reached Dinmont's ears, but without dissipating the illusion which had transported him from this wretched apartment to the free air of his own green hills. 'Hoy, Yarrow, man! far yaud, far yaud!' he muttered between his teeth, imagining, doubtless, that he was calling to his sheep-dog, and hounding him in shepherds' phrase against some intruders on the grazing. The continued barking of the terrier within was answered by the angry challenge of the mastiff in the courtyard, which had for a long time been silent, excepting only an occasional short and deep note, uttered when the moon shone suddenly from among the clouds. Now his clamour was continued and furious, and seemed to be excited by some disturbance distinct from the barking of Wasp, which had first given him the alarm, and which, with much trouble, his master had contrived to still into an angry note of low growling.

At last Bertram, whose attention was now fully awakened, conceived that he saw a boat upon the sea, and heard in good

earnest the sound of oars and of human voices mingling with the dash of the billows. 'Some benighted fishermen,' he thought, 'or perhaps some of the desperate traders from the Isle of Man. They are very hardy, however, to approach so near to the custom-house, where there must be sentinels. It is a large boat, like a long-boat, and full of people; perhaps it belongs to the revenue service.' Bertram was confirmed in this last opinion by observing that the boat made for a little quay which ran into the sea behind the custom-house, and, jumping ashore one after another, the crew, to the number of twenty hands, glided secretly up a small lane which divided the custom-house from the bridewell, and disappeared from his sight, leaving only two persons to take care of the boat.

The dash of these men's oars at first, and latterly the suppressed sounds of their voices, had excited the wrath of the wakeful sentinel in the courtyard, who now exalted his deep voice into such a horrid and continuous din that it awakened his brute master, as savage a ban-dog as himself. His cry from a window, of 'How now, Tearum, what's the matter, sir? down, d—n ye, down!' produced no abatement of Tearum's vociferation, which in part prevented his master from hearing the sounds of alarm which his ferocious vigilance was in the act of challenging. But the mate of the two-legged Cerberus was gifted with sharper ears than her husband. She also was now at the window. 'B—t ye, gae down and let loose the dog,' she said; 'they're sporting the door of the custom-house, and the auld sap at Hazlewood House has ordered off the guard. But ye hae nae mair heart than a cat.' And down the Amazon sallied to perform the task herself, while her helpmate, more jealous of insurrection within doors than of storm from without, went from cell to cell to see that the inhabitants of each were carefully secured.

These latter sounds with which we have made the reader acquainted had their origin in front of the house, and were consequently imperfectly heard by Bertram, whose apartment, as we have already noticed, looked from the back part of the building upon the sea. He heard, however, a stir and tumult in the house, which did not seem to accord with the stern seclusion of a prison at the hour of midnight, and, connecting them with the arrival of an armed boat at that dead hour, could not but suppose that something extraordinary was about to take place. In this belief he shook Dinmont by the shoulder. 'Eh! Ay! Oh! Ailie, woman, it's no time to get up yet,'

groaned the sleeping man of the mountains. More roughly shaken, however, he gathered himself up, shook his ears, and asked, 'In the name of Providence, what 's the matter?'

'That I can't tell you,' replied Bertram; 'but either the place is on fire or some extraordinary thing is about to happen. Are you not sensible of a smell of fire? Do you not hear what a noise there is of clashing doors within the house and of hoarse voices, murmurs, and distant shouts on the outside? Upon my word, I believe something very extraordinary has taken place. Get up, for the love of Heaven, and let us be on our guard.'

Dinmont rose at the idea of danger, as intrepid and undismayed as any of his ancestors when the beacon-light was kindled. 'Odd, Captain, this is a queer place! they winna let ye out in the day, and they winna let ye sleep in the night. Deil, but it wad break my heart in a fortnight. But, Lordsake, what a racket they 're making now! Odd, I wish we had some light. Wasp, Wasp, whisht, hinny; whisht, my bonnie man, and let 's hear what they 're doing. Deil 's in ye, will ye whisht?'

They sought in vain among the embers the means of lighting their candle, and the noise without still continued. Dinmont in his turn had recourse to the window — 'Lordsake, Captain! come here. Odd, they hae broken the custom-house!'

Bertram hastened to the window, and plainly saw a miscellaneous crowd of smugglers, and blackguards of different descriptions, some carrying lighted torches, others bearing packages and barrels down the lane to the boat that was lying at the quay, to which two or three other fisher-boats were now brought round. They were loading each of these in their turn, and one or two had already put off to seaward. 'This speaks for itself,' said Bertram; 'but I fear something worse has happened. Do you perceive a strong smell of smoke, or is it my fancy?'

'Fancy?' answered Dinmont, 'there 's a reek like a killogie. Odd, if they burn the custom-house it will catch here, and we 'll lunt like a tar-barrel a' thegither. Eh! it wad be fearsome to be burnt alive for naething, like as if ane had been a warlock! Mac-Guffog, hear ye!' roaring at the top of his voice; 'an ye wad ever hae a haill bane in your skin, let 's out, man, let 's out!'

The fire began now to rise high, and thick clouds of smoke rolled past the window at which Bertram and Dinmont were stationed. Sometimes, as the wind pleased, the dim shroud of vapour hid everything from their sight; sometimes a red glare

illuminated both land and sea, and shone full on the stern and fierce figures who, wild with ferocious activity, were engaged in loading the boats. The fire was at length triumphant, and spouted in jets of flame out at each window of the burning building, while huge flakes of flaming materials came driving on the wind against the adjoining prison, and rolling a dark canopy of smoke over all the neighbourhood. The shouts of a furious mob resounded far and wide; for the smugglers in their triumph were joined by all the rabble of the little town and neighbourhood, now aroused and in complete agitation, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, some from interest in the free trade, and most from the general love of mischief and tumult natural to a vulgar populace.

Bertram began to be seriously anxious for their fate. There was no stir in the house; it seemed as if the jailor had deserted his charge, and left the prison with its wretched inhabitants to the mercy of the conflagration which was spreading towards them. In the meantime a new and fierce attack was heard upon the outer gate of the correction house, which, battered with sledge-hammers and crows, was soon forced. The keeper, as great a coward as a bully, with his more ferocious wife, had fled; their servants readily surrendered the keys. The liberated prisoners, celebrating their deliverance with the wildest yells of joy, mingled among the mob which had given them freedom.

In the midst of the confusion that ensued three or four of the principal smugglers hurried to the apartment of Bertram with lighted torches, and armed with cutlasses and pistols. 'Der deyvil,' said the leader, 'here's our mark!' and two of them seized on Bertram; but one whispered in his ear, 'Make no resistance till you are in the street.' The same individual found an instant to say to Dinmont — 'Follow your friend, and help when you see the time come.'

In the hurry of the moment Dinmont obeyed and followed close. The two smugglers dragged Bertram along the passage, downstairs, through the courtyard, now illuminated by the glare of fire, and into the narrow street to which the gate opened, where in the confusion the gang were necessarily in some degree separated from each other. A rapid noise, as of a body of horse advancing, seemed to add to the disturbance. 'Hagel and wetter, what is that?' said the leader; 'keep together, kinder; look to the prisoner.' But in spite of his charge the two who held Bertram were the last of the party.

The sounds and signs of violence were heard in front. The press became furiously agitated, while some endeavoured to defend themselves, others to escape; shots were fired, and the glittering broadswords of the dragoons began to appear flashing above the heads of the rioters. 'Now,' said the warning whisper of the man who held Bertram's left arm, the same who had spoken before, 'shake off that fellow and follow me.'

Bertram, exerting his strength suddenly and effectually, easily burst from the grasp of the man who held his collar on the right side. The fellow attempted to draw a pistol, but was prostrated by a blow of Dinmont's fist, which an ox could hardly have received without the same humiliation. 'Follow me quick,' said the friendly partizan, and dived through a very narrow and dirty lane which led from the main street.

No pursuit took place. The attention of the smugglers had been otherwise and very disagreeably engaged by the sudden appearance of Mac-Morlan and the party of horse. The loud, manly voice of the provincial magistrate was heard proclaiming the Riot Act, and charging 'all those unlawfully assembled to disperse at their own proper peril.' This interruption would, indeed, have happened in time sufficient to have prevented the attempt had not the magistrate received upon the road some false information which led him to think that the smugglers were to land at the bay of Ellangowan. Nearly two hours were lost in consequence of this false intelligence, which it may be no lack of charity to suppose that Glossin, so deeply interested in the issue of that night's daring attempt, had contrived to throw in Mac-Morlan's way, availing himself of the knowledge that the soldiers had left Hazlewood House, which would soon reach an ear so anxious as his.

In the meantime, Bertram followed his guide, and was in his turn followed by Dinmont. The shouts of the mob, the trampling of the horses, the dropping pistol-shots, sunk more and more faintly upon their ears; when at the end of the dark lane they found a post-chaise with four horses. 'Are you here, in God's name?' said the guide to the postilion who drove the leaders.

'Ay, troth am I,' answered Jock Jabos, 'and I wish I were ony gate else.'

'Open the carriage then. You, gentlemen, get into it; in a short time you 'll be in a place of safety; and (to Bertram) remember your promise to the gipsy wife!'

Bertram, resolving to be passive in the hands of a person who had just rendered him such a distinguished piece of service, got into the chaise as directed. Dinmont followed; Wasp, who had kept close by them, sprung in at the same time, and the carriage drove off very fast. 'Have a care o' me,' said Dinmont, 'but this is the queerest thing yet! Odd, I trust they 'll no coup us. And then what 's to come o' Dumple? I would rather be on his back than in the Deuke's coach, God bless him.'

Bertram observed, that they could not go at that rapid rate to any very great distance without changing horses, and that they might insist upon remaining till daylight at the first inn they stopped at, or at least upon being made acquainted with the purpose and termination of their journey, and Mr. Dinmont might there give directions about his faithful horse, which would probably be safe at the stables where he had left him. 'Aweel, aweel, e'en sae be it for Dandie. Odd, if we were ance out o' this trindling kist o' a thing, I am thinking they wad find it hard wark to gar us gang ony gate but where we liked oursells.'

While he thus spoke the carriage, making a sudden turn, showed them through the left window the village at some distance, still widely beaconed by the fire, which, having reached a store-house wherein spirits were deposited, now rose high into the air, a wavering column of brilliant light. They had not long time to admire this spectacle, for another turn of the road carried them into a close lane between plantations, through which the chaise proceeded in nearly total darkness, but with unabated speed.

# CHAPTER XLIX

The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,
And aye the ale was growing better.

*Tam o' Shanter.*

WE must now return to Woodbourne, which, it may be remembered, we left just after the Colonel had given some directions to his confidential servant. When he returned, his absence of mind, and an unusual expression of thought and anxiety upon his features, struck the ladies, whom he joined in the drawing-room. Mannering was not, however, a man to be questioned, even by those whom he most loved, upon the cause of the mental agitation which these signs expressed. The hour of tea arrived, and the party were partaking of that refreshment in silence when a carriage drove up to the door, and the bell announced the arrival of a visitor. 'Surely,' said Mannering, 'it is too soon by some hours.'

There was a short pause, when Barnes, opening the door of the saloon, announced Mr. Pleydell. In marched the lawyer, whose well-brushed black coat and well-powdered wig, together with his point ruffles, brown silk stockings, highly-varnished shoes, and gold buckles, exhibited the pains which the old gentleman had taken to prepare his person for the ladies' society. He was welcomed by Mannering with a hearty shake by the hand. 'The very man I wished to see at this moment!'

'Yes,' said the Counsellor, 'I told you I would take the first opportunity; so I have ventured to leave the court for a week in session time — no common sacrifice; but I had a notion I could be useful, and I was to attend a proof here about the same time. But will you not introduce me to the young ladies? Ah! there is one I should have known at once from her family likeness! Miss Lucy Bertram, my love, I am most happy to see you.' And he folded her in his arms, and gave her a hearty kiss on each side of the face, to which Lucy submitted in blushing resignation.

'*On n'arrête pas dans un si beau chemin*,' continued the gay old gentleman, and, as the Colonel presented him to Julia, took the same liberty with that fair lady's cheek. Julia laughed, coloured, and disengaged herself. 'I beg a thousand pardons,' said the lawyer, with a bow which was not at all professionally awkward; 'age and old fashions give privileges, and I can hardly say whether I am most sorry just now at being too well entitled to claim them at all, or happy in having such an opportunity to exercise them so agreeably.'

'Upon my word, sir,' said Miss Mannering, laughing, 'if you make such flattering apologies we shall begin to doubt whether we can admit you to shelter yourself under your alleged qualifications.'

'I can assure you, Julia,' said the Colonel, 'you are perfectly right. My friend the Counsellor is a dangerous person; the last time I had the pleasure of seeing him he was closeted with a fair lady who had granted him a *tête-à-tête* at eight in the morning.'

'Ay, but, Colonel,' said the Counsellor, 'you should add, I was more indebted to my chocolate than my charms for so distinguished a favour from a person of such propriety of demeanour as Mrs. Rebecca.'

'And that should remind me, Mr. Pleydell,' said Julia, 'to offer you tea; that is, supposing you have dined.'

'Anything, Miss Mannering, from your hands,' answered the gallant jurisconsult; 'yes, I have dined; that is to say, as people dine at a Scotch inn.'

'And that is indifferently enough,' said the Colonel, with his hand upon the bell-handle; 'give me leave to order something.'

'Why, to say truth,' replied Mr. Pleydell, 'I had rather not. I have been inquiring into that matter, for you must know I stopped an instant below to pull off my boot-hose, "a world too wide for my shrunk shanks,"' glancing down with some complacency upon limbs which looked very well for his time of life, 'and I had some conversation with your Barnes and a very intelligent person whom I presume to be the housekeeper; and it was settled among us, *tota re perspecta*, — I beg Miss Mannering's pardon for my Latin — that the old lady should add to your light family supper the more substantial refreshment of a brace of wild ducks. I told her (always under deep submission) my poor thoughts about the sauce, which concurred exactly with her own; and, if you please, I would rather wait till they are ready before eating anything solid.'

'And we will anticipate our usual hour of supper,' said the Colonel.

'With all my heart,' said Pleydell, 'providing I do not lose the ladies' company a moment the sooner. I am of counsel with my old friend Burnet;[1] I love the *cœna*, the supper of the ancients, the pleasant meal and social glass that wash out of one's mind the cobwebs that business or gloom have been spinning in our brains all day.'

The vivacity of Mr. Pleydell's look and manner, and the quietness with which he made himself at home on the subject of his little epicurean comforts, amused the ladies, but particularly Miss Mannering, who immediately gave the Counsellor a great deal of flattering attention; and more pretty things were said on both sides during the service of the tea-table than we have leisure to repeat.

As soon as this was over, Mannering led the Counsellor by the arm into a small study which opened from the saloon, and where, according to the custom of the family, there were always lights and a good fire in the evening.

'I see,' said Mr. Pleydell, 'you have got something to tell me about the Ellangowan business. Is it terrestrial or celestial? What says my military Albumazar? Have you calculated the course of futurity? have you consulted your ephemerides, your almochoden, your almuten?'

'No, truly, Counsellor,' replied Mannering, 'you are the only Ptolemy I intend to resort to upon the present occasion. A second Prospero, I have broken my staff and drowned my book far beyond plummet depth. But I have great news notwithstanding. Meg Merrilies, our Egyptian sibyl, has appeared to the Dominie this very day, and, as I conjecture, has frightened the honest man not a little.'

'Indeed?'

'Ay, and she has done me the honour to open a correspondence with me, supposing me to be as deep in astrological mysteries as when we first met. Here is her scroll, delivered to me by the Dominie.'

Pleydell put on his spectacles. 'A vile greasy scrawl, indeed; and the letters are uncial or semi-uncial, as somebody calls your large text hand, and in size and perpendicularity resemble the ribs of a roasted pig; I can hardly make it out.'

'Read aloud,' said Mannering.

'I will try,' answered the Lawyer. '" *You are a good seeker,*

[1] See Lord Monboddo. Note 12.

*but a bad finder; you set yourself to prop a falling house, but had a gey guess it would rise again. Lend your hand to the wark that's near, as you lent your ee to the weird that was far. Have a carriage this night by ten o'clock at the end of the Crooked Dykes at Portanferry, and let it bring the folk to Woodbourne that shall ask them, if they be there* IN GOD'S NAME." — Stay, here follows some poetry —

> "*Dark shall be light,*
> *And wrong done to right,*
> *When Bertram's right and Bertram's might*
> *Shall meet on Ellangowan's height.*"

A most mystic epistle truly, and closes in a vein of poetry worthy of the Cumæan sibyl. And what have you done?'

'Why,' said Mannering, rather reluctantly, 'I was loth to risk any opportunity of throwing light on this business. The woman is perhaps crazed, and these effusions may arise only from visions of her imagination; but you were of opinion that she knew more of that strange story than she ever told.'

'And so,' said Pleydell, 'you sent a carriage to the place named?'

'You will laugh at me if I own I did,' replied the Colonel.

'Who, I?' replied the Advocate. 'No, truly, I think it was the wisest thing you could do.'

'Yes,' answered Mannering, well pleased to have escaped the ridicule he apprehended; 'you know the worst is paying the chaise-hire. I sent a post-chaise and four from Kippletringan, with instructions corresponding to the letter; the horses will have a long and cold station on the outpost to-night if our intelligence be false.'

'Ay, but I think it will prove otherwise,' said the Lawyer. 'This woman has played a part till she believes it; or, if she be a thorough-paced impostor, without a single grain of self-delusion to qualify her knavery, still she may think herself bound to act in character; this I know, that I could get nothing out of her by the common modes of interrogation, and the wisest thing we can do is to give her an opportunity of making the discovery her own way. And now have you more to say, or shall we go to the ladies?'

'Why, my mind is uncommonly agitated,' answered the Colonel, 'and — but I really have no more to say; only I shall count the minutes till the carriage returns; but you cannot be expected to be so anxious.'

'Why, no; use is all in all,' said the more experienced lawyer; 'I am much interested certainly, but I think I shall be able to survive the interval, if the ladies will afford us some music.'

'And with the assistance of the wild ducks, by and by?' suggested Mannering.

'True, Colonel; a lawyer's anxiety about the fate of the most interesting cause has seldom spoiled either his sleep or digestion.[1] And yet I shall be very eager to hear the rattle of these wheels on their return, notwithstanding.'

So saying, he rose and led the way into the next room, where Miss Mannering, at his request, took her seat at the harpsichord. Lucy Bertram, who sung her native melodies very sweetly, was accompanied by her friend upon the instrument, and Julia afterwards performed some of Scarlatti's sonatas with great brilliancy. The old lawyer, scraping a little upon the violoncello, and being a member of the gentlemen's concert in Edinburgh, was so greatly delighted with this mode of spending the evening that I doubt if he once thought of the wild ducks until Barnes informed the company that supper was ready.

'Tell Mrs. Allan to have something in readiness,' said the Colonel; 'I expect — that is, I hope — perhaps some company may be here to-night; and let the men sit up, and do not lock the upper gate on the lawn until I desire you.'

'Lord, sir,' said Julia, 'whom can you possibly expect to-night?'

'Why, some persons, strangers to me, talked of calling in the evening on business,' answered her father, not without embarrassment, for he would have little brooked a disappointment which might have thrown ridicule on his judgment; 'it is quite uncertain.'

'Well, we shall not pardon them for disturbing our party,' said Julia, 'unless they bring as much good-humour and as susceptible hearts as my friend and admirer, for so he has dubbed himself, Mr. Pleydell.'

'Ah, Miss Julia,' said Pleydell, offering his arm with an air of gallantry to conduct her into the eating-room, 'the time has been, when I returned from Utrecht in the year 1738 ——'

'Pray don't talk of it,' answered the young lady; 'we like you much better as you are. Utrecht, in Heaven's name! I daresay you have spent all the intervening years in getting rid so completely of the effects of your Dutch education.'

[1] See Lawyers' Sleepless Nights. Note 13.

'O forgive me, Miss Mannering,' said the Lawyer, 'the Dutch are a much more accomplished people in point of gallantry than their volatile neighbours are willing to admit. They are constant as clock-work in their attentions.'

'I should tire of that,' said Julia.

'Imperturbable in their good temper,' continued Pleydell.

'Worse and worse,' said the young lady.

'And then,' said the old *beau garçon*, 'although for six times three hundred and sixty-five days your swain has placed the capuchin round your neck, and the stove under your feet, and driven your little sledge upon the ice in winter, and your cabriole through the dust in summer, you may dismiss him at once, without reason or apology, upon the two thousand one hundred and ninetieth day, which, according to my hasty calculation, and without reckoning leap-years, will complete the cycle of the supposed adoration, and that without your amiable feelings having the slightest occasion to be alarmed for the consequences to those of Mynheer.'

'Well,' replied Julia, 'that last is truly a Dutch recommendation, Mr. Pleydell; crystal and hearts would lose all their merit in the world if it were not for their fragility.'

'Why, upon that point of the argument, Miss Mannering, it is as difficult to find a heart that will break as a glass that will not; and for that reason I would press the value of mine own, were it not that I see Mr. Sampson's eyes have been closed, and his hands clasped for some time, attending the end of our conference to begin the grace. And, to say the truth, the appearance of the wild ducks is very appetising.' So saying, the worthy Counsellor sat himself to table, and laid aside his gallantry for awhile to do honour to the good things placed before him. Nothing further is recorded of him for some time, excepting an observation that the ducks were roasted to a single turn, and that Mrs. Allan's sauce of claret, lemon, and cayenne was beyond praise.

'I see,' said Miss Mannering, 'I have a formidable rival in Mr. Pleydell's favour, even on the very first night of his avowed admiration.'

'Pardon me, my fair lady,' answered the Counsellor, 'your avowed rigour alone has induced me to commit the solecism of eating a good supper in your presence; how shall I support your frowns without reinforcing my strength? Upon the same principle, and no other, I will ask permission to drink wine with you.'

'This is the fashion of Utrecht also, I suppose, Mr. Pleydell?'

'Forgive me, madam,' answered the Counsellor; 'the French themselves, the patterns of all that is gallant, term their tavern-keepers *restaurateurs*, alluding, doubtless, to the relief they afford the disconsolate lover when bowed down to the earth by his mistress's severity. My own case requires so much relief that I must trouble you for that other wing, Mr. Sampson, without prejudice to my afterwards applying to Miss Bertram for a tart. Be pleased to tear the wing, sir, instead of cutting it off. Mr. Barnes will assist you, Mr. Sampson; thank you, sir; and, Mr. Barnes, a glass of ale, if you please.'

While the old gentleman, pleased with Miss Mannering's liveliness and attention, rattled away for her amusement and his own, the impatience of Colonel Mannering began to exceed all bounds. He declined sitting down at table, under pretence that he never eat supper; and traversed the parlour in which they were with hasty and impatient steps, now throwing up the window to gaze upon the dark lawn, now listening for the remote sound of the carriage advancing up the avenue. At length, in a feeling of uncontrollable impatience, he left the room, took his hat and cloak, and pursued his walk up the avenue, as if his so doing would hasten the approach of those whom he desired to see. 'I really wish,' said Miss Bertram, 'Colonel Mannering would not venture out after nightfall. You must have heard, Mr. Pleydell, what a cruel fright we had.'

'O, with the smugglers?' replied the Advocate; 'they are old friends of mine. I was the means of bringing some of them to justice a long time since, when sheriff of this county.'

'And then the alarm we had immediately afterwards,' added Miss Bertram, 'from the vengeance of one of these wretches.'

'When young Hazlewood was hurt; I heard of that too.'

'Imagine, my dear Mr. Pleydell,' continued Lucy, 'how much Miss Mannering and I were alarmed when a ruffian, equally dreadful for his great strength and the sternness of his features, rushed out upon us!'

'You must know, Mr. Pleydell,' said Julia, unable to suppress her resentment at this undesigned aspersion of her admirer, 'that young Hazlewood is so handsome in the eyes of the young ladies of this country that they think every person shocking who comes near him.'

'Oho!' thought Pleydell, who was by profession an observer of tones and gestures, 'there 's something wrong here between my young friends.' — 'Well, Miss Mannering, I have not seen

young Hazlewood since he was a boy, so the ladies may be perfectly right; but I can assure you, in spite of your scorn, that if you want to see handsome men you must go to Holland; the prettiest fellow I ever saw was a Dutchman, in spite of his being called Vanbost, or Vanbuster, or some such barbarous name. He will not be quite so handsome now, to be sure.'

It was now Julia's turn to look a little out of countenance at the chance hit of her learned admirer, but that instant the Colonel entered the room. 'I can hear nothing of them yet,' he said; 'still, however, we will not separate. Where is Dominie Sampson?'

'Here, honoured sir.'

'What is that book you hold in your hand, Mr. Sampson?'

'It's even the learned De Lyra, sir. I would crave his honour Mr. Pleydell's judgment, always with his best leisure, to expound a disputed passage.'

'I am not in the vein, Mr. Sampson,' answered Pleydell; 'here's metal more attractive. I do not despair to engage these two young ladies in a glee or a catch, wherein I, even I myself, will adventure myself for the bass part. Hang De Lyra, man; keep him for a fitter season.'

The disappointed Dominie shut his ponderous tome, much marvelling in his mind how a person possessed of the lawyer's erudition could give his mind to these frivolous toys. But the Counsellor, indifferent to the high character for learning which he was trifling away, filled himself a large glass of Burgundy, and, after preluding a little with a voice somewhat the worse for the wear, gave the ladies a courageous invitation to join in 'We be Three Poor Mariners,' and accomplished his own part therein with great *éclat*.

'Are you not withering your roses with sitting up so late, my young ladies?' said the Colonel.

'Not a bit, sir,' answered Julia; 'your friend Mr. Pleydell threatens to become a pupil of Mr. Sampson's to-morrow, so we must make the most of our conquest to-night.'

This led to another musical trial of skill, and that to lively conversation. At length, when the solitary sound of one o'clock had long since resounded on the ebon ear of night, and the next signal of the advance of time was close approaching, Mannering, whose impatience had long subsided into disappointment and despair, looked at his watch and said, 'We must now give them up,' when at that instant — But what then befell will require a separate chapter.

## CHAPTER L

*Justice.* This does indeed confirm each circumstance
The gipsy told!
No orphan, nor without a friend art thou:
*I* am thy father, *here's* thy mother, *there*
Thy uncle, *this* thy first cousin, and *these*
Are all thy near relations!

*The Critic.*

AS Mannering replaced his watch, he heard a distant and hollow sound. 'It is a carriage for certain; no, it is but the sound of the wind among the leafless trees. Do come to the window, Mr. Pleydell.' The Counsellor, who, with his large silk handkerchief in his hand, was expatiating away to Julia upon some subject which he thought was interesting, obeyed, however, the summons, first wrapping the handkerchief round his neck by way of precaution against the cold air. The sound of wheels became now very perceptible, and Pleydell, as if he had reserved all his curiosity till that moment, ran out to the hall. The Colonel rung for Barnes to desire that the persons who came in the carriage might be shown into a separate room, being altogether uncertain whom it might contain. It stopped, however, at the door before his purpose could be fully explained. A moment after Mr. Pleydell called out, 'Here's our Liddesdale friend, I protest, with a strapping young fellow of the same calibre.' His voice arrested Dinmont, who recognised him with equal surprise and pleasure. 'Odd, if it's your honour we'll a' be as right and tight as thack and rape can make us.'

But while the farmer stopped to make his bow, Bertram, dizzied with the sudden glare of light, and bewildered with the circumstances of his situation, almost unconsciously entered the open door of the parlour, and confronted the Colonel, who was just advancing towards it. The strong light of the apartment left no doubt of his identity, and he himself was as much con-

founded with the appearance of those to whom he so unexpectedly presented himself as they were by the sight of so utterly unlooked-for an object. It must be remembered that each individual present had their own peculiar reasons for looking with terror upon what seemed at first sight a spectral apparition. Mannering saw before him the man whom he supposed he had killed in India; Julia beheld her lover in a most peculiar and hazardous situation; and Lucy Bertram at once knew the person who had fired upon young Hazlewood. Bertram, who interpreted the fixed and motionless astonishment of the Colonel into displeasure at his intrusion, hastened to say that it was involuntary, since he had been hurried hither without even knowing whither he was to be transported.

'Mr. Brown, I believe!' said Colonel Mannering.

'Yes, sir,' replied the young man, modestly, but with firmness, 'the same you knew in India; and who ventures to hope, that what you did then know of him is not such as should prevent his requesting you would favour him with your attestation to his character as a gentleman and man of honour.'

'Mr. Brown, I have been seldom — never — so much surprised; certainly, sir, in whatever passed between us you have a right to command my favourable testimony.'

At this critical moment entered the Counsellor and Dinmont. The former beheld to his astonishment the Colonel but just recovering from his first surprise, Lucy Bertram ready to faint with terror, and Miss Mannering in an agony of doubt and apprehension, which she in vain endeavoured to disguise or suppress. 'What is the meaning of all this?' said he; 'has this young fellow brought the Gorgon's head in his hand? let me look at him. By Heaven!' he muttered to himself, 'the very image of old Ellangowan! Yes, the same manly form and handsome features, but with a world of more intelligence in the face. Yes! the witch has kept her word.' Then instantly passing to Lucy, 'Look at that man, Miss Bertram, my dear; have you never seen any one like him?'

Lucy had only ventured one glance at this object of terror, by which, however, from his remarkable height and appearance, she at once recognised the supposed assassin of young Hazlewood, a conviction which excluded, of course, the more favourable association of ideas which might have occurred on a closer view. 'Don't ask me about him, sir,' said she, turning away her eyes; 'send him away, for Heaven's sake! we shall all be murdered!'

'Murdered! where 's the poker?' said the Advocate in some alarm; 'but nonsense! we are three men besides the servants, and there is honest Liddesdale, worth half-a-dozen, to boot; we have the *major vis* upon our side. However, here, my friend Dandie — Davie — what do they call you? keep between that fellow and us for the protection of the ladies.'

'Lord! Mr. Pleydell,' said the astonished farmer, 'that 's Captain Brown; d' ye no ken the Captain?'

'Nay, if he 's a friend of yours we may be safe enough,' answered Pleydell; 'but keep near him.'

All this passed with such rapidity that it was over before the Dominie had recovered himself from a fit of absence, shut the book which he had been studying in a corner, and, advancing to obtain a sight of the strangers, exclaimed at once upon beholding Bertram, 'If the grave can give up the dead, that is my dear and honoured master!'

'We 're right after all, by Heaven! I was sure I was right,' said the Lawyer; 'he is the very image of his father. Come, Colonel, what do you think of, that you do not bid your guest welcome? I think — I believe — I trust we 're right; never saw such a likeness! But patience; Dominie, say not a word. Sit down, young gentleman.'

'I beg pardon, sir; if I am, as I understand, in Colonel Mannering's house, I should wish first to know if my accidental appearance here gives offence, or if I am welcome?'

Mannering instantly made an effort. 'Welcome? most certainly, especially if you can point out how I can serve you. I believe I may have some wrongs to repair towards you, I have often suspected so; but your sudden and unexpected appearance, connected with painful recollections, prevented my saying at first, as I now say, that whatever has procured me the honour of this visit, it is an acceptable one.'

Bertram bowed with an air of distant yet civil acknowledgment to the grave courtesy of Mannering.

'Julia, my love, you had better retire. Mr. Brown, you will excuse my daughter; there are circumstances which I perceive rush upon her recollection.'

Miss Mannering rose and retired accordingly; yet, as she passed Bertram, could not suppress the words, 'Infatuated! a second time!' but so pronounced as to be heard by him alone. Miss Bertram accompanied her friend, much surprised, but without venturing a second glance at the object of her terror. Some mistake she saw there was, and was unwilling

to increase it by denouncing the stranger as an assassin. He was known, she saw, to the Colonel, and received as a gentleman; certainly he either was not the person she suspected or Hazlewood was right in supposing the shot accidental.

The remaining part of the company would have formed no bad group for a skilful painter. Each was too much embarrassed with his own sensations to observe those of the others. Bertram most unexpectedly found himself in the house of one whom he was alternately disposed to dislike as his personal enemy and to respect as the father of Julia. Mannering was struggling between his high sense of courtesy and hospitality, his joy at finding himself relieved from the guilt of having shed life in a private quarrel, and the former feelings of dislike and prejudice, which revived in his haughty mind at the sight of the object against whom he had entertained them. Sampson, supporting his shaking limbs by leaning on the back of a chair, fixed his eyes upon Bertram with a staring expression of nervous anxiety which convulsed his whole visage. Dinmont, enveloped in his loose shaggy great-coat, and resembling a huge bear erect upon his hinder legs, stared on the whole scene with great round eyes that witnessed his amazement.

The Counsellor alone was in his element: shrewd, prompt, and active, he already calculated the prospect of brilliant success in a strange, eventful, and mysterious lawsuit, and no young monarch, flushed with hopes, and at the head of a gallant army, could experience more glee when taking the field on his first campaign. He bustled about with great energy, and took the arrangement of the whole explanation upon himself.

'Come, come, gentlemen, sit down; this is all in my province; you must let me arrange it for you. Sit down, my dear Colonel, and let me manage; sit down, Mr. Brown, *aut quocunque alio nomine vocaris;* Dominie, take your seat; draw in your chair, honest Liddesdale.'

'I dinna ken, Mr. Pleydell,' said Dinmont, looking at his dreadnought coat, then at the handsome furniture of the room; 'I had maybe better gang some gate else, and leave ye till your cracks, I 'm no just that weel put on.'

The Colonel, who by this time recognised Dandie, immediately went up and bid him heartily welcome; assuring him that, from what he had seen of him in Edinburgh, he was sure his rough coat and thick-soled boots would honour a royal drawing-room.

'Na, na, Colonel, we're just plain up-the-country folk; but nae doubt I would fain hear o' ony pleasure that was gaun to happen the Captain, and I'm sure a' will gae right if Mr. Pleydell will take his bit job in hand.'

'You're right, Dandie; spoke like a Hieland[1] oracle; and now be silent. Well, you are all seated at last; take a glass of wine till I begin my catechism methodically. And now,' turning to Bertram, 'my dear boy, do you know who or what you are?'

In spite of his perplexity the catechumen could not help laughing at this commencement, and answered, 'Indeed, sir, I formerly thought I did; but I own late circumstances have made me somewhat uncertain.'

'Then tell us what you formerly thought yourself.'

'Why, I was in the habit of thinking and calling myself Vanbeest Brown, who served as a cadet or volunteer under Colonel Mannering, when he commanded the —— regiment, in which capacity I was not unknown to him.'

'There,' said the Colonel, 'I can assure Mr. Brown of his identity; and add, what his modesty may have forgotten, that he was distinguished as a young man of talent and spirit.'

'So much the better, my dear sir,' said Mr. Pleydell; 'but that is to general character. Mr. Brown must tell us where he was born.'

'In Scotland, I believe, but the place uncertain.'

'Where educated?'

'In Holland, certainly.'

Do you remember nothing of your early life before you left Scotland?'

'Very imperfectly; yet I have a strong idea, perhaps more deeply impressed upon me by subsequent hard usage, that I was during my childhood the object of much solicitude and affection. I have an indistinct remembrance of a good-looking man whom I used to call papa, and of a lady who was infirm in health, and who, I think, must have been my mother; but it is an imperfect and confused recollection. I remember too a tall, thin, kind-tempered man in black, who used to teach me my letters and walk out with me; and I think the very last time ——'

Here the Dominie could contain no longer. While every

[1] It may not be unnecessary to tell southern readers that the mountainous country in the south-western borders of Scotland is called Hielând, though totally different from the much more mountainous and more extensive districts of the north, usually accented Hielands.

succeeding word served to prove that the child of his benefactor stood before him, he had struggled with the utmost difficulty to suppress his emotions; but when the juvenile recollections of Bertram turned towards his tutor and his precepts he was compelled to give way to his feelings. He rose hastily from his chair, and with clasped hands, trembling limbs, and streaming eyes, called out aloud, 'Harry Bertram! look at me; was I not the man?'

'Yes!' said Bertram, starting from his seat as if a sudden light had burst in upon his mind; 'yes; that was my name! And that is the voice and the figure of my kind old master!'

The Dominie threw himself into his arms, pressed him a thousand times to his bosom in convulsions of transport which shook his whole frame, sobbed hysterically, and at length, in the emphatic language of Scripture, lifted up his voice and wept aloud. Colonel Mannering had recourse to his handkerchief; Pleydell made wry faces, and wiped the glasses of his spectacles; and honest Dinmont, after two loud blubbering explosions, exclaimed, 'Deil's in the man! he's garr'd me do that I haena done since my auld mither died.'

'Come, come,' said the Counsellor at last, 'silence in the court. We have a clever party to contend with; we must lose no time in gathering our information; for anything I know there may be something to be done before daybreak.'

'I will order a horse to be saddled if you please,' said the Colonel.

'No, no, time enough, time enough. But come, Dominie, I have allowed you a competent space to express your feelings. I must circumduce the term; you must let me proceed in my examination.'

The Dominie was habitually obedient to any one who chose to impose commands upon him: he sunk back into his chair, spread his chequered handkerchief over his face, to serve, as I suppose, for the Grecian painter's veil, and, from the action of his folded hands, appeared for a time engaged in the act of mental thanksgiving. He then raised his eyes over the screen, as if to be assured that the pleasing apparition had not melted into air; then again sunk them to resume his internal act of devotion, until he felt himself compelled to give attention to the Counsellor, from the interest which his questions excited.

'And now,' said Mr. Pleydell, after several minute inquiries concerning his recollection of early events — 'and now, Mr. Bertram, — for I think we ought in future to call you by your

own proper name — will you have the goodness to let us know every particular which you can recollect concerning the mode of your leaving Scotland?'

'Indeed, sir, to say the truth, though the terrible outlines of that day are strongly impressed upon my memory, yet somehow the very terror which fixed them there has in a great measure confounded and confused the details. I recollect, however, that I was walking somewhere or other, in a wood, I think ——'

'O yes, it was in Warroch wood, my dear,' said the Dominie.

'Hush, Mr. Sampson,' said the Lawyer.

'Yes, it was in a wood,' continued Bertram, as long past and confused ideas arranged themselves in his reviving recollection; 'and some one was with me; this worthy and affectionate gentleman, I think.'

'O, ay, ay, Harry, Lord bless thee; it was even I myself.'

'Be silent, Dominie, and don't interrupt the evidence,' said Pleydell. 'And so, sir?' to Bertram.

'And so, sir,' continued Bertram, 'like one of the changes of a dream, I thought I was on horseback before my guide.'

'No, no,' exclaimed Sampson, 'never did I put my own limbs, not to say thine, into such peril.'

'On my word, this is intolerable! Look ye, Dominie, if you speak another word till I give you leave, I will read three sentences out of the Black Acts, whisk my cane round my head three times, undo all the magic of this night's work, and conjure Harry Bertram back again into Vanbeest Brown.'

'Honoured and worthy sir,' groaned out the Dominie, 'I humbly crave pardon; it was but *verbum volens.*'

'Well, *nolens volens*, you must hold your tongue,' said Pleydell.

'Pray, be silent, Mr. Sampson,' said the Colonel; 'it is of great consequence to your recovered friend that you permit Mr. Pleydell to proceed in his inquiries.'

'I am mute,' said the rebuked Dominie.

'On a sudden,' continued Bertram, 'two or three men sprung out upon us, and we were pulled from horseback. I have little recollection of anything else, but that I tried to escape in the midst of a desperate scuffle, and fell into the arms of a very tall woman who started from the bushes and protected me for some time; the rest is all confusion and

dread, a dim recollection of a sea-beach and a cave, and of some strong potion which lulled me to sleep for a length of time. In short, it is all a blank in my memory until I recollect myself first an ill-used and half-starved cabin-boy aboard a sloop, and then a school-boy in Holland, under the protection of an old merchant, who had taken some fancy for me.'

'And what account,' said Mr. Pleydell, 'did your guardian give of your parentage?'

'A very brief one,' answered Bertram, 'and a charge to inquire no farther. I was given to understand that my father was concerned in the smuggling trade carried on on the eastern coast of Scotland, and was killed in a skirmish with the revenue officers; that his correspondents in Holland had a vessel on the coast at the time, part of the crew of which were engaged in the affair, and that they brought me off after it was over, from a motive of compassion, as I was left destitute by my father's death. As I grew older there was much of this story seemed inconsistent with my own recollections, but what could I do? I had no means of ascertaining my doubts, nor a single friend with whom I could communicate or canvass them. The rest of my story is known to Colonel Mannering: I went out to India to be a clerk in a Dutch house; their affairs fell into confusion; I betook myself to the military profession, and, I trust, as yet I have not disgraced it.'

'Thou art a fine young fellow, I'll be bound for thee,' said Pleydell, 'and since you have wanted a father so long, I wish from my heart I could claim the paternity myself. But this affair of young Hazlewood——'

'Was merely accidental,' said Bertram. 'I was travelling in Scotland for pleasure, and, after a week's residence with my friend Mr. Dinmont, with whom I had the good fortune to form an accidental acquaintance——'

'It was my gude fortune that,' said Dinmont. 'Odd, my brains wad hae been knockit out by twa blackguards if it hadna been for his four quarters.'

'Shortly after we parted at the town of —— I lost my baggage by thieves, and it was while residing at Kipple-tringan I accidentally met the young gentleman. As I was approaching to pay my respects to Miss Mannering, whom I had known in India, Mr. Hazlewood, conceiving my appearance none of the most respectable, commanded me rather

haughtily to stand back, and so gave occasion to the fray, in which I had the misfortune to be the accidental means of wounding him. And now, sir, that I have answered all your questions ——'

'No, no, not quite all,' said Pleydell, winking sagaciously; 'there are some interrogatories which I shall delay till to-morrow, for it is time, I believe, to close the sederunt for this night, or rather morning.'

'Well, then, sir,' said the young man, 'to vary the phrase, since I have answered all the questions which you have chosen to ask to-night, will you be so good as to tell me who you are that take such interest in my affairs, and whom you take me to be, since my arrival has occasioned such commotion?'

'Why, sir, for myself,' replied the Counsellor, 'I am Paulus Pleydell, an advocate at the Scottish bar; and for you, it is not easy to say distinctly who you are at present, but I trust in a short time to hail you by the title of Henry Bertram, Esq., representative of one of the oldest families in Scotland, and heir of tailzie and provision to the estate of Ellangowan. Ay,' continued he, shutting his eyes and speaking to himself, 'we must pass over his father, and serve him heir to his grandfather Lewis, the entailer; the only wise man of his family that I ever heard of.'

They had now risen to retire to their apartments for the night, when Colonel Mannering walked up to Bertram, as he stood astonished at the Counsellor's words. 'I give you joy,' he said, 'of the prospects which fate has opened before you. I was an early friend of your father, and chanced to be in the house of Ellangowan, as unexpectedly as you are now in mine, upon the very night in which you were born. I little knew this circumstance when — but I trust unkindness will be forgotten between us. Believe me, your appearance here as Mr. Brown, alive and well, has relieved me from most painful sensations; and your right to the name of an old friend renders your presence as Mr. Bertram doubly welcome.'

'And my parents?' said Bertram.

'Are both no more; and the family property has been sold, but I trust may be recovered. Whatever is wanted to make your right effectual I shall be most happy to supply.'

'Nay, you may leave all that to me,' said the Counsellor; ''t is my vocation, Hal; I shall make money of it.'

'I 'm sure it 's no for the like o' me,' observed Dinmont, 'to

speak to you gentlefolks; but if siller would help on the Captain's plea, and they say nae plea gangs on weel without it ——'

'Except on Saturday night,' said Pleydell.

'Ay, but when your honour wadna take your fee ye wadna hae the cause neither, sae I'll ne'er fash you on a Saturday at e'en again. But I was saying, there's some siller in the spleuchan that's like the Captain's ain, for we've aye counted it such, baith Ailie and me.'

'No, no, Liddesdale; no occasion, no occasion whatever. Keep thy cash to stock thy farm.'

'To stock my farm? Mr. Pleydell, your honour kens mony things, but ye dinna ken the farm o' Charlie's Hope; it's sae weel stockit already that we sell maybe sax hundred pounds off it ilka year, flesh and fell thegither; na, na.'

'Can't you take another then?'

'I dinna ken; the Deuke's no that fond o' led farms, and he canna bide to put away the auld tenantry; and then I wadna like mysell to gang about whistling[1] and raising the rent on my neighbours.'

'What, not upon thy neighbour at Dawston—Devilstone—how d'ye call the place?'

'What, on Jock o' Dawston? hout na. He's a camsteary chield, and fasheous about marches, and we've had some bits o' splores thegither; but deil o' me if I wad wrang Jock o' Dawston neither.'

'Thou'rt an honest fellow,' said the Lawyer; 'get thee to bed. Thou wilt sleep sounder, I warrant thee, than many a man that throws off an embroidered coat and puts on a laced nightcap. Colonel, I see you are busy with our *enfant trouvé*. But Barnes must give me a summons of wakening at seven to-morrow morning, for my servant's a sleepy-headed fellow; and I daresay my clerk Driver has had Clarence's fate, and is drowned by this time in a butt of your ale; for Mrs. Allan promised to make him comfortable, and she'll soon discover what he expects from that engagement. Good-night, Colonel; good-night, Dominie Sampson; good-night, Dinmont the Downright; good-night, last of all, to the new-found representative of the Bertrams, and the Mac-Dingawaies, the Knarths, the Arths, the Godfreys, the Dennises, and the Rolands, and, last and dearest title, heir of tailzie and provision of the lands and barony of Ellangowan, under the

[1] See Whistling. Note 14.

settlement of Lewis Bertram, Esq., whose representative you are.'

And so saying, the old gentleman took his candle and left the room; and the company dispersed, after the Dominie had once more hugged and embraced his 'little Harry Bertram,' as he continued to call the young soldier of six feet high.

## CHAPTER LI

> My imagination
> Carries no favour in it but Bertram's;
> I am undone; there is no living, none,
> If Bertram be away.
>
> *All's Well that Ends Well.*

AT the hour which he had appointed the preceding evening the indefatigable lawyer was seated by a good fire and a pair of wax candles, with a velvet cap on his head and a quilted silk nightgown on his person, busy arranging his memoranda of proofs and indications concerning the murder of Frank Kennedy. An express had also been despatched to Mr. Mac-Morlan, requesting his attendance at Woodbourne as soon as possible on business of importance. Dinmont, fatigued with the events of the evening before, and finding the accommodations of Woodbourne much preferable to those of Mac-Guffog, was in no hurry to rise. The impatience of Bertram might have put him earlier in motion, but Colonel Mannering had intimated an intention to visit him in his apartment in the morning, and he did not choose to leave it. Before this interview he had dressed himself, Barnes having, by his master's orders, supplied him with every accommodation of linen, etc., and now anxiously waited the promised visit of his landlord.

In a short time a gentle tap announced the Colonel, with whom Bertram held a long and satisfactory conversation. Each, however, concealed from the other one circumstance. Mannering could not bring himself to acknowledge the astrological prediction; and Bertram was, from motives which may be easily conceived, silent respecting his love for Julia. In other respects their intercourse was frank and grateful to both, and had latterly, upon the Colonel's part, even an approach to cordiality. Bertram carefully measured his own conduct by that of his host, and seemed rather to receive his offered kindness with gratitude and pleasure than to press for it with solicitation.

Miss Bertram was in the breakfast-parlour when Sampson shuffled in, his face all radiant with smiles — a circumstance so uncommon that Lucy's first idea was that somebody had been bantering him with an imposition, which had thrown him into this ecstasy. Having sate for some time rolling his eyes and gaping with his mouth like the great wooden head at Merlin's exhibition, he at length began — 'And what do you think of him, Miss Lucy?'

'Think of whom, Mr. Sampson?' asked the young lady.

'Of Har — no — of him that you know about?' again demanded the Dominie.

'That I know about?' replied Lucy, totally at a loss to comprehend his meaning.

'Yes, the stranger, you know, that came last evening in the post vehicle; he who shot young Hazlewood, ha, ha, ho!' burst forth the Dominie, with a laugh that sounded like neighing.

'Indeed, Mr. Sampson,' said his pupil, 'you have chosen a strange subject for mirth; I think nothing about the man, only I hope the outrage was accidental, and that we need not fear a repetition of it.'

'Accidental! ho, ho, ha!' again whinnied Sampson.

'Really, Mr. Sampson,' said Lucy, somewhat piqued, 'you are unusually gay this morning.'

'Yes, of a surety I am! ha, ha, ho! face-ti-ous, ho, ho, ha!'

'So unusually facetious, my dear sir,' pursued the young lady, 'that I would wish rather to know the meaning of your mirth than to be amused with its effects only.'

'You shall know it, Miss Lucy,' replied poor Abel. 'Do you remember your brother?'

'Good God! how can you ask me? No one knows better than you he was lost the very day I was born.'

'Very true, very true,' answered the Dominie, saddening at the recollection; 'I was strangely oblivious; ay, ay! too true. But you remember your worthy father?'

'How should you doubt it, Mr. Sampson? it is not so many weeks since ——'

'True, true; ay, too true,' replied the Dominie, his Houyhnhnm laugh sinking into a hysterical giggle. 'I will be facetious no more under these remembrances; but look at that young man!'

Bertram at this instant entered the room. 'Yes, look at him well, he is your father's living image; and as God has

deprived you of your dear parents — O, my children, love one another!'

'It is indeed my father's face and form,' said Lucy, turning very pale. Bertram ran to support her, the Dominie to fetch water to throw upon her face (which in his haste he took from the boiling tea-urn), when fortunately her colour, returning rapidly, saved her from the application of this ill-judged remedy. 'I conjure you to tell me, Mr. Sampson,' she said, in an interrupted yet solemn voice, 'is this my brother?'

'It is, it is! Miss Lucy, it is little Harry Bertram, as sure as God's sun is in that heaven!'

'And this is my sister?' said Bertram, giving way to all that family affection which had so long slumbered in his bosom for want of an object to expand itself upon.

'It is, it is! — it is Miss Lucy Bertram,' ejaculated Sampson, 'whom by my poor aid you will find perfect in the tongues of France and Italy, and even of Spain, in reading and writing her vernacular tongue, and in arithmetic and book-keeping by double and single entry. I say nothing of her talents of shaping and hemming and governing a household, which, to give every one their due, she acquired not from me but from the housekeeper; nor do I take merit for her performance upon stringed instruments, whereunto the instructions of an honourable young lady of virtue and modesty, and very facetious withal — Miss Julia Mannering — hath not meanly contributed. *Suum cuique tribuito.*'

'You, then,' said Bertram to his sister, 'are all that remains to me! Last night, but more fully this morning, Colonel Mannering gave me an account of our family misfortunes, though without saying I should find my sister here.'

'That,' said Lucy, 'he left to this gentleman to tell you — one of the kindest and most faithful of friends, who soothed my father's long sickness, witnessed his dying moments, and amid the heaviest clouds of fortune would not desert his orphan.'

'God bless him for it!' said Bertram, shaking the Dominie's hand; 'he deserves the love with which I have always regarded even that dim and imperfect shadow of his memory which my childhood retained.'

'And God bless you both, my dear children!' said Sampson; 'if it had not been for your sake I would have been contented — had Heaven's pleasure so been — to lay my head upon the turf beside my patron.'

'But I trust,' said Bertram — 'I am encouraged to hope, we shall all see better days. All our wrongs shall be redressed, since Heaven has sent me means and friends to assert my right.'

'Friends indeed!' echoed the Dominie, 'and sent, as you truly say, by HIM to whom I early taught you to look up as the source of all that is good. There is the great Colonel Mannering from the Eastern Indies, a man of war from his birth upwards, but who is not the less a man of great erudition, considering his imperfect opportunities; and there is, moreover, the great advocate Mr. Pleydell, who is also a man of great erudition, but who descendeth to trifles unbeseeming thereof; and there is Mr. Andrew Dinmont, whom I do not understand to have possession of much erudition, but who, like the patriarchs of old, is cunning in that which belongeth to flocks and herds; lastly, there is even I myself, whose opportunities of collecting erudition, as they have been greater than those of the aforesaid valuable persons, have not, if it becomes me to speak, been pretermitted by me, in so far as my poor faculties have enabled me to profit by them. Of a surety, little Harry, we must speedily resume our studies. I will begin from the foundation. Yes, I will reform your education upward from the true knowledge of English grammar even to that of the Hebrew or Chaldaic tongue.'

The reader may observe that upon this occasion Sampson was infinitely more profuse of words than he had hitherto exhibited himself. The reason was that, in recovering his pupil, his mind went instantly back to their original connexion, and he had, in his confusion of ideas, the strongest desire in the world to resume spelling lessons and half-text with young Bertram. This was the more ridiculous, as towards Lucy he assumed no such powers of tuition. But she had grown up under his eye, and had been gradually emancipated from his government by increase in years and knowledge, and a latent sense of his own inferior tact in manners, whereas his first ideas went to take up Harry pretty nearly where he had left him. From the same feelings of reviving authority he indulged himself in what was to him a profusion of language; and as people seldom speak more than usual without exposing themselves, he gave those whom he addressed plainly to understand that, while he deferred implicitly to the opinions and commands, if they chose to impose them, of almost every one whom he met with, it was under an internal conviction that

in the article of eru-di-ti-on, as he usually pronounced the word, he was infinitely superior to them all put together. At present, however, this intimation fell upon heedless ears, for the brother and sister were too deeply engaged in asking and receiving intelligence concerning their former fortunes to attend much to the worthy Dominie.

When Colonel Mannering left Bertram he went to Julia's dressing-room and dismissed her attendant. 'My dear sir,' she said as he entered, 'you have forgot our vigils last night, and have hardly allowed me time to comb my hair, although you must be sensible how it stood on end at the various wonders which took place.'

'It is with the inside of your head that I have some business at present, Julia; I will return the outside to the care of your Mrs. Mincing in a few minutes.'

'Lord, papa,' replied Miss Mannering, 'think how entangled all my ideas are, and you to propose to comb them out in a few minutes! If Mincing were to do so in her department she would tear half the hair out of my head.'

'Well then, tell me,' said the Colonel, 'where the entanglement lies, which I will try to extricate with due gentleness?'

'O, everywhere,' said the young lady; 'the whole is a wild dream.'

'Well then, I will try to unriddle it.' He gave a brief sketch of the fate and prospects of Bertram, to which Julia listened with an interest which she in vain endeavoured to disguise. 'Well,' concluded her father, 'are your ideas on the subject more luminous?'

'More confused than ever, my dear sir,' said Julia. 'Here is this young man come from India, after he had been supposed dead, like Aboulfouaris the great voyager to his sister Canzade and his provident brother Hour. I am wrong in the story, I believe — Canzade was his wife; but Lucy may represent the one and the Dominie the other. And then this lively crack-brained Scotch lawyer appears like a pantomime at the end of a tragedy. And then how delightful it will be if Lucy gets back her fortune!'

'Now I think,' said the Colonel, 'that the most mysterious part of the business is, that Miss Julia Mannering, who must have known her father's anxiety about the fate of this young man Brown, or Bertram, as we must now call him, should have met him when Hazlewood's accident took place, and never once mentioned to her father a word of the matter, but suffered the

search to proceed against this young gentleman as a suspicious character and assassin.'

Julia, much of whose courage had been hastily assumed to meet the interview with her father, was now unable to rally herself; she hung down her head in silence, after in vain attempting to utter a denial that she recollected Brown when she met him.

'No answer! Well, Julia,' continued her father, gravely but kindly, 'allow me to ask you, Is this the only time you have seen Brown since his return from India? Still no answer. I must then naturally suppose that it is *not* the first time. Still no reply. Julia Mannering, will you have the kindness to answer me? Was it this young man who came under your window and conversed with you during your residence at Mervyn Hall? Julia, I command — I entreat you to be candid.'

Miss Mannering raised her head. 'I have been, sir — I believe I am still — very foolish; and it is perhaps more hard upon me that I must meet this gentleman, who has been, though not the cause entirely, yet the accomplice, of my folly, in your presence.' Here she made a full stop.

'I am to understand, then,' said Mannering, 'that this was the author of the serenade at Mervyn Hall?'

There was something in this allusive change of epithet that gave Julia a little more courage. 'He was indeed, sir; and if I am very wrong, as I have often thought, I have some apology.'

'And what is that?' answered the Colonel, speaking quick, and with something of harshness.

'I will not venture to name it, sir; but (she opened a small cabinet, and put some letters into his hands) I will give you these, that you may see how this intimacy began, and by whom it was encouraged.'

Mannering took the packet to the window — his pride forbade a more distant retreat. He glanced at some passages of the letters with an unsteady eye and an agitated mind; his stoicism, however, came in time to his aid — that philosophy which, rooted in pride, yet frequently bears the fruits of virtue. He returned towards his daughter with as firm an air as his feelings permitted him to assume.

'There is great apology for you, Julia, as far as I can judge from a glance at these letters; you have obeyed at least one parent. Let us adopt a Scotch proverb the Dominie quoted

the other day — "Let bygones be bygones, and fair play for the future." I will never upbraid you with your past want of confidence; do you judge of my future intentions by my actions, of which hitherto you have surely had no reason to complain. Keep these letters; they were never intended for my eye, and I would not willingly read more of them than I have done, at your desire and for your exculpation. And now, are we friends? Or rather, do you understand me?'

'O, my dear, generous father,' said Julia, throwing herself into his arms, 'why have I ever for an instant misunderstood you?'

'No more of that, Julia,' said the Colonel; 'we have both been to blame. He that is too proud to vindicate the affection and confidence which he conceives should be given without solicitation, must meet much, and perhaps deserved, disappointment. It is enough that one dearest and most regretted member of my family has gone to the grave without knowing me; let me not lose the confidence of a child who ought to love me if she really loves herself.'

'O, no danger, no fear!' answered Julia; 'let me but have your approbation and my own, and there is no rule you can prescribe so severe that I will not follow.'

'Well, my love,' kissing her forehead, 'I trust we shall not call upon you for anything too heroic. With respect to this young gentleman's addresses, I expect in the first place that all clandestine correspondence, which no young woman can entertain for a moment without lessening herself in her own eyes and in those of her lover — I request, I say, that clandestine correspondence of every kind may be given up, and that you will refer Mr. Bertram to me for the reason. You will naturally wish to know what is to be the issue of such a reference. In the first place, I desire to observe this young gentleman's character more closely than circumstances, and perhaps my own prejudices, have permitted formerly. I should also be glad to see his birth established. Not that I am anxious about his getting the estate of Ellangowan, though such a subject is held in absolute indifference nowhere except in a novel; but certainly Henry Bertram, heir of Ellangowan, whether possessed of the property of his ancestors or not, is a very different person from Vanbeest Brown, the son of nobody at all. His fathers, Mr. Pleydell tells me, are distinguished in history as following the banners of their native princes, while our own fought at Cressy and Poictiers. In short, I neither give nor withhold my appro-

bation, but I expect you will redeem past errors; and, as you can now unfortunately only have recourse to *one* parent, that you will show the duty of a child by reposing that confidence in me which I will say my inclination to make you happy renders a filial debt upon your part.'

The first part of this speech affected Julia a good deal, the comparative merit of the ancestors of the Bertrams and Manneringsexcited a secret smile, but the conclusion was such as to soften a heart peculiarly open to the feelings of generosity. 'No, my dear sir,' she said, extending her hand, 'receive my faith, that from this moment you shall be the first person consulted respecting what shall pass in future between Brown — I mean Bertram — and me; and that no engagement shall be undertaken by me excepting what you shall immediately know and approve of. May I ask if Mr. Bertram is to continue a guest at Woodbourne?'

'Certainly,' said the Colonel, 'while his affairs render it advisable.'

'Then, sir, you must be sensible, considering what is already past, that he will expect some reason for my withdrawing, I believe I must say the encouragement, which he may think I have given.'

'I expect, Julia,' answered Mannering, 'that he will respect my roof, and entertain some sense perhaps of the services I am desirous to render him, and so will not insist upon any course of conduct of which I might have reason to complain; and I expect of you that you will make him sensible of what is due to both.'

'Then, sir, I understand you, and you shall be implicitly obeyed.'

'Thank you, my love; my anxiety (kissing her) is on your account. Now wipe these witnesses from your eyes, and so to breakfast.'

## CHAPTER LII

And, Sheriff, I will engage my word to you,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For anything he shall be charged withal.

*Henry IV.* Part I.

WHEN the several by-plays, as they may be termed, had taken place among the individuals of the Woodbourne family, as we have intimated in the preceding chapter, the breakfast party at length assembled, Dandie excepted, who had consulted his taste in viands, and perhaps in society, by partaking of a cup of tea with Mrs. Allan, just laced with two teaspoonfuls of cogniac, and reinforced with various slices from a huge round of beef. He had a kind of feeling that he could eat twice as much, and speak twice as much, with this good dame and Barnes as with the grand folk in the parlour. Indeed, the meal of this less distinguished party was much more mirthful than that in the higher circle, where there was an obvious air of constraint on the greater part of the assistants. Julia dared not raise her voice in asking Bertram if he chose another cup of tea. Bertram felt embarrassed while eating his toast and butter under the eye of Mannering. Lucy, while she indulged to the uttermost her affection for her recovered brother, began to think of the quarrel betwixt him and Hazlewood. The Colonel felt the painful anxiety natural to a proud mind when it deems its slightest action subject for a moment to the watchful construction of others. The Lawyer, while sedulously buttering his roll, had an aspect of unwonted gravity, arising perhaps from the severity of his morning studies. As for the Dominie, his state of mind was ecstatic! He looked at Bertram — he looked at Lucy — he whimpered — he sniggled — he grinned — he committed all manner of solecisms in point of form: poured the whole cream (no unlucky mistake) upon the plate of porridge which was his own usual breakfast, threw the slops of

what he called his 'crowning dish of tea' into the sugar-dish instead of the slop-basin, and concluded with spilling the scalded liquor upon old Plato, the Colonel's favourite spaniel, who received the libation with a howl that did little honour to his philosophy.

The Colonel's equanimity was rather shaken by this last blunder. 'Upon my word, my good friend, Mr. Sampson, you forget the difference between Plato and Zenocrates.'

'The former was chief of the Academics, the latter of the Stoics,' said the Dominie, with some scorn of the supposition.

'Yes, my dear sir, but it was Zenocrates, not Plato, who denied that pain was an evil.'

'I should have thought,' said Pleydell, 'that very respectable quadruped which is just now limping out of the room upon three of his four legs was rather of the Cynic school.'

'Very well hit off. But here comes an answer from Mac-Morlan.'

It was unfavourable. Mrs. Mac-Morlan sent her respectful compliments, and her husband had been, and was, detained by some alarming disturbances which had taken place the preceding night at Portanferry, and the necessary investigation which they had occasioned.

'What's to be done now, Counsellor?' said the Colonel to Pleydell.

'Why, I wish we could have seen Mac-Morlan,' said the Counsellor, 'who is a sensible fellow himself, and would besides have acted under my advice. But there is little harm. Our friend here must be made *sui juris*. He is at present an escaped prisoner, the law has an awkward claim upon him; he must be placed *rectus in curia*, that is the first object; for which purpose, Colonel, I will accompany you in your carriage down to Hazlewood House. The distance is not great; we will offer our bail, and I am confident I can easily show Mr. — I beg his pardon — Sir Robert Hazlewood, the necessity of receiving it.'

'With all my heart,' said the Colonel; and, ringing the bell, gave the necessary orders. 'And what is next to be done?'

'We must get hold of Mac-Morlan, and look out for more proof.'

'Proof!' said the Colonel, 'the thing is as clear as daylight: here are Mr. Sampson and Miss Bertram, and you yourself at once recognise the young gentleman as his father's image; and he himself recollects all the very peculiar circumstances

preceding his leaving this country. What else is necessary to conviction?'

'To moral conviction nothing more, perhaps,' said the experienced lawyer, 'but for legal proof a great deal. Mr. Bertram's recollections are his own recollections merely, and therefore are not evidence in his own favour. Miss Bertram, the learned Mr. Sampson, and I can only say, what every one who knew the late Ellangowan will readily agree in, that this gentleman is his very picture. But that will not make him Ellangowan's son and give him the estate.'

'And what will do so?' said the Colonel.

'Why, we must have a distinct probation. There are these gipsies; but then, alas! they are almost infamous in the eye of law, scarce capable of bearing evidence, and Meg Merrilies utterly so, by the various accounts which she formerly gave of the matter, and her impudent denial of all knowledge of the fact when I myself examined her respecting it.'

'What must be done then?' asked Mannering.

'We must try,' answered the legal sage, 'what proof can be got at in Holland among the persons by whom our young friend was educated. But then the fear of being called in question for the murder of the gauger may make them silent; or, if they speak, they are either foreigners or outlawed smugglers. In short, I see doubts.'

'Under favour, most learned and honoured sir,' said the Dominie, 'I trust He who hath restored little Harry Bertram to his friends will not leave His own work imperfect.'

'I trust so too, Mr. Sampson,' said Pleydell; 'but we must use the means; and I am afraid we shall have more difficulty in procuring them than I at first thought. But a faint heart never won a fair lady; and, by the way (apart to Miss Mannering, while Bertram was engaged with his sister), there 's a vindication of Holland for you! What smart fellows do you think Leyden and Utrecht must send forth, when such a very genteel and handsome young man comes from the paltry schools of Middleburgh?'

'Of a verity,' said the Dominie, jealous of the reputation of the Dutch seminary — 'of a verity, Mr. Pleydell, but I make it known to you that I myself laid the foundation of his education.'

'True, my dear Dominie,' answered the Advocate, 'that accounts for his proficiency in the graces, without question. But here comes your carriage, Colonel. Adieu, young folks. Miss Julia, keep your heart till I come back again; let there

be nothing done to prejudice my right whilst I am *non valens agere.*'

Their reception at Hazlewood House was more cold and formal than usual; for in general the Baronet expressed great respect for Colonel Mannering, and Mr. Pleydell, besides being a man of good family and of high general estimation, was Sir Robert's old friend. But now he seemed dry and embarrassed in his manner. 'He would willingly,' he said, 'receive bail, notwithstanding that the offence had been directly perpetrated, committed, and done against young Hazlewood of Hazlewood; but the young man had given himself a fictitious description, and was altogether that sort of person who should not be liberated, discharged, or let loose upon society; and therefore ——'

'I hope, Sir Robert Hazlewood,' said the Colonel, 'you do not mean to doubt my word when I assure you that he served under me as cadet in India?'

'By no means or account whatsoever. But you call him a cadet; now he says, avers, and upholds that he was a captain, or held a troop in your regiment.'

'He was promoted since I gave up the command.'

'But you must have heard of it?'

'No. I returned on account of family circumstances from India, and have not since been solicitous to hear particular news from the regiment; the name of Brown, too, is so common that I might have seen his promotion in the *Gazette* without noticing it. But a day or two will bring letters from his commanding officer.'

'But I am told and informed, Mr. Pleydell,' answered Sir Robert, still hesitating, 'that he does not mean to abide by this name of Brown, but is to set up a claim to the estate of Ellangowan, under the name of Bertram.'

'Ay, who says that?' said the Counsellor.

'Or,' demanded the soldier, 'whoever says so, does that give a right to keep him in prison?'

'Hush, Colonel,' said the Lawyer; 'I am sure you would not, any more than I, countenance him if he prove an impostor. And, among friends, who informed you of this, Sir Robert?'

'Why, a person, Mr. Pleydell,' answered the Baronet, 'who is peculiarly interested in investigating, sifting, and clearing out this business to the bottom; you will excuse my being more particular.'

'O, certainly,' replied Pleydell; 'well, and he says ——?'

'He says that it is whispered about among tinkers, gipsies, and other idle persons that there is such a plan as I mentioned to you, and that this young man, who is a bastard or natural son of the late Ellangowan, is pitched upon as the impostor from his strong family likeness.'

'And was there such a natural son, Sir Robert?' demanded the Counsellor.

'O, certainly, to my own positive knowledge. Ellangowan had him placed as cabin-boy or powder-monkey on board an armed sloop or yacht belonging to the revenue, through the interest of the late Commissioner Bertram, a kinsman of his own.'

'Well, Sir Robert,' said the Lawyer, taking the word out of the mouth of the impatient soldier, 'you have told me news. I shall investigate them, and if I find them true, certainly Colonel Mannering and I will not countenance this young man. In the meanwhile, as we are all willing to make him forthcoming to answer all complaints against him, I do assure you, you will act most illegally, and incur heavy responsibility, if you refuse our bail.'

'Why, Mr. Pleydell,' said Sir Robert, who knew the high authority of the Counsellor's opinion, 'as you must know best, and as you promise to give up this young man ——'

'If he proves an impostor,' replied the Lawyer, with some emphasis.

'Ay, certainly. Under that condition I will take your bail; though I must say an obliging, well-disposed, and civil neighbour of mine, who was himself bred to the law, gave me a hint or caution this morning against doing so. It was from him I learned that this youth was liberated and had come abroad, or rather had broken prison. But where shall we find one to draw the bail-bond?'

'Here,' said the Counsellor, applying himself to the bell, 'send up my clerk Mr. Driver; it will not do my character harm if I dictate the needful myself.' It was written accordingly and signed, and, the Justice having subscribed a regular warrant for Bertram *alias* Brown's discharge, the visitors took their leave.

Each threw himself into his own corner of the post-chariot, and said nothing for some time. The Colonel first broke silence: 'So you intend to give up this poor young fellow at the first brush?'

'Who, I?' replied the Counsellor. 'I will not give up one

hair of his head, though I should follow them to the court of last resort in his behalf; but what signified mooting points and showing one's hand to that old ass? Much better he should report to his prompter, Glossin, that we are indifferent or lukewarm in the matter. Besides, I wished to have a peep at the enemies' game.'

'Indeed!' said the soldier. 'Then I see there are stratagems in law as well as war. Well, and how do you like their line of battle?'

'Ingenious,' said Mr. Pleydell, 'but I think desperate; they are finessing too much, a common fault on such occasions.'

During this discourse the carriage rolled rapidly towards Woodbourne without anything occurring worthy of the reader's notice, excepting their meeting with young Hazlewood, to whom the Colonel told the extraordinary history of Bertram's reappearance, which he heard with high delight, and then rode on before to pay Miss Bertram his compliments on an event so happy and so unexpected.

We return to the party at Woodbourne. After the departure of Mannering, the conversation related chiefly to the fortunes of the Ellangowan family, their domains, and their former power. 'It was, then, under the towers of my fathers,' said Bertram, 'that I landed some days since, in circumstances much resembling those of a vagabond? Its mouldering turrets and darksome arches even then awakened thoughts of the deepest interest, and recollections which I was unable to decipher. I will now visit them again with other feelings, and, I trust, other and better hopes.'

'Do not go there now,' said his sister. 'The house of our ancestors is at present the habitation of a wretch as insidious as dangerous, whose arts and villainy accomplished the ruin and broke the heart of our unhappy father.'

'You increase my anxiety,' replied her brother, 'to confront this miscreant, even in the den he has constructed for himself; I think I have seen him.'

'But you must consider,' said Julia, 'that you are now left under Lucy's guard and mine, and are responsible to us for all your motions; consider, I have not been a lawyer's mistress twelve hours for nothing, and I assure you it would be madness to attempt to go to Ellangowan just now. The utmost to which I can consent is, that we shall walk in a body to the head of the Woodbourne avenue, and from that perhaps we may indulge you with our company as far as a rising ground

in the common, whence your eyes may be blessed with a distant prospect of those gloomy towers which struck so strongly your sympathetic imagination.'

The party was speedily agreed upon; and the ladies, having taken their cloaks, followed the route proposed, under the escort of Captain Bertram. It was a pleasant winter morning, and the cool breeze served only to freshen, not to chill, the fair walkers. A secret though unacknowledged bond of kindness combined the two ladies, and Bertram, now hearing the interesting accounts of his own family, now communicating his adventures in Europe and in India, repaid the pleasure which he received. Lucy felt proud of her brother, as well from the bold and manly turn of his sentiments as from the dangers he had encountered, and the spirit with which he had surmounted them. And Julia, while she pondered on her father's words, could not help entertaining hopes that the independent spirit which had seemed to her father presumption in the humble and plebeian Brown would have the grace of courage, noble bearing, and high blood in the far-descended heir of Ellangowan.

They reached at length the little eminence or knoll upon the highest part of the common, called Gibbie's Knowe — a spot repeatedly mentioned in this history as being on the skirts of the Ellangowan estate. It commanded a fair variety of hill and dale, bordered with natural woods, whose naked boughs at this season relieved the general colour of the landscape with a dark purple hue; while in other places the prospect was more formally intersected by lines of plantation, where the Scotch firs displayed their variety of dusky green. At the distance of two or three miles lay the bay of Ellangowan, its waves rippling under the influence of the western breeze. The towers of the ruined castle, seen high over every object in the neighbourhood, received a brighter colouring from the wintry sun.

'There,' said Lucy Bertram, pointing them out in the distance, 'there is the seat of our ancestors. God knows, my dear brother, I do not covet in your behalf the extensive power which the lords of these ruins are said to have possessed so long, and sometimes to have used so ill. But, O that I might see you in possession of such relics of their fortune as should give you an honourable independence, and enable you to stretch your hand for the protection of the old and destitute dependents of our family, whom our poor father's death ——'

'True, my dearest Lucy,' answered the young heir of Ellangowan; 'and I trust, with the assistance of Heaven, which has so far guided us, and with that of these good friends, whom their own generous hearts have interested in my behalf, such a consummation of my hard adventures is now not unlikely. But as a soldier I must look with some interest upon that worm-eaten hold of ragged stone; and if this undermining scoundrel, who is now in possession dare to displace a pebble of it ——'

He was here interrupted by Dinmont, who came hastily after them up the road, unseen till he was near the party: 'Captain, Captain! ye 're wanted. Ye 're wanted by her ye ken o'.'

And immediately Meg Merrilies, as if emerging out of the earth, ascended from the hollow way and stood before them. 'I sought ye at the house,' she said, 'and found but him (pointing to Dinmont). But ye are right, and I was wrang; it is *here* we should meet, on this very spot, where my eyes last saw your father. Remember your promise and follow me.'

## CHAPTER LIII

To hail the king in seemly sort
  The ladie was full fain ;
But King Arthur, all sore amazed,
  No answer made again.
'What wight art thou,' the ladie said,
  'That will not speak to me ?
Sir, I may chance to ease thy pain,
  Though I be foul to see.'

*The Marriage of Sir Gawaine.*

THE fairy bride of Sir Gawaine, while under the influence of the spell of her wicked step-mother, was more decrepit probably, and what is commonly called more ugly, than Meg Merrilies ; but I doubt if she possessed that wild sublimity which an excited imagination communicated to features marked and expressive in their own peculiar character, and to the gestures of a form which, her sex considered, might be termed gigantic. Accordingly, the Knights of the Round Table did not recoil with more terror from the apparition of the loathly lady placed between 'an oak and a green holly,' than Lucy Bertram and Julia Mannering did from the appearance of this Galwegian sibyl upon the common of Ellangowan.

'For God's sake,' said Julia, pulling out her purse, 'give that dreadful woman something and bid her go away.'

'I cannot,' said Bertram ; 'I must not offend her.'

'What keeps you here ?' said Meg, exalting the harsh and rough tones of her hollow voice. 'Why do you not follow ? Must your hour call you twice ? Do you remember your oath ? "Were it at kirk or market, wedding or burial,"'—and she held high her skinny forefinger in a menacing attitude.

Bertram turned round to his terrified companions. 'Excuse me for a moment ; I am engaged by a promise to follow this woman.'

'Good Heavens ! engaged to a mad woman ?' said Julia.

'Or to a gipsy, who has her band in the wood ready to murder you!' said Lucy.

'That was not spoken like a bairn of Ellangowan,' said Meg, frowning upon Miss Bertram. 'It is the ill-doers are ill-dreaders.'

'In short, I must go,' said Bertram, 'it is absolutely necessary; wait for me five minutes on this spot.'

'Five minutes?' said the gipsy, 'five hours may not bring you here again.'

'Do you hear that?' said Julia; 'for Heaven's sake do not go!'

'I must, I must; Mr. Dinmont will protect you back to the house.'

'No,' said Meg, 'he must come with you; it is for that he is here. He maun take part wi' hand and heart; and weel his part it is, for redding his quarrel might have cost you dear.'

'Troth, Luckie, it's very true,' said the steady farmer; 'and ere I turn back frae the Captain's side I'll show that I haena forgotten 't.'

'O yes,' exclaimed both the ladies at once, 'let Mr. Dinmont go with you, if go you must, on this strange summons.'

'Indeed I must,' answered Bertram; 'but you see I am safely guarded. Adieu for a short time; go home as fast as you can.'

He pressed his sister's hand, and took a yet more affectionate farewell of Julia with his eyes. Almost stupified with surprise and fear, the young ladies watched with anxious looks the course of Bertram, his companion, and their extraordinary guide. Her tall figure moved across the wintry heath with steps so swift, so long, and so steady that she appeared rather to glide than to walk. Bertram and Dinmont, both tall men, apparently scarce equalled her in height, owing to her longer dress and high head-gear. She proceeded straight across the common, without turning aside to the winding path by which passengers avoided the inequalities and little rills that traversed it in different directions. Thus the diminishing figures often disappeared from the eye, as they dived into such broken ground, and again ascended to sight when they were past the hollow. There was something frightful and unearthly, as it were, in the rapid and undeviating course which she pursued, undeterred by any of the impediments which usually incline a traveller from the direct path. Her way was as straight, and nearly as swift, as that of a bird through the air. At length

they reached those thickets of natural wood which extended from the skirts of the common towards the glades and brook of Derncleugh, and were there lost to the view.

'This is very extraordinary,' said Lucy after a pause, and turning round to her companion; 'what can he have to do with that old hag?'

'It is very frightful,' answered Julia, 'and almost reminds me of the tales of sorceresses, witches, and evil genii which I have heard in India. They believe there in a fascination of the eye by which those who possess it control the will and dictate the motions of their victims. What can your brother have in common with that fearful woman that he should leave us, obviously against his will, to attend to her commands?'

'At least,' said Lucy, 'we may hold him safe from harm; for she would never have summoned that faithful creature Dinmont, of whose strength, courage, and steadiness Henry said so much, to attend upon an expedition where she projected evil to the person of his friend. And now let us go back to the house till the Colonel returns. Perhaps Bertram may be back first; at any rate, the Colonel will judge what is to be done.'

Leaning, then, upon each other's arm, but yet occasionally stumbling, between fear and the disorder of their nerves, they at length reached the head of the avenue, when they heard the tread of a horse behind. They started, for their ears were awake to every sound, and beheld to their great pleasure young Hazlewood. 'The Colonel will be here immediately,' he said; 'I galloped on before to pay my respects to Miss Bertram, with the sincerest congratulations upon the joyful event which has taken place in her family. I long to be introduced to Captain Bertram, and to thank him for the well-deserved lesson he gave to my rashness and indiscretion.'

'He has left us just now,' said Lucy, 'and in a manner that has frightened us very much.'

Just at that moment the Colonel's carriage drove up, and, on observing the ladies, stopped, while Mannering and his learned counsel alighted and joined them. They instantly communicated the new cause of alarm.

'Meg Merrilies again!' said the Colonel. 'She certainly is a most mysterious and unaccountable personage; but I think she must have something to impart to Bertram to which she does not mean we should be privy.'

'The devil take the bedlamite old woman,' said the Counsellor; 'will she not let things take their course, *prout de lege*, but

must always be putting in her oar in her own way? Then I fear from the direction they took they are going upon the Ellangowan estate. That rascal Glossin has shown us what ruffians he has at his disposal; I wish honest Liddesdale may be guard sufficient.'

'If you please,' said Hazlewood, 'I should be most happy to ride in the direction which they have taken. I am so well known in the country that I scarce think any outrage will be offered in my presence, and I shall keep at such a cautious distance as not to appear to watch Meg, or interrupt any communication which she may make.'

'Upon my word,' said Pleydell (aside), 'to be a sprig whom I remember with a whey face and a satchel not so very many years ago, I think young Hazlewood grows a fine fellow. I am more afraid of a new attempt at legal oppression than at open violence, and from that this young man's presence would deter both Glossin and his understrappers. — Hie away then, my boy; peer out — peer out, you 'll find them somewhere about Derncleugh, or very probably in Warroch wood.'

Hazlewood turned his horse. 'Come back to us to dinner, Hazlewood,' cried the Colonel. He bowed, spurred his horse, and galloped off.

We now return to Bertram and Dinmont, who continued to follow their mysterious guide through the woods and dingles between the open common and the ruined hamlet of Derncleugh. As she led the way she never looked back upon her followers, unless to chide them for loitering, though the sweat, in spite of the season, poured from their brows. At other times she spoke to herself in such broken expressions as these: 'It is to rebuild the auld house, it is to lay the corner-stone; and did I not warn him? I tell'd him I was born to do it, if my father's head had been the stepping-stane, let alane his. I was doomed — still I kept my purpose in the cage and in the stocks; I was banished — I kept it in an unco land; I was scourged, I was branded — my resolution lay deeper than scourge or red iron could reach; — and now the hour is come.'

'Captain,' said Dinmont, in a half whisper, 'I wish she binna uncanny! her words dinna seem to come in God's name, or like other folks'. Odd, they threep in our country that there *are* sic things.'

'Don't be afraid, my friend,' whispered Bertram in return.

'Fear'd! fient a haet care I,' said the dauntless farmer; 'be she witch or deevil, it 's a' ane to Dandie Dinmont.'

'Haud your peace, gudeman,' said Meg, looking sternly over her shoulder; 'is this a time or place for you to speak, think ye?'

'But, my good friend,' said Bertram, 'as I have no doubt in your good faith or kindness, which I have experienced, you should in return have some confidence in me; I wish to know where you are leading us.'

'There 's but ae answer to that, Henry Bertram,' said the sibyl. 'I swore my tongue should never tell, but I never said my finger should never show. Go on and meet your fortune, or turn back and lose it: that 's a' I hae to say.'

'Go on then,' answered Bertram; 'I will ask no more questions.'

They descended into the glen about the same place where Meg had formerly parted from Bertram. She paused an instant beneath the tall rock where he had witnessed the burial of a dead body and stamped upon the ground, which, notwithstanding all the care that had been taken, showed vestiges of having been recently moved. 'Here rests ane,' she said; 'he 'll maybe hae neibours sune.'

She then moved up the brook until she came to the ruined hamlet, where, pausing with a look of peculiar and softened interest before one of the gables which was still standing, she said in a tone less abrupt, though as solemn as before, 'Do you see that blackit and broken end of a sheeling? There my kettle boiled for forty years; there I bore twelve buirdly sons and daughters. Where are they now? where are the leaves that were on that auld ash tree at Martinmas! The west wind has made it bare; and I 'm stripped too. Do you see that saugh tree? it 's but a blackened rotten stump now. I 've sate under it mony a bonnie summer afternoon, when it hung its gay garlands ower the poppling water. I 've sat there, and,' elevating her voice, 'I 've held you on my knee, Henry Bertram, and sung ye sangs of the auld barons and their bloody wars. It will ne'er be green again, and Meg Merrilies will never sing sangs mair, be they blythe or sad. But ye 'll no forget her, and ye 'll gar big up the auld wa's for her sake? And let somebody live there that 's ower gude to fear them of another warld. For if ever the dead came back amang the living, I 'll be seen in this glen mony a night after these crazed banes are in the mould.'

The mixture of insanity and wild pathos with which she spoke these last words, with her right arm bare and extended,

her left bent and shrouded beneath the dark red drapery of her mantle, might have been a study worthy of our Siddons herself. 'And now,' she said, resuming at once the short, stern, and hasty tone which was most ordinary to her, 'let us to the wark, let us to the wark.'

She then led the way to the promontory on which the Kaim of Derncleugh was situated, produced a large key from her pocket, and unlocked the door. The interior of this place was in better order than formerly. 'I have made things decent,' she said; 'I may be streekit here or night. There will be few, few at Meg's lykewake, for mony of our folk will blame what I hae done, and am to do!'

She then pointed to a table, upon which was some cold meat, arranged with more attention to neatness than could have been expected from Meg's habits. 'Eat,' she said — 'eat; ye 'll need it this night yet.'

Bertram, in complaisance, eat a morsel or two; and Dinmont, whose appetite was unabated either by wonder, apprehension, or the meal of the morning, made his usual figure as a trencherman. She then offered each a single glass of spirits, which Bertram drank diluted, and his companion plain.

'Will ye taste naething yoursell, Luckie?' said Dinmont.

'I shall not need it,' replied their mysterious hostess. 'And now,' she said, 'ye maun hae arms: ye maunna gang on dry-handed; but use them not rashly. Take captive, but save life; let the law hae its ain. He maun speak ere he die.'

'Who is to be taken? who is to speak?' said Bertram in astonishment, receiving a pair of pistols which she offered him, and which, upon examining, he found loaded and locked.

'The flints are gude,' she said, 'and the powder dry; I ken this wark weel.'

Then, without answering his questions, she armed Dinmont also with a large pistol, and desired them to choose sticks for themselves out of a parcel of very suspicious-looking bludgeons which she brought from a corner. Bertram took a stout sapling, and Dandie selected a club which might have served Hercules himself. They then left the hut together, and in doing so Bertram took an opportunity to whisper to Dinmont, 'There 's something inexplicable in all this. But we need not use these arms unless we see necessity and lawful occasion; take care to do as you see me do.'

Dinmont gave a sagacious nod, and they continued to follow, over wet and over dry, through bog and through fallow, the

footsteps of their conductress. She guided them to the wood of Warroch by the same track which the late Ellangowan had used when riding to Derncleugh in quest of his child on the miserable evening of Kennedy's murder.

When Meg Merrilies had attained these groves, through which the wintry sea-wind was now whistling hoarse and shrill, she seemed to pause a moment as if to recollect the way. 'We maun go the precise track,' she said, and continued to go forward, but rather in a zigzag and involved course than according to her former steady and direct line of motion. At length she guided them through the mazes of the wood to a little open glade of about a quarter of an acre, surrounded by trees and bushes, which made a wild and irregular boundary. Even in winter it was a sheltered and snugly sequestered spot; but when arrayed in the verdure of spring, the earth sending forth all its wild flowers, the shrubs spreading their waste of blossom around it, and the weeping birches, which towered over the underwood, drooping their long and leafy fibres to intercept the sun, it must have seemed a place for a youthful poet to study his earliest sonnet, or a pair of lovers to exchange their first mutual avowal of affection. Apparently it now awakened very different recollections. Bertram's brow, when he had looked round the spot, became gloomy and embarrassed. Meg, after uttering to herself, 'This is the very spot!' looked at him with a ghastly side-glance — 'D' ye mind it?'

'Yes!' answered Bertram, 'imperfectly I do.'

'Ay!' pursued his guide, 'on this very spot the man fell from his horse. I was behind that bourtree bush at the very moment. Sair, sair he strove, and sair he cried for mercy; but he was in the hands of them that never kenn'd the word! Now will I show you the further track; the last time ye travelled it was in these arms.'

She led them accordingly by a long and winding passage, almost overgrown with brushwood, until, without any very perceptible descent, they suddenly found themselves by the seaside. Meg then walked very fast on between the surf and the rocks, until she came to a remarkable fragment of rock detached from the rest. 'Here,' she said in a low and scarcely audible whisper — 'here the corpse was found.'

'And the cave,' said Bertram, in the same tone, 'is close beside it; are you guiding us there?'

'Yes,' said the gipsy in a decided tone. 'Bend up both your hearts; follow me as I creep in; I have placed the fire-

wood so as to screen you. Bide behind it for a gliff till I say, "*The hour and the man are baith come*"; then rin in on him, take his arms, and bind him till the blood burst frae his finger nails.'

'I will, by my soul,' said Henry, 'if he is the man I suppose — Jansen?'

'Ay, Jansen, Hatteraick, and twenty mair names are his.'

'Dinmont, you must stand by me now,' said Bertram, 'for this fellow is a devil.'

'Ye needna doubt that,' said the stout yeoman; 'but I wish I could mind a bit prayer or I creep after the witch into that hole that she 's opening. It wad be a sair thing to leave the blessed sun and the free air, and gang and be killed like a tod that 's run to earth, in a dungeon like that. But, my sooth, they will be hard-bitten terriers will worry Dandie; so, as I said, deil hae me if I baulk you.' This was uttered in the lowest tone of voice possible. The entrance was now open. Meg crept in upon her hands and knees, Bertram followed, and Dinmont, after giving a rueful glance toward the daylight, whose blessings he was abandoning, brought up the rear.

## CHAPTER LIV

Die, prophet ! in thy speech ;
For this, among the rest, was I ordained.

*Henry VI.* Part III.

THE progress of the Borderer, who, as we have said, was the last of the party, was fearfully arrested by a hand, which caught hold of his leg as he dragged his long limbs after him in silence and perturbation through the low and narrow entrance of the subterranean passage. The steel heart of the bold yeoman had well-nigh given way, and he suppressed with difficulty a shout, which, in the defenceless posture and situation which they then occupied, might have cost all their lives. He contented himself, however, with extricating his foot from the grasp of this unexpected follower. 'Be still,' said a voice behind him, releasing him ; 'I am a friend — Charles Hazlewood.'

These words were uttered in a very low voice, but they produced sound enough to startle Meg Merrilies, who led the van, and who, having already gained the place where the cavern expanded, had risen upon her feet. She began, as if to confound any listening ear, to growl, to mutter, and to sing aloud, and at the same time to make a bustle among some brushwood which was now heaped in the cave.

'Here, beldam, deyvil's kind,' growled the harsh voice of Dirk Hatteraick from the inside of his den, 'what makest thou there ?'

'Laying the roughies to keep the cauld wind frae you, ye desperate do-nae-good. Ye 're e'en ower weel off, and wots na ; it will be otherwise soon.'

'Have you brought me the brandy, and any news of my people ?' said Dirk Hatteraick.

'There 's the flask for ye. Your people — dispersed, broken, gone, or cut to ribbands by the redcoats.'

'Der deyvil! this coast is fatal to me.'

'Ye may hae mair reason to say sae.'

While this dialogue went forward, Bertram and Dinmont had both gained the interior of the cave and assumed an erect position. The only light which illuminated its rugged and sable precincts was a quantity of wood burnt to charcoal in an iron grate, such as they use in spearing salmon by night. On these red embers Hatteraick from time to time threw a handful of twigs or splintered wood; but these, even when they blazed up, afforded a light much disproportioned to the extent of the cavern; and, as its principal inhabitant lay upon the side of the grate most remote from the entrance, it was not easy for him to discover distinctly objects which lay in that direction. The intruders, therefore, whose number was now augmented unexpectedly to three, stood behind the loosely-piled branches with little risk of discovery. Dinmont had the sense to keep back Hazlewood with one hand till he whispered to Bertram, 'A friend — young Hazlewood.'

It was no time for following up the introduction, and they all stood as still as the rocks around them, obscured behind the pile of brushwood, which had been probably placed there to break the cold wind from the sea, without totally intercepting the supply of air. The branches were laid so loosely above each other that, looking through them towards the light of the fire-grate, they could easily discover what passed in its vicinity, although a much stronger degree of illumination than it afforded would not have enabled the persons placed near the bottom of the cave to have descried them in the position which they occupied.

The scene, independent of the peculiar moral interest and personal danger which attended it, had, from the effect of the light and shade on the uncommon objects which it exhibited, an appearance emphatically dismal. The light in the fire-grate was the dark-red glare of charcoal in a state of ignition, relieved from time to time by a transient flame of a more vivid or duskier light, as the fuel with which Dirk Hatteraick fed his fire was better or worse fitted for his purpose. Now a dark cloud of stifling smoke rose up to the roof of the cavern, and then lighted into a reluctant and sullen blaze, which flashed wavering up the pillar of smoke, and was suddenly rendered brighter and more lively by some drier fuel, or perhaps some splintered fir-timber, which at once converted the smoke into flame. By such fitful irradiation they could see, more or less

distinctly, the form of Hatteraick, whose savage and rugged cast of features, now rendered yet more ferocious by the circumstances of his situation and the deep gloom of his mind, assorted well with the rugged and broken vault, which rose in a rude arch over and around him. The form of Meg Merrilies, which stalked about him, sometimes in the light, sometimes partially obscured in the smoke or darkness, contrasted strongly with the sitting figure of Hatteraick as he bent over the flame, and from his stationary posture was constantly visible to the spectator, while that of the female flitted around, appearing or disappearing like a spectre.

Bertram felt his blood boil at the sight of Hatteraick. He remembered him well under the name of Jansen, which the smuggler had adopted after the death of Kennedy; and he remembered also that this Jansen, and his mate Brown, the same who was shot at Woodbourne, had been the brutal tyrants of his infancy. Bertram knew farther, from piecing his own imperfect recollections with the narratives of Mannering and Pleydell, that this man was the prime agent in the act of violence which tore him from his family and country, and had exposed him to so many distresses and dangers. A thousand exasperating reflections rose within his bosom; and he could hardly refrain from rushing upon Hatteraick and blowing his brains out.

At the same time this would have been no safe adventure. The flame, as it rose and fell, while it displayed the strong, muscular, and broad-chested frame of the ruffian, glanced also upon two brace of pistols in his belt, and upon the hilt of his cutlass: it was not to be doubted that his desperation was commensurate with his personal strength and means of resistance. Both, indeed, were inadequate to encounter the combined power of two such men as Bertram himself and his friend Dinmont, without reckoning their unexpected assistant Hazlewood, who was unarmed, and of a slighter make; but Bertram felt, on a moment's reflection, that there would be neither sense nor valour in anticipating the hangman's office, and he considered the importance of making Hatteraick prisoner alive. He therefore repressed his indignation, and awaited what should pass between the ruffian and his gipsy guide.

'And how are ye now?' said the harsh and discordant tones of his female attendant. 'Said I not, it would come upon you — ay, and in this very cave, where ye harboured after the deed?'

'Wetter and sturm, ye hag!' replied Hatteraick, 'keep your deyvil's matins till they're wanted. Have you seen Glossin?'

'No,' replied Meg Merrilies; 'you've missed your blow, ye blood-spiller! and ye have nothing to expect from the tempter.'

'Hagel!' exclaimed the ruffian, 'if I had him but by the throat! And what am I to do then?'

'Do?' answered the gipsy; 'die like a man, or be hanged like a dog!'

'Hanged, ye hag of Satan! The hemp's not sown that shall hang me.'

'It's sown, and it's grown, and it's heckled, and it's twisted. Did I not tell ye, when ye wad take away the boy Harry Bertram, in spite of my prayers, — did I not say he would come back when he had dree'd his weird in foreign land till his twenty-first year? Did I not say the auld fire would burn down to a spark, but wad kindle again?'

'Well, mother, you did say so,' said Hatteraick, in a tone that had something of despair in its accents; 'and, donner and blitzen! I believe you spoke the truth. That younker of Ellangowan has been a rock ahead to me all my life! And now, with Glossin's cursed contrivance, my crew have been cut off, my boats destroyed, and I daresay the lugger's taken; there were not men enough left on board to work her, far less to fight her — a dredge-boat might have taken her. And what will the owners say? Hagel and sturm! I shall never dare go back again to Flushing.'

'You'll never need,' said the gipsy.

'What are you doing there,' said her companion; 'and what makes you say that?'

During this dialogue Meg was heaping some flax loosely together. Before answer to this question she dropped a firebrand upon the flax, which had been previously steeped in some spirituous liquor, for it instantly caught fire and rose in a vivid pyramid of the most brilliant light up to the very top of the vault. As it ascended Meg answered the ruffian's question in a firm and steady voice: '*Because the hour's come, and the man.*'

At the appointed signal Bertram and Dinmont sprung over the brushwood and rushed upon Hatteraick. Hazlewood, unacquainted with their plan of assault, was a moment later. The ruffian, who instantly saw he was betrayed, turned his first vengeance on Meg Merrilies, at whom he discharged a

pistol. She fell with a piercing and dreadful cry between the shriek of pain and the sound of laughter when at its highest and most suffocating height. 'I kenn'd it would be this way,' she said.

Bertram, in his haste, slipped his foot upon the uneven rock which floored the cave — a fortunate stumble, for Hatteraick's second bullet whistled over him with so true and steady an aim that, had he been standing upright, it must have lodged in his brain. Ere the smuggler could draw another pistol, Dinmont closed with him, and endeavoured by main force to pinion down his arms. Such, however, was the wretch's personal strength, joined to the efforts of his despair, that, in spite of the gigantic force with which the Borderer grappled him, he dragged Dinmont through the blazing flax, and had almost succeeded in drawing a third pistol, which might have proved fatal to the honest farmer, had not Bertram, as well as Hazlewood, come to his assistance, when, by main force, and no ordinary exertion of it, they threw Hatteraick on the ground, disarmed him, and bound him. This scuffle, though it takes up some time in the narrative, passed in less than a single minute. When he was fairly mastered, after one or two desperate and almost convulsionary struggles, the ruffian lay perfectly still and silent. 'He 's gaun to die game ony how,' said Dinmont; 'weel, I like him na the waur for that.'

This observation honest Dandie made while he was shaking the blazing flax from his rough coat and shaggy black hair, some of which had been singed in the scuffle. 'He is quiet now,' said Bertram; 'stay by him and do not permit him to stir till I see whether the poor woman be alive or dead.' With Hazlewood's assistance he raised Meg Merrilies.

'I kenn'd it would bé this way,' she muttered, 'and it 's e'en this way that it should be.'

The ball had penetrated the breast below the throat. It did not bleed much externally; but Bertram, accustomed to see gunshot wounds, thought it the more alarming. 'Good God! what shall we do for this poor woman?' said he to Hazlewood, the circumstances superseding the necessity of previous explanation or introduction to each other.

'My horse stands tied above in the wood,' said Hazlewood. 'I have been watching you these two hours. I will ride off for some assistants that may be trusted. Meanwhile, you had better defend the mouth of the cavern against every one until

"THE HOUR 'S COME, AND THE MAN."
From a painting by J. B. MacDonald, A.R.S.A.

I return.' He hastened away. Bertram, after binding Meg Merrilies's wound as well as he could, took station near the mouth of the cave with a cocked pistol in his hand; Dinmont continued to watch Hatteraick, keeping a grasp like that of Hercules on his breast. There was a dead silence in the cavern, only interrupted by the low and suppressed moaning of the wounded female and by the hard breathing of the prisoner.

## CHAPTER LV

For though, seduced and led astray,
  Thou'st travell'd far and wander'd long,
Thy God hath seen thee all the way,
  And all the turns that led thee wrong.

*The Hall of Justice.*

AFTER the space of about three-quarters of an hour, which the uncertainty and danger of their situation made seem almost thrice as long, the voice of young Hazlewood was heard without. 'Here I am,' he cried, 'with a sufficient party.'

'Come in then,' answered Bertram, not a little pleased to find his guard relieved. Hazlewood then entered, followed by two or three countrymen, one of whom acted as a peace-officer. They lifted Hatteraick up and carried him in their arms as far as the entrance of the vault was high enough to permit them; then laid him on his back and dragged him along as well as they could, for no persuasion would induce him to assist the transportation by any exertion of his own. He lay as silent and inactive in their hands as a dead corpse, incapable of opposing, but in no way aiding, their operations. When he was dragged into daylight and placed erect upon his feet among three or four assistants who had remained without the cave, he seemed stupified and dazzled by the sudden change from the darkness of his cavern. While others were superintending the removal of Meg Merrilies, those who remained with Hatteraick attempted to make him sit down upon a fragrant of rock which lay close upon the high-water mark. A strong shuddering convulsed his iron frame for an instant as he resisted their purpose. 'Not there! Hagel! you would not make me sit *there?*'

These were the only words he spoke; but their import, and the deep tone of horror in which they were uttered, served to show what was passing in his mind.

When Meg Merrilies had also been removed from the cavern, with all the care for her safety that circumstances admitted,

they consulted where she should be carried. Hazlewood had sent for a surgeon, and proposed that she should be lifted in the meantime to the nearest cottage. But the patient exclaimed with great earnestness, 'Na, na, na! to the Kaim o' Derncleugh — the Kaim o' Derncleugh; the spirit will not free itself o' the flesh but there.'

'You must indulge her, I believe,' said Bertram; 'her troubled imagination will otherwise aggravate the fever of the wound.'

They bore her accordingly to the vault. On the way her mind seemed to run more upon the scene which had just passed than on her own approaching death. 'There were three of them set upon him: I brought the twasome, but wha was the third? It would be *himsell*, returned to work his ain vengeance!'

It was evident that the unexpected appearance of Hazlewood, whose person the outrage of Hatteraick left her no time to recognise, had produced a strong effect on her imagination. She often recurred to it. Hazlewood accounted for his unexpected arrival to Bertram by saying that he had kept them in view for some time by the direction of Mannering; that, observing them disappear into the cave, he had crept after them, meaning to announce himself and his errand, when his hand in the darkness encountering the leg of Dinmont had nearly produced a catastrophe, which, indeed, nothing but the presence of mind and fortitude of the bold yeoman could have averted.

When the gipsy arrived at the hut she produced the key; and when they entered, and were about to deposit her upon the bed, she said, in an anxious tone, 'Na, na! not that way — the feet to the east'; and appeared gratified when they reversed her posture accordingly, and placed her in that appropriate to a dead body.

'Is there no clergyman near,' said Bertram, 'to assist this unhappy woman's devotions?'

A gentleman, the minister of the parish, who had been Charles Hazlewood's tutor, had, with many others, caught the alarm that the murderer of Kennedy was taken on the spot where the deed had been done so many years before, and that a woman was mortally wounded. From curiosity, or rather from the feeling that his duty called him to scenes of distress, this gentleman had come to the Kaim of Derncleugh, and now presented himself. The surgeon arrived at the same time, and was about to probe the wound; but Meg resisted the assistance

of either. 'It 's no what man can do that will heal my body or save my spirit. Let me speak what I have to say, and then ye may work your will; I'se be nae hindrance. But where 's Henry Bertram?' The assistants, to whom this name had been long a stranger, gazed upon each other. 'Yes!' she said, in a stronger and harsher tone, 'I said *Henry Bertram of Ellangowan.* Stand from the light and let me see him.'

All eyes were turned towards Bertram, who approached the wretched couch. The wounded woman took hold of his hand. 'Look at him,' she said, 'all that ever saw his father or his grandfather, and bear witness if he is not their living image?' A murmur went through the crowd; the resemblance was too striking to be denied. 'And now hear me; and let that man,' pointing to Hatteraick, who was seated with his keepers on a sea-chest at some distance — 'let him deny what I say if he can. That is Henry Bertram, son to Godfrey Bertram, umquhile of Ellangowan; that young man is the very lad-bairn that Dirk Hatteraick carried off from Warroch wood the day that he murdered the gauger. I was there like a wandering spirit, for I longed to see that wood or we left the country. I saved the bairn's life, and sair, sair I prigged and prayed they would leave him wi' me. But they bore him away, and he 's been lang ower the sea, and now he 's come for his ain, and what should withstand him? I swore to keep the secret till he was ane-an'-twenty; I kenn'd he behoved to dree his weird till that day cam. I keepit that oath which I took to them; but I made another vow to mysell, that if I lived to see the day of his return I would set him in his father's seat, if every step was on a dead man. I have keepit that oath too. I will be ae step mysell, he (pointing to Hatteraick) will soon be another, and there will be ane mair yet.'

The clergyman, now interposing, remarked it was a pity this deposition was not regularly taken and written down, and the surgeon urged the necessity of examining the wound, previously to exhausting her by questions. When she saw them removing Hatteraick, in order to clear the room and leave the surgeon to his operations, she called out aloud, raising herself at the same time upon the couch, 'Dirk Hatteraick, you and I will never meet again until we are before the judgment-seat; will ye own to what I have said, or will you dare deny it?' He turned his hardened brow upon her, with a look of dumb and inflexible defiance. 'Dirk Hatteraick, dare ye deny, with my blood upon your hands, one word of what my dying breath is uttering?'

He looked at her with the same expression of hardihood and dogged stubbornness, and moved his lips, but uttered no sound. 'Then fareweel!' she said, 'and God forgive you! your hand has sealed my evidence. When I was in life I was the mad randy gipsy, that had been scourged and banished and branded; that had begged from door to door, and been hounded like a stray tyke from parish to parish; wha would hae minded *her* tale? But now I am a dying woman, and my words will not fall to the ground, any more than the earth will cover my blood!'

She here paused, and all left the hut except the surgeon and two or three women. After a very short examination he shook his head and resigned his post by the dying woman's side to the clergyman.

A chaise returning empty to Kippletringan had been stopped on the highroad by a constable, who foresaw it would be necessary to convey Hatteraick to jail. The driver, understanding what was going on at Derncleugh, left his horses to the care of a blackguard boy, confiding, it is to be supposed, rather in the years and discretion of the cattle than in those of their keeper, and set off full speed to see, as he expressed himself, 'whaten a sort o' fun was gaun on.' He arrived just as the group of tenants and peasants, whose numbers increased every moment, satiated with gazing upon the rugged features of Hatteraick, had turned their attention towards Bertram. Almost all of them, especially the aged men who had seen Ellangowan in his better days, felt and acknowledged the justice of Meg Merrilies's appeal. But the Scotch are a cautious people; they remembered there was another in possession of the estate, and they as yet only expressed their feelings in low whispers to each other. Our friend Jock Jabos, the postilion, forced his way into the middle of the circle; but no sooner cast his eyes upon Bertram than he started back in amazement, with a solemn exclamation, 'As sure as there 's breath in man, it 's auld Ellangowan arisen from the dead!'

This public declaration of an unprejudiced witness was just the spark wanted to give fire to the popular feeling, which burst forth in three distinct shouts: 'Bertram for ever!' 'Long life to the heir of Ellangowan!' 'God send him his ain, and to live among us as his forebears did of yore!'

'I hae been seventy years on the land,' said one person.

'I and mine hae been seventy and seventy to that,' said another; 'I have a right to ken the glance of a Bertram.'

'I and mine hae been three hundred years here,' said another

old man, 'and I sall sell my last cow, but I 'll see the young Laird placed in his right.'

The women, ever delighted with the marvellous, and not less so when a handsome young man is the subject of the tale, added their shrill acclamations to the general all-hail. 'Blessings on him; he 's the very picture o' his father! The Bertrams were aye the wale o' the country side!'

'Eh! that his puir mother, that died in grief and in doubt about him, had but lived to see this day!' exclaimed some female voices.

'But we 'll help him to his ain, kimmers,' cried others; 'and before Glossin sall keep the Place of Ellangowan we 'll howk him out o't wi' our nails!'

Others crowded around Dinmont, who was nothing loth to tell what he knew of his friend, and to boast the honour which he had in contributing to the discovery. As he was known to several of the principal farmers present, his testimony afforded an additional motive to the general enthusiasm. In short, it was one of those moments of intense feeling when the frost of the Scottish people melts like a snow-wreath, and the dissolving torrent carries dam and dyke before it.

The sudden shouts interrupted the devotions of the clergyman; and Meg, who was in one of those dozing fits of stupefaction that precede the close of existence, suddenly started — 'Dinna ye hear? dinna ye hear? He 's owned! he 's owned! I lived but for this. I am a sinfu' woman; but if my curse brought it down, my blessing has taen it off! And now I wad hae liked to hae said mair. But it canna be. Stay' — she continued, stretching her head towards the gleam of light that shot through the narrow slit which served for a window — 'is he not there? Stand out o' the light, and let me look upon him ance mair. But the darkness is in my ain een,' she said, sinking back, after an earnest gaze upon vacuity; 'it 's a' ended now,

> Pass breath.
> Come death!'

And, sinking back upon her couch of straw, she expired without a groan. The clergyman and the surgeon carefully noted down all that she had said, now deeply regretting they had not examined her more minutely, but both remaining morally convinced of the truth of her disclosure.

Hazlewood was the first to compliment Bertram upon the near prospect of his being restored to his name and rank in

society. The people around, who now learned from Jabos that Bertram was the person who had wounded him, were struck with his generosity, and added his name to Bertram's in their exulting acclamations.

Some, however, demanded of the postilion how he had not recognised Bertram when he saw him some time before at Kippletringan. To which he gave the very natural answer — 'Hout, what was I thinking about Ellangowan then? It was the cry that was rising e'en now that the young Laird was found, that put me on finding out the likeness. There was nae missing it ance ane was set to look for 't.'

The obduracy of Hatteraick during the latter part of this scene was in some slight degree shaken. He was observed to twinkle with his eyelids; to attempt to raise his bound hands for the purpose of pulling his hat over his brow; to look angrily and impatiently to the road, as if anxious for the vehicle which was to remove him from the spot. At length Mr. Hazlewood, apprehensive that the popular ferment might take a direction towards the prisoner, directed he should be taken to the post-chaise, and so removed to the town of Kippletringan, to be at Mr. Mac-Morlan's disposal; at the same time he sent an express to warn that gentleman of what had happened. 'And now,' he said to Bertram, 'I should be happy if you would accompany me to Hazlewood House; but as that might not be so agreeable just now as I trust it will be in a day or two, you must allow me to return with you to Woodbourne. But you are on foot.' — 'O, if the young Laird would take my horse!' — 'Or mine' — 'Or mine,' said half-a-dozen voices. — 'Or mine; he can trot ten mile an hour without whip or spur, and he's the young Laird's frae this moment, if he likes to take him for a herezeld,[1] as they ca'd it lang syne.' Bertram readily accepted the horse as a loan, and poured forth his thanks to the assembled crowd for their good wishes, which they repaid with shouts and vows of attachment.

While the happy owner was directing one lad to 'gae doun for the new saddle'; another, 'just to rin the beast ower wi' a dry wisp o' strae'; a third, 'to hie doun and borrow Dan Dunkieson's plated stirrups,' and expressing his regret 'that there was nae time to gie the nag a feed, that the young Laird might ken his mettle,' Bertram, taking the clergyman by the arm, walked into the vault and shut the door immediately after them. He gazed in silence for some minutes upon the body of Meg

[1] See Note 15.

Merrilies, as it lay before him, with the features sharpened by death, yet still retaining the stern and energetic character which had maintained in life her superiority as the wild chieftainess of the lawless people amongst whom she was born. The young soldier dried the tears which involuntarily rose on viewing this wreck of one who might be said to have died a victim to her fidelity to his person and family. He then took the clergyman's hand and asked solemnly if she appeared able to give that attention to his devotions which befitted a departing person.

'My dear sir,' said the good minister, 'I trust this poor woman had remaining sense to feel and join in the import of my prayers. But let us humbly hope we are judged of by our opportunities of religious and moral instruction. In some degree she might be considered as an uninstructed heathen, even in the bosom of a Christian country; and let us remember that the errors and vices of an ignorant life were balanced by instances of disinterested attachment, amounting almost to heroism. To HIM who can alone weigh our crimes and errors against our efforts towards virtue we consign her with awe, but not without hope.'

'May I request,' said Bertram, 'that you will see every decent solemnity attended to in behalf of this poor woman? I have some property belonging to her in my hands; at all events I will be answerable for the expense. You will hear of me at Woodbourne.'

Dinmont, who had been furnished with a horse by one of his acquaintance, now loudly called out that all was ready for their return; and Bertram and Hazlewood, after a strict exhortation to the crowd, which was now increased to several hundreds, to preserve good order in their rejoicing, as the least ungoverned zeal might be turned to the disadvantage of the young Laird, as they termed him, took their leave amid the shouts of the multitude.

As they rode past the ruined cottages at Derncleugh, Dinmont said, 'I 'm sure when ye come to your ain, Captain, ye 'll no forget to bigg a bit cot-house there? Deil be in me but I wad do 't mysell, an it werena in better hands. I wadna like to live in 't though, after what she said. Odd, I wad put in auld Elspeth, the bedral's widow; the like o' them 's used wi' graves and ghaists and thae things.'

A short but brisk ride brought them to Woodbourne. The news of their exploit had already flown far and wide, and the whole inhabitants of the vicinity met them on the lawn with

shouts of congratulation. 'That you have seen me alive,' said Bertram to Lucy, who first ran up to him, though Julia's eyes even anticipated hers, 'you must thank these kind friends.'

With a blush expressing at once pleasure, gratitude, and bashfulness, Lucy courtesied to Hazlewood, but to Dinmont she frankly extended her hand. The honest farmer, in the extravagance of his joy, carried his freedom farther than the hint warranted, for he imprinted his thanks on the lady's lips, and was instantly shocked at the rudeness of his own conduct. 'Lord sake, madam, I ask your pardon,' he said. 'I forgot but ye had been a bairn o' my ain; the Captain 's sae hamely, he gars ane forget himsell.'

Old Pleydell now advanced. 'Nay, if fees like these are going,' he said——

'Stop, stop, Mr. Pleydell,' said Julia, 'you had your fees beforehand; remember last night.'

'Why, I do confess a retainer,' said the Barrister; 'but if I don't deserve double fees from both Miss Bertram and you when I conclude my examination of Dirk Hatteraick to-morrow — Gad, I will so supple him! You shall see, Colonel; and you, my saucy misses, though you may not see, shall hear.'

'Ay, that 's if we choose to listen, Counsellor,' replied Julia.

'And you think,' said Pleydell, 'it 's two to one you won't choose that? But you have curiosity that teaches you the use of your ears now and then.'

'I declare, Counsellor,' answered the lively damsel, 'that such saucy bachelors as you would teach us the use of our fingers now and then.'

'Reserve them for the harpsichord, my love,' said the Counsellor. 'Better for all parties.'

While this idle chat ran on, Colonel Mannering introduced to Bertram a plain good-looking man, in a grey coat and waistcoat, buckskin breeches, and boots. 'This, my dear sir, is Mr. Mac-Morlan.'

'To whom,' said Bertram, embracing him cordially, 'my sister was indebted for a home, when deserted by all her natural friends and relations.'

The Dominie then pressed forward, grinned, chuckled, made a diabolical sound in attempting to whistle, and finally, unable to stifle his emotions, ran away to empty the feelings of his heart at his eyes.

We shall not attempt to describe the expansion of heart and glee of this happy evening.

## CHAPTER LVI

How like a hateful ape,
Detected grinning 'midst his pilfer'd hoard,
A cunning man appears, whose secret frauds
Are open'd to the day!

*Count Basil.*

THERE was a great movement at Woodbourne early on the following morning to attend the examination at Kippletringan. Mr. Pleydell, from the investigation which he had formerly bestowed on the dark affair of Kennedy's death, as well as from the general deference due to his professional abilities, was requested by Mr. Mac-Morlan and Sir Robert Hazlewood, and another justice of peace who attended, to take the situation of chairman and the lead in the examination. Colonel Mannering was invited to sit down with them. The examination, being previous to trial, was private in other respects.

The Counsellor resumed and reinterrogated former evidence. He then examined the clergyman and surgeon respecting the dying declaration of Meg Merrilies. They stated that she distinctly, positively, and repeatedly declared herself an eyewitness of Kennedy's death by the hands of Hatteraick and two or three of his crew; that her presence was accidental; that she believed their resentment at meeting him, when they were in the act of losing their vessel through the means of his information, led to the commission of the crime; that she said there was one witness of the murder, but who refused to participate in it, still alive — her nephew, Gabriel Faa; and she had hinted at another person who was an accessory after, not before, the fact; but her strength there failed her. They did not forget to mention her declaration that she had saved the child, and that he was torn from her by the smugglers for the purpose of carrying him to Holland. All these particulars were carefully reduced to writing.

Dirk Hatteraick was then brought in, heavily ironed; for

he had been strictly secured and guarded, owing to his former escape. He was asked his name; he made no answer. His profession; he was silent. Several other questions were put, to none of which he returned any reply. Pleydell wiped the glasses of his spectacles and considered the prisoner very attentively. 'A very truculent-looking fellow,' he whispered to Mannering; 'but, as Dogberry says, I 'll go cunningly to work with him. Here, call in Soles — Soles the shoemaker. Soles, do you remember measuring some footsteps imprinted on the mud at the wood of Warroch on —— November 17—, by my orders?' Soles remembered the circumstance perfectly. 'Look at that paper; is that your note of the measurement?' Soles verified the memorandum. 'Now, there stands a pair of shoes on that table; measure them, and see if they correspond with any of the marks you have noted there.' The shoemaker obeyed, and declared 'that they answered exactly to the largest of the footprints.'

'We shall prove,' said the Counsellor, aside to Mannering, 'that these shoes, which were found in the ruins at Derncleugh, belonged to Brown, the fellow whom you shot on the lawn at Woodbourne. Now, Soles, measure that prisoner's feet very accurately.'

Mannering observed Hatteraick strictly, and could notice a visible tremor. 'Do these measurements correspond with any of the footprints?'

The man looked at the note, then at his foot-rule and measure, then verified his former measurement by a second. 'They correspond,' he said, 'within a hair-breadth to a footmark broader and shorter than the former.'

Hatteraick's genius here deserted him. 'Der deyvil!' he broke out, 'how could there be a footmark on the ground, when it was a frost as hard as the heart of a Memel log?'

'In the evening, I grant you, Captain Hatteraick,' said Pleydell, 'but not in the forenoon. Will you favour me with information where you were upon the day you remember so exactly?'

Hatteraick saw his blunder, and again screwed up his hard features for obstinate silence. 'Put down his observation, however,' said Pleydell to the clerk.

At this moment the door opened, and, much to the surprise of most present, Mr. Gilbert Glossin made his appearance. That worthy gentleman had, by dint of watching and eavesdropping, ascertained that he was not mentioned by name in

Meg Merrilies's dying declaration — a circumstance certainly not owing to any favourable disposition towards him, but to the delay of taking her regular examination, and to the rapid approach of death. He therefore supposed himself safe from all evidence but such as might arise from Hatteraick's confession, to prevent which he resolved to push a bold face and join his brethren of the bench during his examination. 'I shall be able,' he thought, 'to make the rascal sensible his safety lies in keeping his own counsel and mine; and my presence, besides, will be a proof of confidence and innocence. If I must lose the estate, I must; but I trust better things.'

He entered with a profound salutation to Sir Robert Hazlewood. Sir Robert, who had rather begun to suspect that his plebeian neighbour had made a cat's paw of him, inclined his head stiffly, took snuff, and looked another way.

'Mr. Corsand,' said Glossin to the other yokefellow of justice, 'your most humble servant.'

'Your humble servant, Mr. Glossin,' answered Mr. Corsand drily, composing his countenance *regis ad exemplar*, that is to say, after the fashion of the Baronet.

'Mac-Morlan, my worthy friend,' continued Glossin, 'how d' ye do; always on your duty?'

'Umph,' said honest Mac-Morlan, with little respect either to the compliment or salutation.

'Colonel Mannering (a low bow slightly returned), and Mr. Pleydell (another low bow), I dared not have hoped for your assistance to poor country gentlemen at this period of the session.'

Pleydell took snuff, and eyed him with a glance equally shrewd and sarcastic. 'I 'll teach him,' he said aside to Mannering, 'the value of the old admonition, *Ne accesseris in consilium antequam voceris.*'

'But perhaps I intrude, gentlemen?' said Glossin, who could not fail to observe the coldness of his reception. 'Is this an open meeting?'

'For my part,' said Mr. Pleydell, 'so far from considering your attendance as an intrusion, Mr. Glossin, I was never so pleased in my life to meet with you; especially as I think we should, at any rate, have had occasion to request the favour of your company in the course of the day.'

'Well, then, gentlemen,' said Glossin, drawing his chair to the table, and beginning to bustle about among the papers, 'where are we? how far have we got? where are the declarations?'

'Clerk, give me all these papers,' said Mr. Pleydell. 'I have an odd way of arranging my documents, Mr. Glossin, another person touching them puts me out; but I shall have occasion for your assistance by and by.'

Glossin, thus reduced to inactivity, stole one glance at Dirk Hatteraick, but could read nothing in his dark scowl save malignity and hatred to all around. 'But, gentlemen,' said Glossin, 'is it quite right to keep this poor man so heavily ironed when he is taken up merely for examination?'

This was hoisting a kind of friendly signal to the prisoner. 'He has escaped once before,' said Mac-Morlan drily, and Glossin was silenced.

Bertram was now introduced, and, to Glossin's confusion, was greeted in the most friendly manner by all present, even by Sir Robert Hazlewood himself. He told his recollections of his infancy with that candour and caution of expression which afforded the best warrant for his good faith. 'This seems to be rather a civil than a criminal question,' said Glossin, rising; 'and as you cannot be ignorant, gentlemen, of the effect which this young person's pretended parentage may have on my patrimonial interest, I would rather beg leave to retire.'

'No, my good sir,' said Mr. Pleydell, 'we can by no means spare you. But why do you call this young man's claims pretended? I don't mean to fish for your defences against them, if you have any, but ——'

'Mr. Pleydell,' replied Glossin, 'I am always disposed to act above-board, and I think I can explain the matter at once. This young fellow, whom I take to be a natural son of the late Ellangowan, has gone about the country for some weeks under different names, caballing with a wretched old mad-woman, who, I understand, was shot in a late scuffle, and with other tinkers, gipsies, and persons of that description, and a great brute farmer from Liddesdale, stirring up the tenants against their landlords, which, as Sir Robert Hazlewood of Hazlewood knows ——'

'Not to interrupt you, Mr. Glossin,' said Pleydell, 'I ask who you say this young man is?'

'Why, I say,' replied Glossin, 'and I believe that gentleman (looking at Hatteraick) knows, that the young man is a natural son of the late Ellangowan, by a girl called Janet Lightoheel, who was afterwards married to Hewit the shipwright, that lived in the neighbourhood of Annan. His name is Godfrey Bertram

Hewit, by which name he was entered on board the "Royal Caroline" excise yacht.'

'Ay?' said Pleydell, 'that is a very likely story! But, not to pause upon some difference of eyes, complexion, and so forth — be pleased to step forward, sir.' (A young seafaring man came forward.) 'Here,' proceeded the Counsellor, 'is the real Simon Pure; here's Godfrey Bertram Hewit, arrived last night from Antigua *viâ* Liverpool, mate of a West-Indian, and in a fair way of doing well in the world, although he came somewhat irregularly into it.'

While some conversation passed between the other justices and this young man, Pleydell lifted from among the papers on the table Hatteraick's old pocket-book. A peculiar glance of the smuggler's eye induced the shrewd lawyer to think there was something here of interest. He therefore continued the examination of the papers, laying the book on the table, but instantly perceived that the prisoner's interest in the research had cooled. 'It must be in the book still, whatever it is,' thought Pleydell; and again applied himself to the pocket-book, until he discovered, on a narrow scrutiny, a slit between the pasteboard and leather, out of which he drew three small slips of paper. Pleydell now, turning to Glossin, requested the favour that he would tell them if he had assisted at the search for the body of Kennedy and the child of his patron on the day when they disappeared.

'I did not — that is, I did,' answered the conscience-struck Glossin.

'It is remarkable though,' said the Advocate, 'that, connected as you were with the Ellangowan family, I don't recollect your being examined, or even appearing before me, while that investigation was proceeding?'

'I was called to London,' answered Glossin, 'on most important business the morning after that sad affair.'

'Clerk,' said Pleydell, 'minute down that reply. I presume the business, Mr. Glossin, was to negotiate these three bills, drawn by you on Messrs. Vanbeest and Vanbruggen, and accepted by one Dirk Hatteraick in their name on the very day of the murder. I congratulate you on their being regularly retired, as I perceive they have been. I think the chances were against it.' Glossin's countenance fell. 'This piece of real evidence,' continued Mr. Pleydell, 'makes good the account given of your conduct on this occasion by a man called Gabriel Faa, whom we have now in custody, and who witnessed the

whole transaction between you and that worthy prisoner. Have you any explanation to give ?'

'Mr. Pleydell,' said Glossin, with great composure, 'I presume, if you were my counsel, you would not advise me to answer upon the spur of the moment to a charge which the basest of mankind seem ready to establish by perjury.'

'My advice,' said the Counsellor, 'would be regulated by my opinion of your innocence or guilt. In your case, I believe you take the wisest course; but you are aware you must stand committed ?'

'Committed ? for what, sir ?' replied Glossin. 'Upon a charge of murder ?'

'No; only as art and part of kidnapping the child.'

'That is a bailable offence.'

'Pardon me,' said Pleydell, 'it is *plagium*, and *plagium* is felony.'

'Forgive me, Mr. Pleydell, there is only one case upon record, Torrence and Waldie. They were, you remember, resurrection-women, who had promised to procure a child's body for some young surgeons. Being upon honour to their employers, rather than disappoint the evening lecture of the students, they stole a live child, murdered it, and sold the body for three shillings and sixpence. They were hanged, but for the murder, not for the *plagium*.[1] Your civil law has carried you a little too far.'

'Well, sir, but in the meantime Mr. Mac-Morlan must commit you to the county jail, in case this young man repeats the same story. Officers, remove Mr. Glossin and Hatteraick, and guard them in different apartments.'

Gabriel, the gipsy, was then introduced, and gave a distinct account of his deserting from Captain Pritchard's vessel and joining the smugglers in the action, detailed how Dirk Hatteraick set fire to his ship when he found her disabled, and under cover of the smoke escaped with his crew, and as much goods as they could save, into the cavern, where they proposed to lie till nightfall. Hatteraick himself, his mate Vanbeest Brown, and three others, of whom the declarant was one, went into the adjacent woods to communicate with some of their friends in the neighbourhood. They fell in with Kennedy unexpectedly, and Hatteraick and Brown, aware that he was the occasion of their disasters, resolved to murder him. He stated that he had seen them lay violent hands on the officer and drag him

[1] This is, in its circumstances and issue, actually a case tried and reported.

through the woods, but had not partaken in the assault nor witnessed its termination; that he returned to the cavern by a different route, where he again met Hatteraick and his accomplices; and the captain was in the act of giving an account how he and Brown had pushed a huge crag over, as Kennedy lay groaning on the beach, when Glossin suddenly appeared among them. To the whole transaction by which Hatteraick purchased his secrecy he was witness. Respecting young Bertram, he could give a distinct account till he went to India, after which he had lost sight of him until he unexpectedly met with him in Liddesdale. Gabriel Faa farther stated that he instantly sent notice to his aunt Meg Merrilies, as well as to Hatteraick, who he knew was then upon the coast; but that he had incurred his aunt's displeasure upon the latter account. He concluded, that his aunt had immediately declared that she would do all that lay in her power to help young Ellangowan to his right, even if it should be by informing against Dirk Hatteraick; and that many of her people assisted her besides himself, from a belief that she was gifted with supernatural inspirations. With the same purpose, he understood his aunt had given to Bertram the treasure of the tribe, of which she had the custody. Three or four gipsies, by the express command of Meg Merrilies, mingled in the crowd when the custom-house was attacked, for the purpose of liberating Bertram, which he had himself effected. He said, that in obeying Meg's dictates they did not pretend to estimate their propriety or rationality, the respect in which she was held by her tribe precluding all such subjects of speculation. Upon farther interrogation, the witness added, that his aunt had always said that Harry Bertram carried that round his neck which would ascertain his birth. It was a spell, she said, that an Oxford scholar had made for him, and she possessed the smugglers with an opinion that to deprive him of it would occasion the loss of the vessel.

Bertram here produced a small velvet bag, which he said he had worn round his neck from his earliest infancy, and which he had preserved, first from superstitious reverence, and latterly from the hope that it might serve one day to aid in the discovery of his birth. The bag, being opened, was found to contain a blue silk case, from which was drawn a scheme of nativity. Upon inspecting this paper, Colonel Mannering instantly admitted it was his own composition; and afforded the strongest and most satisfactory evidence that the possessor

of it must necessarily be the young heir of Ellangowan, by avowing his having first appeared in that country in the character of an astrologer.

'And now,' said Pleydell, 'make out warrants of commitment for Hatteraick and Glossin until liberated in due course of law. Yet,' he said, 'I am sorry for Glossin.'

'Now, I think,' said Mannering, 'he 's incomparably the least deserving of pity of the two. The other 's a bold fellow, though as hard as flint.'

'Very natural, Colonel,' said the Advocate, 'that you should be interested in the ruffian and I in the knave, that 's all professional taste; but I can tell you Glossin would have been a pretty lawyer had he not had such a turn for the roguish part of the profession.'

'Scandal would say,' observed Mannering, 'he might not be the worse lawyer for that.'

'Scandal would tell a lie, then,' replied Pleydell, 'as she usually does. Law 's like laudanum: it 's much more easy to use it as a quack does than to learn to apply it like a physician.'

## CHAPTER LVII

Unfit to live or die — O marble heart!
After him, fellows, drag him to the block.

*Measure for Measure.*

THE jail at the county town of the shire of —— was one of those old-fashioned dungeons which disgraced Scotland until of late years. When the prisoners and their guard arrived there, Hatteraick, whose violence and strength were well known, was secured in what was called the condemned ward. This was a large apartment near the top of the prison. A round bar of iron,[1] about the thickness of a man's arm above the elbow, crossed the apartment horizontally at the height of about six inches from the floor; and its extremities were strongly built into the wall at either end. Hatteraick's ankles were secured within shackles, which were connected by a chain, at the distance of about four feet, with a large iron ring, which travelled upon the bar we have described. Thus a prisoner might shuffle along the length of the bar from one side of the room to another, but could not retreat farther from it in any other direction than the brief length of the chain admitted. When his feet had been thus secured, the keeper removed his handcuffs and left his person at liberty in other respects. A pallet-bed was placed close to the bar of iron, so that the shackled prisoner might lie down at pleasure, still fastened to the iron bar in the manner described.

Hatteraick had not been long in this place of confinement before Glossin arrived at the same prison-house. In respect to his comparative rank and education, he was not ironed, but placed in a decent apartment, under the inspection of MacGuffog, who, since the destruction of the bridewell of Portanferry by the mob, had acted here as an under-turnkey. When Glossin was inclosed within this room, and had solitude and

[1] See The Gad. Note 16.

leisure to calculate all the chances against him and in his favour, he could not prevail upon himself to consider the game as desperate.

'The estate is lost,' he said, 'that must go; and, between Pleydell and Mac-Morlan, they 'll cut down my claim on it to a trifle. My character — but if I get off with life and liberty I 'll win money yet and varnish that over again. I knew not of the gauger's job until the rascal had done the deed, and, though I had some advantage by the contraband, that is no felony. But the kidnapping of the boy — there they touch me closer. Let me see. This Bertram was a child at the time; his evidence must be imperfect. The other fellow is a deserter, a gipsy, and an outlaw. Meg Merrilies, d—n her, is dead. These infernal bills! Hatteraick brought them with him, I suppose, to have the means of threatening me or extorting money from me. I must endeavour to see the rascal; must get him to stand steady; must persuade him to put some other colour upon the business.'

His mind teeming with schemes of future deceit to cover former villainy, he spent the time in arranging and combining them until the hour of supper. Mac-Guffog attended as turnkey on this occasion. He was, as we know, the old and special acquaintance of the prisoner who was now under his charge. After giving the turnkey a glass of brandy, and sounding him with one or two cajoling speeches, Glossin made it his request that he would help him to an interview with Dirk Hatteraick. 'Impossible! utterly impossible! it 's contrary to the express orders of Mr. Mac-Morlan, and the captain (as the head jailor of a county jail is called in Scotland) would never forgie me.'

'But why should he know of it?' said Glossin, slipping a couple of guineas into Mac-Guffog's hand.

The turnkey weighed the gold and looked sharp at Glossin. 'Ay, ay, Mr. Glossin, ye ken the ways o' this place. Lookee, at lock-up hour I 'll return and bring ye upstairs to him. But ye must stay a' night in his cell, for I am under needcessity to carry the keys to the captain for the night, and I cannot let you out again until morning; then I 'll visit the wards half an hour earlier than usual, and ye may get out and be snug in your ain birth when the captain gangs his rounds.'

When the hour of ten had pealed from the neighbouring steeple Mac-Guffog came prepared with a small dark lantern. He said softly to Glossin, 'Slip your shoes off and follow me.' When Glossin was out of the door, Mac-Guffog, as if in the

execution of his ordinary duty, and speaking to a prisoner within, called aloud, 'Good-night to you, sir,' and locked the door, clattering the bolts with much ostentatious noise. He then guided Glossin up a steep and narrow stair, at the top of which was the door of the condemned ward; he unbarred and unlocked it, and, giving Glossin the lantern, made a sign to him to enter, and locked the door behind him with the same affected accuracy.

In the large dark cell into which he was thus introduced Glossin's feeble light for some time enabled him to discover nothing. At length he could dimly distinguish the pallet-bed stretched on the floor beside the great iron bar which traversed the room, and on that pallet reposed the figure of a man. Glossin approached him. 'Dirk Hatteraick!'

'Donner and hagel! it is his voice,' said the prisoner, sitting up and clashing his fetters as he rose; 'then my dream is true! Begone, and leave me to myself; it will be your best.'

'What! my good friend,' said Glossin, 'will you allow the prospect of a few weeks' confinement to depress your spirit?'

'Yes,' answered the ruffian, sullenly, 'when I am only to be released by a halter! Let me alone; go about your business, and turn the lamp from my face!'

'Psha! my dear Dirk, don't be afraid,' said Glossin; 'I have a glorious plan to make all right.'

'To the bottomless pit with your plans!' replied his accomplice; 'you have planned me out of ship, cargo, and life; and I dreamt this moment that Meg Merrilies dragged you here by the hair and gave me the long clasped knife she used to wear; you don't know what she said. Sturmwetter! it will be your wisdom not to tempt me!'

'But, Hatteraick, my good friend, do but rise and speak to me,' said Glossin.

'I will not!' answered the savage, doggedly. 'You have caused all the mischief; you would not let Meg keep the boy; she would have returned him after he had forgot all.'

'Why, Hatteraick, you are turned driveller!'

'Wetter! will you deny that all that cursed attempt at Portanferry, which lost both sloop and crew, was your device for your own job?'

'But the goods, you know——'

'Curse the goods!' said the smuggler, 'we could have got plenty more; but, der deyvil! to lose the ship and the fine fellows, and my own life, for a cursed coward villain, that

always works his own mischief with other people's hands! Speak to me no more; I 'm dangerous.'

'But, Dirk — but, Hatteraick, hear me only a few words.'

'Hagel! nein.'

'Only one sentence.'

'Tausend curses! nein.'

'At least get up, for an obstinate Dutch brute!' said Glossin, losing his temper and pushing Hatteraick with his foot.

'Donner and blitzen!' said Hatteraick, springing up and grappling with him; 'you *will* have it then?'

Glossin struggled and resisted; but, owing to his surprise at the fury of the assault, so ineffectually that he fell under Hatteraick, the back part of his neck coming full upon the iron bar with stunning violence. The death-grapple continued. The room immediately below the condemned ward, being that of Glossin, was, of course, empty; but the inmates of the second apartment beneath felt the shock of Glossin's heavy fall, and heard a noise as of struggling and of groans. But all sounds of horror were too congenial to this place to excite much curiosity or interest.

In the morning, faithful to his promise, Mac-Guffog came. 'Mr. Glossin,' said he, in a whispering voice.

'Call louder,' answered Dirk Hatteraick.

'Mr. Glossin, for God's sake come away!'

'He 'll hardly do that without help,' said Hatteraick.

'What are you chattering there for, Mac-Guffog?' called out the captain from below.

'Come away, for God's sake, Mr. Glossin!' repeated the turnkey.

At this moment the jailor made his appearance with a light. Great was his surprise, and even horror, to observe Glossin's body lying doubled across the iron bar, in a posture that excluded all idea of his being alive. Hatteraick was quietly stretched upon his pallet within a yard of his victim. On lifting Glossin it was found he had been dead for some hours. His body bore uncommon marks of violence. The spine where it joins the skull had received severe injury by his first fall. There were distinct marks of strangulation about the throat, which corresponded with the blackened state of his face. The head was turned backward over the shoulder, as if the neck had been wrung round with desperate violence. So that it would seem that his inveterate antagonist had fixed a fatal

gripe upon the wretch's throat, and never quitted it while life lasted. The lantern, crushed and broken to pieces, lay beneath the body.

Mac-Morlan was in the town, and came instantly to examine the corpse. 'What brought Glossin here?' he said to Hatteraick.

'The devil!' answered the ruffian.

'And what did you do to him?'

'Sent him to hell before me!' replied the miscreant.

'Wretch,' said Mac-Morlan, 'you have crowned a life spent without a single virtue with the murder of your own miserable accomplice!'

'Virtue?' exclaimed the prisoner. 'Donner! I was always faithful to my shipowners — always accounted for cargo to the last stiver. Hark ye! let me have pen and ink and I'll write an account of the whole to our house; and leave me alone a couple of hours, will ye; and let them take away that piece of carrion, donnerwetter!'

Mac-Morlan deemed it the best way to humour the savage; he was furnished with writing materials and left alone. When they again opened the door it was found that this determined villain had anticipated justice. He had adjusted a cord taken from the truckle-bed, and attached it to a bone, the relic of his yesterday's dinner, which he had contrived to drive into a crevice between two stones in the wall at a height as great as he could reach, standing upon the bar. Having fastened the noose, he had the resolution to drop his body as if to fall on his knees, and to retain that posture until resolution was no longer necessary. The letter he had written to his owners, though chiefly upon the business of their trade, contained many allusions to the younker of Ellangowan, as he called him, and afforded absolute confirmation of all Meg Merrilies and her nephew had told.

To dismiss the catastrophe of these two wretched men, I shall only add, that Mac-Guffog was turned out of office, notwithstanding his declaration (which he offered to attest by oath), that he had locked Glossin safely in his own room upon the night preceding his being found dead in Dirk Hatteraick's cell. His story, however, found faith with the worthy Mr. Skreigh and other lovers of the marvellous, who still hold that the Enemy of Mankind brought these two wretches together upon that night by supernatural interference, that they might fill up the cup of their guilt and receive its meed by murder and suicide.

## CHAPTER LVIII

To sum the whole — the close of all.

DEAN SWIFT.

AS Glossin died without heirs, and without payment of the price, the estate of Ellangowan was again thrown upon the hands of Mr. Godfrey Bertram's creditors, the right of most of whom was, however, defeasible in case Henry Bertram should establish his character of heir of entail. This young gentleman put his affairs into the hands of Mr. Pleydell and Mr. Mac-Morlan, with one single proviso, that, though he himself should be obliged again to go to India, every debt justly and honourably due by his father should be made good to the claimant. Mannering, who heard this declaration, grasped him kindly by the hand, and from that moment might be dated a thorough understanding between them.

The hoards of Miss Margaret Bertram, and the liberal assistance of the Colonel, easily enabled the heir to make provision for payment of the just creditors of his father, while the ingenuity and research of his law friends detected, especially in the accounts of Glossin, so many overcharges as greatly diminished the total amount. In these circumstances the creditors did not hesitate to recognise Bertram's right, and to surrender to him the house and property of his ancestors. All the party repaired from Woodbourne to take possession, amid the shouts of the tenantry and the neighbourhood ; and so eager was Colonel Mannering to superintend certain improvements which he had recommended to Bertram, that he removed with his family from Woodbourne to Ellangowan, although at present containing much less and much inferior accommodation.

The poor Dominie's brain was almost turned with joy on returning to his old habitation. He posted upstairs, taking three steps at once, to a little shabby attic, his cell and dormitory in former days, and which the possession of his much superior apartment at Woodbourne had never banished from

his memory. Here one sad thought suddenly struck the honest man — the books! no three rooms in Ellangowan were capable to contain them. While this qualifying reflection was passing through his mind, he was suddenly summoned by Mannering to assist in calculating some porportions relating to a large and splendid house which was to be built on the site of the New Place of Ellangowan, in a style corresponding to the magnificence of the ruins in its vicinity. Among the various rooms in the plan, the Dominie observed that one of the largest was entitled THE LIBRARY; and close beside was a snug well-porportioned chamber, entitled Mr. SAMPSON'S APARTMENT. 'Prodigious, prodigious, pro-di-gi-ous!' shouted the enraptured Dominie.

Mr. Pleydell had left the party for some time; but he returned, according to promise, during the Christmas recess of the courts. He drove up to Ellangowan when all the family were abroad but the Colonel, who was busy with plans of buildings and pleasure-grounds, in which he was well skilled, and took great delight.

'Ah ha!' said the Counsellor, 'so here you are! Where are the ladies? where is the fair Julia?'

'Walking out with young Hazlewood, Bertram, and Captain Delaserre, a friend of his, who is with us just now. They are gone to plan out a cottage at Derncleugh. Well, have you carried through your law business?'

'With a wet finger,' answered the lawyer; 'got our youngster's special service retoured into Chancery. We had him served heir before the macers.'

'Macers? who are they?'

'Why, it is a kind of judicial Saturnalia. You must know, that one of the requisites to be a macer, or officer in attendance upon our supreme court, is, that they shall be men of no knowledge.'

'Very well!'

'Now, our Scottish legislature, for the joke's sake I suppose, have constituted those men of no knowledge into a peculiar court for trying questions of relationship and descent, such as this business of Bertram, which often involve the most nice and complicated questions of evidence.'

'The devil they have! I should think that rather inconvenient,' said Mannering.

'O, we have a practical remedy for the theoretical absurdity. One or two of the judges act upon such occasions as prompters

and assessors to their own doorkeepers. But you know what Cujacius says, "*Multa sunt in moribus dissentanea, multa sine ratione.*" [1] However, this Saturnalian court has done our business; and a glorious batch of claret we had afterwards at Walker's. Mac-Morlan will stare when he sees the bill.'

'Never fear,' said the Colonel, 'we 'll face the shock, and entertain the county at my friend Mrs. Mac-Candlish's to boot.'

'And choose Jock Jabos for your master of horse?' replied the lawyer.

'Perhaps I may.'

'And where is Dandie, the redoubted Lord of Liddesdale?' demanded the advocate.

'Returned to his mountains; but he has promised Julia to make a descent in summer, with the goodwife, as he calls her, and I don't know how many children.'

'O, the curley-headed varlets! I must come to play at Blind Harry and Hy Spy with them. But what is all this?' added Pleydell, taking up the plans. 'Tower in the centre to be an imitation of the Eagle Tower at Caernarvon — *corps de logis* — the devil! Wings — wings! Why, the house will take the estate of Ellangowan on its back and fly away with it!'

'Why, then, we must ballast it with a few bags of sicca rupees,' replied the Colonel.

'Aha! sits the wind there? Then I suppose the young dog carries off my mistress Julia?'

'Even so, Counsellor.'

'These rascals, the *post-nati*, get the better of us of the old school at every turn,' said Mr. Pleydell. 'But she must convey and make over her interest in me to Lucy.'

'To tell you the truth, I am afraid your flank will be turned there too,' replied the Colonel.

'Indeed?'

'Here has been Sir Robert Hazlewood,' said Mannering, 'upon a visit to Bertram, thinking and deeming and opining ——'

'O Lord! pray spare me the worthy Baronet's triads!'

'Well, sir,' continued Mannering, 'to make short, he conceived that, as the property of Singleside lay like a wedge between two farms of his, and was four or five miles separated from Ellangowan, something like a sale or exchange or arrangement might take place, to the mutual convenience of both parties.'

'Well and Bertram ——'

[1] The singular inconsistency hinted at is now, in a great degree, removed.

'Why, Bertram replied, that he considered the original settlement of Mrs. Margaret Bertram as the arrangement most proper in the circumstances of the family, and that therefore the estate of Singleside was the property of his sister.'

'The rascal!' said Pleydell, wiping his spectacles. 'He 'll steal my heart as well as my mistress. *Et puis?*'

'And then Sir Robert retired, after many gracious speeches; but last week he again took the field in force, with his coach and six horses, his laced scarlet waistcoat, and best bob-wig — all very grand, as the good-boy books say.'

'Ay! and what was his overture?'

'Why, he talked with great form of an attachment on the part of Charles Hazlewood to Miss Bertram.'

'Ay, ay; he respected the little god Cupid when he saw him perched on the Dun of Singleside. And is poor Lucy to keep house with that old fool and his wife, who is just the knight himself in petticoats?'

'No; we parried that. Singleside House is to be repaired for the young people, and to be called hereafter Mount Hazelwood.'

'And do you yourself, Colonel, propose to continue at Woodbourne?'

'Only till we carry these plans into effect. See, here 's the plan of my bungalow, with all convenience for being separate and sulky when I please.'

'And, being situated, as I see, next door to the old castle, you may repair Donagild's tower for the nocturnal contemplation of the celestial bodies? Bravo, Colonel!'

'No, no, my dear Counsellor! Here ends THE ASTROLOGER.'

# NOTES TO GUY MANNERING

### Note 1. — Groaning Malt, p. 18

The groaning malt mentioned in the text was the ale brewed for the purpose of being drunk after the lady or goodwife's safe delivery. The ken-no has a more ancient source, and perhaps the custom may be derived from the secret rites of the *Bona Dea*. A large and rich cheese was made by the women of the family, with great affectation of secrecy, for the refreshment of the gossips who were to attend at the 'canny' minute. This was the ken-no, so called because its existence was secret (that is, presumed to be so) from all the males of the family, but especially from the husband and master. He was accordingly expected to conduct himself as if he knew of no such preparation, to act as if desirous to press the female guests to refreshments, and to seem surprised at their obstinate refusal. But the instant his back was turned the ken-no was produced; and after all had eaten their fill, with a proper accompaniment of the groaning malt, the remainder was divided among the gossips, each carrying a large portion home with the same affectation of great secrecy.

### Note 2. — Mumps's Ha', p. 140

It is fitting to explain to the reader the locality described in chapter xxii. There is, or rather I should say there *was*, a little inn called Mumps's Hall, that is, being interpreted, Beggar's Hotel, near to Gilsland, which had not then attained its present fame as a Spa. It was a hedge alehouse, where the Border farmers of either country often stopped to refresh themselves and their nags, in their way to and from the fairs and trysts in Cumberland, and especially those who came from or went to Scotland, through a barren and lonely district, without either road or pathway, emphatically called the Waste of Bewcastle. At the period when the adventures described in the novel are supposed to have taken place, there were many instances of attacks by freebooters on those who travelled through this wild district, and Mumps's Ha' had a bad reputation for harbouring the banditti who committed such depredations.

An old and sturdy yeoman belonging to the Scottish side, by surname an Armstrong or Elliot, but well known by his soubriquet of Fighting Charlie of Liddesdale, and still remembered for the courage he displayed in the frequent frays which took place on the Border fifty or sixty years since, had the following adventure in the Waste, which suggested the idea of the scene in the text: —

Charlie had been at Stagshawbank Fair, had sold his sheep or cattle, or whatever he had brought to market, and was on his return to Liddesdale. There were then no country banks where cash could be deposited and bills received instead, which greatly encouraged robbery in that wild country, as the objects of plunder were usually fraught with gold. The robbers had spies in the fair, by means of whom they generally knew whose purse was

best stocked, and who took a lonely and desolate road homeward, — those, in short, who were best worth robbing and likely to be most easily robbed.

All this Charlie knew full well; but he had a pair of excellent pistols and a dauntless heart. He stopped at Mumps's Ha', notwithstanding the evil character of the place. His horse was accommodated where it might have the necessary rest and feed of corn; and Charlie himself, a dashing fellow, grew gracious with the landlady, a buxom quean, who used all the influence in her power to induce him to stop all night. The landlord was from home, she said, and it was ill passing the Waste, as twilight must needs descend on him before he gained the Scottish side, which was reckoned the safest. But Fighting Charlie, though he suffered himself to be detained later than was prudent, did not account Mumps's Ha' a safe place to quarter in during the night. He tore himself away, therefore, from Meg's good fare and kind words, and mounted his nag, having first examined his pistols, and tried by the ramrod whether the charge remained in them.

He proceeded a mile or two at a round trot, when, as the Waste stretched black before him, apprehensions began to awaken in his mind, partly arising out of Meg's unusual kindness, which he could not help thinking had rather a suspicious appearance. He therefore resolved to reload his pistols, lest the powder had become damp; but what was his surprise, when he drew the charge, to find neither powder nor ball, while each barrel had been carefully filled with *tow*, up to the space which the loading had occupied! and, the priming of the weapons being left untouched, nothing but actually drawing and examining the charge could have discovered the inefficiency of his arms till the fatal minute arrived when their services were required. Charlie bestowed a hearty Liddesdale curse on his landlady, and reloaded his pistols with care and accuracy, having now no doubt that he was to be waylaid and assaulted. He was not far engaged in the Waste, which was then, and is now, traversed only by such routes as are described in the text, when two or three fellows, disguised and variously armed, started from a moss-hag, while by a glance behind him (for, marching, as the Spaniard says, with his beard on his shoulder, he reconnoitred in every direction) Charlie instantly saw retreat was impossible, as other two stout men appeared behind him at some distance. The Borderer lost not a moment in taking his resolution, and boldly trotted against his enemies in front, who called loudly on him to stand and deliver; Charlie spurred on, and presented his pistol. 'D—n your pistol,' said the foremost robber, whom Charlie to his dying day protested he believed to have been the landlord of Mumps's Ha' — 'd—n your pistol! I care not a curse for it.' 'Ay, lad,' said the deep voice of Fighting Charlie, 'but the *tow 's out now*.' He had no occasion to utter another word; the rogues, surprised at finding a man of redoubted courage well armed, instead of being defenceless, took to the moss in every direction, and he passed on his way without farther molestation.

The author has heard this story told by persons who received it from Fighting Charlie himself; he has also heard that Mumps's Ha' was afterwards the scene of some other atrocious villainy, for which the people of the house suffered. But these are all tales of at least half a century old, and the Waste has been for many years as safe as any place in the kingdom.

### Note 3. — Dandie Dinmont, p. 150

The author may here remark that the character of Dandie Dinmont was drawn from no individual. A dozen, at least, of stout Liddesdale yeomen with whom he has been acquainted, and whose hospitality he has shared in his rambles through that wild country, at a time when it was totally inaccessible save in the manner described in the text, might lay claim to be the prototype of the rough, but faithful, hospitable, and generous farmer. But

one circumstance occasioned the name to be fixed upon a most respectable individual of this class, now no more. Mr. James Davidson of Hindlee, a tenant of Lord Douglas, besides the points of blunt honesty, personal strength, and hardihood designed to be expressed in the character of Dandie Dinmont, had the humour of naming a celebrated race of terriers which he possessed by the generic names of Mustard and Pepper (according as their colour was yellow or greyish-black), without any other individual distinction except as according to the nomenclature in the text. Mr. Davidson resided at Hindlee, a wild farm on the very edge of the Teviotdale mountains, and bordering close on Liddesdale, where the rivers and brooks divide as they take their course to the Eastern and Western seas. His passion for the chase in all its forms, but especially for fox-hunting, as followed in the fashion described in chapter xxv., in conducting which he was skilful beyond most men in the South Highlands, was the distinguishing point in his character.

When the tale on which these comments are written became rather popular, the name of Dandie Dinmont was generally given to him, which Mr. Davidson received with great good-humour, only saying, while he distinguished the author by the name applied to him in the country, where his own is so common — 'that the Sheriff had not written about him mair than about other folk, but only about his dogs.' An English lady of high rank and fashion, being desirous to possess a brace of the celebrated Mustard and Pepper terriers, expressed her wishes in a letter which was literally addressed to Dandie Dinmont, under which very general direction it reached Mr. Davidson, who was justly proud of the application, and failed not to comply with a request which did him and his favourite attendants so much honour.

I trust I shall not be considered as offending the memory of a kind and worthy man, if I mention a little trait of character which occurred in Mr. Davidson's last illness. I use the words of the excellent clergyman who attended him, who gave the account to a reverend gentleman of the same persuasion : —

'I read to Mr. Davidson the very suitable and interesting truths you addressed to him. He listened to them with great seriousness, and has uniformly displayed a deep concern about his soul's salvation. He died on the first Sabbath of the year (1820) ; an apoplectic stroke deprived him in an instant of all sensation, but happily his brother was at his bedside, for he had detained him from the meeting-house that day to be near him, although he felt himself not much worse than usual. So you have got the last little Mustard that the hand of Dandie Dinmont bestowed.

'His ruling passion was strong even on the eve of death. Mr. Baillie's fox-hounds had started a fox opposite to his window a few weeks ago, and as soon as he heard the sound of the dogs his eyes glistened ; he insisted on getting out of bed, and with much difficulty got to the window and there enjoyed the fun, as he called it. When I came down to ask for him, he said, "he had seen Reynard, but had not seen his death. If it had been the will of Providence," he added, " I would have liked to have been after him ; but I am glad that I got to the window, and am thankful for what I saw, for it has done me a great deal of good." Notwithstanding these eccentricities (adds the sensible and liberal clergyman), I sincerely hope and believe he has gone to a better world, and better company and enjoyments.'

If some part of this little narrative may excite a smile, it is one which is consistent with the most perfect respect for the simple-minded invalid and his kind and judicious religious instructor, who, we hope, will not be displeased with our giving, we trust, a correct edition of an anecdote which has been pretty generally circulated. The race of Pepper and Mustard are in the highest estimation at this day, not only for vermin-killing, but for intelligence and fidelity. Those who, like the author, possess a brace of them, consider them as very desirable companions.

### Note 4. — Lum Cleeks, p. 164

The cleek here intimated is the iron hook, or hooks, depending from the chimney of a Scottish cottage, on which the pot is suspended when boiling. The same appendage is often called the crook. The salmon is usually dried by hanging it up, after being split and rubbed with salt, in the smoke of the turf fire above the cleeks, where it is said to *reist*, that preparation being so termed. The salmon thus preserved is eaten as a delicacy, under the name of kipper, a luxury to which Dr. Redgill has given his sanction as an ingredient of the Scottish breakfast. — See the excellent novel entitled *Marriage*.

### Note 5. — Clan Surnames, p. 165

The distinction of individuals by nicknames when they possess no property is still common on the Border, and indeed necessary, from the number of persons having the same name. In the small village of Lustruther, in Roxburghshire, there dwelt, in the memory of man, four inhabitants called Andrew, or Dandie, Oliver. They were distinguished as Dandie Eassil-gate, Dandie Wassil-gate, Dandie Thumbie, and Dandie Dumbie. The two first had their names from living eastward and westward in the street of the village; the third from something peculiar in the conformation of his thumb; the fourth from his taciturn habits.

It is told as a well-known jest, that a beggar woman, repulsed from door to door as she solicited quarters through a village of Annandale, asked, in her despair, if there were no Christians in the place. To which the hearers, concluding that she inquired for some persons so surnamed, answered, 'Na, na, there are nae Christians here; we are a' Johnstones and Jardines.'

### Note 6. — Gipsy Superstitions, p. 172

The mysterious rites in which Meg Merrilies is described as engaging belong to her character as a queen of her race. All know that gipsies in every country claim acquaintance with the gift of fortune-telling; but, as is often the case, they are liable to the superstitions of which they avail themselves in others. The correspondent of *Blackwood*, quoted in the Introduction to this Tale, gives us some information on the subject of their credulity.

'I have ever understood,' he says, speaking of the Yetholm gipsies, 'that they are extremely superstitious, carefully noticing the formation of the clouds, the flight of particular birds, and the soughing of the winds, before attempting any enterprise. They have been known for several successive days to turn back with their loaded carts, asses, and children, upon meeting with persons whom they considered of unlucky aspect; nor do they ever proceed upon their summer peregrinations without some propitious omen of their fortunate return. They also burn the clothes of their dead, not so much from any apprehension of infection being communicated by them, as the conviction that the very circumstance of wearing them would shorten the days of the living. They likewise carefully watch the corpse by night and day till the time of interment, and conceive that "the deil tinkles at the lykewake" of those who felt in their dead-thraw the agonies and terrors of remorse.'

These notions are not peculiar to the gipsies; but, having been once generally entertained among the Scottish common people, are now only found lingering among those who are the most rude in their habits and most devoid of instruction. The popular idea, that the protracted struggle between life and death is painfully prolonged by keeping the door of the apartment shut, was received as certain by the superstitious eld of Scotland. But neither was it to be thrown wide open. To leave the door ajar was the plan adopted by the old crones who understood the mysteries of death-beds and lykewakes. In that case there was room for the imprisoned

spirit to escape; and yet an obstacle, we have been assured, was offered to the entrance of any frightful form which might otherwise intrude itself. The threshold of a habitation was in some sort a sacred limit, and the subject of much superstition. A bride, even to this day, is always lifted over it, a rule derived apparently from the Romans.

### Note 7. — High Jinks, p. 245

I believe this strange species of game or revel to be the same mentioned in old English plays, and which was called 'Coming from Tripoli.' When the supposed king was seated in his post of elevation, the most active fellow in the party came into the presence, leaping over as many chairs and stools as he could manage to spring over. He is announced as

> A post —
> *King.* From whence? *Post.* From Tripoli, my liege.

He then announces to the mock monarch the destruction of his army and fleet. This species of High Jinks was called 'Gerunto,' from the name of the luckless general. I have seen many who have played at it. Among the rest, an excellent friend and relative, now no more (the late Mr. Keith of Dunnottar and Ravelstone), gave me a ludicrous account of a country gentleman coming up to Edinburgh rather unexpectedly, and finding his son, who he had hoped was diligently studying the law in silence and seclusion, busily engaged in personating the king in a full drama of 'Gerunto.' The monarch, somewhat surprised at first, passed it off with assurance, calling for a seat to his worthy father, and refusing to accost him otherwise than in the slang of the character. This incident — in itself the more comic situation of the two — suggested the scene in the text.

[The old play referred to in this note was probably Fletcher's comedy of *Monsieur Thomas*, Act iv. Sc. 2.

> *Seb.* Get up to that window there, and presently,
> Like a most complete gentleman, *come from Tripoly.*
> *Tho.* Good Lord, sir, how are you misled! What fancies —
> Fitter for idle boys and drunkards, let me speak 't.
> *Beaumont and Fletcher's Works*, by Dyce, vol. vii. p. 376.

The phrase *To come on high from Tripoly* is also to be found in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, Act v., Sc. 1. — *Laing.*]

### Note 8. — Roads of Liddesdale, p. 269

The roads of Liddesdale, in Dandie Dinmont's days, could not be said to exist, and the district was only accessible through a succession of tremendous morasses. About thirty years ago the author himself was the first person who ever drove a little open carriage into these wilds, the excellent roads by which they are now traversed being then in some progress. The people stared with no small wonder at a sight which many of them had never witnessed in their lives before.

### Note 9. — Tappit Hen, p. 276

The Tappit Hen contained three quarts of claret —

> Weel she loed a Hawick gill,
> And leugh to see a tappit hen.

I have seen one of these formidable stoups at Provost Haswell's, at Jedburgh, in the days of yore. It was a pewter measure, the claret being in ancient days served from the tap, and had the figure of a hen upon the lid. In later times the name was given to a glass bottle of the same dimensions. These are rare apparitions among the degenerate topers of modern days.

### Note 10. — Convivial Habits of the Scottish Bar, p. 276

The account given by Mr. Pleydell of his sitting down in the midst of a revel to draw an appeal case was taken from a story told me by an aged gentleman of the elder President Dundas of Arniston (father of the younger President and of Lord Melville). It had been thought very desirable, while that distinguished lawyer was king's counsel, that his assistance should be obtained in drawing an appeal case, which, as occasion for such writings then rarely occurred, was held to be matter of great nicety. The solicitor employed for the appellant, attended by my informant acting as his clerk, went to the Lord Advocate's chambers in the Fishmarket Close, as I think. It was Saturday at noon, the Court was just dismissed, the Lord Advocate had changed his dress and booted himself, and his servant and horses were at the foot of the close to carry him to Arniston. It was scarcely possible to get him to listen to a word respecting business. The wily agent, however, on pretence of asking one or two questions, which would not detain him half an hour, drew his Lordship, who was no less an eminent *bon vivant* than a lawyer of unequalled talent, to take a whet at a celebrated tavern, when the learned counsel became gradually involved in a spirited discussion of the law points of the case. At length it occurred to him that he might as well ride to Arniston in the cool of the evening. The horses were directed to be put in the stable, but not to be unsaddled. Dinner was ordered, the law was laid aside for a time, and the bottle circulated very freely. At nine o'clock at night, after he had been honouring Bacchus for so many hours, the Lord Advocate ordered his horses to be unsaddled; paper, pen, and ink were brought; he began to dictate the appeal case, and continued at his task till four o'clock the next morning. By next day's post the solicitor sent the case to London, a *chef-d'œuvre* of its kind; and in which, my informant assured me, it was not necessary on revisal to correct five words. I am not, therefore, conscious of having overstepped accuracy in describing the manner in which Scottish lawyers of the old time occasionally united the worship of Bacchus with that of Themis. My informant was Alexander Keith, Esq., grandfather to my friend, the present Sir Alexander Keith of Ravelstone, and apprentice at the time to the writer who conducted the cause. [Compare Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. i. pp. 281-288.]

### Note 11. — Gipsy Cooking, p. 330

We must again have recourse to the contribution to *Blackwood's Magazine*, April 1817: —

'To the admirers of good eating, gipsy cookery seems to have little to recommend it. I can assure you, however, that the cook of a nobleman of high distinction, a person who never reads even a novel without an eye to the enlargement of the culinary science, has added to the *Almanach des Gourmands* a certain *Potage à la Meg Merrilies de Dernecleugh*, consisting of game and poultry of all kinds, stewed with vegetables into a soup, which rivals in savour and richness the gallant messes of Camacho's wedding; and which the Baron of Bradwardine would certainly have reckoned among the *epulæ lautiores*.'

The artist alluded to in this passage is Mons. Florence, cook to Henry and Charles, late Dukes of Buccleuch, and of high distinction in his profession.

### Note 12. — Lord Monboddo, p. 353

The Burnet whose taste for the evening meal of the ancients is quoted by Mr. Pleydell was the celebrated metaphysician and excellent man, Lord Monboddo, whose *cœnæ* will not be soon forgotten by those who have shared

his classic hospitality. As a Scottish judge he took the designation of his family estate. His philosophy, as is well known, was of a fanciful and somewhat fantastic character; but his learning was deep, and he was possessed of a singular power of eloquence, which reminded the hearer of the *os rotundum* of the Grove or Academe. Enthusiastically partial to classical habits, his entertainments were always given in the evening, when there was a circulation of excellent Bourdeaux, in flasks garlanded with roses, which were also strewed on the table after the manner of Horace. The best society, whether in respect of rank or literary distinction, was always to be found in St. John's Street, Canongate. The conversation of the excellent old man, his high, gentlemanlike, chivalrous spirit, the learning and wit with which he defended his fanciful paradoxes, the kind and liberal spirit of his hospitality, must render these *noctes cœnæque* dear to all who, like the author (though then young), had the honour of sitting at his board.

### Note 13. — Lawyers' Sleepless Nights, p. 355

It is probably true, as observed by Counsellor Pleydell, that a lawyer's anxiety about his case, supposing him to have been some time in practice, will seldom disturb his rest or digestion. Clients will, however, sometimes fondly entertain a different opinion. I was told by an excellent judge, now no more, of a country gentleman who, addressing his leading counsel, my informer, then an advocate in great practice, on the morning of the day on which the case was to be pleaded, said, with singular *bonhomie*, 'Weel, my Lord (the counsel was Lord Advocate), the awful day is come at last. I have nae been able to sleep a wink for thinking of it; nor, I daresay, your Lordship either.'

### Note 14. — Whistling, p. 368

Whistling, among the tenantry of a large estate, is when an individual gives such information to the proprietor or his managers as to occasion the rent of his neighbour's farms being raised, which, for obvious reasons, is held a very unpopular practice.

### Note 15. — Herezeld, p. 405

This hard word is placed in the mouth of one of the aged tenants. In the old feudal tenures the herezeld, the best horse or other animal on the vassals' lands, became the right of the superior. The only remnant of this custom is what is called the sasine, or a fee of certain estimated value, paid to the sheriff of the county, who gives possession to the vassals of the crown.

### Note 16. — The Gad, p. 416

This mode of securing prisoners was universally practised in Scotland after condemnation. When a man received sentence of death he was put upon *the gad*, as it was called, that is, secured to the bar of iron in the manner mentioned in the text. The practice subsisted in Edinburgh till the old jail was taken down some years since, and perhaps may be still [1829] in use.

# GLOSSARY

OF

# WORDS, PHRASES, AND ALLUSIONS

'A, he, I
ABLINS, AIBLINS, perhaps
ABOULFOUARIS. See *The Monastery*, Appendix: Author's answer to Captain Clutterbuck
ABUNE, above
AE, one
AFTERHEND, afterwards
A-GUISARDING, New Year's mumming
AHINT, behind
AIK, oak
AIN, own
ANCE ERRAND, for the very purpose
ANTI-BURGHER, a Presbyterian sect who refused to take the burgess oath
A SECRETIS, as private secretary
ATWEEL, very well
AULD THREEP, an old superstition, obstinately persisted in
AUT QUOCUNQUE ALIO NOMINE VOCARIS, or by whatever other name you are called
AWEEL, well
AWMOUS, alms

BALLANT, ballad, song
BAN, revile, rail at
BARKEN, clot, harden
BARKERS AND SLASHERS, pistols and cutlasses
BARROW-TRAM, raw-boned, awkward fellow
BAULK, ridge, bank
BEDRAL, sexton
BERLING, BERLIN, sort of galley or boat
BESTED, SAIR, in a sad way, sad condition
BEZALEEL. He designed and executed the works of art for the Tabernacle. *See* Exod. xxxi. 1–6
BIDE, BIDDEN, remain, wait, stay, live
BIELD, shelter
BIG, BIGG, build; BIGGIT WA'S, built walls
BILBOES, a long iron bar with sliding shackles, in which the legs of prisoners were confined. *See* note on the Gad (p. 431)
BILLIE, young man, jolly comrade
BING OUT AND TOUR, go out and watch
BINNA, be not
BIRK, birch twig
BIRLING, drinking in company
BIRTH, an obsolete form of 'berth,' situation
BITTLE, or BEETLE, a wooden mallet for beating washed clothes
BITTOCK, a little bit
BLACK ACTS, the laws of necromancy or magic
BLACK-FISHING, salmon-spearing by night during the close season
BLACK PETER, portmanteau. Cf. To rob Peter to pay Paul
BLATE, shy, abashed
BLEARING YOUR EE, blinding your eye by flattery
BLUMENGARTEN, flower-garden
BLUNKER, calico-printer
BODDLE, small Scotch copper coin
BOGLE, bogie, ghost
BONA DEA, the special goddess of women amongst the ancient Romans
BONSPIEL, match at curling
BOTTLE-HEAD, a stupid fellow
BOUGHT SO MANY BROOMS, got so many warrants out
BOURTREE, elder tree
BOW, boll
BOWL O' A PINT STOUP, the handle of a pint flagon, than which, as the Scottish proverb infers, there is nothing comes more readily to the grasp
BRAGGED WI', reproached, upbraided by
BRIGG, bridge
BROCK, badger
BROD, a church collecting-plate
BUIRDLY, stout, well made
BULLY-HUFF, boasting bully
BYE, besides

CA', CA'D, call, called
CABARET, tavern
CADIE, or CADDIE, messenger, errand-man or boy
CAKE-HOUSE, house of entertainment, where cakes were sold
CALIPH VATHEK, an Arabian tale by W. Beckford (1784)
CALLANT, lad
CALOTTE. Presumably Jacques Callott, a French designer and engraver of the 17th century, who delighted in grotesque and extravagant subjects
CAMACHO'S WEDDING, an allusion to *Don Quixote*, Part II.
CAMSTEARY, obstinate and unruly, perverse

CANIDIA, an old witch of Naples. *See* Horace, *Epodes* and *Sat.* I.
CANNY, cautious, prudent
CANTLE, corner-piece, slice
CANTY, cheerful, merry
CAPTION, warrant for apprehension
CAPUCHIN, a kind of hood or shawl
CARLE, fellow
CESS, land-tax
CHAPPIT, struck (*e.g.* a clock)
CHAUDRONS, entrails
CHEERER, glass of spirits and hot water
CHIELD, fellow
CHRISTENBURY CRAIG, or CHRISTIANBURY CRAG, a hill in the east of Cumberland
CHUMLAY, chimney
CIRCUMDUCE, to declare the time elapsed during which proof can be brought forward. A Scots law term
CLANJAMFRAY, rabble, all sorts of people
CLASHES, rumours, gossip
CLAUGHT, snatch
CLAVER, gossip
CLECKING TIME, when hens hatch chickens
CLEEKS, iron chimney-hooks. *See* note on Lum Cleeks (p. 428)
CLERIHUGH'S, a tavern in Writers' Court, off the High Street, Edinburgh
CLOD, fling, hurl
CLOSE, alley
CLOUR, thump, smash
CLOUTED SHOES, shoes having the soles studded with iron plates or large-headed nails; also patched shoes
CLOYED A DUD, stolen a rag
COCK, the mark or tee at which curlers play
COCK AND A BOTTLE, in all probability a slip for 'cock and a bull' story
COFT, bought
COLLIESHANGIE, quarrel, tumult
COME O' WILL, love-child, natural child
CONCURRENT, an attendant on a sheriff's officer
CONJURO, ABJURO, etc. (p. 329), I adjure, swear, protest, and emphatically enjoin thee
CONJURO TE, etc. (p. 329), I adjure thee, thou most accursed, iniquitous, base, wicked, and wretched woman, I adjure thee
CORPS DE LOGIS, main building of a mansion-house
COUP, upset, overturn
CRACKS, familiar talk, gossip
CRAMBO, a game at capping verses; CRAMBO SCRAPS, rhymed scraps
CRANKING, creaking, bustling
CRAPPIT-HEADS, haddock-heads cooked with a stuffing of oatmeal, suet, onions, and pepper
CROOKS, windings of a river
CROW, a crowbar
CRUFFEL FELL, a lofty hill (Criffell) in the east of Kirkcudbrightshire
CUJACIUS. Jacques Cujas, a celebrated French jurist of the 16th century
CUMMERBAND, or CUMMERBUND, the broad sash or shawl that an Oriental wears as a girdle
CUSSER, one given to cursing
CUSTOS ROTULORUM, the chief civil officer of a county
CUTLUGGED, crop-eared
CUTTY SPOON, short spoon

DARBIES, handcuffs
DARKMANS, night, night-time
DAURNA, dare not
DAY-DAWING, dawn
DEAD-THRAW, death-agony
DEATH-RUCKLE, death-rattle
DEFEAT, exhausted
DEIL-BE-LICKET, not the least scrap, piece
DE LYRA, a French theologian of the 14th century, wrote celebrated *Commentaries* (in Latin) on the Old Testament
DEUKE, the Duke of Buccleuch
DEURLOO, or DEURLO, a narrow arm of the Western Scheldt, between the island of Walcheren and Flanders
DING, throw, beat
DONNERT, stupid
DOO, dove. *See also* Dukit
DOOMS, very, absolutely
DOUCE, quiet, staid
DOUSE THE GLIM, put out the light
DOW, list, care
DOWIE, dull, melancholy
DOWNRIGHT DUNSTABLE, one who speaks plain, and straight to the point
DREE'D HIS WEIRD, bore his fate
DRY-HANDED, unarmed
DUB, pool, puddle
DUDS, clothes, rags
DUKE HUMPHREY. *See* Shakespeare's *Henry VI.* Part II. Act ii. Sc. 1
DUKIT, or DUKATE, dovecote. A park containing the dovecote is often called in Scotland the 'dukate park'

EASSEL, EASSIL, eastward
EE, EEN, eye, eyes
EILDING, fuel, generally peat, turf, etc.
ELD, old people, elders
EPHEMERIS (pl. *Ephemerides*), an astronomical almanac, or predicted chart of the heavenly bodies for every day during a certain period
ERICTHOE, a Thessalian sorceress
ES SPUCKT DA, that place is haunted

FADERLAND, one's fatherland or mother country
FAEM, foam
FAIR-STRAE DEATH, natural death in one's own bed
FAMBLES, hands
FAR YAUD, far away, a cry to sheep-dogs
FASH, trouble, cause trouble to; FASHIOUS, FASHEOUS, troublesome
FASTE, display, show
FAULD-DYKE sheep-fold wall
FAUSE LOON, false, shamming fellow
FECK, part
FECKLESS, feeble, spiritless
FEE AND BOUNTITH, wages and perquisites
FEIFTEEN, the Supreme Court of fifteen judges in Edinburgh
FELL, hill; hide, skin; keen, clever
FERAS CONSUMERE NATI, born to consume the wild animals of the field — an allusion to the sporting squires of England in *Tom Jones*
FERME ORNÉE, fancy farm
FERN-SEED, GATHER THE, a means of rendering oneself invisible
FERRET, a narrow cotton or worsted band
FESCENNINE, ribald, scurrilous
FIE, predestined, foredoomed
FIENT A BIT, never a bit: FIENT A HAET, the devil a jot!
FIKE, bother, take trouble
FIRLOT, a corn measure
FLISK, frisk, jerk

FORBYE, besides
FOREBEARS, forefathers
FOU, full, satisfied
FOUR-HOURS, a slight meal taken between dinner and supper, usually at 4 o'clock
FOUR QUARTERS, hands and feet (to help)
FRIAR'S CHICKEN, chicken broth with eggs beaten up and dropped into it
FRUMMAGEM'D, throttled

GAE, GAED, go, went
GAEDOWN, drinking bout
GALLOWAY, kind of strong Scotch cob
GANG, to go
GANGREL, vagrant
GANGTHEREOUT, wandering, vagrant
GANWEHIS, possibly for Gauricus, an astrologer of the 16th century
GAR, force, make
GATE, GAIT, way, manner, road
GAY, GEY, considerable
GELT, money
GIFF-GAFF, give and take
GLIFF, GLIFFING, instant, minute
GLIM, light
GLOWER, stare
GOTT, GOD
GOUD, gold
GOWAN, daisy
GRACE THE WOODIE, adorn the gallows
GREET, cry, weep
GREGO, GRIEGO, a short cloak, of coarse woollen stuff, with a hood attached
GREW, greyhound
GRIEVE, overseer
GRIPPIT, gripped
GUMPHIONS, funeral banners
GYRE-CARLING, witch, hobgoblin

HADDEN, held
HAFFLIN CALLANT, half-grown lad
HAICK, hack
HAILL WATER, whole riverside, valley, district
HALLAN, partition wall
HANSEL, gift of money in the hand, tip, Christmas box; HANSEL MONANDAY, Monday after New Year's day
HANTLE, handful, a number of
HAUD, hold
HAULD, OUT OF HOUSE AND, destitute
HEEZIE, hoist, lift
HELLICAT, desperate, extravagant
HERD, man in charge of the cattle on a Scotch farm
HEUGH, or HEUCH, a broken bank
HEYDON AND CHAMBER. John Chamber, canon of Windsor, and Sir Christopher Heydon carried on a controversy on astrology in 1601–4
HIGH MIGHTINESSES, the customary title of the Estates of Holland
HINNEY, honey, a familiar form of address
HIRSEL, HIRSILL, to slide or glide down; a flock
HIZZIE, hussy
HOLD MICH DER DEYVIL, a corruption of a common German oath, 'The devil take me!'
HORNING, warrant for apprehending a debtor
HOUDIE, midwife
HOUNDSFOOT SCHELM, stupid blockhead, blundering rascal
HOWFF, resort, lurking-place. *See* Whaap
HOWK, dig
HOWM, hollow, small island
HUMBLE-COW, a cow that has no horns
HUMDUDGEON, ado, pet
HUND, hound, drive
HUNT-THE-GOWK, fool's errand

ICH BIN, I am, I be
ICH BIN GANZ GEFRORNE, I am frozen to death
ILKA WAF CARLE, every insignificant churl
ILK ITHER, one another
INGAN, onion

JAW-HOLE, the hole or sink where dirty water, etc., is thrown
JET AND OBJECT, aim, point, and object
JETHART, Jedburgh
JOE, sweetheart
JOHN A' NOKES, or JOHN O' NOAKES, a fictitious name used by lawyers in writs for ejectment
JOHNNIE ARMSTRONG AND HIS MERRY-MEN; celebrated Border raiders of Liddesdale. *See Minstrelsy of Scottish Border*, 'Johnie Armstrong'
JOHNNIE FAA, THE UPRIGHT MAN. Faa is a well-known gipsy family on the Borders. The leader of a gang (and the greatest rogue in it) was called 'the upright man.' *See Blackwood*, 1817, vol. i.
JOHN O' THE SCALES, steward of the lord of Linne, whose estate he bought at a ridiculously low figure and then treated his late master despitefully. *See* Percy's *Reliques*, Series II. Book II.

KAHN, skiff
KAIM, camp, hillock
KEEPIT THE KIRK, attended the parish church
KEN, KENNA, know, know not
KIBE, chapped heel, ulcerated chilblain
KILLOGIE, lime-kiln furnace
KILT, upset, overturn
KIMMER, gossip, friend
KINCHEN-MORT, a girl
KINCHIN, infant
KINDER, children
KIPPER, smoked salmon
KIST, chest
KITT, booty, plunder
KITTLE, ticklish, doubtful
KNAVE-BAIRN, boy child
KNEVEL, beat severely with the fists
KOBOLD, a hobgoblin; the devil

LAIR, learning, education
LANG GATE, a long way, a good step
LANGSYNE, long ago
LAP AND PANNEL, liquor and food
LATCH, mire, bog
LED FARM, a farm on which the tenant does not reside
LETTER-GAE, church precentor or clerk
LEUGH, laughed
LEVIN, lightning
LIB-KEN, jail quarters, lodgings
LIFT, the firmament, sky
LILLY, WILLIAM, in the middle of the 17th century made a profession, in London, of casting nativities and foretelling future events, his knaveries having great weight with many
LIMMER, jade
LINKS, windings of a river
LINNE, HEIR OF. The story is related in Percy's *Reliques*, Series II. Book II.
LIPPEN, trust
LITH, joint

LOAN, LOANING, lane, pathway
LOON, fellow, rogue (humorously)
LOUP, leap
LOW, flame
LUCKENBOOTHS, a block of buildings in the middle of the street beside St. Giles' church, Edinburgh; it was removed in 1817
LUCKIE, mother, a generic title given to old dames
LUNT, blaze
L'UN VAUT BIEN L'AUTRE, one is quite as good as the other
LUSTHAUS, pleasure-house
LYKEWAKE, the watch over a dead body

MAIST, most
MAROONS, outlaws (runaway slaves and others) in Jamaica
MAUN, MAUNNA, must, must not
MAUNDERING, grumbling
MEARNS, an old name for Kincardineshire
MEIN HERR, sir
MEMORIAL, barrister's brief
MESSAN, cur, dog of little value
MILLING IN THE DARKMANS, murder by night
MIRK MONANDAY, Easter Monday, called after Black Monday, the day after Easter Sunday, 14th April 1360
MOIDORE, a Portuguese gold coin, worth 27 shillings
MONITOIRE, a French law term. Strictly, a brief read from the parish church, charging all under pain of excommunication to give any evidence for detection of crime
MOONSHIE, secretary
MOSS, a morass, bog; MOSS-HAG, a hollow or break in a moss
MUCKLE, much, great, large
MULTA SUNT, etc. (p. 423), in customs there are many things inconsistent and many devoid of reason
MUSCAVADO, or MUSCOVADO, unrefined sugar

NANTZ, Nantes brandy
NE ACCESSERIS, etc. (p. 410), enter not into counsel until you are called
NEIN, no
NE MOVEAS CAMERINAM, Don't touch (interfere with) the Camerina. An oracular dictum of Apollo forbidding the marsh or morass in the river at Camarina in Sicily to be drained
NEQUE SEMPER ARCUM TENDIT APOLLO, neither does Apollo (Phoebus) always bend the bow — though that was his special duty
NIFFER, higgle, bargain
NIFF-NAFFY, fastidious
NO CANNY, not safe, dangerous
NON VALENS AGERE, not in a position to look after one's own

ON N'ARRÊTE, etc. (p. 352), it does n't do to halt on such a good road
OPORTET VIVERE, we must needs live
ORRA TIME, occasionally
OUTCAST, dispute
OUT OF HOUSE AND HAULD, destitute

PAIKS, drubbing, punishment
PALMER'S INVENTION. Palmer of Bath in 1782 suggested that special post coaches for speed should be built, and an armed guard should accompany every coach
PARRITCH, porridge
PEAT-HAG, a bog, morass
PECULIUM, pocket-money
PEENGING, whining
PENNY-STANE, stone quoit
PERIAPT, amulet
PICKLE, a few
PIKE OUT, pick out, pluck out
PINNERS, head-dress, lappets
PIRN, reel
PIT, put
PIT MIRK, dark as a pit
PLAINTE DE TOURNELLE, information laid before the chamber for criminal inquiries (La Tournelle) of the Parlement of Paris. As a general term, a rigorous inquisition
PLOUGH-GATE, as much land as could be ploughed with one plough
POCK, poke, bag
POCKMANKY, portmanteau
POINDED, impounded, shut up in a pin-fold
POPPLING, purling, rippling
POW, head
PRIG, beg, entreat
PRIN, pin
PROUT DE LEGE, according to law
RAMPAUGING, rampant, storming and raging
RANDLE-TREE, a tall, raw-boned person
RANDY, vagrant, disorderly
RANGING AND RIPING, sifting and searching
RASP-HOUSE, custom-house
RED COCK CRAW, raise fire
REDDING (a quarrel), settling, putting an end to
REDGILL, Dr., a vulgar, selfish gourmand in Miss Ferrier's novel *Marriage*
REISE, twig, small branch
REIST, smoke, dry (fish, etc.)
RETOUR, returned to Chancery for service of an heir
RIG, ridge, field, acre
RIN, run
RIPE, to search
RIVE, rob, pilfer
ROTTEN, rat
ROTURIER, a plebeian
ROUGHIES, dry splinters or branches used as fuel to supply the light for 'burning the water,' as it is called. Rags dipped in tar and similarly employed are called 'hards'
ROUP, to sell by auction; a sale; ROUPIT, sold by auction
ROUTING, bellowing, snoring
RUBBIT, robbed
RULLION GREEN, a natural pass on the south side of the Pentland Hills, where in 1666 a party of Covenanters from Galloway were cut to pieces by General Thomas Dalziel
RUMP AND DOZEN, rump of beef and a dozen of wine, a good dinner

SACKLESS, innocent
SAIN, bless
SAIR, sore
SALL ICH BIN, shall I be
SALVATOR. Salvator Rosa, the Neapolitan painter
SAMYN, self-same
SAP, ninny, heavy-headed fellow
SARK, shirt
SARKFU' O' SAIR BANES, a shirt-full of sore bones
SAUFEN BIER, etc. (p. 226), Quaff the beer and brandy, Smash the windows in! I 'm a rake; you 're a rake. Are we not all rakes together
SAUGH, willow
SAULIES, hired mourners
SAUT, salt
SCAFF-RAFF, riff-raff, rabble

SCART, scratch
SCHNAPS, a dram
SCOURING THE CRAMP-RING, being thrown into fetters, or into prison
SCREED, a lengthy piece, large quantity, an excess
SEDERUNT, a sitting, a law term
SHAKE-RAG, tatterdemalion
SHAND, base coin
SHEALING, SHEELING, hut
SHEAR, divide, cut
SHERRA, sheriff
SHOEING-HORN, something leading or encouraging to further drinking
SHOON, shoes
SIB, related
SIC, SICKEN, such
SICCA RUPEES, rupees newly coined; rupees struck by the Government of Bombay from 1793 to 1836, and richer in silver than the Company's rupees
SING OUT, or WHISTLE IN THE CAGE, is when a rogue, being apprehended, peaches against his comrades
SKEEL, professional advice
SKITS, tricks
SLACK, morass, a low passage between two hills
SLAP, gap, breach
SMAIK, a mean, despicable fellow, wretch
SOUPLE, a stout cudgel
SPAE, cast, foretell
SPAN-COUNTER, a game with counters in which the player tries to pitch his own counter within a span's length of his antagonist's
SPEER, SPEIR, to inquire, ask
SPLEUCHAN, a tobacco-pouch, occasionally used as a purse
SPLORES, frolics, squabbles
SPRUG, a sparrow
SPUNK OF FIRE, a bit of fire, small fire
STANDISH, an inkstand
STANESHIEBANK FAIR. Stagshawbank Fair, held at a spot near the Roman Wall in Cumberland
STEEK, stitch; shut, close
STICKIT MINISTER, STICKIT STIBBLER, one who, after studying for the church in Scotland, fails in the profession
STIRK, steer
STIR YOUR GEAR, touch, meddle with, your belongings
STOWN, stolen
STRAE, straw
STRAFE MICH HELLE, Hell take me! STRAFE MICH DER DEYFEL, the devil fetch me!
STRAMMEL, straw
STREIK, STREEK, stretch, lay out a dead body
STURE, tall, big
SUNKETS, delicacies
SUNKIE, a low stool
SUUM CUIQUE TRIBUITO, To every man his due
SWEAR, difficult, hard

TAIT O' WOO', tuft (small piece) of wool
TAK TENT, to take care, beware of
TARTARS. The gipsies are popularly called Tartars in Norway and Sweden
TASS, glass
TEINDS, tithes
TEMPORE CAROLI PRIMI, in the time of Charles I.
TENT, care
THACK AND RAPE, thatch and rope, with which farmers make fast their corn-stacks
THAE, these
THAT WEIGHT OF WOOD, etc. From Crabbe's *Library*
THRAPPLE, the throat
THREEP, assert, say, threaten
THRISTLE, thistle
TIFF, a sup, draught of drink
TIPPENNY, twopenny ale
TOD, fox
TOLBOOTH, jail, house of detention
TONGUE OF THE TRUMP, the tongue of the Jew's harp, the sounding-piece of the instrument
TOOM, empty
TOTA RE PERSPECTA, considering the whole thing
TOW, hemp, rope
TRINDLE, trundle
TRINE TO THE CHEAT, get hanged
TROKE, deal or traffic with
TRON, a church on the High Street, Edinburgh, a little to the east of St. Giles' Cathedral
TRYST, market, fair
TUILZIE, brawl, scuffle
TURBAND, turban
TWA, TWASOME, two
TWEEL, web, woven cloth
TYKE, cur

UMQUHILE, UMWHILE, late, deceased
UNCO, uncommon, strange
UPHAUD, uphold

VERBUM VOLANS, a winged word, idle word

WAD, would; bet, wager
WAEFU', woeful
WALE, choice, best, pick
WAME, belly
WARLOCK, wizard, witch
WA'S, walls
WASTER, or LEISTER, a long spear used for striking salmon. There is also a shorter, which is cast from the hand, and sometimes used by an experienced sportsman with singular dexterity
WAUR, worse
WEAN, infant, young child
WEAR, force, restraint
WEDDER, a weather (sheep)
WEEL-FAURED, well-favoured, prepossessing
WEIRD, destiny; WEIRD'S DREE'D, the destiny is run out
WEIZE, direct, send
WESSEL, westward; WASSILGATE, west gate
WHAAP, or HOPE, the sheltered part or hollow of a hill. Hoff, howff, haaf, haven are all modifications of the same word
WHEEN, WHIN, a few, a party
WHIGGING, jogging
WHISTLED, given a hint, information, to. *See* note Whistling (p. 431)
WHITTRET, weasel
WITTERS, the barbs of the spear
WORRIECOW, hobgoblin, bugbear
WUDDIE, WOODIE, rope, halter
WUSS, wish
WYTE, blame

YAFFING, barking
YEPISTLE, letter

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THE

WAVERLEY NOVELS

OF

# SIR WALTER SCOTT

VOLUME XVI

## QUENTIN DURWARD

# QUENTIN DURWARD

La guerre est ma patrie,
Mon harnois ma maison,
Et en toute saison
Combattre c'est ma vie.

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# INTRODUCTION TO QUENTIN DURWARD

THE scene of this romance is laid in the 15th century, when the feudal system, which had been the sinews and nerves of national defence, and the spirit of chivalry, by which, as by a vivifying soul, that system was animated, began to be innovated upon and abandoned by those grosser characters who centred their sum of happiness in procuring the personal objects on which they had fixed their own exclusive attachment. The same egotism had indeed displayed itself even in more primitive ages ; but it was now for the first time openly avowed as a professed principle of action. The spirit of chivalry had in it this point of excellence, that however overstrained and fantastic many of its doctrines may appear to us, they were all founded on generosity and self-denial, of which if the earth were deprived, it would be difficult to conceive the existence of virtue among the human race.

Among those who were the first to ridicule and abandon the self-denying principles in which the young knight was instructed, and to which he was so carefully trained up, Louis the Eleventh of France was the chief. That sovereign was of a character so purely selfish — so guiltless of entertaining any purpose unconnected with his ambition, covetousness, and desire of selfish enjoyment, that he almost seems an incarnation of the devil himself, permitted to do his utmost to corrupt our ideas of honour in its very source. Nor is it to be forgotten that Louis possessed to a great extent that caustic wit which can turn into ridicule all that a man does for any other person's advantage but his own, and was, therefore, peculiarly qualified to play the part of a cold-hearted and sneering fiend.

In this point of view, Goethe's conception of the character and reasoning of Mephistophiles, the tempting spirit in the singular play of *Faust*, appears to me more happy than that which has been formed by Byron, and even than the Satan of

Milton. These last great authors have given to the Evil Principle something which elevates and dignifies his wickedness — a sustained and unconquerable resistance against Omnipotence itself, a lofty scorn of suffering compared with submission, and all those points of attraction in the Author of Evil which have induced Burns and others to consider him as the hero of the *Paradise Lost.* The great German poet has, on the contrary, rendered his seducing spirit a being who, otherwise totally unimpassioned, seems only to have existed for the purpose of increasing, by his persuasions and temptations, the mass of moral evil, and who calls forth by his seductions those slumbering passions which otherwise might have allowed the human being who was the object of the evil spirit's operations to pass the tenor of his life in tranquillity. For this purpose Mephistophiles is, like Louis XI., endowed with an acute and depreciating spirit of caustic wit, which is employed incessantly in undervaluing and vilifying all actions the consequences of which do not lead certainly and directly to self-gratification.

Even an author of works of mere amusement may be permitted to be serious for a moment, in order to reprobate all policy, whether of a public or private character, which rests its basis upon the principles of Machiavel or the practice of Louis XI.

The cruelties, the perjuries, the suspicions of this prince were rendered more detestable, rather than amended, by the gross and debasing superstition which he constantly practised. The devotion to the Heavenly saints, of which he made such a parade, was upon the miserable principle of some petty deputy in office, who endeavours to hide or atone for the malversations of which he is conscious, by liberal gifts to those whose duty it is to observe his conduct, and endeavours to support a system of fraud by an attempt to corrupt the incorruptible. In no other light can we regard his creating the Virgin Mary a countess and colonel of his guards, or the cunning that admitted to one or two peculiar forms of oath the force of a binding obligation which he denied to all others, strictly preserving the secret, which mode of swearing he really accounted obligatory, as one of the most valuable of state mysteries.

To a total want of scruple, or, it would appear, of any sense whatever of moral obligation, Louis XI. added great natural firmness and sagacity of character, with a system of policy so highly refined, considering the times he lived in, that he sometimes overreached himself by giving way to its dictates.

Probably there is no portrait so dark as to be without its softer shades. He understood the interests of France, and faithfully pursued them so long as he could identify them with his own. He carried the country safe through the dangerous crisis of the war termed for 'the public good'; in thus disuniting and dispersing this grand and dangerous alliance of the great crown vassals of France against the sovereign, a king of a less cautious and temporising character, and of a more bold and less crafty disposition, than Louis XI. would, in all probability, have failed. Louis had also some personal accomplishments not inconsistent with his public character. He was cheerful and witty in society; caressed his victim like the cat, which can fawn when about to deal the most bitter wound; and none was better able to sustain and extol the superiority of the coarse and selfish reasons by which he endeavoured to supply those nobler motives for exertion which his predecessors had derived from the high spirit of chivalry.

In fact that system was now becoming ancient, and had, even while in its perfection, something so overstrained and fantastic in its principles, as rendered it peculiarly the object of ridicule, whenever, like other old fashions, it began to fall out of repute, and the weapons of raillery could be employed against it, without exciting the disgust and horror with which they would have been rejected at an early period as a species of blasphemy. In the 14th century a tribe of scoffers had arisen who pretended to supply what was naturally useful in chivalry by other resources, and threw ridicule upon the extravagant and exclusive principles of honour and virtue which were openly treated as absurd, because, in fact, they were cast in a mould of perfection too lofty for the practice of fallible beings. If an ingenuous and high-spirited youth proposed to frame himself on his father's principles of honour, he was vulgarly derided as if he had brought to the field the good old knight's Durindarte or two-handed sword, ridiculous from its antique make and fashion, although its blade might be the Ebro's temper, and its ornaments of pure gold.

In like manner, the principles of chivalry were cast aside, and their aid supplied by baser stimulants. Instead of the high spirit which pressed every man forward in the defence of his country, Louis XI. substituted the exertions of the ever ready mercenary soldier, and persuaded his subjects, among whom the mercantile class began to make a figure, that it was better to leave to mercenaries the risks and labours of war, and to

supply the crown with the means of paying them, than to peril themselves in defence of their own substance. The merchants were easily persuaded by this reasoning. The hour did not arrive, in the days of Louis XI., when the landed gentry and nobles could be in like manner excluded from the ranks of war; but the wily monarch commenced that system, which, acted upon by his successors, at length threw the whole military defence of the state into the hands of the crown.

He was equally forward in altering the principles which were wont to regulate the intercourse of the sexes. The doctrines of chivalry had established in theory, at least, a system in which Beauty was the governing and remunerating divinity, Valour her slave, who caught his courage from her eye, and gave his life for her slightest service. It is true, the system here, as in other branches, was stretched to fantastic extravagance, and cases of scandal not unfrequently arose. Still they were generally such as those mentioned by Burke, where frailty was deprived of half its guilt by being purified from all its grossness. In Louis XI.'s practice, it was far otherwise. He was a low voluptuary, seeking pleasure without sentiment, and despising the sex from whom he desired to obtain it; his mistresses were of inferior rank, as little to be compared with the elevated though faulty character of Agnes Sorel, as Louis was to his heroic father, who freed France from the threatened yoke of England. In like manner, by selecting his favourites and ministers from among the dregs of the people, Louis showed the slight regard which he paid to eminent station and high birth; and although this might be not only excusable but meritorious, where the monarch's fiat promoted obscure talent, or called forth modest worth, it was very different when the King made his favourite associates of such men as Tristan l'Hermite, the chief of his marshalsea or police; and it was evident that such a prince could no longer be, as his descendant Francis elegantly designed himself, 'the first gentleman in his dominions.'

Nor were Louis's sayings and actions, in private or public, of a kind which could redeem such gross offences against the character of a man of honour. His word, generally accounted the most sacred test of a man's character, and the least impeachment of which is a capital offence by the code of honour, was forfeited without scruple on the slightest occasion, and often accompanied by the perpetration of the most enormous crimes. If he broke his own personal and plighted faith, he

did not treat that of the public with more ceremony. His sending an inferior person disguised as a herald to Edward IV. was in those days, when heralds were esteemed the sacred depositaries of public and national faith, a daring imposition, of which few save this unscrupulous prince would have been guilty.[1]

In short, the manners, sentiments, and actions of Louis XI. were such as were inconsistent with the principles of chivalry, and his caustic wit was sufficiently disposed to ridicule a system adopted on what he considered as the most absurd of all bases, since it was founded on the principle of devoting toil, talents, and time to the accomplishment of objects from which no personal advantage could, in the nature of things, be obtained.

It is more than probable that, in thus renouncing almost openly the ties of religion, honour, and morality, by which mankind at large feel themselves influenced, Louis sought to obtain great advantages in his negotiations with parties who might esteem themselves bound, while he himself enjoyed liberty. He started from the goal, he might suppose, like the racer who has got rid of the weights with which his competitors are still encumbered, and expects to succeed of course. But Providence seems always to unite the existence of peculiar danger with some circumstance which may put those exposed to the peril upon their guard. The constant suspicion attached to any public person who becomes badly eminent for breach of faith is to him what the rattle is to the poisonous serpent; and men come at last to calculate, not so much on what their antagonist says, as upon that which he is likely to do; a degree of mistrust which tends to counteract the intrigues of such a faithless character more than his freedom from the scruples of conscientious men can afford him advantage. The example of Louis XI. raised disgust and suspicion rather than a desire of imitation among other nations in Europe, and the circumstance of his outwitting more than one of his contemporaries operated to put others on their guard. Even the system of chivalry, though much less generally extended than heretofore, survived this profligate monarch's reign, who did so much to sully its lustre, and long after the death of Louis XI. it inspired the Knight without Fear and Reproach and the gallant Francis I.

Indeed, although the reign of Louis had been as successful in a political point of view as he himself could have desired, the spectacle of his death-bed might of itself be a warning-piece

[1] See Note 46, p. 448.

against the seduction of his example. Jealous of every one, but chiefly of his own son, he immured himself in his Castle of Plessis, entrusting his person exclusively to the doubtful faith of his Scottish mercenaries. He never stirred from his chamber, he admitted no one into it; and wearied Heaven and every saint with prayers, not for the forgiveness of his sins, but for the prolongation of his life. With a poverty of spirit totally inconsistent with his shrewd worldly sagacity, he importuned his physicians until they insulted as well as plundered him. In his extreme desire of life, he sent to Italy for supposed relics, and the yet more extraordinary importation of an ignorant crack-brained peasant, who, from laziness probably, had shut himself up in a cave, and renounced flesh, fish, eggs, or the produce of the dairy. This man, who did not possess the slightest tincture of letters, Louis reverenced as if he had been the Pope himself, and to gain his good-will founded two cloisters.

It was not the least singular circumstance of this course of superstition that bodily health and terrestrial felicity seemed to be his only objects. Making any mention of his sins when talking on the state of his health was strictly prohibited; and when at his command a priest recited a prayer to St. Eutropius, in which he recommended the King's welfare both in body and soul, Louis caused the two last words to be omitted, saying it was not prudent to importune the blessed saint by too many requests at once. Perhaps he thought by being silent on his crimes, he might suffer them to pass out of the recollection of the celestial patrons, whose aid he invoked for his body.

So great were the well-merited tortures of this tyrant's death-bed, that Philip des Comines enters into a regular comparison between them and the numerous cruelties inflicted on others by his order; and, considering both, comes to express an opinion, that the worldly pangs and agony suffered by Louis were such as might compensate the crimes he had committed, and that, after a reasonable quarantine in purgatory, he might in mercy be found duly qualified for the superior regions.

Fénelon also has left his testimony against this prince, whose mode of living and governing he has described in the following remarkable passage: —

Pygmalion, tourmenté par une soif insatiable des richesses, se rend de plus en plus misérable et odieux à ses sujets. C'est un crime à Tyr que d'avoir de grands biens; l'avarice le rend défiant, soupçonneux, cruel; il persécute les riches, et il craint les pauvres.

C'est un crime encore plus grand à Tyr d'avoir de la vertu; car

Pygmalion suppose que les bons ne peuvent souffrir ses injustices et ses infamies ; la vertu le condamne ; il s'aigrit et s'irrite contre elle. Tout l'agite, l'inquiète, le ronge ; il a peur de son ombre ; il ne dort ni nuit ni jour; les Dieux, pour le confondre, l'accablent de trésors dont il n'ose jouir. Ce qu'il cherche pour être heureux est précisément ce qui l'empêche de l'être. Il regrette tout ce qu'il donne ; il craint toujours de perdre ; il se tourmente pour gagner.

On ne le voit presque jamais ; il est seul, triste, abattu, au fond de son palais ; ses amis mêmes n'osent l'aborder, de peur de lui devenir suspects. Une garde terrible tient toujours des épées nues et des piques levées autour de sa maison. Trente chambres qui communiquent les unes aux autres, et dont chacune a une porte de fer avec six gros verroux, sont le lieu où il se renferme ; on ne sait jamais dans laquelle de ces chambres il couche ; et on assure qu'il ne couche jamais deux nuits de suite dans la même, de peur d'y être égorgé. Il ne connoît ni les doux plaisirs, ni l'amitié encore plus douce. Si on lui parle de chercher la joie, il sent qu'elle fuit loin de lui, et qu'elle refuse d'entrer dans son cœur. Ses yeux creux sont pleins d'un feu âpre et farouche ; ils sont sans cesse errans de tous cotés ; il prête l'oreille au moindre bruit, et se sent tout ému ; il est pâle, défait, et les noirs soucis sont peints sur son visage toujours ridé. Il se tait, il soupire, il tire de son cœur de profonds gémissemens, il ne peut cacher les remords qui déchirent ses entrailles. Les mets les plus exquis le dégoûtent. Ses enfans, loin d'être son espérance, sont le sujet de sa terreur : il en a fait ses plus dangereux ennemis. Il n'a eu toute sa vie aucun moment d'assuré : il ne se conserve qu'à force de répandre le sang de tous ceux qu'il craint. Insensé, qui ne voit pas que sa cruauté, à laquelle il se confie, le fera périr ! Quelqu'un de ses domestiques, aussi défiant que lui, se hâtera de délivrer le monde de ce monstre.

The instructive but appalling scene of this tyrant's sufferings was at length closed by death, 30th August 1483.

The selection of this remarkable person as the principal character in the romance — for it will be easily comprehended that the little love intrigue of Quentin is only employed as the means of bringing out the story — afforded considerable facilities to the Author. The whole of Europe was, during the 15th century, convulsed with dissensions from such various causes, that it would have required almost a dissertation to have brought the English reader with a mind perfectly alive and prepared to admit the possibility of the strange scenes to which he was introduced.

In Louis XI.'s time, extraordinary commotions existed throughout all Europe. England's civil wars were ended rather in appearance than reality by the short-lived ascendency of the house of York. Switzerland was asserting that freedom which was afterwards so bravely defended. In the Empire and in France the great vassals of the crown were endeavouring to emancipate themselves from its control, while

Charles of Burgundy by main force, and Louis more artfully by indirect means, laboured to subject them to subservience to their respective sovereignties. Louis, while with one hand he circumvented and subdued his own rebellious vassals, laboured secretly with the other to aid and encourage the large trading towns of Flanders to rebel against the Duke of Burgundy, to which their wealth and irritability naturally disposed them. In the more woodland districts of Flanders, the Duke of Gueldres, and William de la Marck, called from his ferocity the Wild Boar of Ardennes, were throwing off the habits of knights and gentlemen, to practise the violences and brutalities of common bandits.

A hundred secret combinations existed in the different provinces of France and Flanders; numerous private emissaries of the restless Louis — Bohemians, pilgrims, beggars, or agents disguised as such — were everywhere spreading the discontent which it was his policy to maintain in the dominions of Burgundy.

Amidst so great an abundance of materials, it was difficult to select such as should be most intelligible and interesting to the reader; and the Author had to regret that, though he made liberal use of the power of departing from the reality of history, he felt by no means confident of having brought his story into a pleasing, compact, and sufficiently intelligible form. The mainspring of the plot is that which all who know the least of the feudal system can easily understand, though the facts are absolutely fictitious. The right of a feudal superior was in nothing more universally acknowledged than in his power to interfere in the marriage of a female vassal. This may appear to exist as a contradiction both of the civil and canon law, which declare that marriage shall be free, while the feudal or municipal jurisprudence, in case of a fief passing to a female, acknowledges an interest in the superior of the fief to dictate the choice of her companion in marriage. This is accounted for on the principle that the superior was, by his bounty, the original grantor of the fief, and is still interested that the marriage of the vassal shall place no one there who may be inimical to his liege lord. On the other hand, it might be reasonably pleaded that this right of dictating to the vassal, to a certain extent, in the choice of a husband is only competent to the superior from whom the fief is originally derived. There is therefore no violent improbability in a vassal of Burgundy flying to the protection of the King of France, to

whom the Duke of Burgundy himself was vassal; nor is it a great stretch of probability to affirm, that Louis, unscrupulous as he was, should have formed the design of betraying the fugitive into some alliance which might prove inconvenient, if not dangerous, to his formidable kinsman and vassal of Burgundy.

I may add, that the romance of *Quentin Durward*, which acquired a popularity at home more extensive than some of its predecessors, found also unusual success on the continent,[1] where the historical allusions awakened more familiar ideas.

ABBOTSFORD, 1*st December* 1831.

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# INTRODUCTION TO FIRST EDITION[2]

And one who hath had losses — go to!
*Much Ado About Nothing.*

WHEN honest Dogberry sums up and recites all the claims which he had to respectability, and which, as he opined, ought to have exempted him from the injurious appellation conferred on him by Master Gentleman Conrade, it is remarkable that he lays not more emphasis even upon his double gown (a matter of some importance in a certain *ci-devant* capital which I wot of), or upon his being 'a pretty piece of flesh as any in Messina,' or even upon the conclusive argument of his being 'a *rich* fellow enough,' than upon his being one '*that hath had losses.*'

Indeed, I have always observed your children of prosperity, whether by way of hiding their full glow of splendour from those whom fortune has treated more harshly, or whether that to have risen in spite of calamity is as honourable to their fortune as it is to a fortress to have undergone a siege, — however this be, I have observed that such persons never fail to entertain you with an account of the damage they sustain by the hardness of the times. You seldom dine at a well-supplied table, but the intervals between the champagne, the burgundy, and the hock are filled, if your entertainer be a monied man, with the fall of interest and the difficulty of finding investments

[1] [See Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. vii. pp. 161-167.]
[2] It is scarcely necessary to say, that all that follows is imaginary.

for cash, which is therefore lying idle on his hands; or, if he be a landed proprietor, with a woeful detail of arrears and diminished rents. This hath its effects. The guests sigh and shake their heads in cadence with their landlord, look on the sideboard loaded with plate, sip once more the rich wines which flow around them in quick circulation, and think of the genuine benevolence, which, thus stinted of its means, still lavishes all that it yet possesses on hospitality, and, what is yet more flattering, on the wealth, which, undiminished by these losses, still continues, like the inexhaustible hoard of the generous Aboulcasem, to sustain, without impoverishment, such copious drains.

This querulous humour, however, hath its limits, like to the conning of grievances, which all valetudinarians know is a most fascinating pastime, so long as there is nothing to complain of but chronic complaints. But I never heard a man whose credit was actually verging to decay talk of the diminution of his funds; and my kind and intelligent physician assures me, that it is a rare thing with those afflicted with a good rousing fever, or any such active disorder, which

> With mortal crisis doth pretend
> His life to appropinque an end,

to make their agonies the subject of amusing conversation.

Having deeply considered all these things, I am no longer able to disguise from my readers that I am neither so unpopular nor so low in fortune as not to have my share in the distresses which at present afflict the monied and landed interest of these realms. Your authors who live upon a mutton chop may rejoice that it has fallen to threepence per pound, and, if they have children, gratulate themselves that the peck-loaf may be had for sixpence; but we who belong to the tribe which is ruined by peace and plenty — we who have lands and beeves, and sell what these poor gleaners must buy — we are driven to despair by the very events which would make all Grub Street illuminate its attics, if Grub Street could spare candle-ends for the purpose. I therefore put in my proud claim to share in the distresses which only affect the wealthy; and write myself down, with Dogberry, 'a rich fellow enough,' but still one 'who hath had losses.'

With the same generous spirit of emulation, I have had lately recourse to the universal remedy for the brief impecuniosity of which I complain — a brief residence in a southern

climate, by which I have not only saved many cart-loads of coals, but have also had the pleasure to excite general sympathy for my decayed circumstances among those who, if my revenue had continued to be spent among them, would have cared little if I had been hanged. Thus, while I drink my *vin ordinaire*, my brewer finds the sale of his small-beer diminished — while I discuss my flask of *cinq francs*, my modicum of port hangs on my wine-merchant's hands — while my *côtelette à la Maintenon* is smoking on my plate, the mighty sirloin hangs on its peg in the shop of my blue-aproned friend in the village. Whatever, in short, I spend here is missed at home; and the few sous gained by the *garçon perruquier*, nay, the very crust I give to his little bare-bottomed, red-eyed poodle, are *autant de perdu* to my old friend the barber, and honest Trusty, the mastiff-dog in the yard. So that I have the happiness of knowing at every turn that my absence is both missed and moaned by those who would care little were I in my coffin, were they sure of the custom of my executors. From this charge of self-seeking and indifference, however, I solemnly except Trusty, the yard-dog, whose courtesies towards me, I have reason to think, were of a more disinterested character than those of any other person who assisted me to consume the bounty of the public.

Alas! the advantage of exciting such general sympathies at home cannot be secured without incurring considerable personal inconvenience. 'If thou wishest me to weep, thou must first shed tears thyself,' says Horace; and, truly, I could sometimes cry myself at the exchange I have made of the domestic comforts which custom had rendered necessaries for the foreign substitutes which caprice and love of change had rendered fashionable. I cannot but confess with shame, that my home-bred stomach longs for the genuine steak, after the fashion of Dolly's, hot from the gridiron, brown without, and scarlet when the knife is applied; and that all the delicacies of Very's *carte*, with his thousand various orthographies of *bifticks de mouton*, do not supply the vacancy. Then my mother's son cannot learn to delight in thin potations; and, in these days when malt is had for nothing, I am convinced that a double 'straick' of John Barleycorn must have converted 'the poor domestic creature, small-beer,' into a liquor twenty times more generous than the acid unsubstantial tipple which here bears the honoured name of wine, though, in substance and qualities, much similar to your Seine water. Their higher wines, indeed, are well enough — there is nothing to except against in their

Château Margout, or Sillery; yet I cannot but remember the generous qualities of my sound old Oporto. Nay, down to the *garçon* and his poodle, though they are both amusing animals, and play ten thousand monkey tricks which are diverting enough, yet there was more sound humour in the wink with which our village Packwood used to communicate the news of the morning than all Antoine's gambols could have expressed in a week, and more of human and dog-like sympathy in the wag of old Trusty's tail than if his rival, Touton, had stood on his hind-legs for a twelvemonth.

These signs of repentance come perhaps a little late, and I own, for I must be entirely candid with my dear friend the public, that they have been somewhat matured by the perversion of my niece Christy to the ancient Popish faith by a certain whacking priest in our neighbourhood, and the marriage of my aunt Dorothy to a *demi-solde* captain of horse, a *ci-devant* member of the Legion of Honour, and who would, he assures us, have been a field-marshal by this time had our old friend Bonaparte continued to live and to triumph. For the matter of Christy, I must own her head had been so fairly turned at Edinburgh with five routs a-night, that, though I somewhat distrusted the means and medium of her conversation, I was at the same time glad to see that she took a serious thought of any kind; besides, there was little loss in the matter, for the convent took her off my hands for a very reasonable pension. But aunt Dorothy's marriage on earth was a very different matter from Christian's celestial espousals. In the first place, there were two thousand three per cents as much lost to my family as if the sponge had been drawn over the national slate, for who the deuce could have thought aunt Dorothy would have married? Above all, who would have thought a woman of fifty years' experience would have married a French anatomy, his lower branch of limbs corresponding with the upper branch, as if one pair of half-extended compasses had been placed perpendicularly upon the top of another, while the space on which the hinges revolved quite sufficed to represent the body? All the rest was mustache, pelisse, and calico trowser. She might have commanded a polk of real Cossacks in 1815, for half the wealth which she surrendered to this military scarecrow. However, there is no more to be said upon the matter, especially as she had come the length of quoting Rousseau for sentiment; and so let that pass.

Having thus expectorated my bile against a land which is,

notwithstanding, a very merry land, and which I cannot blame, because I sought it and it did not seek me, I come to the more immediate purpose of this Introduction, and which, my dearest public, if I do not reckon too much on the continuance of your favours (though, to say truth, consistency and uniformity of taste are scarce to be reckoned upon by those who court your good graces) may perhaps go far to make me amends for the loss and damage I have sustained by bringing aunt Dorothy to the country of thick calves, slender ankles, black mustachios, bodiless limbs (I assure you the fellow is, as my friend Lord L—— said, a complete giblet-pie, all legs and wings), and fine sentiments. If she had taken from the half-pay list a ranting Highlandman, ay, or a dashing son of Erin, I would never have mentioned the subject; but as the affair has happened, it is scarce possible not to resent such a gratuitous plundering of her own lawful heirs and executors. But 'be hushed, my dark spirit!' and let us invite our dear public to a more pleasing theme to us, a more interesting one to others.

By dint of drinking acid tiff, as above mentioned, and smoking cigars, in which I am no novice, my public are to be informed that I gradually sipped and smoked myself into a certain degree of acquaintance with *un homme comme il faut*, one of the few fine old specimens of nobility who are still to be found in France, who, like mutilated statues of an antiquated and obsolete worship, still command a certain portion of awe and estimation in the eyes even of those by whom neither one nor other are voluntarily rendered.

On visiting the coffee-house of the village, I was at first struck with the singular dignity and gravity of this gentleman's manners, his sedulous attachment to shoes and stockings in contempt of half-boots and pantaloons, the *croix de St. Louis* at his button-hole, and a small white cockade in the loop of his old-fashioned *schakos*. There was something interesting in his whole appearance; and besides, his gravity among the lively group around him seemed like the shade of a tree in the glare of a sunny landscape, more interesting from its rarity. I made such advances towards acquaintance as the circumstances of the place and the manners of the country authorised — that is to say, I drew near him, smoked my cigar by calm and intermitted puffs, which were scarcely visible, and asked him those few questions which good-breeding everywhere, but more especially in France, permits strangers to put without hazarding the imputation of impertinence. The Marquis de

Hautlieu, for such was his rank, was as short and sententious as French politeness permitted. He answered every question, but proposed nothing, and encouraged no farther inquiry.

The truth was, that, not very accessible to foreigners of any nation, or even to strangers among his own countrymen, the marquis was peculiarly shy towards the English. A remnant of ancient national prejudice might dictate this feeling; or it might arise from his idea that they are a haughty, purse-proud people, to whom rank, united with straitened circumstances, affords as much subject for scorn as for pity; or, finally, when he reflected on certain recent events, he might perhaps feel mortified as a Frenchman even for those successes which had restored his master to the throne and himself to a diminished property and dilapidated *château.* His dislike, however, never assumed a more active form than that of alienation from English society. When the affairs of strangers required the interposition of his influence in their behalf, it was uniformly granted with the courtesy of a French gentleman who knew what is due to himself and to national hospitality.

At length, by some chance, the marquis made the discovery that the new frequenter of his ordinary was a native of Scotland — a circumstance which told mightily in my favour. Some of his own ancestors, he informed me, had been of Scottish origin, and he believed his house had still some relations in what he was pleased to call the province of Hanguisse in that country. The connexion had been acknowledged early in the last century on both sides, and he had once almost determined during his exile (for it may be supposed that the marquis had joined the ranks of Condé, and shared all the misfortunes and distresses of emigration) to claim the acquaintance and protection of his Scottish friends. But after all, he said, he cared not to present himself before them in circumstances which could do them but small credit, and which they might think entailed some little burden, perhaps even some little disgrace; so that he thought it best to trust in Providence and do the best he could for his own support. What that was I never could learn; but I am sure it inferred nothing which could be discreditable to the excellent old man, who held fast his opinions and his loyalty, through good and bad repute, till time restored him, aged, indigent, and broken-spirited, to the country which he had left in the prime of youth and health, and sobered by age into patience, instead of that tone of high resentment which promised speedy vengeance upon those who expelled

him. I might have laughed at some points of the marquis's character, at his prejudices particularly, both of birth and politics, if I had known him under more prosperous circumstances; but, situated as he was, even if they had not been fair and honest prejudices, turning on no base or interested motive, one must have respected him as we respect the confessor or the martyr of a religion which is not entirely our own.

By degrees we became good friends, drank our coffee, smoked our cigar, and took our *bavaroise* together, for more than six weeks, with little interruption from avocations on either side. Having with some difficulty got the key-note of his inquiries concerning Scotland, by a fortunate conjecture that the *province d'Hanguisse* could only be our shire of Angus, I was enabled to answer the most of his queries concerning his allies there in a manner more or less satisfactory, and was much surprised to find the marquis much better acquainted with the genealogy of some of the distinguished families in that county than I could possibly have expected.

On his part his satisfaction at our intercourse was so great that he at length wound himself to such a pitch of resolution as to invite me to dine at the Château de Hautlieu, well deserving the name, as occupying a commanding eminence on the banks of the Loire. This building lay about three miles from the town at which I had settled my temporary establishment; and when I first beheld it I could easily forgive the mortified feelings which the owner testified at receiving a guest in the asylum which he had formed out of the ruins of the palace of his fathers. He gradually, with much gaiety, which yet evidently covered a deeper feeling, prepared me for the sort of place I was about to visit; and for this he had full opportunity whilst he drove me in his little cabriolet, drawn by a large heavy Norman horse, towards the ancient building.

Its remains run along a beautiful terrace overhanging the river Loire, which had been formerly laid out with a succession of flights of steps, highly ornamented with statues, rockwork, and other artificial embellishments, descending from one terrace to another until the very verge of the river was attained. All this architectural decoration, with its accompanying parterres of rich flowers and exotic shrubs, had, many years since, given place to the more profitable scene of the vine-dresser's labours; yet the remains, too massive to be destroyed, are still visible, and, with the various artificial slopes and levels of the

high bank, bear perfect evidence how actively art had been here employed to decorate nature.

Few of these scenes are now left in perfection; for the fickleness of fashion has accomplished in England the total change which devastation and popular fury have produced in the French pleasure-grounds. For my part, I am contented to subscribe to the opinion of the best qualified judge of our time,[1] who thinks we have carried to an extreme our taste for simplicity, and that the neighbourhood of a stately mansion requires some more ornate embellishments than can be derived from the meagre accompaniments of grass and gravel. A highly romantic situation may be degraded, perhaps, by an attempt at such artificial ornaments; but then, in by far the greater number of sites, the intervention of more architectural decoration than is now in use seems necessary to redeem the naked tameness of a large house, placed by itself in the midst of a lawn, where it looks as much unconnected with all around as if it had walked out of town upon an airing.

How the taste came to change so suddenly and absolutely is rather a singular circumstance, unless we explain it on the same principle on which the three friends of the father in Molière's comedy recommend a cure for the melancholy of his daughter — that he should furnish her apartments, viz. with paintings, with tapestry, or with china, according to the different commodities in which each of them was a dealer. Tried by this scale, we may perhaps discover that, of old, the architect laid out the garden and the pleasure-grounds in the neighbourhood of the mansion, and, naturally enough, displayed his own art there in statues and vases, and paved terraces and flights of steps, with ornamented balustrades; while the gardener, subordinate in rank, endeavoured to make the vegetable kingdom correspond to the prevailing taste, and cut his evergreens into verdant walls, with towers and battlements, and his detached trees into a resemblance of statuary. But the wheel has since revolved, so as to place the landscape-gardener, as he is called, almost upon a level with the architect; and hence a liberal and somewhat violent use is made of spade and pick-axe, and a conversion of the ostentatious labours of the architect into a *ferme ornée*, as little different from the simplicity of nature, as displayed in the surrounding country, as the comforts of convenient and cleanly walks imperiously demanded in the vicinage of a gentleman's residence can possibly admit.

[1] See Price on the Picturesque. Note 1.

To return from this digression, which has given the marquis's cabriolet (its activity greatly retarded by the downward propensities of Jean Roast-Beef, which I suppose the Norman horse cursed as heartily as his countrymen of old time execrated the stolid obesity of a Saxon slave) time to ascend the hill by a winding causeway, now much broken, we came in sight of a long range of roofless buildings connected with the western extremity of the castle, which was totally ruinous. 'I should apologise,' he said, 'to you, as an Englishman, for the taste of my ancestors, in connecting that row of stables with the architecture of the château. I know in your country it is usual to remove them to some distance; but my family had an hereditary pride in horses, and were fond of visiting them more frequently than would have been convenient if they had been kept at a greater distance. Before the Revolution I had thirty fine horses in that ruinous line of buildings.'

This recollection of past magnificence escaped from him accidentally, for he was generally sparing in alluding to his former opulence. It was quietly said, without any affectation either of the importance attached to early wealth, or as demanding sympathy for its having passed away. It awakened unpleasing reflections, however, and we were both silent, till, from a partially repaired corner of what had been a porter's lodge, a lively French *paysanne*, with eyes as black as jet and as brilliant as diamonds, came out with a smile, which showed a set of teeth that duchesses might have envied, and took the reins of the little carriage.

'Madelon must be groom to-day,' said the marquis, after graciously nodding in return for her deep reverence to Monsieur, 'for her husband is gone to market; and for La Jeunesse, he is almost distracted with his various occupations. Madelon,' he continued, as we walked forward under the entrance-arch, crowned with the mutilated armorial bearings of former lords, now half-obscured by moss and rye-grass, not to mention the vagrant branches of some unpruned shrubs — 'Madelon was my wife's god-daughter, and was educated to be *fille-de-chambre* to my daughter.'

This passing intimation, that he was a widowed husband and childless father, increased my respect for the unfortunate nobleman, to whom every particular attached to his present situation brought doubtless its own share of food for melancholy reflection. He proceeded, after the pause of an instant, with something of a gayer tone — 'You will be entertained with my

poor La Jeunesse,' he said, 'who, by the way, is ten years older than I am (the marquis is above sixty); he reminds me of the player in the *Roman Comique*, who acted a whole play in his own proper person: he insists on being *maître d'hôtel*, *maître de cuisine*, *valet-de-chambre*, a whole suite of attendants in his own poor individuality. He sometimes reminds me of a character in the *Bridle of Lammermore*, which you must have read, as it is the work of one of your *gens de lettres, qu'on appelle, je crois, le Chevalier Scott.*'[1]

'I presume you mean Sir Walter?'

'Yes — the same — the same,' answered the marquis.

We were now led away from more painful recollections; for I had to put my French friend right in two particulars. In the first I prevailed with difficulty; for the marquis, though he disliked the English, yet, having been three months in London, piqued himself on understanding the most intricate difficulties of our language, and appealed to every dictionary, from Florio downwards, that *la bride* must mean 'the bridle.' Nay, so sceptical was he on this point of philology that, when I ventured to hint that there was nothing about a bridle in the whole story, he with great composure, and little knowing to whom he spoke, laid the whole blame of that inconsistency on the unfortunate author. I had next the common candour to inform my friend, upon grounds which no one could know so well as myself, that my distinguished literary countryman, of whom I shall always speak with the respect his talents deserve, was not responsible for the slight works which the humour of the public had too generously, as well as too rashly, ascribed to him. Surprised by the impulse of the moment, I might even have gone farther, and clenched the negative by positive evidence, owning to my entertainer that no one else could possibly have written these works, since I myself was the author, when I was saved from so rash a commitment of myself by the calm reply of the marquis, that he was glad to hear these sort of trifles were not written by a person of condition. 'We read them,' he said, 'as we listen to the pleasantries of a comedian, or as our ancestors did to those of a professed family-jester, with a good deal of amusement, which, however, we should be sorry to derive from the mouth of one who has better claims to our society.'

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[1] It is scarce necessary to remind the reader that this passage was published during the Author's incognito; and, as Lucio expresses it, spoken 'according to the trick.'

I was completely recalled to my constitutional caution by this declaration; and became so much afraid of committing myself, that I did not even venture to explain to my aristocratic friend that the gentleman whom he had named owed his advancement, for aught I had ever heard, to certain works of his, which may, without injury, be compared to romances in rhyme.

The truth is, that amongst some other unjust prejudices, at which I have already hinted, the marquis had contracted a horror, mingled with contempt, for almost every species of author-craft slighter than that which compounds a folio volume of law or of divinity, and looked upon the author of a romance, novel, fugitive poem, or periodical piece of criticism as men do on a venomous reptile, with fear at once and with loathing. The abuse of the press, he contended, especially in its lighter departments, had poisoned the whole morality of Europe, and was once more gradually regaining an influence which had been silenced amidst the voice of war. All writers, except those of the largest and heaviest calibre, he conceived to be devoted to this evil cause, from Rousseau and Voltaire down to Pigault le Brun and the author of the Scotch novels; and although he admitted he read them *pour passer le temps*, yet, like Pistol eating his leek, it was not without execrating the tendency, as he devoured the story, of the work with which he was engaged.

Observing this peculiarity, I backed out of the candid confession which my vanity had meditated, and engaged the marquis in farther remarks on the mansion of his ancestors. 'There,' he said, 'was the theatre where my father used to procure an order for the special attendance of some of the principal actors of the Comédie Françoise, when the King and Madame Pompadour more than once visited him at this place; yonder, more to the centre, was the baron's hall, where his feudal jurisdiction was exercised when criminals were to be tried by the seigneur or his bailiff; for we had, like your old Scottish nobles, the right of pit and gallows, or *fossa cum furca*, as the civilians term it. Beneath that lies the question-chamber, or apartment for torture; and, truly, I am sorry a right so liable to abuse should have been lodged in the hands of any living creature. But,' he added, with a feeling of dignity derived even from the atrocities which his ancestors had committed beneath the grated windows to which he pointed, 'such is the effect of superstition that, to this day, the peasants dare

not approach the dungeons, in which, it is said, the wrath of my ancestors had perpetrated, in former times, much cruelty.'

As we approached the window, while I expressed some curiosity to see this abode of terror, there arose from its subterranean abyss a shrill shout of laughter, which we easily detected as produced by a group of playful children, who had made the neglected vaults a theatre for a joyous romp at Colin Maillard.

The marquis was somewhat disconcerted, and had recourse to his *tabatière;* but, recovering in a moment, observed these were Madelon's children, and familiar with the supposed terrors of the subterranean recesses. 'Besides,' he added, 'to speak the truth, these poor children have been born after the period of supposed illumination, which dispelled our superstition and our religion at once; and this bids me to remind you, that this is a *jour maigre.* The *curé* of the parish is my only guest, besides yourself, and I would not voluntarily offend his opinions. Besides,' he continued, more manfully, and throwing off his restraint, 'adversity has taught me other thoughts on these subjects than those which prosperity dictated; and I thank God I am not ashamed to avow that I follow the observances of my church.'

I hastened to answer, that, though they might differ from those of my own, I had every possible respect for the religious rules of every Christian community, sensible that we addressed the same Deity, on the same grand principle of salvation, though with different forms; which variety of worship, had it pleased the Almighty not to permit, our observances would have been as distinctly prescribed to us as they are laid down under the Mosaic law.

The marquis was no shaker of hands, but upon the present occasion he grasped mine and shook it kindly — the only mode of acquiescence in my sentiments which perhaps a zealous Catholic could or ought consistently to have given upon such an occasion.

This circumstance of explanation and remark, with others which arose out of the view of the extensive ruins, occupied us during two or three turns upon the long terrace, and a seat of about a quarter of an hour's duration in a vaulted pavilion of freestone, decorated with the marquis's armorial bearings, the roof of which, tnough disjointed in some of its groined arches, was still solid and entire. 'Here,' said he, resuming the tone of a former part of his conversation, 'I love to sit, either at

noon, when the alcove affords me shelter from the heat, or in the evening, when the sun's beams are dying on the broad face of the Loire — here, in the words of your great poet, whom, Frenchman as I am, I am more intimately acquainted with than most Englishmen, I love to rest myself,

'Showing the code of sweet and bitter fancy.'

Against this various reading of a well-known passage in Shakspeare I took care to offer no protest; for I suspect Shakspeare would have suffered in the opinion of so delicate a judge as the marquis, had I proved his having written 'chewing the cud,' according to all other authorities. Besides, I had had enough of our former dispute, having been long convinced (though not till ten years after I had left Edinburgh College) that the pith of conversation does not consist in exhibiting your own superior knowledge on matters of small consequence, but in enlarging, improving, and correcting the information you possess by the authority of others. I therefore let the marquis *show* his *code* at his pleasure, and was rewarded by his entering into a learned and well-informed disquisition on the florid style of architecture introduced into France during the 17th century. He pointed out its merits and its defects with considerable taste; and having touched on topics similar to those upon which I have formerly digressed, he made an appeal of a different kind in their favour, founded on the associations with which they were combined. 'Who,' he said, 'would willingly destroy the terraces of the château of Sully, since we cannot tread them without recalling the image of that statesman, alike distinguished for severe integrity and for strong and unerring sagacity of mind? Were they an inch less broad, a ton's weight less massive, or were they deprived of their formality by the slightest inflections, could we suppose them to remain the scene of his patriotic musings? Would an ordinary root-house be a fit scene for the duke occupying an arm-chair and his duchess a *tabouret*, teaching from thence lessons of courage and fidelity to his sons, of modesty and submission to his daughters, of rigid morality to both; while the circle of young *noblesse* listened with ears attentive, and eyes modestly fixed on the ground, in a standing posture, neither replying nor sitting down without the express command of their prince and parent? No, monsieur,' he said, with enthusiasm; 'destroy the princely pavilion in which this edifying family-scene was represented, and you remove from the mind the vraisemblance,

the veracity, of the whole representation. Or can your mind suppose this distinguished peer and patriot walking in a *jardin Anglois?* Why, you might as well fancy him dressed with a blue frock and white waistcoat, instead of his Henri Quatre coat and *chapeau-à-plumes.* Consider how he could have moved in the tortuous maze of what you have called a *ferme ornée*, with his usual attendants of two files of Swiss guards preceding and the same number following him. To recall his figure, with his beard, *haut-de-chausses à canon*, united to his doublet by ten thousand *aiguilettes* and knots of ribbon, you could not, supposing him in a modern *jardin Anglois*, distinguish the picture in your imagination from the sketch of some mad old man, who has adopted the humour of dressing like his great-great-grandfather, and whom a party of *gens-d'armes* were conducting to the *hôpital des fous.* But look on the long and magnificent terrace, if it yet exists, which the loyal and exalted Sully was wont to make the scene of his solitary walk twice a-day, while he pondered over the patriotic schemes which he nourished for advancing the glory of France, or, at a later and more sorrowful period of life, brooded over the memory of his murdered master and the fate of his distracted country; throw in that noble background of arcades, vases, images, urns, and whatever could express the vicinity of a ducal palace, and the landscape becomes consistent at once. The *factionnaires*, with their harquebusses ported, placed at the extremities of the long and level walk, intimate the presence of the feudal prince; while the same is more clearly shown by the guard of honour which precede and follow him, their halberds carried upright, their mien martial and stately, as if in the presence of an enemy, yet moved, as it were, with the same soul as their princely superior; teaching their steps to attend upon his, marching as he marches, halting as he halts, accommodating their pace even to the slight irregularities of pause and advance dictated by the fluctuations of his reverie, and wheeling with military precision before and behind him, who seems the centre and animating principle of their armed files, as the heart gives life and energy to the human body. Or, if you smile,' added the marquis, looking doubtfully on my countenance, 'at a promenade so inconsistent with the light freedom of modern manners, could you bring your mind to demolish that other terrace trod by the fascinating Marchioness de Sévigné, with which are united so many recollections connected with passages in her enchanting letters?'

A little tired of this disquisition, which the marquis certainly

dwelt upon to exalt the natural beauties of his own terrace, which, dilapidated as it was, required no such formal recommendation, I informed my companion that I had just received from England a journal of a tour made in the south of France by a young Oxonian friend of mine, a poet, a draughtsman, and a scholar, in which he gives such an animated and interesting description of the Château Grignan, the dwelling of Madame de Sévigné's beloved daughter, and frequently the place of her own residence, that no one who ever read the book would be within forty miles of the same without going a pilgrimage to the spot. The marquis smiled, seemed very much pleased, and asked the title at length of the work in question; and writing down to my dictation, *An Itinerary of Provence and the Rhone, made during the year* 1819,[1] by John Hughes, A.M., of Oriel College, Oxford, observed, he could now purchase no books for the château, but would recommend that the *Itinéraire* should be commissioned for the library to which he was *abonné* in the neighbouring town. 'And here,' he said, 'comes the curé, to save us farther disquisition; and I see La Jeunesse gliding round the old portico on the terrace, with the purpose of ringing the dinner-bell — a most unnecessary ceremony for assembling three persons, but which it would break the old man's heart to forego. Take no notice of him at present, as he wishes to perform the duties of the inferior departments incognito; when the bell has ceased to sound, he will blaze forth on us in the character of major-domo.'

As the marquis spoke, we had advanced towards the eastern extremity of the château, which was the only part of the edifice that remained still habitable.

'The *Bande Noire*,' said the marquis, 'when they pulled the rest of the house to pieces, for the sake of the lead, timber, and other materials, have, in their ravages, done me the undesigned favour to reduce it to dimensions better fitting the circumstances of the owner. There is enough of the leaf left for the caterpillar to coil up his chrysalis in, and what needs he care though reptiles have devoured the rest of the bush?'

As he spoke thus, we reached the door, at which La Jeunesse appeared, with an air at once of prompt service and deep respect, and a countenance which, though puckered by a thousand wrinkles, was ready to answer the first good-natured word of his master with a smile, which showed his white set of teeth firm and fair, in despite of age and suffering. His clean silk stockings, washed till their tint had become yellowish,

[1] See Hughes's *Itinerary*. Note 2.

his cue tied with a rosette, the thin grey curl on either side of his lank cheek, the pearl-coloured coat, without a collar, the solitaire, the *jabot*, the ruffles at the wrist, and the *chapeau-bras* — all announced that La Jeunesse considered the arrival of a guest at the château as an unusual event, which was to be met with a corresponding display of magnificence and parade on his part.

As I looked at the faithful though fantastic follower of his master, who doubtless inherited his prejudices as well as his cast-clothes, I could not but own, in my own mind, the resemblance pointed out by the marquis betwixt him and my own Caleb, the trusty squire of the Master of Ravenswood. But a Frenchman, a Jack-of-all-trades by nature, can, with much more ease and suppleness, address himself to a variety of services, and suffice in his own person to discharge them all, than is possible for the formality and slowness of a Scottishman. Superior to Caleb in dexterity, though not in zeal, La Jeunesse seemed to multiply himself with the necessities of the occasion, and discharged his several tasks with such promptitude and assiduity, that farther attendance than his was neither missed nor wished for.

The dinner, in particular, was exquisite. The soup, although bearing the term of *maigre*, which Englishmen use in scorn, was most delicately flavoured, and the matelot of pike and eels reconciled me, though a Scottishman, to the latter. There was even a *petit plat* of *bouilli* for the heretic, so exquisitely dressed as to retain all the juices, and, at the same time, rendered so thoroughly tender, that nothing could be more delicate. The *potage*, with another small dish or two, was equally well arranged. But what the old *maître d'hôtel* valued himself upon as something superb, smiling with self-satisfaction, and in enjoyment of my surprise, as he placed it on the table, was an immense *assiettée* of spinage, not smoothed into a uniform surface, as by our uninaugurated cooks upon your side of the water, but swelling into hills and declining into vales, over which swept a gallant stag, pursued by a pack of hounds in full cry, and a noble field of horsemen with bugle-horns, and whips held upright, and brandished after the manner of broadswords — hounds, huntsman, and stag being all very artificially cut out of toasted bread. Enjoying the praises which I failed not to bestow on this *chef d'œuvre*, the old man acknowledged it had cost the best part of two days to bring it to perfection; and added, giving honour where honour was due, that an idea

so brilliant was not entirely his own, but that Monsieur himself had taken the trouble to give him several valuable hints, and even condescended to assist in the execution of some of the most capital figures. The marquis blushed a little at this *éclaircissement*, which he might probably have wished to suppress, but acknowledged he had wished to surprise me with a scene from the popular poem of my country, *Miladi Lac.* I answered, that 'So splendid a cortège much more resembled a *grand chasse* of Louis Quatorze than of a poor King of Scotland, and that the *paysage* was rather like Fontainebleau than the wilds of Callander.' He bowed graciously in answer to this compliment, and acknowledged that recollections of the costume of the old French court, when in its splendour, might have misled his imagination — and so the conversation passed on to other matters.

Our dessert was exquisite : the cheese, the fruits, the salad, the olives, the *cerneaux*, and the delicious white wine, each in their way were *impayables ;* and the good marquis, with an air of great satisfaction, observed, that his guest did sincere homage to their merits. 'After all,' he said, 'and yet it is but confessing a foolish weakness — but, after all, I cannot but rejoice in feeling myself equal to offering a stranger a sort of hospitality which seems pleasing to him. Believe me, it is not entirely out of pride that we *pauvres revenants* live so very retired, and avoid the duties of hospitality. It is true, that too many of us wander about the halls of our fathers, rather like ghosts of their deceased proprietors than like living men restored to their own possessions ; yet it is rather on your account, than to spare our own feelings, that we do not cultivate the society of our foreign visitors. We have an idea that your opulent nation is particularly attached to *faste* and to *grande chère* — to your ease and enjoyment of every kind ; and the means of entertainment left to us are, in most cases, so limited, that we feel ourselves totally precluded from such expense and ostentation. No one wishes to offer his best where he has reason to think it will not give pleasure ; and as many of you publish your journals, *monsieur le marquis* would not probably be much gratified by seeing the poor dinner which he was able to present to *milord Anglois* put upon permanent record.'

I interrupted the marquis, that were I to wish an account of my entertainment published, it would be only in order to preserve the memory of the very best dinner I ever had eaten in my life. He bowed in return, and presumed that 'I either

differed much from the national taste, or the accounts of it were greatly exaggerated. He was particularly obliged to me for showing the value of the possessions which remained to him. 'The useful,' he said, 'had no doubt survived the sumptuous at Hautlieu as elsewhere. Grottoes, statues, curious conservatories of exotics, temple and tower, had gone to the ground; but the vineyard, the *potager*, the orchard, the *étang*, still existed'; and once more he expressed himself 'happy to find that their combined productions could make what even a Briton accepted as a tolerable meal. I only hope,' he continued, 'that you will convince me your compliments are sincere by accepting the hospitality of the Château de Hautlieu as often as better engagements will permit during your stay in this neighbourhood.'

I readily promised to accept an invitation offered with such grace as to make the guest appear the person conferring the obligation.

The conversation then changed to the history of the château and its vicinity — a subject which was strong ground to the marquis, though he was no great antiquary, and even no very profound historian, when other topics were discussed. The curé, however, chanced to be both, and withal a very conversable pleasing man, with an air of *prévenance* and ready civility of communication, which I have found a leading characteristic of the Catholic clergy, whether they are well-informed or otherwise. It was from him that I learned there still existed the remnant of a fine library in the Château de Hautlieu. The marquis shrugged his shoulders as the curé gave me this intimation, looked to the one side and the other, and displayed the same sort of petty embarrassment which he had been unable to suppress when La Jeunesse blabbed something of his interference with the arrangements of the *cuisine*. 'I should be happy to show the books,' he said, 'but they are in such a wild condition, so dismantled, that I am ashamed to exhibit them to any one.'

'Forgive me, my dear sir,' said the curé, 'you know you permitted the great English bibliomaniac, Dr. Dibdin, to consult your curious relics, and you know how highly he spoke of them.'

'What could I do, my dear friend?' said the marquis; 'the good doctor had heard some exaggerated account of these remnants of what was once a library; he had stationed himself in the *auberge* below, determined to carry his point or die under the walls. I even heard of his taking the altitude of the turret

in order to provide scaling-ladders. You would not have had me reduce a respectable divine, though of another church, to such an act of desperation? I could not have answered it in conscience.'

'But you know, besides, *monsieur le marquis*,' continued the curé, 'that Dr. Dibdin was so much grieved at the dilapidation your library had sustained, that he avowedly envied the powers of our church, so much did he long to launch an anathema at the heads of the perpetrators.'

'His resentment was in proportion to his disappointment, I suppose,' said our entertainer.

'Not so,' said the curé; 'for he was so enthusiastic on the value of what remains, that I am convinced nothing but your positive request to the contrary prevented the Château of Hautlieu occupying at least twenty pages in that splendid work of which he sent us a copy, and which will remain a lasting monument of his zeal and erudition.'

'Dr. Dibdin is extremely polite,' said the marquis; 'and when we have had our coffee — here it comes — we will go to the turret; and I hope, as monsieur has not despised my poor fare, so he will pardon the state of my confused library, while I shall be equally happy if it can afford any thing which can give him amusement. Indeed,' he added, 'were it otherwise, you, my good father, have every right over books which, without your intervention, would never have returned to the owner.'

Although this additional act of courtesy was evidently wrested by the importunity of the curé from his reluctant friend, whose desire to conceal the nakedness of the land, and the extent of his losses, seemed always to struggle with his disposition to be obliging, I could not help accepting an offer which, in strict politeness, I ought perhaps to have refused. But then the remains of a collection of such curiosity as had given to our bibliomaniacal friend the desire of leading the forlorn hope in an escalade — it would have been a desperate act of self-denial to have declined an opportunity of seeing it. La Jeunesse brought coffee, such as we only taste on the continent, upon a salver, covered with a napkin, that it might be *censé* for silver, and *chasse-café* from Martinique on a small waiter, which was certainly so. Our repast thus finished, the marquis led me up an *escalier derobé* into a very large and well-proportioned saloon of nearly one hundred feet in length; but so waste and dilapidated, that I kept my eyes on the ground, lest my kind entertainer should feel himself called upon

to apologise for tattered pictures and torn tapestry, and, worse than both, for casements that had yielded, in one or two instances, to the boisterous blast.

'We have contrived to make the turret something more habitable,' said the marquis, as he moved hastily through this chamber of desolation. 'This,' he said, 'was the picture gallery in former times, and in the boudoir beyond, which we now occupy as a book-closet, were preserved some curious cabinet paintings, whose small size required that they should be viewed closely.'

As he spoke, he held aside a portion of the tapestry I have mentioned, and we entered the room of which he spoke.

It was octangular, corresponding to the external shape of the turret whose interior it occupied. Four of the sides had latticed windows, commanding each, from a different point, the most beautiful prospect over the majestic Loire and the adjacent country through which it winded; and the casements were filled with stained glass, through two of which streamed the lustre of the setting sun, showing a brilliant assemblage of religious emblems and armorial bearings, which it was scarcely possible to look at with an undazzled eye; but the other two windows, from which the sunbeams had passed away, could be closely examined, and plainly showed that the lattices were glazed with stained glass, which did not belong to them originally, but, as I afterwards learned, to the profaned and desecrated chapel of the castle. It had been the amusement of the marquis for several months to accomplish this *rifacimento*, with the assistance of the curate and the all-capable La Jeunesse; and though they had only patched together fragments, which were in many places very minute, yet the stained glass, till examined very closely, and with the eye of an antiquary, produced, on the whole, a very pleasing effect.

The sides of the apartment not occupied by the lattices were, except the space for the small door, fitted up with presses and shelves, some of walnut-tree, curiously carved, and brought to a dark colour by time, nearly resembling that of a ripe chestnut, and partly of common deal, employed to repair and supply the deficiencies occasioned by violence and devastation. On these shelves were deposited the wrecks, or rather the precious relics, of a most splendid library.

The marquis's father had been a man of information, and his grandfather was famous, even in the court of Louis XIV.,

where literature was in some degree considered as the fashion, for the extent of his acquirements. Those two proprietors, opulent in their fortunes, and liberal in the indulgence of their taste, had made such additions to a curious old Gothic library, which had descended from their ancestors, that there were few collections in France which could be compared to that of Hautlieu. It had been completely dispersed, in consequence of an ill-judged attempt of the present marquis, in 1790, to defend his château against a revolutionary mob. Luckily, the curé, who, by his charitable and moderate conduct and his evangelical virtues, possessed much interest among the neighbouring peasantry, prevailed on many of them to buy, for the petty sum of a few sous, and sometimes at the vulgar rate of a glass of brandy, volumes which had cost large sums, but which were carried off in mere spite by the ruffians who pillaged the castle. He himself also had purchased as many of the books as his funds could possibly reach, and to his care it was owing that they were restored to the turret in which I found them. It was no wonder, therefore, that the good curé had some pride and pleasure in showing the collection to strangers.

It spite of odd volumes, imperfections, and all the other mortifications which an amateur encounters in looking through an ill-kept library, there were many articles in that of Hautlieu calculated, as Bayes says, 'to elevate and surprise' the bibliomaniac. There were,

> The small rare volume, dark with tarnish'd gold,

as Dr. Ferrier feelingly sings — curious and richly painted missals, manuscripts of 1380, 1320, and even earlier, and works in Gothic type, printed in the 15th and 16th centuries. But of these I intend to give a more detailed account should the marquis grant his permission.

In the meantime, it is sufficient to say that, delighted with the day I had spent at Hautlieu, I frequently repeated my visit, and that the key of the octangular tower was always at my command. In those hours I became deeply enamoured of a part of French history, which, although most important to that of Europe at large, and illustrated by an inimitable old historian, I had never sufficiently studied. At the same time, to gratify the feelings of my excellent host, I occupied myself occasionally with some family memorials which had fortunately

been preserved, and which contained some curious particulars respecting the connexion with Scotland, which first found me favour in the eyes of the Marquis de Hautlieu.

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I pondered on these things, *more meo*, until my return to Britain, to beef and sea-coal fires — a change of residence which took place since I drew up these Gallic reminiscences. At length the result of my meditations took the form of which my readers, if not startled by this preface, will presently be enabled to judge. Should the public receive it with favour, I shall not regret having been for a short time an absentee.

# QUENTIN DURWARD

## CHAPTER I

### *The Contrast*

Look here upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.

*Hamlet.*

THE latter part of the 15th century prepared a train of future events, that ended by raising France to that state of formidable power which has ever since been, from time to time, the principal object of jealousy to the other European nations. Before that period she had to struggle for her very existence with the English, already possessed of her fairest provinces; while the utmost exertions of her king, and the gallantry of her people, could scarcely protect the remainder from a foreign yoke. Nor was this her sole danger. The princes who possessed the grand fiefs of the crown, and, in particular, the Dukes of Burgundy and Bretagne, had come to wear their feudal bonds so lightly, that they had no scruple in lifting the standard against their liege and sovereign lord, the King of France, on the slightest pretence. When at peace, they reigned as absolute princes in their own provinces; and the house of Burgundy, possessed of the district so called, together with the fairest and richest part of Flanders, was itself so wealthy and so powerful as to yield nothing to the crown, either in splendour or in strength.

In imitation of the grand feudatories, each inferior vassal of the crown assumed as much independence as his distance from the sovereign power, the extent of his fief, or the strength of his château, enabled him to maintain; and these petty tyrants, no longer amenable to the exercise of the law, perpetrated with impunity the wildest excesses of fantastic oppression and cruelty. In Auvergne alone, a report was made of more than three

hundred of these independent nobles, to whom incest, murder, and rapine were the most ordinary and familiar actions.

Besides these evils, another, springing out of the long-continued wars betwixt the French and English, added no small misery to this distracted kingdom. Numerous bodies of soldiers, collected into bands, under officers chosen by themselves from among the bravest and most successful adventurers, had been formed in various parts of France out of the refuse of all other countries. These hireling combatants sold their swords for a time to the best bidder; and, when such service was not to be had, they made war on their own account, seizing castles and towers, which they used as the places of their retreat, making prisoners and ransoming them, exacting tribute from the open villages and the country around them, and acquiring, by every species of rapine, the appropriate epithets of *tondeurs* and *écorcheurs*, that is, 'clippers' and 'flayers.'

In the midst of the horrors and miseries arising from so distracted a state of public affairs, reckless and profuse expense distinguished the courts of the lesser nobles, as well as of the superior princes; and their dependants, in imitation, expended in rude but magnificent display the wealth which they extorted from the people. A tone of romantic and chivalrous gallantry, which, however, was often disgraced by unbounded license, characterised the intercourse between the sexes; and the language of knight-errantry was yet used, and its observances followed, though the pure spirit of honourable love and benevolent enterprise which it inculcates had ceased to qualify and atone for its extravagances. The jousts and tournaments, the entertainments and revels, which each petty court displayed, invited to France every wandering adventurer; and it was seldom that, when arrived there, he failed to employ his rash courage and headlong spirit of enterprise in actions for which his happier native country afforded no free stage.

At this period, and as if to save this fair realm from the various woes with which it was menaced, the tottering throne was ascended by Louis XI., whose character, evil as it was in itself, met, combated, and in a great degree neutralised, the mischiefs of the time — as poisons of opposing qualities are said, in ancient books of medicine, to have the power of counteracting each other.

Brave enough for every useful and political purpose, Louis had not a spark of that romantic valour, or of the pride generally associated with it, which fought on for the point of honour,

when the point of utility had been long gained. Calm, crafty, and profoundly attentive to his own interest, he made every sacrifice, both of pride and passion, which could interfere with it. He was careful in disguising his real sentiments and purposes from all who approached him, and frequently used the expressions, 'That the king knew not how to reign who knew not how to dissemble; and that, for himself, if he thought his very cap knew his secrets, he would throw it into the fire.' No man of his own or of any other time better understood how to avail himself of the frailties of others, and when to avoid giving any advantage by the untimely indulgence of his own.

He was by nature vindictive and cruel, even to the extent of finding pleasure in the frequent executions which he commanded. But, as no touch of mercy ever induced him to spare when he could with safety condemn, so no sentiment of vengeance ever stimulated him to a premature violence. He seldom sprung on his prey till it was fairly within his grasp, and till all hope of rescue was vain; and his movements were so studiously disguised, that his success was generally what first announced to the world the object he had been manœuvring to attain.

In like manner, the avarice of Louis gave way to apparent profusion, when it was necessary to bribe the favourite or minister of a rival prince for averting any impending attack, or to break up any alliance confederated against him. He was fond of license and pleasure; but neither beauty nor the chase, though both were ruling passions, ever withdrew him from the most regular attendance to public business and the affairs of his kingdom. His knowledge of mankind was profound, and he had sought it in the private walks of life, in which he often personally mingled; and, though naturally proud and haughty, he hesitated not, with an inattention to the arbitrary divisions of society which was then thought something portentously unnatural, to raise from the lowest rank men whom he employed on the most important duties, and knew so well how to choose them, that he was rarely disappointed in their qualities.

Yet there were contradictions in the character of this artful and able monarch; for human nature is rarely uniform. Himself the most false and insincere of mankind, some of the greatest errors of his life arose from too rash a confidence in the honour and integrity of others. When these errors took place, they seem to have arisen from an over-refined system of policy, which induced Louis to assume the appearance of undoubting confidence in those whom it was his object to overreach; for, in his

general conduct, he was as jealous and suspicious as any tyrant who ever breathed.

Two other points may be noticed to complete the sketch of this formidable character, by which he rose among the rude chivalrous sovereigns of the period to the rank of a keeper among wild beasts, who, by superior wisdom and policy, by distribution of food, and some discipline by blows, comes finally to predominate over those who, if unsubjected by his arts, would by main strength have torn him to pieces.

The first of these attributes was Louis's excessive superstition — a plague with which Heaven often afflicts those who refuse to listen to the dictates of religion. The remorse arising from his evil actions, Louis never endeavoured to appease by any relaxation in his Machiavellian stratagems, but laboured, in vain, to soothe and silence that painful feeling by superstitious observances, severe penance, and profuse gifts to the ecclesiastics. The second property, with which the first is sometimes found strangely united, was a disposition to low pleasures and obscure debauchery. The wisest, or at least the most crafty, sovereign of his time, he was fond of low life, and, being himself a man of wit, enjoyed the jests and repartees of social conversation more than could have been expected from other points of his character. He even mingled in the comic adventures of obscure intrigue, with a freedom little consistent with the habitual and guarded jealousy of his character; and he was so fond of this species of humble gallantry, that he caused a number of its gay and licentious anecdotes to be enrolled in a collection well known to book-collectors, in whose eyes (and the work is unfit for any other) the *right* edition is very precious.[1]

By means of this monarch's powerful and prudent, though most unamiable, character, it pleased Heaven, who works by the tempest as well as by the soft small rain, to restore to the great French nation the benefits of civil government, which, at the time of his accession, they had nearly lost.

Ere he succeeded to the crown, Louis had given evidence of his vices rather than of his talents. His first wife, Margaret of Scotland, was 'done to death by slanderous tongues' in her husband's court, where, but for the encouragement of Louis himself, not a word would have been breathed against that amiable and injured princess. He had been an ungrateful and a rebellious son, at one time conspiring to seize his father's person, and at another levying open war against him. For the

[1] See Edition of *Cent Nouvelles*. Note 3.

first offence, he was banished to his appanage of Dauphiné, which he governed with much sagacity; for the second, he was driven into absolute exile, and forced to throw himself on the mercy, and almost on the charity, of the Duke of Burgundy and his son, where he enjoyed hospitality, afterwards indifferently requited, until the death of his father in 1461.

In the very outset of his reign, Louis was almost overpowered by a league formed against him by the great vassals of France, with the Duke of Burgundy, or rather his son, the Count de Charalois, at its head. They levied a powerful army, blockaded Paris, fought a battle of doubtful issue under its very walls, and placed the French monarchy on the brink of actual destruction. It usually happens in such cases that the more sagacious general of the two gains the real fruit, though perhaps not the martial fame, of the disputed field. Louis, who had shown great personal bravery during the battle of Montl'héry, was able, by his prudence, to avail himself of its undecided character, as if it had been a victory on his side. He temporised until the enemy had broken up their leaguer, and showed so much dexterity in sowing jealousies among those great powers, that their alliance 'for the public weal,' as they termed it, but in reality for the overthrow of all but the external appearance of the French monarchy, dissolved itself, and was never again renewed in a manner so formidable. From this period, Louis, relieved of all danger from England by the civil wars of York and Lancaster, was engaged for several years, like an unfeeling but able physician, in curing the wounds of the body politic, or rather in stopping, now by gentle remedies, now by the use of fire and steel, the progress of those mortal gangrenes with which it was then infected. The *brigandage* of the Free Companies, and the unpunished oppressions of the nobility, he laboured to lessen, since he could not actually stop them; and, by dint of unrelaxed attention, he gradually gained some addition to his own regal authority, or effected some diminution of those by whom it was counterbalanced.

Still the King of France was surrounded by doubt and danger. The members of the league 'for the public weal,' though not in unison, were in existence, and, like a scotched snake, might re-unite and become dangerous again. But a worse danger was the increasing power of the Duke of Burgundy, then one of the greatest princes of Europe, and little diminished in rank by the very slight dependence of his duchy upon the crown of France.

Charles, surnamed the Bold, or rather the Audacious, for his courage was allied to rashness and frenzy, then wore the ducal coronet of Burgundy, which he burned to convert into a royal and independent regal crown. The character of this duke was in every respect the direct contrast to that of Louis XI.

The latter was calm, deliberate, and crafty, never prosecuting a desperate enterprise, and never abandoning one likely to be successful, however distant the prospect. The genius of the Duke was entirely different. He rushed on danger because he loved it, and on difficulties because he despised them. As Louis never sacrificed his interest to his passion, so Charles, on the other hand, never sacrificed his passion, or even his humour, to any other consideration. Notwithstanding the near relationship that existed between them, and the support which the Duke and his father had afforded to Louis in his exile when Dauphin, there was mutual contempt and hatred betwixt them. The Duke of Burgundy despised the cautious policy of the King, and imputed to the faintness of his courage, that he sought by leagues, purchases, and other indirect means those advantages which, in his place, the Duke would have snatched with an armed hand. He likewise hated the King, not only for the ingratitude he had manifested for former kindnesses, and for personal injuries and imputations which the ambassadors of Louis had cast upon him when his father was yet alive, but also, and especially, because of the support which he afforded in secret to the discontented citizens of Ghent, Liege, and other great towns in Flanders. These turbulent cities, jealous of their privileges and proud of their wealth, were frequently in a state of insurrection against their liege lords the Dukes of Burgundy, and never failed to find underhand countenance at the court of Louis, who embraced every opportunity of fomenting disturbance within the dominions of his overgrown vassal.

The contempt and hatred of the Duke were retaliated by Louis with equal energy, though he used a thicker veil to conceal his sentiments. It was impossible for a man of his profound sagacity not to despise the stubborn obstinacy which never resigned its purpose, however fatal perseverance might prove, and the headlong impetuosity which commenced its career without allowing a moment's consideration for the obstacles to be encountered. Yet the King hated Charles even more than he contemned him, and his scorn and hatred

were the more intense that they were mingled with fear ; for he knew that the onset of the mad bull, to whom he likened the Duke of Burgundy, must ever be formidable though the animal makes it with shut eyes. It was not alone the wealth of the Burgundian provinces, the discipline of the warlike inhabitants, and the mass of their crowded population, which the King dreaded, for the personal qualities of their leader had also much in them that was dangerous. The very soul of bravery, which he pushed to the verge of rashness, and beyond it, profuse in expenditure, splendid in his court, his person, and his retinue, in all which he displayed the hereditary magnificence of the house of Burgundy, Charles the Bold drew into his service almost all the fiery spirits of the age whose tempers were congenial ; and Louis saw too clearly what might be attempted and executed by such a train of resolute adventurers, following a leader of a character as ungovernable as their own.

There was yet another circumstance which increased the animosity of Louis towards his overgrown vassal : he owed him favours which he never meant to repay, and was under the frequent necessity of temporising with him, and even of enduring bursts of petulant insolence, injurious to the regal dignity, without being able to treat him otherwise than as his 'fair cousin of Burgundy.'

It was about the year 1468, when their feuds were at the highest, though a dubious and hollow truce, as frequently happened, existed for the time betwixt them, that the present narrative opens. The person first introduced on the stage will be found indeed to be of a rank and condition the illustration of whose character scarcely called for a dissertation on the relative position of two great princes ; but the passions of the great, their quarrels, and their reconciliations, involve the fortunes of all who approach them ; and it will be found, on proceeding farther in our story, that this preliminary chapter is necessary for comprehending the history of the individual whose adventures we are about to relate.

# CHAPTER II

## *The Wanderer*

Why then the world is my oyster, which I with sword will open.
*Ancient Pistol.*

IT was upon a delicious summer morning, before the sun had assumed its scorching power, and while the dews yet cooled and perfumed the air, that a youth, coming from the north-eastward, approached the ford of a small river, or rather a large brook, tributary to the Cher, near to the royal Castle of Plessis-lès-Tours, whose dark and multiplied battlements rose in the background over the extensive forest with which they were surrounded. These woodlands comprised a noble chase, or royal park, fenced by an inclosure, termed, in the Latin of the middle ages, *plexitium*, which gives the name of Plessis to so many villages in France. The castle and village of which we particularly speak was called Plessis-lès-Tours, to distinguish it from others, and was built about two miles to the southward of the fair town of that name, the capital of ancient Touraine, whose rich plain has been termed the Garden of France.

On the bank of the above-mentioned brook, opposite to that which the traveller was approaching, two men, who appeared in deep conversation, seemed, from time to time, to watch his motions; for, as their station was much more elevated, they could remark him at considerable distance.

The age of the young traveller might be about nineteen, or betwixt that and twenty, and his face and person, which were very prepossessing, did not, however, belong to the country in which he was now a sojourner. His short grey cloak and hose were rather of Flemish than of French fashion, while the smart blue bonnet, with a single sprig of holly and an eagle's feather, was already recognised as the Scottish head-gear. His dress was very neat, and arranged with the precision of a youth conscious of possessing a fine person. He had at his back a

satchel, which seemed to contain a few necessaries, a hawking gauntlet on his left hand, though he carried no bird, and in his right a stout hunter's pole. Over his left shoulder hung an embroidered scarf which sustained a small pouch of scarlet velvet, such as was then used by fowlers of distinction to carry their hawks' food, and other matters belonging to that much admired sport. This was crossed by another shoulder-belt, to which was hung a hunting-knife, or *couteau de chasse.* Instead of the boots of the period, he wore buskins of half-dressed deer's-skin.

Although his form had not yet attained its full strength, he was tall and active, and the lightness of the step with which he advanced showed that his pedestrian mode of travelling was pleasure rather than pain to him. His complexion was fair, in spite of a general shade of darker hue, with which the foreign sun, or perhaps constant exposure to the atmosphere in his own country, had in some degree embrowned it.

His features, without being quite regular, were frank, open, and pleasing. A half smile, which seemed to arise from a happy exuberance of animal spirits, showed, now and then, that his teeth were well set, and as pure as ivory; whilst his bright blue eye, with a corresponding gaiety, had an appropriate glance for every object which it encountered, expressing good-humour, lightness of heart, and determined resolution.

He received and returned the salutation of the few travellers who frequented the road in those dangerous times with the action which suited each. The strolling spearman, half soldier, half brigand, measured the youth with his eye, as if balancing the prospect of booty with the chance of desperate resistance; and read such indications of the latter in the fearless glance of the passenger, that he changed his ruffian purpose for a surly 'Good morrow, comrade,' which the young Scot answered with as martial, though a less sullen, tone. The wandering pilgrim or the begging friar answered his reverend greeting with a paternal benedicite; and the dark-eyed peasant girl looked after him for many a step after they had passed each other, and interchanged a laughing 'good morrow.' In short, there was an attraction about his whole appearance not easily escaping attention, and which was derived from the combination of fearless frankness and good-humour with sprightly looks and a handsome face and person. It seemed, too, as if his whole demeanour bespoke one who was entering on life with no apprehension of the evils with which it is beset, and small

means for struggling with its hardships, except a lively spirit and a courageous disposition; and it is with such tempers that youth most readily sympathises, and for whom chiefly age and experience feel affectionate and pitying interest.

The youth whom we have described had been long visible to the two persons who loitered on the opposite side of the small river which divided him from the park and the castle; but as he descended the rugged bank to the water's edge, with the light step of a roe which visits the fountain, the younger of the two said to the other, 'It is our man — it is the Bohemian! If he attempts to cross the ford, he is a lost man: the water is up, and the ford impassable.'

'Let him make that discovery himself, gossip,' said the elder personage; 'it may, perchance, save a rope, and break a proverb.'

'I judge him by the blue cap,' said the other, 'for I cannot see his face. Hark, sir; he hallooes to know whether the water be deep.'

'Nothing like experience in this world,' answered the other: 'let him try.'

The young man, in the meanwhile, receiving no hint to the contrary, and taking the silence of those to whom he applied as an encouragement to proceed, entered the stream without farther hesitation than the delay necessary to take off his buskins. The elder person, at the same moment, hallooed to him to beware, adding, in a lower tone, to his companion, '*Mortdieu*, gossip, you have made another mistake: this is not the Bohemian chatterer.'

But the intimation to the youth came too late. He either did not hear or could not profit by it, being already in the deep stream. To one less alert and practised in the exercise of swimming, death had been certain, for the brook was both deep and strong.

'By St. Anne! but he is a proper youth,' said the elder man. 'Run, gossip, and help your blunder by giving him aid, if thou canst. He belongs to thine own troop; if old saws speak truth, water will not drown him.'

Indeed, the young traveller swam so strongly, and buffeted the waves so well, that, notwithstanding the strength of the current, he was carried but a little way down from the ordinary landing-place.

By this time the younger of the two strangers was hurrying down to the shore to render assistance, while the other followed

him at a graver pace, saying to himself as he approached, 'I knew water would never drown that young fellow. By my halidome, he is ashore, and grasps his pole! If I make not the more haste, he will beat my gossip for the only charitable action which I ever saw him perform, or attempt to perform, in the whole course of his life.'

There was some reason to augur such a conclusion of the adventure, for the bonny Scot had already accosted the younger Samaritan, who was hastening to his assistance, with these ireful words — 'Discourteous dog! why did you not answer when I called to know if the passage was fit to be attempted? May the foul fiend catch me, but I will teach you the respect due to strangers on the next occasion!'

This was accompanied with that significant flourish with his pole which is called *le moulinet*, because the artist, holding it in the middle, brandishes the two ends in every direction, like the sails of a windmill in motion. His opponent, seeing himself thus menaced, laid hand upon his sword, for he was one of those who on all occasions are more ready for action than for speech; but his more considerate comrade, who came up, commanded him to forbear, and, turning to the young man, accused him in turn of precipitation in plunging into the swollen ford, and of intemperate violence in quarrelling with a man who was hastening to his assistance.

The young man, on hearing himself thus reproved by a man of advanced age and respectable appearance, immediately lowered his weapon, and said, 'He would be sorry if he had done them injustice; but, in reality, it appeared to him as if they had suffered him to put his life in peril for want of a word of timely warning, which could be the part neither of honest men nor of good Christians, far less of respectable burgesses, such as they seemed to be.'

'Fair son,' said the elder person, 'you seem, from your accent and complexion, a stranger; and you should recollect your dialect is not so easily comprehended by us as perhaps it may be uttered by you.'

'Well, father,' answered the youth, 'I do not care much about the ducking I have had, and I will readily forgive your being partly the cause, provided you will direct me to some place where I can have my clothes dried; for it is my only suit, and I must keep it somewhat decent.'

'For whom do you take us, fair son?' said the elder stranger, in answer to this question.

'For substantial burgesses, unquestionably,' said the youth; 'or, hold — you, master, may be a money-broker or a corn-merchant, and this man a butcher or grazier.'

'You have hit our capacities rarely,' said the elder, smiling. 'My business is indeed to trade in as much money as I can; and my gossip's dealings are somewhat of kin to the butcher's. As to your accommodation, we will try to serve you; but I must first know who you are, and whither you are going; for, in these times, the roads are filled with travellers on foot and horseback who have anything in their head but honesty and the fear of God.'

The young man cast another keen and penetrating glance on him who spoke, and on his silent companion, as if doubtful whether they, on their part, merited the confidence they demanded; and the result of his observation was as follows.

The eldest and most remarkable of these men, in dress and appearance, resembled the merchant or shopkeeper of the period. His jerkin, hose, and cloak were of a dark uniform colour, but worn so threadbare that the acute young Scot conceived that the wearer must be either very rich or very poor, probably the former. The fashion of the dress was close and short — a kind of garments which were not then held decorous among gentry, or even the superior class of citizens, who generally wore loose gowns which descended below the middle of the leg.

The expression of this man's countenance was partly attractive and partly forbidding. His strong features, sunk cheeks, and hollow eyes had, nevertheless, an expression of shrewdness and humour congenial to the character of the young adventurer. But then, those same sunken eyes, from under the shroud of thick black eyebrows, had something in them that was at once commanding and sinister. Perhaps this effect was increased by the low fur cap, much depressed on the forehead, and adding to the shade from under which those eyes peered out; but it is certain that the young stranger had some difficulty to reconcile his looks with the meanness of his appearance in other respects. His cap, in particular, in which all men of any quality displayed either a brooch of gold or of silver, was ornamented with a paltry image of the Virgin, in lead, such as the poorer sort of pilgrims bring from Loretto.

His comrade was a stout-formed, middle-sized man, more than ten years younger than his companion, with a down-looking visage and a very ominous smile, when by chance he gave way to that impulse, which was never, except in reply to

LOUIS XI.
From a rare engraving by Shaw.

certain secret signs that seemed to pass between him and the elder stranger. This man was armed with a sword and dagger; and, underneath his plain habit, the Scotsman observed that he concealed a *jazeran*, or flexible shirt of linked mail, which, as being often worn by those, even of peaceful professions, who were called upon at that perilous period to be frequently abroad, confirmed the young man in his conjecture that the wearer was by profession a butcher, grazier, or something of that description, called upon to be much abroad.

The young stranger, comprehending in one glance the result of the observation which has taken us some time to express, answered, after a moment's pause, 'I am ignorant whom I may have the honour to address,' making a slight reverence at the same time; 'but I am indifferent who knows that I am a cadet of Scotland, and that I come to seek my fortune in France, or elsewhere, after the custom of my countrymen.'

'*Pasques-dieu!* and a gallant custom it is,' said the elder stranger. 'You seem a fine young springald, and at the right age to prosper, whether among men or women. What say you? I am a merchant, and want a lad to assist in my traffic. I suppose you are too much a gentleman to assist in such mechanical drudgery?'

'Fair sir,' said the youth, 'if your offer be seriously made, of which I have my doubts, I am bound to thank you for it, and I thank you accordingly; but I fear I should be altogether unfit for your service.'

'What!' said the senior, 'I warrant thou knowest better how to draw the bow than how to draw a bill of charges — canst handle a broadsword better than a pen — ha!'

'I am, master,' answered the young Scot, 'a braeman, and therefore, as we say, a bowman. But besides that, I have been in a convent, where the good fathers taught me to read and write, and even to cipher.'

'*Pasques-dieu!* that is too magnificent,' said the merchant. 'By our Lady of Embrun, thou art a prodigy, man!'

'Rest you merry, fair master,' said the youth, who was not much pleased with his new acquaintance's jocularity, 'I must go dry myself, instead of standing dripping here, answering questions.'

The merchant only laughed louder as he spoke, and answered, '*Pasques-dieu!* the proverb never fails — *fier comme un Écossois*; but come, youngster, you are of a country I have a regard for, having traded in Scotland in my time — an honest poor set

of folks they are; and, if you will come with us to the village, I will bestow on you a cup of burnt sack and a warm breakfast, to atone for your drenching. But, *tête-bleau!* what do you with a hunting-glove on your hand? Know you not there is no hawking permitted in a royal chase?'

'I was taught that lesson,' answered the youth, 'by a rascally forester of the Duke of Burgundy. I did but fly the falcon I had brought with me from Scotland, and that I reckoned on for bringing me into some note, at a heron near Péronne, and the rascally *schelm* shot my bird with an arrow.'

'What did you do?' said the merchant.

'Beat him,' said the youngster, brandishing his staff, 'as near to death as one Christian man should belabour another. I wanted not to have his blood to answer for.'

'Know you,' said the burgess, 'that, had you fallen into the Duke of Burgundy's hands, he would have hung you up like a chestnut?'

'Ay, I am told he is as prompt as the King of France for that sort of work. But, as this happened near Péronne, I made a leap over the frontiers, and laughed at him. If he had not been so hasty, I might perhaps have taken service with him.'

'He will have a heavy miss of such a paladin as you are, if the truce should break off,' said the merchant, and threw a look at his own companion, who answered him with one of the downcast lowering smiles, which gleamed along his countenance, enlivening it as a passing meteor enlivens a winter sky.

The young Scot suddenly stopped, pulled his bonnet over his right eyebrow, as one that would not be ridiculed, and said firmly, 'My masters, and especially you, sir, the elder, and who should be the wiser, you will find, I presume, no sound or safe jesting at my expense. I do not altogether like the tone of your conversation. I can take a jest with any man, and a rebuke, too, from my elder, and say "Thank you, sir," if I know it to be deserved; but I do not like being borne in hand as if I were a child, when, God wot, I find myself man enough to belabour you both, if you provoke me too far.'

The eldest man seemed like to choke with laughter at the lad's demeanour; his companion's hand stole to his sword-hilt, which the youth observing dealt him a blow across the wrist, which made him incapable of grasping it; while his companion's mirth was only increased by the incident. 'Hold — hold,' he cried, 'most doughty Scot, even for thine own dear country's sake; and you, gossip, forbear your menacing look. *Pasques-*

*dieu!* let us be just traders, and set off the wetting against the knock on the wrist, which was given with so much grace and alacrity. And hark ye, my young friend,' he said to the young man with a grave sternness which, in spite of all the youth could do, damped and overawed him, 'no more violence. I am no fit object for it, and my gossip, as you may see, has had enough of it. Let me know your name.'

'I can answer a civil question civilly,' said the youth; 'and will pay fitting respect to your age, if you do not urge my patience with mockery. Since I have been here in France and Flanders, men have called me, in their fantasy, the Varlet with the Velvet Pouch, because of this hawk purse which I carry by my side; but my true name, when at home, is Quentin Durward.'

'Durward!' said the querist; 'is it a gentleman's name?'

'By fifteen descents in our family,' said the young man; 'and that makes me reluctant to follow any other trade than arms.'

'A true Scot! Plenty of blood, plenty of pride, and right great scarcity of ducats, I warrant thee. Well, gossip,' he said to his companion, 'go before us, and tell them to have some breakfast ready yonder at the Mulberry Grove; for this youth will do as much honour to it as a starved mouse to a housewife's cheese. And for the Bohemian — hark in thy ear——'

His comrade answered by a gloomy but intelligent smile, and set forward at a round pace, while the elder man continued, addressing young Durward — 'You and I will walk leisurely forward together, and we may take a mass at St. Hubert's chapel in our way through the forest; for it is not good to think of our fleshly before our spiritual wants.'

Durward, as a good Catholic, had nothing to object against this proposal, although he might probably have been desirous, in the first place, to have dried his clothes and refreshed himself. Meanwhile, they soon lost sight of their downward-looking companion, but continued to follow the same path which he had taken, until it led them into a wood of tall trees, mixed with thickets and brushwood, traversed by long avenues, through which were seen, as through a vista, the deer trotting in little herds with a degree of security which argued their consciousness of being completely protected.

'You asked me if I were a good bowman,' said the young Scot. 'Give me a bow and a brace of shafts, and you shall have a piece of venison in a moment.'

'*Pasques-dieu!* my young friend,' said his companion, 'take care of that; my gossip yonder hath a special eye to the deer; they are under his charge, and he is a strict keeper.'

'He hath more the air of a butcher than of a gay forester,' answered Durward. 'I cannot think yon hang-dog look of his belongs to any one who knows the gentle rules of woodcraft.'

'Ah, my young friend,' answered his companion, 'my gossip hath somewhat an ugly favour to look upon at the first; but those who become acquainted with him never are known to complain of him.'

Quentin Durward found something singularly and disagreeably significant in the tone with which this was spoken; and, looking suddenly at the speaker, thought he saw in his countenance, in the slight smile that curled his upper lip, and the accompanying twinkle of his keen dark eye, something to justify his unpleasing surprise. 'I have heard of robbers,' he thought to himself, 'and of wily cheats and cut-throats; what if yonder fellow be a murderer, and this old rascal his decoy-duck? I will be on my guard; they will get little by me but good Scottish knocks.'

While he was thus reflecting, they came to a glade, where the large forest trees were more widely separated from each other, and where the ground beneath, cleared of underwood and bushes, was clothed with a carpet of the softest and most lovely verdure, which, screened from the scorching heat of the sun, was here more beautifully tender than it is usually to be seen in France. The trees in this secluded spot were chiefly beeches and elms of huge magnitude, which rose like great hills of leaves into the air. Amidst these magnificent sons of the earth, there peeped out, in the most open spot of the glade, a lowly chapel, near which trickled a small rivulet. Its architecture was of the rudest and most simple kind; and there was a very small lodge beside it, for the accommodation of a hermit or solitary priest, who remained there for regularly discharging the duty of the altar. In a small niche, over the arched doorway, stood a stone image of St. Hubert,[1] with the bugle-horn around his neck and a leash of greyhounds at his feet. The situation of the chapel in the midst of a park or chase so richly stocked with game made the dedication to the sainted huntsman peculiarly appropriate.

Towards this little devotional structure the old man directed his steps, followed by young Durward; and, as they approached,

[1] See Note 4.

the priest, dressed in his sacerdotal garments, made his appearance, in the act of proceeding from his cell to the chapel, for the discharge, doubtless, of his holy office. Durward bowed his body reverently to the priest, as the respect due to his sacred office demanded; whilst his companion, with an appearance of still more deep devotion, kneeled on one knee to receive the holy man's blessing, and then followed him into church, with a step and manner expressive of the most heartfelt contrition and humility.

The inside of the chapel was adorned in a manner adapted to the occupation of the patron saint while on earth. The richest furs of such animals as are made the objects of the chase in different countries supplied the place of tapestry and hangings around the altar and elsewhere, and the characteristic emblazonments of bugles, bows, quivers, and other emblems of hunting, surrounded the walls, and were mingled with the heads of deer, wolves, and other animals considered beasts of sport. The whole adornments took an appropriate and silvan character; and the mass itself, being considerably shortened, proved to be of that sort which is called a 'hunting-mass,' because in use before the noble and powerful, who, while assisting at the solemnity, are usually impatient to commence their favourite sport.

Yet, during this brief ceremony, Durward's companion seemed to pay the most rigid and scrupulous attention; while Durward, not quite so much occupied with religious thoughts, could not forbear blaming himself in his own mind for having entertained suspicions derogatory to the character of so good and so humble a man. Far from now holding him as a companion and accomplice of robbers, he had much to do to forbear regarding him as a saint-like personage.

When mass was ended, they retired together from the chapel, and the elder said to his young comrade, 'It is but a short walk from hence to the village; you may now break your fast with an unprejudiced conscience; follow me.'

Turning to the right, and proceeding along a path which seemed gradually to ascend, he recommended to his companion by no means to quit the track, but, on the contrary, to keep the middle of it as nearly as he could. Durward could not help asking the cause of this precaution.

'You are now near the court, young man,' answered his guide; 'and, *Pasques-dieu!* there is some difference betwixt walking in this region and on your own heathy hills. Every

yard of this ground, excepting the path which we now occupy, is rendered dangerous, and wellnigh impracticable, by snares and traps, armed with scythe-blades, which shred off the unwary passenger's limb as sheerly as a hedge-bill lops a hawthorn-sprig, and calthrops that would pierce your foot through, and pitfalls deep enough to bury you in them for ever; for you are now within the precincts of the royal demesne, and we shall presently see the front of the château.'

'Were I the King of France,' said the young man, 'I would not take so much trouble with traps and gins, but would try instead to govern so well that no man should dare to come near my dwelling with a bad intent; and for those who came there in peace and good-will, why, the more of them the merrier we should be.'

His companion looked round affecting an alarmed gaze, and said, 'Hush — hush, Sir Varlet with the Velvet Pouch! for I forgot to tell you that one great danger of these precincts is that the very leaves of the trees are like so many ears, which carry all which is spoken to the King's own cabinet.'

'I care little for that,' answered Quentin Durward; 'I bear a Scottish tongue in my head bold enough to speak my mind to King Louis's face, God bless him! and for the ears you talk of, if I could see them growing on a human head, I would crop them out of it with my wood-knife.'

# CHAPTER III

## *The Castle*

Full in the midst a mighty pile arose,
Where iron-grated gates their strength oppose
To each invading step, and, strong and steep,
The battled walls arose, the fosse sunk deep.
Slow round the fortress rolled the sluggish stream,
And high in middle air the warder's turrets gleam.

*Anonymous.*

WHILE Durward and his new acquaintance thus spoke, they came in sight of the whole front of the Castle of Plessis-lès-Tours, which, even in those dangerous times, when the great found themselves obliged to reside within places of fortified strength, was distinguished for the extreme and jealous care with which it was watched and defended.

From the verge of the wood where young Durward halted with his companion, in order to take a view of this royal residence, extended, or rather arose, though by a very gentle elevation, an open esplanade, devoid of trees and bushes of every description, excepting one gigantic and half-withered old oak. This space was left open, according to the rules of fortification in all ages, in order that an enemy might not approach the walls under cover, or unobserved from the battlements; and beyond it arose the castle itself.

There were three external walls, battlemented and turreted from space to space, and at each angle, the second inclosure rising higher than the first, and being built so as to command the exterior defence in case it was won by the enemy; and being again, in the same manner, itself commanded by the third and innermost barrier. Around the external wall, as the Frenchman informed his young companion (for, as they stood lower than the foundation of the wall, he could not see it), was sunk a ditch of about twenty feet in depth, supplied with water by a damhead on the river Cher, or rather on one of its tribu-

tary branches. In front of the second inclosure, he said, there ran another fosse ; and a third, both of the same unusual dimensions, was led between the second and the innermost inclosure. The verge, both of the outer and inner circuit of this triple moat, was strongly fenced with palisades of iron, serving the purpose of what are called *chevaux-de-frise* in modern fortification, the top of each pale being divided into a cluster of sharp spikes, which seemed to render any attempt to climb over an act of self-destruction.

From within the innermost inclosure arose the castle itself, containing buildings of different periods, crowded around and united with the ancient and grim-looking donjon-keep, which was older than any of them, and which rose, like a black Ethiopian giant, high into the air, while the absence of any windows larger than shot-holes, irregularly disposed for defence, gave the spectator the same unpleasant feeling which we experience on looking at a blind man. The other buildings seemed scarcely better adapted for the purposes of comfort, for the windows opened to an inner and inclosed courtyard ; so that the whole external front looked much more like that of a prison than a palace. The reigning king had even increased this effect ; for, desirous that the additions which he himself had made to the fortifications should be of a character not easily distinguished from the original building (for, like many jealous persons, he loved not that his suspicions should be observed), the darkest-coloured brick and freestone were employed, and soot mingled with the lime, so as to give the whole castle the same uniform tinge of extreme and rude antiquity.

This formidable place had but one entrance, at least Durward saw none along the spacious front except where, in the centre of the first and outward boundary, arose two strong towers, the usual defences of a gateway ; and he could observe their ordinary accompaniments, portcullis and drawbridge, of which the first was lowered and the last raised. Similar entrance-towers were visible on the second and third bounding wall, but not in the same line with those on the outward circuit ; because the passage did not cut right through the whole three inclosures at the same point, but, on the contrary, those who entered had to proceed nearly thirty yards betwixt the first and second wall, exposed, if their purpose were hostile, to missiles from both ; and again, when the second boundary was passed, they must make a similar digression from the straight line, in order to attain the portal of the third and innermost

inclosure; so that before gaining the outer court, which ran along the front of the building, two narrow and dangerous defiles were to be traversed under a flanking discharge of artillery, and three gates, defended in the strongest manner known to the age, were to be successively forced.

Coming from a country alike desolated by foreign war and internal feuds — a country, too, whose unequal and mountainous surface, abounding in precipices and torrents, affords so many situations of strength — young Durward was sufficiently acquainted with all the various contrivances by which men, in that stern age, endeavoured to secure their dwellings; but he frankly owned to his companion that he did not think it had been in the power of art to do so much for defence, where nature had done so little; for the situation, as we have hinted, was merely the summit of a gentle elevation ascending upwards from the place where they were standing.

To enhance his surprise, his companion told him that the environs of the castle, except the single winding path by which the portal might be safely approached, were, like the thickets through which they had passed, surrounded with every species of hidden pitfall, snare, and gin, to entrap the wretch who should venture thither without a guide; that upon the walls were constructed certain cradles of iron, called 'swallows' nests,' from which the sentinels who were regularly posted there could, without being exposed to any risk, take deliberate aim at any who should attempt to enter without the proper signal or password of the day; and that the archers of the Royal Guard performed that duty day and night, for which they received high pay, rich clothing, and much honour and profit at the hands of King Louis. 'And now tell me, young man,' he continued, 'did you ever see so strong a fortress, and do you think there are men bold enough to storm it?'

The young man looked long and fixedly on the place, the sight of which interested him so much that he had forgotten, in the eagerness of youthful curiosity, the wetness of his dress. His eye glanced, and his colour mounted to his cheek like that of a daring man who meditates an honourable action, as he replied, 'It is a strong castle, and strongly guarded; but there is no impossibility to brave men.'

'Are there any in your country who could do such a feat?' said the elder, rather scornfully.

'I will not affirm that,' answered the youth; 'but there are thousands that, in a good cause, would attempt as bold a deed.'

'Umph!' said the senior, 'perhaps you are yourself such a gallant?'

'I should sin if I were to boast where there is no danger,' answered young Durward; 'but my father has done as bold an act, and I trust I am no bastard.'

'Well,' said his companion, smiling, 'you might meet your match, and your kindred withal, in the attempt; for the Scottish Archers of King Louis's Life Guards stand sentinels on yonder walls — three hundred gentlemen of the best blood in your country.'

'And were I King Louis,' said the youth, in reply, 'I would trust my safety to the faith of the three hundred Scottish gentlemen, throw down my bounding walls to fill up the moat, call in my noble peers and paladins, and live as became me, amid breaking of lances in gallant tournaments, and feasting of days with nobles and dancing of nights with ladies, and have no more fear of a foe than I have of a fly.'

His companion again smiled, and turning his back on the castle, which, he observed, they had approached a little too nearly, he led the way again into the wood, by a more broad and beaten path than they had yet trodden. 'This,' he said, 'leads us to the village of Plessis, as it is called, where you, as a stranger, will find reasonable and honest accommodation. About two miles onward lies the fine city of Tours, which gives name to this rich and beautiful earldom. But the village of Plessis, or Plessis of the Park, as it is sometimes called, from its vicinity to the royal residence, and the chase with which it is encircled, will yield you nearer, and as convenient, hospitality.'

'I thank you, kind master, for your information,' said the Scot; 'but my stay will be so short here that, if I fail not in a morsel of meat and a drink of something better than water, my necessities in Plessis, be it of the park or the pool, will be amply satisfied.'

'Nay,' answered his companion, 'I thought you had some friend to see in this quarter.'

'And so I have — my mother's own brother,' answered Durward; 'and as pretty a man, before he left the braes of Angus, as ever planted brogue on heather.'

'What is his name?' said the senior. 'We will inquire him out for you; for it is not safe for you to go up to the castle, where you might be taken for a spy.'

'Now, by my father's hand!' said the youth, 'I taken for a

spy! By Heaven, he shall brook cold iron that brands me with such a charge! But for my uncle's name, I care not who knows it — it is Lesly — Lesly, an honest and noble name!'

'And so it is, I doubt not,' said the old man; 'but there are three of the name in the Scottish Guard.'

'My uncle's name is Ludovic Lesly,' said the young man.

'Of the three Leslies,' answered the merchant, 'two are called Ludovic.'

'They call my kinsman Ludovic with the Scar,' said Quentin. 'Our family names are so common in a Scottish house, that, where there is no land in the case, we always give a "to-name."'

'A *nom de guerre*, I suppose you to mean,' answered his companion; 'and the man you speak of, we, I think, call *Le Balafré*, from that scar on his face — a proper man and a good soldier. I wish I may be able to help you to an interview with him, for he belongs to a set of gentlemen whose duty is strict, and who do not often come out of garrison, unless in the immediate attendance on the King's person. And now, young man, answer me one question. I will wager you are desirous to take service with your uncle in the Scottish Guard. It is a great thing, if you propose so; especially as you are very young, and some years' experience is necessary for the high office which you aim at.'

'Perhaps I may have thought on some such thing,' said Durward, carelessly; 'but if I did, the fancy is off.'

'How so, young man?' said the Frenchman, something sternly. 'Do you speak thus of a charge which the most noble of your countrymen feel themselves emulous to be admitted to?'

'I wish them joy of it,' said Quentin, composedly. 'To speak plain, I should have liked the service of the French king full well, only, dress me as fine and feed me as high as you will, I love the open air better than being shut up in a cage or a swallow's nest yonder, as you call these same grated pepper-boxes. Besides,' he added, in a lower voice, 'to speak truth, I love not the castle when the covin-tree[1] bears such acorns as I see yonder.'

'I guess what you mean,' said the Frenchman; 'but speak yet more plainly.'

'To speak more plainly, then,' said the youth, 'there grows a fair oak some flight-shot or so from yonder castle; and on that oak hangs a man in a grey jerkin, such as this which I wear.'

[1] See Note 5.

'Ay and indeed!' said the man of France. '*Pasques-dieu!* see what it is to have youthful eyes! Why, I did see something, but only took it for a raven among the branches. But the sight is no way strange, young man; when the summer fades into autumn, and moonlight nights are long, and roads become unsafe, you will see a cluster of ten, ay, of twenty such acorns, hanging on that old doddered oak. But what then? they are so many banners displayed to scare knaves; and for each rogue that hangs there, an honest man may reckon that there is a thief, a traitor, a robber on the highway, a *pilleur* and oppressor of the people, the fewer in France. These, young man, are signs of our sovereign's justice.'

'I would have hung them farther from my palace, though, were I King Louis,' said the youth. 'In my country, we hang up dead corbies where living corbies haunt, but not in our gardens or pigeon-houses. The very scent of the carrion — faugh — reached my nostrils at the distance where we stood.'

'If you live to be an honest and loyal servant of your prince, my good youth,' answered the Frenchman, 'you will know there is no perfume to match the scent of a dead traitor.'

'I shall never wish to live till I lose the scent of my nostrils or the sight of my eyes,' said the Scot. 'Show me a living traitor, and here are my hand and my weapon; but when life is out, hatred should not live longer. But here, I fancy, we come upon the village; where I hope to show you that neither ducking nor disgust have spoiled mine appetite for my breakfast. So, my good friend, to the hostelry, with all the speed you may. Yet, ere I accept of your hospitality, let me know by what name to call you.'

'Men call me Maître Pierre,' answered his companion. 'I deal in no titles. A plain man, that can live on mine own good — that is my designation.'

'So be it, Maître Pierre,' said Quentin, 'and I am happy my good chance has thrown us together; for I want a word of seasonable advice, and can be thankful for it.'

While they spoke thus, the tower of the church and a tall wooden crucifix, rising above the trees, showed that they were at the entrance of the village.

But Maître Pierre, deflecting a little from the road, which had now joined an open and public causeway, said to his companion, that the inn to which he intended to introduce him stood somewhat secluded, and received only the better sort of travellers.

'If you mean those who travel with the better-filled purses,' answered the Scot, 'I am none of the number, and will rather stand my chance of your flayers on the highway than of your flayers in the hostelry!'

'*Pasques-dieu!*' said his guide, 'how cautious your countrymen of Scotland are! An Englishman, now, throws himself headlong into a tavern, eats and drinks of the best, and never thinks of the reckoning till his belly is full. But you forget, Master Quentin, since Quentin is your name — you forget I owe you a breakfast for the wetting which my mistake procured you. It is the penance of my offence towards you.'

'In truth,' said the light-hearted young man, 'I had forgot wetting, offence, and penance, and all. I have walked my clothes dry, or nearly so; but I will not refuse your offer in kindness, for my dinner yesterday was a light one, and supper I had none. You seem an old and respectable burgess, and I see no reason why I should not accept your courtesy.'

The Frenchman smiled aside, for he saw plainly that the youth, while he was probably half-famished, had yet some difficulty to reconcile himself to the thoughts of feeding at a stranger's cost, and was endeavouring to subdue his inward pride by the reflection that, in such slight obligations, the acceptor performed as complacent a part as he by whom the courtesy was offered.

In the meanwhile, they descended a narrow lane, overshadowed by tall elms, at the bottom of which a gateway admitted them into the courtyard of an inn of unusual magnitude, calculated for the accommodation of the nobles and suitors who had business at the neighbouring castle, where very seldom, and only when such hospitality was altogether unavoidable, did Louis XI. permit any of his court to have apartments. A scutcheon, bearing the *fleur-de-lys*, hung over the principal door of the large irregular building; but there was about the yard and the offices little or none of the bustle which in those days, when attendants were maintained both in public and in private houses, marked that business was alive and custom plenty. It seemed as if the stern and unsocial character of the royal mansion in the neighbourhood had communicated a portion of its solemn and terrific gloom even to a place designed, according to universal custom elsewhere, for the temple of social indulgence, merry society, and good cheer.

Maître Pierre, without calling any one, and even without approaching the principal entrance, lifted the latch of a side

door, and led the way into a large room, where a fagot was blazing on the hearth, and arrangements made for a substantial breakfast.

'My gossip has been careful,' said the Frenchman to the Scot. 'You must be cold, and I have commanded a fire; you must be hungry, and you shall have breakfast presently.'

He whistled, and the landlord entered; answered Maître Pierre's '*bon jour*' with a reverence; but in no respect showed any part of the prating humour properly belonging to a French publican of all ages.

'I expected a gentleman,' said Maître Pierre, 'to order breakfast. Hath he done so?'

In answer, the landlord only bowed; and while he continued to bring, and arrange upon the table, the various articles of a comfortable meal, omitted to extol their merits by a single word. And yet the breakfast merited such eulogiums as French hosts are wont to confer upon their regales, as the reader will be informed in the next chapter.

# CHAPTER IV

## *The Déjeuner*

Sacred heaven ! what masticators ! what bread !
*Yorick's Travels.*

WE left our young stranger in France situated more comfortably than he had found himself since entering the territories of the ancient Gauls. The breakfast, as we hinted in the conclusion of the last chapter, was admirable. There was a *pâté de Périgord*, over which a gastronome would have wished to live and die, like Homer's lotus-eaters, forgetful of kin, native country, and all social obligations whatever. Its vast walls of magnificent crust seemed raised like the bulwarks of some rich metropolitan city, an emblem of the wealth which they are designed to protect. There was a delicate ragout, with just that *petite pointe de l'ail* which Gascons love and Scottishmen do not hate. There was, besides, a delicate ham, which had once supported a noble wild boar in the neighbouring wood of Mountrichart. There was the most exquisite white bread made into little round loaves called *boules* (whence the bakers took their French name of *boulangers*), of which the crust was so inviting that, even with water alone, it would have been a delicacy. But the water was not alone, for there was a flask of leather called *bottrine*, which contained about a quart of exquisite *vin de Beaulne*. So many good things might have created appetite under the ribs of death. What effect, then, must they have produced upon a youngster of scarce twenty, who (for the truth must be told) had eaten little for the two last days, save the scarcely ripe fruit which chance afforded him an opportunity of plucking, and a very moderate portion of barley-bread ? He threw himself upon the ragout, and the plate was presently vacant ; he attacked the mighty pasty, marched deep into the bowels of the land, and, seasoning his enormous meal with an occasional cup of wine, returned to the

charge again and again, to the astonishment of mine host and the amusement of Maître Pierre.

The latter, indeed, probably because he found himself the author of a kinder action than he had thought of, seemed delighted with the appetite of the young Scot; and when, at length, he observed that his exertions began to languish, endeavoured to stimulate him to new efforts, by ordering confections, *darioles*, and any other light dainties he could think of, to entice the youth to continue his meal. While thus engaged, Maître Pierre's countenance expressed a kind of good-humour almost amounting to benevolence, which appeared remote from its ordinary sharp, caustic, and severe character. The aged almost always sympathise with the enjoyments of youth, and with its exertions of every kind, when the mind of the spectator rests on its natural poise, and is not disturbed by inward envy or idle emulation.

Quentin Durward also, while thus agreeably employed, could do no otherwise than discover that the countenance of his entertainer, which he had at first found so unprepossessing, mended when it was seen under the influence of the *vin de Beaulne*, and there was kindness in the tone with which he reproached Maître Pierre, that he amused himself with laughing at his appetite, without eating anything himself.

'I am doing penance,' said Maître Pierre, 'and may not eat anything before noon, save some comfiture and a cup of water. Bid yonder lady,' he added, turning to the innkeeper, 'bring them hither to me.'

The innkeeper left the room, and Maître Pierre proceeded — 'Well, have I kept faith with you concerning the breakfast I promised you?'

'The best meal I have eaten,' said the youth, 'since I left Glen Houlakin.'

'Glen — what?' demanded Maître Pierre; 'are you going to raise the devil, that you use such long-tailed words?'

'Glen Houlakin,' answered Quentin, good-humouredly, 'which is to say the Glen of the Midges, is the name of our ancient patrimony, my good sir. You have bought the right to laugh at the sound, if you please.'

'I have not the least intention to offend,' said the old man; 'but I was about to say, since you like your present meal so well, that the Scottish Archers of the Guard eat as good a one, or a better, every day.'

'No wonder,' said Durward, 'for if they be shut up in the

swallows' nests all night, they must needs have a curious appetite in the morning.'

'And plenty to gratify it upon,' said Maître Pierre. 'They need not, like the Burgundians, chouse a bare back, that they may have a full belly: they dress like counts, and feast like abbots.'

'It is well for them,' said Durward.

'And wherefore will you not take service here, young man? Your uncle might, I daresay, have you placed on the file when there should a vacancy occur. And, hark in your ear, I myself have some little interest, and might be of some use to you. You can ride, I presume, as well as draw the bow?'

'Our race are as good horsemen as ever put a plated shoe into a steel stirrup; and I know not but I might accept of your kind offer. Yet, look you, food and raiment are needful things, but, in my case, men think of honour, and advancement, and brave deeds of arms. Your King Louis — God bless him! for he is a friend and ally of Scotland — but he lies here in this castle, or only rides about from one fortified town to another; and gains cities and provinces by politic embassies, and not in fair fighting. Now, for me, I am of the Douglasses' mind, who always kept the fields, because they loved better to hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak.'

'Young man,' said Maître Pierre, 'do not judge too rashly of the actions of sovereigns. Louis seeks to spare the blood of his subjects, and cares not for his own. He showed himself a man of courage at Montl'héry.'

'Ay, but that was some dozen years ago or more,' answered the youth. 'I should like to follow a master that would keep his honour as bright as his shield, and always venture foremost in the very throng of the battle.'

'Why did you not tarry at Brussels, then,' said Maître Pierre, 'with the Duke of Burgundy? He would put you in the way to have your bones broken every day; and rather than fail, would do the job for you himself, especially if he heard that you had beaten his forester.'

'Very true,' said Quentin; 'my unhappy chance has shut that door against me.'

'Nay, there are plenty of dare-devils abroad, with whom mad youngsters may find service,' said his adviser. 'What think you, for example, of William de la Marck?'

'What!' exclaimed Durward, 'serve Him with the Beard — serve the Wild Boar of Ardennes — a captain of pillagers and

murderers, who would take a man's life for the value of his gaberdine, and who slays priests and pilgrims as if they were so many lance-knights and men-at-arms? It would be a blot on my father's scutcheon for ever.'

'Well, my young hot-blood,' replied Maître Pierre, 'if you hold the *Sanglier* too unscrupulous, wherefore not follow the young Duke of Gueldres?'[1]

'Follow the foul fiend as soon,' said Quentin. 'Hark in your ear — he is a burden too heavy for earth to carry: hell gapes for him. Men say that he keeps his own father imprisoned, and that he has even struck him. Can you believe it?'

Maître Pierre seemed somewhat disconcerted with the naïve horror with which the young Scotsman spoke of filial ingratitude, and he answered, 'You know not, young man, how short a while the relations of blood subsist amongst those of elevated rank'; then changed the tone of feeling in which he had begun to speak, and added, gaily, 'Besides, if the duke has beaten his father, I warrant you his father hath beaten him of old, so it is but a clearing of scores.'

'I marvel to hear you speak thus,' said the Scot, colouring with indignation; 'grey hairs such as yours ought to have fitter subjects for jesting. If the old duke did beat his son in childhood, he beat him not enough; for better he had died under the rod than have lived to make the Christian world ashamed that such a monster had ever been baptized.'

'At this rate,' said Maître Pierre, 'as you weigh the characters of each prince and leader, I think you had better become a captain yourself; for where will one so wise find a chieftain fit to command him?'

'You laugh at me, Maître Pierre,' said the youth, good-humouredly, 'and perhaps you are right; but you have not named a man who is a gallant leader, and keeps a brave party up here, under whom a man might seek service well enough.'

'I cannot guess whom you mean.'

'Why, he that hangs like Mahomet's coffin — a curse be upon Mahomet! — between the two loadstones; he that no man can call either French or Burgundian, but who knows to hold the balance between them both, and makes both of them fear and serve him, for as great princes as they be.'

'I cannot guess whom you mean,' said Maître Pierre, thoughtfully.

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[1] See Note 6.

'Why, whom should I mean but the noble Louis de Luxembourg, Count of St. Paul, the High Constable of France?[1] Yonder he makes his place good, with his gallant little army, holding his head as high as either King Louis or Duke Charles, and balancing between them, like the boy who stands on the midst of a plank, while two others are swinging on the opposite ends.'

'He is in danger of the worst fall of the three,' said Maître Pierre. 'And hark ye, my young friend, you who hold pillaging such a crime, do you know that your politic Count of St. Paul was the first who set the example of burning the country during the time of war, and that, before the shameful devastation which he committed, open towns and villages, which made no resistance, were spared on all sides?'

'Nay, faith,' said Durward, 'if that be the case, I shall begin to think no one of these great men is much better than another, and that a choice among them is but like choosing a tree to be hung upon. But this Count de St. Paul, this Constable, hath possessed himself by clean conveyance of the town which takes its name from my honoured saint and patron, St. Quentin,[2] (here he crossed himself), and methinks, were I dwelling there, my holy patron would keep some look-out for me; he has not so many named after him as your more popular saints; and yet he must have forgotten me, poor Quentin Durward, his spiritual god-son, since he lets me go one day without food, and leaves me the next morning to the harbourage of St. Julian, and the chance courtesy of a stranger, purchased by a ducking in the renowned river Cher, or one of its tributaries.'

'Blaspheme not the saints, my young friend,' said Maître Pierre. 'St. Julian is the faithful patron of travellers; and, peradventure, the blessed St. Quentin hath done more and better for thee than thou art aware of.'

As he spoke, the door opened, and a girl, rather above than under fifteen years old, entered with a platter, covered with damask, on which was placed a small saucer of the dried plums which have always added to the reputation of Tours, and a cup of the curiously chased plate which the goldsmiths of that city were anciently famous for executing with a delicacy of workmanship that distinguished them from the other cities of France, and even excelled the skill of the metropolis. The form

[1] See Note 7.

[2] It was by his possession of this town of St. Quentin that the Constable was able to carry on those political intrigues which finally cost him so dear.

of the goblet was so elegant, that Durward thought not of observing closely whether the material was of silver, or, like what had been placed before himself, of a baser metal, but so well burnished as to resemble the richer ore.

But the sight of the young person by whom this service was executed attracted Durward's attention far more than the petty minutiæ of the duty which she performed.

He speedily made the discovery that a quantity of long black tresses, which, in the maiden fashion of his own country, were unadorned by any ornament, except a single chaplet lightly woven out of ivy leaves, formed a veil around a countenance which, in its regular features, dark eyes, and pensive expression, resembled that of Melpomene, though there was a faint glow on the cheek, and an intelligence on the lips and in the eye, which made it seem that gaiety was not foreign to a countenance so expressive, although it might not be its most habitual expression. Quentin even thought he could discern that depressing circumstances were the cause why a countenance so young and so lovely was graver than belongs to early beauty; and as the romantic imagination of youth is rapid in drawing conclusions from slight premises, he was pleased to infer, from what follows, that the fate of this beautiful vision was wrapped in silence and mystery.

'How now, Jacqueline!' said Maître Pierre, when she entered the apartment. 'Wherefore this? Did I not desire that Dame Perette should bring what I wanted? *Pasques-dieu!* Is she, or does she think herself, too good to serve me?'

'My kinswoman is ill at ease,' answered Jacqueline, in a hurried yet a humble tone — 'ill at ease, and keeps her chamber.'

'She keeps it *alone*, I hope?' replied Maître Pierre, with some emphasis. 'I am *vieux routier*, and none of those upon whom feigned disorders pass for apologies.'

Jacqueline turned pale, and even tottered, at the answer of Maître Pierre; for it must be owned that his voice and looks, at all times harsh, caustic, and unpleasing, had, when he expressed anger or suspicion, an effect both sinister and alarming.

The mountain chivalry of Quentin Durward was instantly awakened, and he hastened to approach Jacqueline and relieve her of the burden she bore, and which she passively resigned to him, while with a timid and anxious look she watched the countenance of the angry burgess. It was not in nature to

resist the piercing and pity-craving expression of her looks, and Maître Pierre proceeded, not merely with an air of diminished displeasure, but with as much gentleness as he could assume in countenance and manner — 'I blame not thee, Jacqueline, and thou art too young to be — what it is pity to think thou must be one day — a false and treacherous thing, like the rest of thy giddy sex.[1] No man ever lived to man's estate but he had the opportunity to know you all. Here is a Scottish cavalier will tell you the same.'

Jacqueline looked for an instant on the young stranger, as if to obey Maître Pierre, but the glance, momentary as it was, appeared to Durward a pathetic appeal to him for support and sympathy; and with the promptitude dictated by the feelings of youth, and the romantic veneration for the female sex inspired by his education, he answered, hastily, 'That he would throw down his gage to any antagonist, of equal rank and equal age, who should presume to say such a countenance as that which he now looked upon could be animated by other than the purest and the truest mind.'

The young woman grew deadly pale, and cast an apprehensive glance upon Maître Pierre, in whom the bravado of the young gallant seemed only to excite laughter, more scornful than applausive. Quentin, whose second thoughts generally corrected the first, though sometimes after they had found utterance, blushed deeply at having uttered what might be construed into an empty boast, in presence of an old man of a peaceful profession; and, as a sort of just and appropriate penance, resolved patiently to submit to the ridicule which he had incurred. He offered the cup and trencher to Maître Pierre with a blush in his cheek, and a humiliation of countenance which endeavoured to disguise itself under an embarrassed smile.

'You are a foolish young man,' said Maître Pierre, 'and know as little of women as of princes, whose hearts,' he said, crossing himself devoutly, 'God keeps in His right hand.'

'And who keeps those of the women, then?' said Quentin, resolved, if he could help it, not to be borne down by the assumed superiority of this extraordinary old man, whose lofty and careless manner possessed an influence over him of which he felt ashamed.

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[1] It was a part of Louis's very unamiable character, and not the best part of it, that he entertained a great contempt for the understanding, and not less for the character, of the fair sex.

'I am afraid you must ask of them in another quarter,' said Maître Pierre, composedly.

Quentin was again rebuffed, but not utterly disconcerted. 'Surely,' he said to himself, 'I do not pay this same burgess of Tours all the deference which I yield him on account of the miserable obligation of a breakfast, though it was a right good and substantial meal. Dogs and hawks are attached by feeding only; man must have kindness, if you would bind him with the cords of affection and obligation. But he is an extraordinary person; and that beautiful emanation that is even now vanishing — surely a thing so fair belongs not to this mean place, belongs not even to the money-gathering merchant himself, though he seems to exert authority over her, as doubtless he does over all whom chance brings within his little circle. It is wonderful what ideas of consequence these Flemings and Frenchmen attach to wealth, so much more than wealth deserves, that I suppose this old merchant thinks the civility I pay to his age is given to his money — I, a Scottish gentleman of blood and coat-armour, and he a mechanic of Tours!'

Such were the thoughts which hastily traversed the mind of young Durward; while Maître Pierre said, with a smile, and at the same time patting Jacqueline's head, from which hung down her long tresses, 'This young man will serve me, Jacqueline; thou mayst withdraw. I will tell thy negligent kinswoman she does ill to expose thee to be gazed on unnecessarily.'

'It was only to wait on you,' said the maiden. 'I trust you will not be displeased with my kinswoman, since ——'

'*Pasques-dieu!*' said the merchant, interrupting her, but not harshly, 'do you bandy words with me, you brat, or stay you to gaze upon the youngster here? Begone; he is noble, and his services will suffice me.'

Jacqueline vanished; and so much was Quentin Durward interested in her sudden disappearance, that it broke his previous thread of reflection, and he complied mechanically, when Maître Pierre said, in the tone of one accustomed to be obeyed, as he threw himself carelessly upon a large easy-chair, 'Place that tray beside me.'

The merchant then let his dark eyebrows sink over his keen eyes, so that the last became scarce visible, or but shot forth occasionally a quick and vivid ray, like those of the sun setting behind a dark cloud, through which its beams are occasionally darted, but singly, and for an instant.

'That is a beautiful creature,' said the old man at last, rais-

ing his head, and looking steadily and firmly at Quentin, when he put the question — 'a lovely girl to be the servant of an *auberge ?* She might grace the board of an honest burgess ; but 't is a vile education, a base origin.'

It sometimes happens that a chance shot will demolish a noble castle in the air, and the architect on such occasions entertains little good-will towards him who fires it, although the damage on the offender's part may be wholly unintentional. Quentin was disconcerted, and was disposed to be angry, he himself knew not why, with this old man for acquainting him that this beautiful creature was neither more nor less than what her occupation announced — the servant of the *auberge* — an upper servant, indeed, and probably a niece of the landlord, or such-like ; but still a domestic, and obliged to comply with the humour of the customers, and particularly of Maître Pierre, who probably had sufficiency of whims, and was rich enough to ensure their being attended to.

The thought, the lingering thought, again returned on him, that he ought to make the old gentleman understand the difference betwixt their conditions, and call on him to mark that, how rich soever he might be, his wealth put him on no level with a Durward of Glen Houlakin. Yet, whenever he looked on Maître Pierre's countenance with such a purpose, there was, notwithstanding the downcast look, pinched features, and mean and miserly dress, something which prevented the young man from asserting the superiority over the merchant which he conceived himself to possess. On the contrary, the oftener and more fixedly Quentin looked at him, the stronger became his curiosity to know who or what this man actually was ; and he set him down internally for at least a syndic or high magistrate of Tours, or one who was, in some way or other, in the full habit of exacting and receiving deference.

Meantime, the merchant seemed again sunk into a reverie, from which he raised himself only to make the sign of the cross devoutly, and to eat some of the dried fruit, with a morsel of biscuit. He then signed to Quentin to give him the cup, adding, however, by the way of question, as he presented it — 'You are noble, you say ?'

'I surely am,' replied the Scot, 'if fifteen descents can make me so. So I told you before. But do not constrain yourself on that account, Maître Pierre : I have always been taught it is the duty of the young to assist the more aged.'

'An excellent maxim,' said the merchant, availing himself

of the youth's assistance in handing the cup, and filling it from a ewer which seemed of the same materials with the goblet, without any of those scruples in point of propriety which, perhaps, Quentin had expected to excite.

'The devil take the ease and familiarity of this old mechanical burgher,' said Durward once more to himself; 'he uses the attendance of a noble Scottish gentleman with as little ceremony as I would that of a gillie from Glen Isla.'

The merchant, in the meanwhile, having finished his cup of water, said to his companion, 'From the zeal with which you seemed to relish the *vin de Beaulne*, I fancy you would not care much to pledge me in this elemental liquor. But I have an elixir about me which can convert even the rock water into the richest wines of France.'

As he spoke, he took a large purse from his bosom, made of the fur of the sea-otter, and streamed a shower of small silver pieces into the goblet, until the cup, which was but a small one, was more than half full.

'You have reason to be more thankful, young man,' said Maître Pierre, 'both to your patron St. Quentin and to St. Julian than you seemed to be but now. I would advise you to bestow alms in their name. Remain in this hostelry until you see your kinsman, Le Balafré, who will be relieved from guard in the afternoon. I will cause him to be acquainted that he may find you here, for I have business in the castle.'

Quentin Durward would have said something to have excused himself from accepting the profuse liberality of his new friend; but Maître Pierre, bending his dark brows and erecting his stooping figure into an attitude of more dignity than he had yet seen him assume, said, in a tone of authority, 'No reply, young man, but do what you are commanded.'

With these words, he left the apartment, making a sign, as he departed, that Quentin must not follow him.

The young Scotsman stood astounded, and knew not what to think of the matter. His first most natural, though perhaps not most dignified, impulse drove him to peep into the silver goblet, which assuredly was more than half full of silver pieces, to the number of several scores, of which perhaps Quentin had never called twenty his own at one time during the course of his whole life. But could he reconcile it to his dignity as a gentleman to accept the money of this wealthy plebeian? This was a trying question; for though he had secured a good breakfast, it was no great reserve upon which to travel either

back to Dijon, in case he chose to hazard the wrath, and enter the service, of the Duke of Burgundy, or to St. Quentin, if he fixed on that of the Constable St. Paul; for to one of those powers, if not to the King of France, he was determined to offer his services. He perhaps took the wisest resolution in the circumstances, in resolving to be guided by the advice of his uncle; and, in the meantime, he put the money into his velvet hawking-pouch, and called for the landlord of the house, in order to restore the silver cup — resolving, at the same time, to ask him some questions about this liberal and authoritative merchant.

The man of the house appeared presently; and, if not more communicative, was at least more loquacious, than he had been formerly. He positively declined to take back the silver cup. 'It was none of his,' he said, 'but Maître Pierre's, who had bestowed it on his guest. He had, indeed, four silver *hanaps* of his own, which had been left him by his grandmother, of happy memory, but no more like the beautiful carving of that in his guest's hand than a peach was like a turnip: that was one of the famous cups of Tours, wrought by Martin Dominique, an artist who might brag all Paris.'

'And, pray, who is this Maître Pierre,' said Durward, interrupting him, 'who confers such valuable gifts on strangers?'

'Who is Maître Pierre?' said the host, dropping the words as slowly from his mouth as if he had been distilling them.

'Ay,' said Durward, hastily and peremptorily, 'who is this Maître Pierre, and why does he throw about his bounties in this fashion? And who is the butcherly-looking fellow whom he sent forward to order breakfast?'

'Why, fair sir, as to who Maître Pierre is, you should have asked the question of himself; and for the gentleman who ordered breakfast to be made ready, may God keep us from his closer acquaintance!'

'There is something mysterious in all this,' said the young Scot. 'This Maître Pierre tells me he is a merchant.'

'And if he told you so,' said the innkeeper, 'surely he is a merchant.'

'What commodities does he deal in?'

'O, many a fair matter of traffic,' said the host; 'and especially he has set up silk manufactories here, which match those rich bales that the Venetians bring from India and Cathay. You might see the rows of mulberry-trees as you came hither, all planted by Maître Pierre's commands, to feed the silk-worms.'

'And that young person who brought in the confections, who is she, my good friend?' said the guest.

'My lodger, sir, with her guardian, some sort of aunt or kinswoman, as I think,' replied the innkeeper.

'And do you usually employ your guests in waiting on each other?' said Durward; 'for I observed that Maître Pierre would take nothing from your hand or that of your attendant.'

'Rich men may have their fancies, for they can pay for them,' said the landlord; 'this is not the first time that Maître Pierre has found the true way to make gentlefolks serve at his beck.'

The young Scotsman felt somewhat offended at the insinuation; but, disguising his resentment, he asked whether he could be accommodated with an apartment at this place for a day, and perhaps longer.

'Certainly,' the innkeeper replied; 'for whatever time he was pleased to command it.'

'Could he be permitted,' he asked, 'to pay his respects to the ladies, whose fellow-lodger he was about to become?'

The innkeeper was uncertain. 'They went not abroad,' he said, 'and received no one at home.'

'With the exception, I presume, of Maître Pierre?' said Durward.

'I am not at liberty to name any exceptions,' answered the man, firmly but respectfully.

Quentin, who carried the notions of his own importance pretty high, considering how destitute he was of means to support them, being somewhat mortified by the innkeeper's reply, did not hesitate to avail himself of a practice common enough in that age. 'Carry to the ladies,' he said, 'a flask of *Auvernat*, with my humble duty; and say, that Quentin Durward, of the house of Glen Houlakin, a Scottish cavalier of honour, and now their fellow-lodger, desires the permission to dedicate his homage to them in a personal interview.'

The messenger departed, and returned, almost instantly, with the thanks of the ladies, who declined the proffered refreshment, and with their acknowledgments to the Scottish cavalier, regretted that, residing there in privacy, they could not receive his visit.

Quentin bit his lip, took a cup of the rejected *Auvernat*, which the host had placed on the table. 'By the mass, but this is a strange country,' said he to himself, 'where merchants and mechanics exercise the manners and munificence of nobles, and

little travelling damsels, who hold their court in a *cabaret*, keep their state like disguised princesses! I will see that black-browed maiden again, or it will go hard, however'; and having formed this prudent resolution, he demanded to be conducted to the apartment which he was to call his own.

The landlord presently ushered him up a turret staircase, and from thence along a gallery, with many doors opening from it, like those of cells in a convent — a resemblance which our young hero, who recollected, with much *ennui*, an early specimen of a monastic life, was far from admiring. The host paused at the very end of the gallery, selected a key from the large bunch which he carried at his girdle, opened the door, and showed his guest the interior of a turret-chamber, small, indeed, but which, being clean and solitary, and having the pallet bed and the few articles of furniture in unusually good order, seemed, on the whole, a little palace.

'I hope you will find your dwelling agreeable here, fair sir,' said the landlord. 'I am bound to pleasure every friend of Maître Pierre.'

'O happy ducking!' exclaimed Quentin Durward, cutting a caper on the floor so soon as his host had retired. 'Never came good luck in a better or a wetter form. I have been fairly deluged by my good fortune.'

As he spoke thus, he stepped towards the little window, which, as the turret projected considerably from the principal line of the building, not only commanded a very pretty garden of some extent, belonging to the inn, but overlooked beyond its boundary a pleasant grove of those very mulberry-trees which Maître Pierre was said to have planted for the support of the silk-worm. Besides, turning the eye from these more remote objects, and looking straight along the wall, the turret of Quentin was opposite to another turret, and the little window at which he stood commanded a similar little window in a corresponding projection of the building. Now, it would be difficult for a man twenty years older than Quentin to say why this locality interested him more than either the pleasant garden or the grove of mulberry-trees; for, alas! eyes which have been used for forty years and upwards look with indifference on little turret-windows, though the lattice be half open to admit the air, while the shutter is half closed to exclude the sun, or perhaps a too curious eye — nay, even though there hang on the one side of the casement a lute, partly mantled by a light veil of sea-green silk. But, at Durward's happy

age, such 'accidents,' as a painter would call them, form sufficient foundation for a hundred airy visions and mysterious conjectures, at recollection of which the full-grown man smiles while he sighs, and sighs while he smiles.

As it may be supposed that our friend Quentin wished to learn a little more of his fair neighbour, the owner of the lute and veil — as it may be supposed he was at least interested to know whether she might not prove the same whom he had seen in humble attendance on Maître Pierre, it must of course be understood that he did not produce a broad staring visage and person in full front of his own casement. Durward knew better the art of bird-catching; and it was to his keeping his person skilfully withdrawn on one side of his window, while he peeped through the lattice, that he owed the pleasure of seeing a white, round, beautiful arm take down the instrument, and that his ears had presently after their share in the reward of his dexterous management.

The maid of the little turret, of the veil, and of the lute sung exactly such an air as we are accustomed to suppose flowed from the lips of the high-born dames of chivalry, when knights and troubadours listened and languished. The words had neither so much sense, wit, or fancy as to withdraw the attention from the music, nor the music so much of art as to drown all feeling of the words. The one seemed fitted to the other; and if the song had been recited without the notes, or the air played without the words, neither would have been worth noting. It is, therefore, scarcely fair to put upon record lines intended not to be said or read, but only to be sung. But such scraps of old poetry have always had a sort of fascination for us; and as the tune is lost for ever, unless Bishop happens to find the notes, or some lark teaches Stephens [1] to warble the air, we will risk our credit, and the taste of the Lady of the Lute, by preserving the verses, simple and even rude as they are.

'Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.
The lark, his lay who thrill'd all day,
Sits hush'd his partner nigh;
Breeze, bird, and flower, confess the hour,
But where is County Guy?

[1] See Note 8.

'The village maid steals through the shade,
Her shepherd's suit to hear;
To beauty shy, by lattice high,
Sings high-born cavalier.
The star of Love, all stars above,
Now reigns o'er earth and sky;
And high and low the influence know —
But where is County Guy?'

Whatever the reader may think of this simple ditty, it had a powerful effect on Quentin, when married to heavenly airs, and sung by a sweet and melting voice, the notes mingling with the gentle breezes which wafted perfumes from the garden, and the figure of the songstress being so partially and obscurely visible as threw a veil of mysterious fascination over the whole.

At the close of the air, the listener could not help showing himself more boldly than he had yet done, in a rash attempt to see more than he had yet been able to discover. The music instantly ceased, the casement was closed, and a dark curtain, dropped on the inside, put a stop to all farther observation on the part of the neighbour in the next turret.

Durward was mortified and surprised at the consequence of his precipitance, but comforted himself with the hope that the Lady of the Lute could neither easily forego the practice of an instrument which seemed so familiar to her, nor cruelly resolve to renounce the pleasures of fresh air and an open window, for the churlish purpose of preserving for her own exclusive ear the sweet sounds which she created. There came, perhaps, a little feeling of personal vanity to mingle with these consolatory reflections. If, as he shrewdly suspected, there was a beautiful, dark-tressed damsel inhabitant of the one turret, he could not but be conscious that a handsome, young, roving, bright-locked gallant, a cavalier of fortune, was the tenant of the other; and romances, those prudent instructors, had taught his youth that if damsels were shy, they were yet neither void of interest nor of curiosity in their neighbours' affairs.

Whilst Quentin was engaged in these sage reflections, a sort of attendant or chamberlain of the inn informed him that a cavalier desired to speak with him below.

# CHAPTER V

## *The Man-at-Arms*

Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Seeking the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth.

*As You Like It.*

THE cavalier who awaited Quentin Durward's descent into the apartment where he had breakfasted was one of those of whom Louis XI. had long since said, that they held in their hands the fortune of France, as to them were entrusted the direct custody and protection of the royal person.

Charles the Sixth had instituted this celebrated body, the Archers, as they were called, of the Scottish Body-Guard, with better reason than can generally be alleged for establishing round the throne a guard of foreign and mercenary troops. The divisions which tore from his side more than half of France, together with the wavering and uncertain faith of the nobility who yet acknowledged his cause, rendered it impolitic and unsafe to commit his personal safety to their keeping. The Scottish nation was the hereditary enemy of the English, and the ancient, and, as it seemed, the natural, allies of France. They were poor, courageous, faithful; their ranks were sure to be supplied from the superabundant population of their own country, than which none in Europe sent forth more or bolder adventurers. Their high claims of descent, too, gave them a good title to approach the person of a monarch more closely than other troops, while the comparative smallness of their numbers prevented the possibility of their mutinying, and becoming masters where they ought to be servants.

On the other hand, the French monarchs made it their policy to conciliate the affections of this select band of foreigners, by allowing them honorary privileges and ample pay, which last most of them disposed of with military profusion in supporting their supposed rank. Each of them ranked as a gentleman in

place and honour; and their near approach to the king's person gave them dignity in their own eyes, as well as importance in those of the nation of France. They were sumptuously armed, equipped, and mounted; and each was entitled to allowance for a squire, a valet, a page, and two yeomen, one of whom was termed *coutelier*, from the large knife which he wore to despatch those whom in the *mêlée* his master had thrown to the ground. With these followers, and a corresponding equipage, an archer of the Scottish Guard was a person of quality and importance; and vacancies being generally filled up by those who had been trained in the service as pages or valets, the cadets of the best Scottish families were often sent to serve under some friend and relation in those capacities, until a chance of preferment should occur.

The coutelier and his companion, not being noble or capable of this promotion, were recruited from persons of inferior quality; but as their pay and appointments were excellent, their masters were easily able to select from among their wandering countrymen the strongest and most courageous to wait upon them in these capacities.

Ludovic Lesly, or, as we shall more frequently call him, Le Balafré, by which name he was generally known in France, was upwards of six feet high, robust, strongly compacted in person, and hard-favoured in countenance, which latter attribute was much increased by a large and ghastly scar, which, beginning on his forehead, and narrowly missing his right eye, had laid bare the cheek-bone, and descended from thence almost to the tip of his ear, exhibiting a deep seam, which was sometimes scarlet, sometimes purple, sometimes blue, and sometimes approaching to black; but always hideous, because at variance with the complexion of the face in whatever state it chanced to be, whether agitated or still, flushed with unusual passion, or in its ordinary state of weather-beaten and sunburnt swarthiness.

His dress and arms were splendid. He wore his national bonnet, crested with a tuft of feathers, and with a Virgin Mary of massive silver for a brooch. These brooches had been presented to the Scottish Guard, in consequence of the King, in one of his fits of superstitious piety, having devoted the swords of his guard to the service of the Holy Virgin, and, as some say, carried the matter so far as to draw out a commission to Our Lady as their captain-general. The archer's gorget, arm-pieces, and gauntlets were of the finest steel, curiously inlaid

with silver, and his hauberk, or shirt of mail, was as clear and bright as the frostwork of a winter morning upon fern or brier. He wore a loose surcoat, or cassock, of rich blue velvet, open at the sides like that of a herald, with a large white St. Andrew's cross of embroidered silver bisecting it both before and behind; his knees and legs were protected by hose of mail and shoes of steel; a broad strong poniard, called the 'mercy of God,' hung by his right side; the baldric for his two-handed sword, richly embroidered, hung upon his left shoulder; but, for convenience, he at present carried in his hand that unwieldy weapon, which the rules of his service forbade him to lay aside.

Quentin Durward, though, like the Scottish youth of the period, he had been early taught to look upon arms and war, thought he had never seen a more martial-looking, or more completely equipped and accomplished, man-at-arms than now saluted him in the person of his mother's brother, called Ludovic with the Scar, or Le Balafré; yet he could not but shrink a little from the grim expression of his countenance, while, with its rough mustachios, he brushed first the one and then the other cheek of his kinsman, welcomed his nephew to France, and, in the same breath, asked what news from Scotland.

'Little good tidings, dear uncle,' replied young Durward; 'but I am glad that you know me so readily.'

'I would have known thee, boy, in the *landes* of Bourdeaux, had I met thee marching there like a crane on a pair of stilts.[1] But sit thee down — sit thee down; if there is sorrow to hear of, we will have wine to make us bear it. Ho! old Pinch-Measure, our good host, bring us of thy best, and that in an instant.'

The well-known sound of the Scottish French was as familiar in the taverns near Plessis as that of the Swiss French in the modern *guinguettes* of Paris; and promptly — ay, with the promptitude of fear and precipitation — was it heard and obeyed. A flagon of champagne stood before them, of which the elder took a draught, while the nephew helped himself only to a moderate sip, to acknowledge his uncle's courtesy, saying, in excuse, that he had already drunk wine that morning.

'That had been a rare good apology in the mouth of thy sister, fair nephew,' said Le Balafré; 'you must fear the wine-pot less, if you would wear beard on your face, and write yourself soldier. But come — come, unbuckle your Scottish

[1] See Use of Stilts. Note 9.

mail-bag — give us the news of Glen Houlakin. How doth my sister?'

'Dead, fair uncle,' answered Quentin, sorrowfully.

'Dead!' echoed his uncle with a tone rather marked by wonder than sympathy; 'why, she was five years younger than I, and I was never better in my life. Dead! the thing is impossible. I have never had so much as a headache, unless after revelling out my two or three days' furlough with the brethren of the joyous science; and my poor sister is dead! And your father, fair nephew, hath he married again?'

And ere the youth could reply, he read the answer in his surprise at the question, and said, 'What! no? I would have sworn that Allan Durward was no man to live without a wife. He loved to have his house in order, loved to look on a pretty woman too, and was somewhat strict in life withal; matrimony did all this for him. Now, I care little about these comforts; and I can look on a pretty woman without thinking on the sacrament of wedlock; I am scarce holy enough for that.'

'Alas! dear uncle, my mother was left a widow a year since, when Glen Houlakin was harried by the Ogilvies. My father, and my two uncles, and my two elder brothers, and seven of my kinsmen, and the harper, and the tasker, and some six more of our people, were killed in defending the castle; and there is not a burning hearth or a standing stone in all Glen Houlakin.'

'Cross of St. Andrew!' said Le Balafré; 'that is what I call an onslaught! Ay, these Ogilvies were ever but sorry neighbours to Glen Houlakin; an evil chance it was, but fate of war — fate of war. When did this mishap befall, fair nephew?' With that he took a deep draught of wine, and shook his head with much solemnity when his kinsman replied that his family had been destroyed upon the festival of St. Jude last bye-past.

'Look ye there,' said the soldier, 'I said it was all chance. On that very day I and twenty of my comrades carried the Castle of Roche-Noir by storm, from Amaury Bras-de-Fer, a captain of free lances, whom you must have heard of. I killed him on his own threshold, and gained as much gold as made this fair chain, which was once twice as long as it now is; and that minds me to send part of it on an holy errand. Here, Andrew — Andrew!'

Andrew, his yeoman, entered, dressed like the archer him-

self in the general equipment, but without the armour for the limbs; that of the body more coarsely manufactured; his cap without a plume, and his cassock made of serge, or ordinary cloth, instead of rich velvet. Untwining his gold chain from his neck, Balafré twisted off, with his firm and strong-set teeth, about four inches from the one end of it, and said to his attendant, 'Here, Andrew, carry this to my gossip, jolly Father Boniface, the monk of St. Martin's; greet him well from me, by the same token that he could not say "God save ye" when we last parted at midnight. Tell my gossip that my brother and sister, and some others of my house, are all dead and gone, and I pray him to say masses for their souls as far as the value of these links will carry him, and to do on trust what else may be necessary to free them from purgatory. And hark ye, as they were just-living people, and free from all heresy, it may be that they are wellnigh out of limbo already, so that a little matter may have them free of the fetlocks; and in that case, look ye, ye will say I desire to take out the balance of the gold in curses upon a generation called the Ogilvies of Angusshire, in what way soever the church may best come at them. You understand all this, Andrew?'

The coutelier nodded.

'Then look that none of the links find their way to the wine-house ere the monk touches them; for if it so chance, thou shalt taste of saddle-girth and stirrup-leather, till thou art as raw as St. Bartholomew. Yet hold, I see thy eye has fixed on the wine measure, and thou shalt not go without tasting.'

So saying, he filled him a brimful cup, which the coutelier drank off, and retired to do his patron's commission.

'And now, fair nephew, let us hear what was your own fortune in this unhappy matter.'

'I fought it out among those who were older and stouter than I was, till we were all brought down,' said Durward, 'and I received a cruel wound.'

'Not a worse slash than I received ten years since myself,' said Le Balafré. 'Look at this now, my fair nephew,' tracing the dark crimson gash which was imprinted on his face. 'An Ogilvie's sword never ploughed so deep a furrow.'

'They ploughed deep enough,' answered Quentin, sadly; 'but they were tired at last, and my mother's entreaties procured mercy for me, when I was found to retain some spark of life; but although a learned monk of Aberbrothock, who chanced

to be our guest at the fatal time, and narrowly escaped being killed in the fray, was permitted to bind my wounds, and finally to remove me to a place of safety, it was only on promise, given both by my mother and him, that I should become a monk.'

'A monk!' exclaimed the uncle — 'Holy St. Andrew! that is what never befell me. No one, from my childhood upwards, ever so much as dreamed of making me a monk. And yet I wonder when I think of it; for you will allow that, bating the reading and writing, which I could never learn; and the psalmody, which I could never endure; and the dress, which is that of a mad beggar — Our Lady forgive me! (here he crossed himself); and their fasts, which do not suit my appetite, I would have made every whit as good a monk as my little gossip at St. Martin's yonder. But I know not why, none ever proposed the station to me. O so, fair nephew, you were to be a monk, then; and wherefore, I pray you?'

'That my father's house might be ended, either in the cloister or in the tomb,' answered Quentin, with deep feeling.

'I see,' answered his uncle — 'I comprehend. Cunning rogues — very cunning! They might have been cheated, though; for, look ye, fair nephew, I myself remember the canon Robersart who had taken the vows, and afterwards broke out of cloister, and became a captain of Free Companions. He had a mistress, the prettiest wench I ever saw, and three as beautiful children. There is no trusting monks, fair nephew, — no trusting them: they may become soldiers and fathers when you least expect it; but on with your tale.'

'I have little more to tell,' said Durward, 'except that, considering my poor mother to be in some degree a pledge for me, I was induced to take upon me the dress of a novice, and conformed to the cloister rules, and even learned to read and write.'

'To read and write!' exclaimed Le Balafré, who was one of that sort of people who think all knowledge is miraculous which chances to exceed their own. 'To write, say'st thou, and to read! I cannot believe it: never Durward could write his name that ever I heard of, nor Lesly either. I can answer for one of them: I can no more write than I can fly. Now, in St. Louis's name, how did they teach it you?'

'It was troublesome at first,' said Durward, 'but became more easy by use; and I was weak with my wounds and loss of blood, and desirous to gratify my preserver, Father Peter,

and so I was the more easily kept to my task. But after several months' languishing, my good kind mother died, and as my health was now fully restored, I communicated to my benefactor, who was also sub-prior of the convent, my reluctance to take the vows; and it was agreed between us, since my vocation lay not to the cloister, that I should be sent out into the world to seek my fortune, and that, to save the sub-prior from the anger of the Ogilvies, my departure should have the appearance of flight; and to colour it, I brought off the abbot's hawk with me. But I was regularly dismissed, as will appear from the hand and seal of the abbot himself.'

'That is right — that is well,' said his uncle. 'Our king cares little what other theft thou mayst have made, but hath a horror at anything like a breach of the cloister. And, I warrant thee, thou hadst no great treasure to bear thy charges?'

'Only a few pieces of silver,' said the youth; 'for to you, fair uncle, I must make a free confession.'

'Alas!' replied Le Balafré, 'that is hard. Now, though I am never a hoarder of my pay, because it doth ill to bear a charge about one in these perilous times, yet I always have — and I would advise you to follow my example — some odd gold chain, or bracelet, or carcanet, that serves for the ornament of my person, and can at need spare a superfluous link or two, or it may be a superfluous stone, for sale, that can answer any immediate purpose. But you may ask, fair kinsman, how you are to come by such toys as this? (he shook his chain with complacent triumph). They hang not on every bush; they grow not in the fields like the daffodils, with whose stalks children make knights' collars. What then? you may get such where I got this, in the service of the good King of France, where there is always wealth to be found, if a man has but the heart to seek it, at the risk of a little life or so.'

'I understand,' said Quentin, evading a decision to which he felt himself as yet scarcely competent, 'that the Duke of Burgundy keeps a more noble state than the King of France, and that there is more honour to be won under his banners, that good blows are struck there, and deeds of arms done; while the Most Christian King, they say, gains his victories by his ambassadors' tongues.'

'You speak like a foolish boy, fair nephew,' answered he with the scar; 'and yet, I bethink me, when I came hither I was nearly as simple: I could never think of a king but what I supposed him either sitting under the high deas and feasting

amid his high vassals and paladins, eating *blanc-manger*, with a great gold crown upon his head, or else charging at the head of his troops like Charlemagne in the romaunts, or like Robert Bruce or William Wallace in our own true histories, such as Barbour and the Minstrel. Hark in thine ear, man — it is all moonshine in the water. Policy — policy does it all. But what is policy, you will say? It is an art this French king of ours has found out, to fight with other men's swords, and to wage his soldiers out of other men's purses. Ah! it is the wisest prince that ever put purple on his back; and yet he weareth not much of that neither: I see him often go plainer than I would think befitted me to do.'

'But you meet not my exception, fair uncle,' answered young Durward; 'I would serve, since serve I must in a foreign land, somewhere where a brave deed, were it my hap to do one, might work me a name.'

'I understand you, my fair nephew,' said the royal man-at-arms — 'I understand you passing well; but you are unripe in these matters. The Duke of Burgundy is a hot-brained, impetuous, pudding-headed, iron-ribbed dare-all. He charges at the head of his nobles and native knights, his liegemen of Artois and Hainault; think you, if you were there, or if I were there myself, that we could be much farther forward than the Duke and all his brave nobles of his own land? If we were not up with them, we had a chance to be turned on the provost-marshal's hands for being slow in making to; if we were abreast of them, all would be called well, and we might be thought to have deserved our pay; and grant that I was a spear's-length or so in the front, which is both difficult and dangerous in such a *mêlée* where all do their best, why, my lord duke says, in his Flemish tongue, when he sees a good blow struck, "Ha! *gut getroffen!* a good lance — a brave Scot; give him a florin to drink our health"; but neither rank, nor lands, nor treasures come to the stranger in such a service: all goes to the children of the soil.'

'And where should it go, in Heaven's name, fair uncle?' demanded young Durward.

'To him that protects the children of the soil,' said Balafré, drawing up his gigantic height. 'Thus says King Louis: "My good French peasant — mine honest Jacques Bonhomme — get you to your tools, your plough and your harrow, your pruning-knife and your hoe; here is my gallant Scot that will fight for you, and you shall only have the trouble to pay him. And

you, my most serene duke, my illustrious count, and my most mighty marquis, e'en rein up your fiery courage till it is wanted, for it is apt to start out of the course, and to hurt its master; here are my companies of ordonnance — here are my French Guards — here are, above all, my Scottish Archers, and mine honest Ludovic with the Scar, who will fight, as well or better than you, with all that undisciplined valour which, in your fathers' time, lost Cressy and Azincour." Now, see you not in which of these states a cavalier of fortune holds the highest rank, and must come to the highest honour?'

'I think I understand you, fair uncle,' answered the nephew; 'but, in my mind, honour cannot be won where there is no risk. Sure, this is — I pray you pardon me — an easy and almost slothful life, to mount guard round an elderly man whom no one thinks of harming, to spend summer day and winter night up in yonder battlements, and shut up all the while in iron cages, for fear you should desert your posts; uncle — uncle, it is but the hawk upon his perch, who is never carried out to the fields!'

'Now, by St. Martin of Tours, the boy has some spirit — a right touch of the Lesly in him — much like myself, though always with a little more folly in it! Hark ye, youth — long live the King of France! — scarce a day but there is some commission in hand, by which some of his followers may win both coin and credit. Think not that the bravest and most dangerous deeds are done by daylight. I could tell you of some, as scaling castles, making prisoners, and the like, where one who shall be nameless hath run higher risk, and gained greater favour, than any desperado in the train of desperate Charles of Burgundy. And if it please his Majesty to remain behind and in the background while such things are doing, he hath the more leisure of spirit to admire, and the more liberality of hand to reward, the adventurers, whose dangers, perhaps, and whose feats of arms, he can better judge of than if he had personally shared them. O, 't is a sagacious and most politic monarch!'

His nephew paused, and then said, in a low but impressive tone of voice, 'The good Father Peter used often to teach me there might be much danger in deeds by which little glory was acquired. I need not say to you, fair uncle, that I do in course suppose that these secret commissions must needs be honourable.'

'For whom or for what take you me, fair nephew?' said

Balafré, somewhat sternly; 'I have not been trained, indeed, in the cloister, neither can I write nor read. But I am your mother's brother: I am a loyal Lesly. Think you that I am like to recommend to you anything unworthy? The best knight in France, Du Guesclin himself, if he were alive again, might be proud to number my deeds among his achievements.'

'I cannot doubt your warranty, fair uncle,' said the youth; 'you are the only adviser my mishap has left me. But is it true, as fame says, that this king keeps a meagre court here at his Castle of Plessis? No repair of nobles or courtiers, none of his grand feudatories in attendance, none of the high officers of the crown; half solitary sports, shared only with the menials of his household; secret councils, to which only low and obscure men are invited; rank and nobility depressed, and men raised from the lowest origin to the kingly favour — all this seems unregulated, resembles not the manners of his father, the noble Charles, who tore from the fangs of the English lion this more than half-conquered kingdom of France.'

'You speak like a giddy child,' said Le Balafré; 'and even as a child, you harp over the same notes on a new string. Look you: if the King employs Oliver Dain, his barber, to do what Oliver can do better than any peer of them all, is not the kingdom the gainer? If he bids his stout provost-marshal, Tristan, arrest such or such a seditious burgher, take off such or such a turbulent noble, the deed is done and no more of it; when, were the commission given to a duke or peer of France, he might perchance send the King back a defiance in exchange. If, again, the King pleases to give to plain Ludovic le Balafré a commission which he will execute, instead of employing the high constable, who would perhaps betray it, doth it not show wisdom? Above all, doth not a monarch of such conditions best suit cavaliers of fortune, who must go where their services are most highly prized and most frequently in demand? No — no, child, I tell thee Louis knows how to choose his confidants, and what to charge them with, suiting, as they say, the burden to each man's back. He is not like the King of Castile, who choked of thirst because the great butler was not beside to hand his cup. But hark to the bell of St. Martin's! I must hasten back to the castle. Farewell; make much of yourself, and at eight to-morrow morning present yourself before the drawbridge, and ask the sentinel for me. Take heed you step not off the straight and beaten path in approaching the portal! There are such traps and snap-haunches as may cost you a

limb, which you will sorely miss. You shall see the King, and learn to judge him for yourself. Farewell.'

So saying, Balafré hastily departed, forgetting, in his hurry, to pay for the wine he had called for — a shortness of memory incidental to persons of his description, and which his host, overawed, perhaps, by the nodding bonnet and ponderous two-handed sword, did not presume to use any efforts for correcting.

It might have been expected that, when left alone, Durward would have again betaken himself to his turret, in order to watch for the repetition of those delicious sounds which had soothed his morning reverie. But that was a chapter of romance, and his uncle's conversation had opened to him a page of the real history of life. It was no pleasing one, and for the present the recollections and reflections which it excited were qualified to overpower other thoughts, and especially all of a light and soothing nature.

Quentin resorted to a solitary walk along the banks of the rapid Cher, having previously inquired of his landlord for one which he might traverse without fear of disagreeable interruption from snares and pitfalls, and there endeavoured to compose his turmoiled and scattered thoughts, and consider his future motions, upon which his meeting with his uncle had thrown some dubiety.

# CHAPTER VI

## *The Bohemians*

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he,
He play'd a spring and danced a round
Beneath the gallows-tree!

*Old Song.*

THE manner in which Quentin Durward had been educated was not of a kind to soften the heart, or perhaps to improve the moral feeling. He, with the rest of his family, had been trained to the chase as an amusement, and taught to consider war as their only serious occupation, and that it was the great duty of their lives stubbornly to endure, and fiercely to retaliate, the attacks of their feudal enemies, by whom their race had been at last almost annihilated. And yet there mixed with these feuds a spirit of rude chivalry, and even courtesy, which softened their rigour; so that revenge, their only justice, was still prosecuted with some regard to humanity and generosity. The lessons of the worthy old monk, better attended to, perhaps, during a long illness and adversity than they might have been in health and success, had given young Durward still farther insight into the duties of humanity towards others; and, considering the ignorance of the period, the general prejudices entertained in favour of a military life, and the manner in which he himself had been bred, the youth was disposed to feel more accurately the moral duties incumbent on his station than was usual at the time.

He reflected on his interview with his uncle with a sense of embarrassment and disappointment. His hopes had been high; for although intercourse by letters was out of the question, yet a pilgrim, or an adventurous trafficker, or a crippled soldier, sometimes brought Lesly's name to Glen Houlakin, and all united in praising his undaunted courage, and his success in

many petty enterprises which his master had entrusted to him. Quentin's imagination had filled up the sketch in his own way, and assimilated his successful and adventurous uncle (whose exploits probably lost nothing in the telling) to some of the champions and knights-errant of whom minstrels sang, and who won crowns and kings' daughters by dint of sword and lance. He was now compelled to rank his kinsman greatly lower in the scale of chivalry; but, blinded by the high respect paid to parents and those who approach that character, moved by every early prejudice in his favour, inexperienced besides, and passionately attached to his mother's memory, he saw not, in the only brother of that dear relation, the character he truly held, which was that of an ordinary mercenary soldier, neither much worse nor greatly better than many of the same profession whose presence added to the distracted state of France.

Without being wantonly cruel, Le Balafré was, from habit, indifferent to human life and human suffering; he was profoundly ignorant, greedy of booty, unscrupulous how he acquired it, and profuse in expending it on the gratification of his passions. The habit of attending exclusively to his own wants and interests had converted him into one of the most selfish animals in the world; so that he was seldom able, as the reader may have remarked, to proceed far in any subject without considering how it applied to himself, or, as it is called, making the case his own, though not upon feelings connected with the golden rule, but such as were very different. To this must be added, that the narrow round of his duties and his pleasures had gradually circumscribed his thoughts, hopes, and wishes, and quenched in a great measure the wild spirit of honour, and desire of distinction in arms, by which his youth had been once animated. Balafré was, in short, a keen soldier, hardened, selfish, and narrow-minded; active and bold in the discharge of his duty, but acknowledging few objects beyond it, except the formal observance of a careless devotion, relieved by an occasional debauch with brother Boniface, his comrade and confessor. Had his genius been of a more extended character, he would probably have been promoted to some important command, for the King, who knew every soldier of his body-guard personally, reposed much confidence in Balafré's courage and fidelity; and, besides, the Scot had either wisdom or cunning enough perfectly to understand, and ably to humour, the peculiarities of that sovereign. Still, however, his capacity was too much limited to admit of his rising to

higher rank, and though smiled on and favoured by Louis on many occasions, Balafré continued a mere Life-Guardsman, or Scottish Archer.

Without seeing the full scope of his uncle's character, Quentin felt shocked at his indifference to the disastrous extirpation of his brother-in-law's whole family, and could not help being surprised, moreover, that so near a relative had not offered him the assistance of his purse, which, but for the generosity of Maître Pierre, he would have been under the necessity of directly craving from him. He wronged his uncle, however, in supposing that this want of attention to his probable necessities was owing to avarice. Not precisely needing money himself at that moment, it had not occurred to Balafré that his nephew might be in exigencies; otherwise, he held a near kinsman so much a part of himself, that he would have provided for the weal of the living nephew, as he endeavoured to do for that of his deceased sister and her husband. But, whatever was the motive, the neglect was very unsatisfactory to young Durward, and he wished more than once he had taken service with the Duke of Burgundy before he quarrelled with his forester. 'Whatever had then become of me,' he thought to himself, 'I should always have been able to keep up my spirits with the reflection that I had, in case of the worst, a stout back-friend in this uncle of mine. But now I have seen him, and, woe worth him! there has been more help in a mere mechanical stranger than I have found in my own mother's brother, my countryman and a cavalier. One would think the slash, that has carved all comeliness out of his face, had let at the same time every drop of gentle blood out of his body.'

Durward now regretted he had not had an opportunity to mention Maître Pierre to Le Balafré, in the hope of obtaining some farther account of that personage; but his uncle's questions had followed fast on each other, and the summons of the great bell of St. Martin of Tours had broken off their conference rather suddenly. 'That old man,' he thought to himself, 'was crabbed and dogged in appearance, sharp and scornful in language, but generous and liberal in his actions; and such a stranger is worth a cold kinsman. What says our old Scottish proverb? "Better kind fremit, than fremit kindred."[1] I will find out that man, which, methinks, should be no difficult task, since he is so wealthy as mine host bespeaks him. He will give me good advice for my governance at least; and if he goes to strange countries, as many

[1] See Note 10.

such do, I know not but his may be as adventurous a service as that of those guards of Louis.'

As Quentin framed this thought, a whisper from those recesses of the heart in which lies much that the owner does not know of, or will not acknowledge willingly, suggested that, perchance, the lady of the turret, she of the veil and lute, might share that adventurous journey.

As the Scottish youth made these reflections, he met two grave-looking men, apparently citizens of Tours, whom, doffing his cap with the reverence due from youth to age, he respectfully asked to direct him to the house of Maître Pierre.

'The house of whom, my fair son?' said one of the passengers.

'Of Maître Pierre, the great silk merchant, who planted all the mulberry-trees in the park yonder,' said Durward.

'Young man,' said one of them who was nearest to him, 'you have taken up an idle trade a little too early.'

'And have chosen wrong subjects to practice your fooleries upon,' said the farther one, still more gruffly. 'The syndic of Tours is not accustomed to be thus talked to by strolling jesters from foreign parts.'

Quentin was so much surprised at the causeless offence which these two decent-looking persons had taken at a very simple and civil question, that he forgot to be angry at the rudeness of their reply, and stood staring after them as they walked on with amended pace, often looking back at him, asif they were desirous to get as soon as possible out of his reach.

He next met a party of vine-dressers, and addressed to them the same question; and, in reply, they demanded to know whether he wanted Maître Pierre the schoolmaster, or Maître Pierre the carpenter, or Maître Pierre the beadle, or half a dozen of Maître Pierres besides. When none of these corresponded with the description of the person after whom he inquired, the peasants accused him of jesting with them impertinently, and threatened to fall upon him and beat him, in guerdon of his raillery. The oldest amongst them, who had some influence over the rest, prevailed on them to desist from violence.

'You see by his speech and his fool's cap,' said he, 'that he is one of the foreign mountebanks who are come into the country, and whom some call magicians and soothsayers, and some jugglers, and the like, and there is no knowing what tricks they have amongst them. I have heard of such a one

paying a liard to eat his bellyful of grapes in a poor man's vineyard; and he ate as many as would have loaded a wain, and never undid a button of his jerkin; and so let him pass quietly, and keep his way, as we will keep ours. And you, friend, if you would shun worse, walk quietly on, in the name of God, our Lady of Marmoutier, and St. Martin of Tours, and trouble us no more about your Maître Pierre, which may be another name for the devil, for aught we know.'

The Scot, finding himself much the weaker party, judged it his wisest course to walk on without reply; but the peasants, who at first shrunk from him in horror at his supposed talents for sorcery and grape-devouring, took heart of grace as he got to a distance, and having uttered a few cries and curses, finally gave them emphasis with a shower of stones, although at such a distance as to do little or no harm to the object of their displeasure. Quentin, as he pursued his walk, began to think, in his turn, either that he himself lay under a spell or that the people of Touraine were the most stupid, brutal, and inhospitable of the French peasants. The next incident which came under his observation did not tend to diminish this opinion.

On a slight eminence rising above the rapid and beautiful Cher, in the direct line of his path, two or three large chestnut trees were so happily placed as to form a distinguished and remarkable group; and beside them stood three or four peasants, motionless, with their eyes turned upwards, and fixed, apparently, upon some object amongst the branches of the tree next to them. The meditations of youth are seldom so profound as not to yield to the slightest impulse of curiosity, as easily as the lightest pebble, dropped casually from the hand, breaks the surface of a limpid pool. Quentin hastened his pace, and ran lightly up the rising ground, time enough to witness the ghastly spectacle which attracted the notice of these gazers — which was nothing less than the body of a man, convulsed by the last agony, suspended on one of the branches.

'Why do you not cut him down?' said the young Scot, whose hand was as ready to assist affliction as to maintain his own honour when he deemed it assailed.

One of the peasants, turning on him an eye from which fear had banished all expression but its own, and a face as pale as clay, pointed to a mark cut upon the bark of the tree, having the same rude resemblance to a *fleur-de-lys* which certain talismanic scratches, well known to our revenue officers, bear to a broad arrow. Neither understanding nor heeding the import

of this symbol, young Durward sprung lightly as the ounce up into the tree, drew from his pouch that most necessary implement of a Highlander or woodsman, the trusty *skene dhu*,[1] and calling to those below to receive the body on their hands, cut the rope asunder in less than a minute after he had perceived the exigency.

But his humanity was ill seconded by the bystanders. So far from rendering Durward any assistance, they seemed terrified at the audacity of his action, and took to flight with one consent, as if they feared their merely looking on might have been construed into accession to his daring deed. The body, unsupported from beneath, fell heavily to earth, in such a manner that Quentin, who presently afterwards jumped down, had the mortification to see that the last sparks of life were extinguished. He gave not up his charitable purpose, however, without farther efforts. He freed the wretched man's neck from the fatal noose, undid the doublet, threw water on the face, and practised the other ordinary remedies resorted to for recalling suspended animation.

While he was thus humanely engaged, a wild clamour of tongues, speaking a language which he knew not, arose around him; and he had scarcely time to observe that he was surrounded by several men and women of a singular and foreign appearance, when he found himself roughly seized by both arms, while a naked knife at the same moment was offered to his throat.

'Pale slave of Eblis!' said a man, in imperfect French, 'are you robbing him you have murdered? But we have you, and you shall abye it.'

There were knives drawn on every side of him as these words were spoken, and the grim and distorted countenances which glared on him were like those of wolves rushing on their prey.

Still the young Scot's courage and presence of mind bore him out. 'What mean ye, my masters?' he said. 'If that be your friend's body, I have just now cut him down in pure charity, and you will do better to try to recover his life than to misuse an innocent stranger to whom he owes his chance of escape.'

The women had by this time taken possession of the dead body, and continued the attempts to recover animation which Durward had been making use of, though with the like bad success; so that, desisting from their fruitless efforts, they seemed to abandon themselves to all the Oriental expressions of grief; the women making a piteous wailing, and tearing

[1] See Note 11.

their long black hair, while the men seemed to rend their garments and to sprinkle dust upon their heads. They gradually became so much engaged in their mourning rites, that they bestowed no longer any attention on Durward, of whose innocence they were probably satisfied from circumstances. It would certainly have been his wisest plan to have left these wild people to their own courses, but he had been bred in almost reckless contempt of danger, and felt all the eagerness of youthful curiosity.

The singular assemblage,[1] both male and female, wore turbans and caps, more similar, in general appearance, to his own bonnet than to the hats commonly worn in France. Several of the men had curled black beards, and the complexion of all was nearly as dark as that of Africans. One or two, who seemed their chiefs, had some tawdry ornaments of silver about their necks and in their ears, and wore showy scarfs of yellow, or scarlet, or light green; but their legs and arms were bare, and the whole troop seemed wretched and squalid in appearance. There were no weapons among them that Durward saw, except the long knives with which they had lately menaced him, and one short crooked sabre, or Moorish sword, which was worn by an active-looking young man, who often laid his hand upon the hilt, while he surpassed the rest of the party in his extravagant expressions of grief, and seemed to mingle with them threats of vengeance.

The disordered and yelling group were so different in appearance from any beings whom Quentin had yet seen, that he was on the point of concluding them to be a party of Saracens, of those 'heathen hounds' who were the opponents of gentle knights and Christian monarchs in all the romances which he had heard or read, and was about to withdraw himself from a neighbourhood so perilous, when a galloping of horse was heard, and the supposed Saracens, who had raised by this time the body of their comrade upon their shoulders, were at once charged by a party of French soldiers.

This sudden apparition changed the measured wailing of the mourners into irregular shrieks of terror. The body was thrown to the ground in an instant, and those who were around it showed the utmost and most dexterous activity in escaping, under the bellies as it were of the horses, from the point of the lances which were levelled at them with exclamations of 'Down with the accursed heathen thieves — take and kill — bind them like beasts — spear them like wolves!'

[1] See Gipsies or Bohemians. Note 12.

These cries were accompanied with corresponding acts of violence; but such was the alertness of the fugitives, the ground being rendered unfavourable to the horsemen by thickets and bushes, that only two were struck down and made prisoners, one of whom was the young fellow with the sword, who had previously offered some resistance. Quentin, whom fortune seemed at this period to have chosen for the butt of her shafts, was at the same time seized by the soldiers, and his arms, in spite of his remonstrances, bound down with a cord; those who apprehended him showing a readiness and despatch in the operation which proved them to be no novices in matters of police.

Looking anxiously to the leader of the horsemen, from whom he hoped to obtain liberty, Quentin knew not exactly whether to be pleased or alarmed upon recognising in him the down-looking and silent companion of Maître Pierre. True, whatever crime these strangers might be accused of, this officer might know, from the history of the morning, that he, Durward, had no connexion with them whatever; but it was a more difficult question whether this sullen man would be either a favourable judge or a willing witness in his behalf, and he felt doubtful whether he would mend his condition by making any direct application to him.

But there was little leisure for hesitation. 'Trois-Eschelles and Petit-André,' said the down-looking officer to two of his band, 'these same trees stand here quite convenient. I will teach these misbelieving, thieving sorcerers to interfere with the King's justice, when it has visited any of their accursed race. Dismount, my children, and do your office briskly.'

Trois-Eschelles and Petit-André were in an instant on foot, and Quentin observed that they had each, at the crupper and pommel of his saddle, a coil or two of ropes, which they hastily undid, and showed that, in fact, each coil formed a halter, with the fatal noose adjusted, ready for execution. The blood ran cold in Quentin's veins when he saw three cords selected, and perceived that it was proposed to put one around his own neck. He called on the officer loudly, reminded him of their meeting that morning, claimed the right of a free-born Scotsman, in a friendly and allied country, and denied any knowledge of the persons along with whom he was seized, or of their misdeeds.

The officer whom Durward thus addressed scarce deigned to look at him while he was speaking, and took no notice whatever of the claim he preferred to prior acquaintance. He barely

turned to one or two of the peasants who were now come forward, either to volunteer their evidence against the prisoners or out of curiosity, and said gruffly, 'Was yonder young fellow with the vagabonds?'

'That he was, sir, and it please your noble provostship,' answered one of the clowns; 'he was the very first blasphemously to cut down the rascal whom his Majesty's justice most deservedly hung up, as we told your worship.'

'I'll swear by God and St. Martin of Tours to have seen him with their gang,' said another, 'when they pillaged our *métairie*.'

'Nay, but, father,' said a boy, 'yonder heathen was black, and this youth is fair; yonder one had short curled hair, and this hath long fair locks.'

'Ay, child,' said the peasant, 'and perhaps you will say yonder one had a green coat and this a grey jerkin. But his worship, the provost, knows that they can change their complexions as easily as their jerkins, so that I am still minded he was the same.'

'It is enough that you have seen him intermeddle with the course of the King's justice, by attempting to recover an executed traitor,' said the officer. 'Trois-Eschelles and Petit-André, despatch.'

'Stay, seignior officer!' exclaimed the youth, in mortal agony — 'hear me speak — let me not die guiltlessly; my blood will be required of you by my countrymen in this world, and by Heaven's justice in that which is to follow.'

'I will answer for my actions in both,' said the provost, coldly, and made a sign with his left hand to the executioners; then, with a smile of triumphant malice, touched with his forefinger his right arm, which hung suspended in a scarf, disabled probably by the blow which Durward had dealt him that morning.

'Miserable, vindictive wretch!' answered Quentin, persuaded by that action that private revenge was the sole motive of this man's rigour, and that no mercy whatever was to be expected from him.

'The poor youth raves,' said the functionary; 'speak a word of comfort to him ere he make his transit, Trois-Eschelles; thou art a comfortable man in such cases, when a confessor is not to be had. Give him one minute of ghostly advice, and despatch matters in the next. I must proceed on the rounds. Soldiers, follow me!'

The provost rode on, followed by his guard, excepting two or three who were left to assist in the execution. The unhappy youth cast after him an eye almost darkened by despair, and thought he heard, in every tramp of his horse's retreating hoofs, the last slight chance of his safety vanish. He looked around him in agony, and was surprised, even in that moment, to see the stoical indifference of his fellow-prisoners. They had previously testified every sign of fear, and made every effort to escape; but now, when secured, and destined apparently to inevitable death, they awaited its arrival with the utmost composure. The scene of fate before them gave, perhaps, a more yellow tinge to their swarthy cheeks; but it neither agitated their features nor quenched the stubborn haughtiness of their eye. They seemed like foxes, which, after all their wiles and artful attempts at escape are exhausted, die with a silent and sullen fortitude, which wolves and bears, the fiercer objects of the chase, do not exhibit.

They were undaunted by the conduct of the fatal executioners, who went about their work with more deliberation than their master had recommended, and which probably arose from their having acquired by habit a kind of pleasure in the discharge of their horrid office. We pause an instant to describe them, because under a tyranny, whether despotic or popular, the character of the hangman becomes a subject of grave importance.

These functionaries were essentially different in their appearance and manners. Louis used to call them Democritus and Heraclitus, and their master, the provost, termed them *Jean qui pleure* and *Jean qui rit.*

Trois-Eschelles was a tall, thin, ghastly man, with a peculiar gravity of visage, and a large rosary round his neck, the use of which he was accustomed piously to offer to those sufferers on whom he did his duty. He had one or two Latin texts continually in his mouth on the nothingness and vanity of human life; and, had it been regular to have enjoyed such a plurality, he might have held the office of confessor to the jail *in commendam* with that of executioner. Petit-André, on the contrary, was a joyous-looking, round, active little fellow, who rolled about in execution of his duty as if it were the most diverting occupation in the world. He seemed to have a sort of fond affection for his victims, and always spoke of them in kindly and affectionate terms. They were his poor honest fellows, his pretty dears, his gossips, his good old fathers, as their age or sex might be; and as Trois-Eschelles endeavoured to inspire them with a

philosophical or religious regard to futurity, Petit-André seldom failed to refresh them with a jest or two, as if to induce them to pass from life as something that was ludicrous, contemptible, and not worthy of serious consideration.

I cannot tell why or wherefore it was, but these two excellent persons, notwithstanding the variety of their talents and the rare occurrence of such among persons of their profession, were both more utterly detested than, perhaps, any creatures of their kind, whether before or since; and the only doubt of those who knew aught of them was, whether the grave and pathetic Trois-Eschelles or the frisky, comic, alert Petit-André[1] was the object of the greatest fear or of the deepest execration. It is certain they bore the palm in both particulars over every hangman in France, unless it were perhaps their master, Tristan l'Hermite, the renowned provost-marshal, or *his* master, Louis XI.

It must not be supposed that these reflections were of Quentin Durward's making. Life, death, time, and eternity were swimming before his eyes — a stunning and overwhelming prospect, from which human nature recoiled in its weakness, though human pride would fain have borne up. He addressed himself to the God of his fathers; and when he did so, the little rude and unroofed chapel, which now held almost all his race but himself, rushed on his recollection. 'Our feudal enemies gave my kindred graves in our own land,' he thought, 'but I must feed the ravens and kites of a foreign land, like an excommunicated felon!' The tears gushed involuntarily from his eyes. Trois-Eschelles, touching one shoulder, gravely congratulated him on his Heavenly disposition for death, and pathetically exclaiming, '*Beati qui in Domino moriuntur*,' remarked the soul was happy that left the body while the tear was in the eye. Petit-André, slapping the other shoulder, called out, 'Courage, my fair son! since you must begin the dance, let the ball open gaily, for all the rebecs are in tune,' twitching the halter at the same time, to give point to his joke. As the youth turned his dismayed looks first on one and then on the other, they made their meaning plainer by gently urging him forward to the fatal tree, and bidding him be of good courage, for it would be over in a moment.

In this fatal predicament, the youth cast a distracted look around him. 'Is there any good Christian who hears me,' he said, 'that will tell Ludovic Lesly of the Scottish Guard, called

[1] See Note 13.

in this country Le Balafré, that his nephew is here basely murdered?'

The words were spoken in good time, for an archer of the Scottish Guard, attracted by the preparations for the execution, was standing by, with one or two other chance passengers, to witness what was passing.

'Take heed what you do,' he said to the executioners; 'if this young man be of Scottish birth, I will not permit him to have foul play.'

'Heaven forbid, sir cavalier,' said Trois-Eschelles; 'but we must obey our orders,' drawing Durward forward by one arm.

'The shortest play is ever the fairest,' said Petit-André, pulling him onward by the other.

But Quentin had heard words of comfort, and, exerting his strength, he suddenly shook off both the finishers of the law, and, with his arms still bound, ran to the Scottish archer. 'Stand by me, countryman,' he said in his own language, 'for the love of Scotland and St. Andrew! I am innocent — I am your own native landsman. Stand by me, as you shall answer at the last day!'

'By St. Andrew! they shall make at you through me,' said the archer, and unsheathed his sword.

'Cut my bonds, countryman,' said Quentin, 'and I will do something for myself.'

This was done with a touch of the archer's weapon; and the liberated captive, springing suddenly on one of the provost's guard, wrested from him a halberd with which he was armed. 'And now,' he said, 'come on, if you dare!'

The two officers whispered together.

'Ride thou after the provost-marshal,' said Trois-Eschelles, 'and I will detain them here, if I can. Soldiers of the provost's guard, stand to your arms.'

Petit-André mounted his horse and left the field, and the other marshals-men in attendance drew together so hastily at the command of Trois-Eschelles, that they suffered the other two prisoners to make their escape during the confusion. Perhaps they were not very anxious to detain them; for they had of late been sated with the blood of such wretches, and, like other ferocious animals, were, through long slaughter, become tired of carnage. But the pretext was, that they thought themselves immediately called upon to attend to the safety of Trois-Eschelles; for there was a jealousy which occasionally led to

open quarrels betwixt the Scottish Archers and the marshal's guards, who executed the orders of their provost.

'We are strong enough to beat the proud Scots twice over, if it be your pleasure,' said one of these soldiers to Trois-Eschelles.

But that cautious official made a sign to him to remain quiet, and addressed the Scottish archer with great civility. 'Surely, sir, this is a great insult to the provost-marshal, that you should presume to interfere with the course of the King's justice, duly and lawfully committed to his charge; and it is no act of justice to me, who am in lawful possession of my criminal. Neither is it a well-meant kindness to the youth himself, seeing that fifty opportunities of hanging him may occur, without his being found in so happy a state of preparation as he was before your ill-advised interference.'

'If my young countryman,' said the Scot, smiling, 'be of opinion I have done him an injury, I will return him to your charge without a word more dispute.'

'No, no! — for the love of Heaven, no!' exclaimed Quentin. 'I would rather you swept my head off with your long sword; it would better become my birth than to die by the hands of such a foul churl.'

'Hear how he revileth!' said the finisher of the law. 'Alas! how soon our best resolutions pass away! He was in a blessed frame for departure but now, and in two minutes he has become a contemner of authorities.'

'Tell me at once,' said the archer, 'what has this young man done?'

'Interfered,' answered Trois-Eschelles, with some earnestness, 'to take down the dead body of a criminal, when the *fleur-de-lys* was marked on the tree where he was hung with my own proper hand.'

'How is this, young man?' said the archer; 'how came you to have committed such an offence?'

'As I desire your protection,' answered Durward, 'I will tell you the truth as if I were at confession. I saw a man struggling on the tree, and I went to cut him down out of mere humanity. I thought neither of *fleur de-lys* nor of clove-gilliflower, and had no more idea of offending the King of France than our father the Pope.'

'What a murrain had you to do with the dead body, then?' said the archer. 'You'll see them hanging, in the rear of this gentleman, like grapes on every tree, and you will have enough

to do in this country if you go a-gleaning after the hangman. However, I will not quit a countryman's cause if I can help it. Hark ye, master marshals-man, you see this is entirely a mistake. You should have some compassion on so young a traveller. In our country at home he has not been accustomed to see such active proceedings as yours and your master's.'

'Not for want of need of them, seignior archer,' said Petit-André, who returned at this moment. 'Stand fast, Trois-Eschelles, for here comes the provost-marshal; we shall presently see how he will relish having his work taken out of his hand before it is finished.'

'And in good time,' said the archer, 'here come some of my comrades.'

Accordingly, as the Provost Tristan rode up with his patrol on one side of the little hill which was the scene of the altercation, four or five Scottish Archers came as hastily up on the other, and at their head the Balafré himself.

Upon this urgency, Lesly showed none of that indifference towards his nephew of which Quentin had in his heart accused him; for he no sooner saw his comrade and Durward standing upon their defence than he exclaimed, 'Cunningham, I thank thee. Gentlemen — comrades, lend me your aid. It is a young Scottish gentleman — my nephew. Lindesay — Guthrie — Tyrie, draw and strike in!'

There was now every prospect of a desperate scuffle between the parties, who were not so disproportioned in numbers but that the better arms of the Scottish cavaliers gave them an equal chance of victory. But the provost-marshal, either doubting the issue of the conflict or aware that it would be disagreeable to the King, made a sign to his followers to forbear from violence, while he demanded of Balafré, who now put himself forward as the head of the other party, 'What he, a cavalier of the King's Body-Guard, purposed by opposing the execution of a criminal?'

'I deny that I do so,' answered the Balafré. 'St. Martin! there is, I think, some difference between the execution of a criminal and the slaughter of my own nephew?'

'Your nephew may be a criminal as well as another, seignior,' said the provost-marshal; 'and every stranger in France is amenable to the laws of France.'

'Yes, but we have privileges, we Scottish Archers,' said Balafré; 'have we not, comrades?'

'Yes — yes,' they all exclaimed together. 'Privileges —

privileges! Long live King Louis — long live the bold Balafré — long live the Scottish Guard — and death to all who would infringe our privileges!'

'Take reason with you, gentlemen cavaliers,' said the provost-marshal; 'consider my commission.'

'We will have no reason at your hand,' said Cunningham; 'our own officers shall do us reason. We will be judged by the King's grace, or by our own captain, now that the Lord High Constable is not in presence.'

'And we will be hanged by none,' said Lindesay, 'but Sandie Wilson, the auld marshals-man of our ain body.'

'It would be a positive cheating of Sandie, who is as honest a man as ever tied noose upon hemp, did we give way to any other proceeding,' said the Balafré. 'Were I to be hanged myself, no other should tie tippet about my craig.'

'But hear ye,' said the provost-marshal, 'this young fellow belongs not to you, and cannot share what you call your privileges.'

'What we *call* our privileges all shall admit to be such,' said Cunningham.

'We will not hear them questioned!' was the universal cry of the archers.

'Ye are mad, my masters,' said Tristan l'Hermite. 'No one disputes your privileges; but this youth is not one of you.'

'He is *my* nephew,' said the Balafré, with a triumphant air.

'But no Archer of the Guard, I think,' retorted Tristan l'Hermite.

The archers looked on each other in some uncertainty.

'Stand to it yet, comrade,' whispered Cunningham to Balafré. 'Say he is engaged with us.'

'St. Martin! you say well, fair countryman,' answered Lesly; and, raising his voice, swore that he had that day enrolled his kinsman as one of his own retinue.

This declaration was a decisive argument.

'It is well, gentlemen,' said the Provost Tristan, who was aware of the King's nervous apprehension of disaffection creeping in among his Guards. 'You know, as you say, your privileges, and it is not my duty to have brawls with the King's Guards, if it is to be avoided. But I will report this matter for the King's own decision; and I would have you to be aware that, in doing so, I act more mildly than perhaps my duty warrants me.'

So saying he put his troop into motion, while the archers, remaining on the spot, held a hasty consultation what was next to be done.

'We must report the matter to Lord Crawford, our captain, in the first place, and have the young fellow's name put on the roll.'

'But, gentlemen, and my worthy friends and preservers,' said Quentin, with some hesitation, 'I have not yet determined whether to take service with you or no.'

'Then settle in your own mind,' said his uncle, 'whether you choose to do so or be hanged; for I promise you that, nephew of mine as you are, I see no other chance of your 'scaping the gallows.'

This was an unanswerable argument, and reduced Quentin at once to acquiesce in what he might have otherwise considered as no very agreeable proposal; but the recent escape from the halter, which had been actually around his neck, would probably have reconciled him to a worse alternative than was proposed.

'He must go home with us to our *caserne*,' said Cunningham; 'there is no safety for him out of our bounds, whilst these man-hunters are prowling about.'

'May I not then abide for this night at the hostelry where I breakfasted, fair uncle?' said the youth, thinking, perhaps, like many a new recruit, that even a single night of freedom was something gained.

'Yes, fair nephew,' answered his uncle, ironically, 'that we may have the pleasure of fishing you out of some canal or moat, or perhaps out of a loop of the Loire, knit up in a sack, for the greater convenience of swimming, for that is like to be the end on 't. The provost-marshal smiled on us when we parted,' continued he, addressing Cunningham, 'and that is a sign his thoughts were dangerous.'

'I care not for his danger,' said Cunningham; 'such game as we are beyond his bird-bolts. But I would have thee tell the whole to the Devil's Oliver, who is always a good friend to the Scottish Guard, and will see Father Louis before the provost can, for he is to shave him to-morrow.'

'But hark you,' said Balafré, 'it is ill going to Oliver empty-handed, and I am as bare as the birch in December.'

'So are we all,' said Cunningham; 'Oliver must not scruple to take our Scottish words for once. We will make up something handsome among us against the next pay-day; and if *he*

expects to share, let me tell you, the pay-day will come about all the sooner.'

'And now for the château,' said Balafré; 'and my nephew shall tell us by the way how he brought the provost-marshal on his shoulders, that we may know how to frame our report both to Crawford and Oliver.'

# CHAPTER VII

## *The Enrolment*

> *Justice of Peace.* Here, hand me down the statute —
> read the articles —
> Swear, kiss the book — subscribe, and be a hero ;
> Drawing a portion from the public stock
> For deeds of valour to be done hereafter —
> Sixpence per day, subsistence and arrears.
>
> *The Recruiting Officer.*

AN attendant upon the archers having been dismounted, Quentin Durward was accommodated with his horse, and, in company of his martial countrymen, rode at a round pace towards the Castle of Plessis, about to become, although on his own part involuntarily, an inhabitant of that gloomy fortress, the outside of which had, that morning, struck him with so much surprise.

In the meanwhile, in answer to his uncle's repeated interrogations, he gave him an exact account of the accident which had that morning brought him into so much danger. Although he himself saw nothing in his narrative save what was affecting, he found it was received with much laughter by his escort.

'And yet it is no good jest either,' said his uncle, 'for what, in the devil's name, could lead the senseless boy to meddle with the body of a cursed misbelieving Jewish Moorish pagan ?'

'Had he quarrelled with the marshals-men about a pretty wench, as Michael of Moffat did, there had been more sense in it,' said Cunningham.

'But I think it touches our honour, that Tristan and his people pretend to confound our Scottish bonnets with these pilfering vagabonds' *tocques* and *turbands*, as they call them,' said Lindesay. 'If they have not eyes to see the difference, they must be taught by rule of hand. But it's my belief, Tristan but pretends to mistake, that he may snap up the kindly Scots that come over to see their kinsfolks.'

'May I ask, kinsman,' said Quentin, 'what sort of people these are of whom you speak?'

'In troth you may ask,' said his uncle, 'but I know not, fair nephew, who is able to answer you. Not I, I am sure, although I know, it may be, as much as other people; but they have appeared in this land within a year or two, just as a flight of locusts might do.'

'Ay,' said Lindesay, 'and Jacques Bonhomme — that is our name for the peasant, young man — you will learn our way of talk in time — honest Jacques, I say, cares little what wind either brings them or the locusts, so he but knows any gale that would carry them away again.'

'Do they do so much evil?' asked the young man.

'Evil! why, boy, they are heathens, or Jews, or Mahommedans at the least, and neither worship Our Lady nor the saints (crossing himself), and steal what they can lay hands on, and sing, and tell fortunes,' added Cunningham.

'And they say there are some goodly wenches amongst these women,' said Guthrie; 'but Cunningham knows that best.'

'How, brother!' said Cunningham; 'I trust ye mean me no reproach?'

'I am sure I said ye none,' answered Guthrie.

'I will be judged by the company,' said Cunningham. 'Ye said as much as that I, a Scottish gentleman, and living within pale of holy church, had a fair friend amongst these off-scourings of heathenesse.'

'Nay — nay,' said Balafré, 'he did but jest. We will have no quarrels among comrades.'

'We must have no such jesting then,' said Cunningham, murmuring as if he had been speaking to his own beard.

'Be there such vagabonds in other lands than France?' said Lindesay.

'Ay, in good sooth, are there: tribes of them have appeared in Germany, and in Spain, and in England,' answered Balafré. 'By the blessing of good St. Andrew, Scotland is free of them yet.'

'Scotland,' said Cunningham, 'is too cold a country for locusts, and too poor a country for thieves.'

'Or perhaps John Highlander will suffer no thieves to thrive there but his own,' said Guthrie.

'I let you all know,' said Balafré, 'that I come from the braes of Angus, and have gentle Highland kin in Glen Isla, and I will not have the Highlanders slandered.'

'You will not deny that they are cattle-lifters?' said Guthrie.

'To drive a spreagh or so is no thievery,' said Balafré, 'and that I will maintain when and how you dare.'

'For shame, comrade,' said Cunningham, 'who quarrels now? The young man should not see such mad misconstruction. Come, here we are at the château. I will bestow a runlet of wine to have a rouse in friendship, and drink to Scotland, Highland and Lowland both, if you will meet me at dinner at my quarters.'

'Agreed — agreed,' said Balafré; 'and I will bestow another, to wash away unkindness, and to drink a health to my nephew on his first entrance to our corps.'

At their approach, the wicket was opened and the drawbridge fell. One by one they entered; but when Quentin appeared, the sentinels crossed their pikes, and commanded him to stand, while bows were bent, and harquebusses aimed at him from the walls — a rigour of vigilance used notwithstanding that the young stranger came in company of a party of the garrison, nay, of the very body which furnished the sentinels who were then upon duty.

Le Balafré, who had remained by his nephew's side on purpose, gave the necessary explanations, and, after some considerable hesitation and delay, the youth was conveyed under a strong guard to the Lord Crawford's apartment.

This Scottish nobleman was one of the last relics of the gallant band of Scottish lords and knights who had so long and so truly served Charles VI. in those bloody wars which decided the independence of the French crown and the expulsion of the English. He had fought, when a boy, abreast with Douglas and with Buchan, had ridden beneath the banner of the Maid of Arc, and was perhaps one of the last of those associates of Scottish chivalry who had so willingly drawn their swords for the *fleur-de-lys* against their 'auld enemies of England.' Changes which had taken place in the Scottish kingdom, and perhaps his having become habituated to French climate and manners, had induced the old baron to resign all thoughts of returning to his native country, the rather that the high office which he held in the household of Louis, and his own frank and loyal character, had gained a considerable ascendency over the King, who, though in general no ready believer in human virtue or honour, trusted and confided in those of the Lord Crawford, and allowed him the greater influence, because he

was never known to interfere excepting in matters which concerned his charge.

Balafré and Cunningham followed Durward and the guard to the apartment of their officer, by whose dignified appearance, as well as with the respect paid to him by these proud soldiers, who seemed to respect no one else, the young man was much and strongly impressed.

Lord Crawford was tall, and through advanced age had become gaunt and thin; yet retaining in his sinews the strength, at least, if not the elasticity, of youth, he was able to endure the weight of his armour during a march as well as the youngest man who rode in his band. He was hard-favoured, with a scarred and weather-beaten countenance, and an eye that had looked upon death as his playfellow in thirty pitched battles, but which nevertheless expressed a calm contempt of danger, rather than the ferocious courage of a mercenary soldier. His tall, erect figure was at present wrapped in a loose chamber-gown, secured around him by his buff belt, in which was suspended his richly-hilted poniard. He had round his neck the collar and badge of the order of St. Michael. He sat upon a couch covered with deer's hide, and with spectacles on his nose (then a recent invention) was labouring to read a huge manuscript, called the *Rosier de la Guerre* — a code of military and civil policy which Louis had compiled for the benefit of his son the Dauphin, and upon which he was desirous to have the opinion of the experienced Scottish warrior.

Lord Crawford laid his book somewhat peevishly aside upon the entrance of these unexpected visitors, and demanded, in his broad national dialect, 'What, in the foul fiend's name, they lacked now?'

Le Balafré, with more respect than perhaps he would have shown to Louis himself, stated at full length the circumstances in which his nephew was placed, and humbly requested his lordship's protection. Lord Crawford listened very attentively. He could not but smile at the simplicity with which the youth had interfered in behalf of the hanged criminal, but he shook his head at the account which he received of the ruffle betwixt the Scottish Archers and the provost-marshal's guard.[1]

'How often,' he said, 'will you bring me such ill-winded pirns to ravel out? How often must I tell you, and especially both you, Ludovic Lesly, and you, Archie Cunningham, that the foreign soldier should bear himself modestly and decorously

[1] See Quarrels of Scottish Archers. Note 14.

towards the people of the country, if you would not have the whole dogs of the town at your heels? However, if you must have a bargain,[1] I would rather it were with that loon of a provost than any one else; and I blame you less for this onslaught than for other frays that you have made, Ludovic, for it was but natural and kindlike to help your young kinsman. This simple bairn must come to no skaith neither; so give me the roll of the company yonder down from the shelf, and we will even add his name to the troop, that he may enjoy the privileges.'

'May it please your lordship,' said Durward ——

'Is the lad crazed!' exclaimed his uncle. 'Would you speak to his lordship without a question asked?'

'Patience, Ludovic,' said Lord Crawford, 'and let us hear what the bairn has to say.'

'Only this, if it may please your lordship,' replied Quentin, 'that I told my uncle formerly I had some doubts about entering this service. I have now to say that they are entirely removed, since I have seen the noble and experienced commander under whom I am to serve; for there is authority in your look.'

'Weel said, my bairn,' said the old lord, not insensible to the compliment; 'we have had some experience, had God sent us grace to improve by it, both in service and in command. There you stand, Quentin, in our honourable corps of Scottish Body-Guards, as esquire to your uncle, and serving under his lance. I trust you will do well, for you should be a right man-at-arms, if all be good that is upcome,[2] and you are come of a gentle kindred. Ludovic, you will see that your kinsman follow his exercise diligently, for we will have spears-breaking one of these days.'

'By my hilts, and I am glad of it, my lord; this peace makes cowards of us all. I myself feel a sort of decay of spirit, closed up in this cursed dungeon of a castle.'

'Well, a bird whistled in my ear,' continued Lord Crawford, 'that the old banner will be soon dancing in the field again.'

'I will drink a cup the deeper this evening to that very tune,' said Balafré.

'Thou wilt drink to any tune,' said Lord Crawford; 'and I fear me, Ludovic, you will drink a bitter browst of your own brewing one day.'

Lesly, a little abashed, replied, 'That it had not been his

[1] A quarrel, videlicet.
[2] That is, if your courage corresponds with your personal appearance.

wont for many a day; but his lordship knew the use of the company to have a carouse to the health of a new comrade.'

'True,' said the old leader, 'I had forgot the occasion. I will send a few stoups of wine to assist your carouse; but let it be over by sunset. And, hark ye — let the soldiers for duty be carefully pricked off; and see that none of them be more or less partakers of your debauch.'

'Your lordship shall be lawfully obeyed,' said Ludovic; 'and your health duly remembered.'

'Perhaps,' said Lord Crawford, 'I may look in myself upon your mirth, just to see that all is carried decently.'

'Your lordship shall be most dearly welcome,' said Ludovic; and the whole party retreated in high spirits to prepare for their military banquet, to which Lesly invited about a score of his comrades, who were pretty much in the habit of making their mess together.

A soldiers' festival is generally a very extempore affair, providing there is enough of meat and drink to be had; but on the present occasion Ludovic bustled about to procure some better wine than ordinary, observing, that the 'old lord was the surest gear in their aught, and that, while he preached sobriety to them, he himself, after drinking at the royal table as much wine as he could honestly come by, never omitted any creditable opportunity to fill up the evening over the wine-pot. So you must prepare, comrades,' he said, 'to hear the old histories of the battles of Vernoil and Beaugé.'[1]

The Gothic apartment in which they generally met was, therefore, hastily put into the best order: their grooms were despatched to collect green rushes to spread upon the floor; and banners, under which the Scottish Guard had marched to battle, or which they had taken from the enemies' ranks, were displayed, by way of tapestry, over the table, and around the walls of the chamber.

The next point was to invest the young recruit as hastily as possible with the dress and appropriate arms of the Guard, that he might appear in every respect the sharer of its important privileges, in virtue of which, and by the support of his countrymen, he might freely brave the power and the displeasure of the provost-marshal, although the one was known to be as formidable as the other was unrelenting.

The banquet was joyous in the highest degree; and the guests gave vent to the whole current of their national partiality

[1] See Scottish Auxiliaries. Note 15.

on receiving into their ranks a recruit from their beloved fatherland. Old Scottish songs were sung, old tales of Scottish heroes told; the achievements of their fathers, and the scenes in which they were wrought, were recalled to mind; and for a time the rich plains of Touraine seemed converted into the mountainous and sterile regions of Caledonia.

When their enthusiasm was at high flood, and each was endeavouring to say something to enhance the dear remembrance of Scotland, it received a new impulse from the arrival of Lord Crawford, who, as Le Balafré had well prophesied, sat as it were on thorns at the royal board until an opportunity occurred of making his escape to the revelry of his own countrymen. A chair of state had been reserved for him at the upper end of the table; for, according to the manners of the age, and the constitution of that body, although their leader and commander under the King and High Constable, the members of the corps, as we should now say, the privates, being all ranked as noble by birth, their captain sat with them at the same table without impropriety, and might mingle when he chose in their festivity, without derogation from his dignity as commander.

At present, however, Lord Crawford declined occupying the seat prepared for him, and bidding them 'hold themselves merry,' stood looking on the revel with a countenance which seemed greatly to enjoy it.

'Let him alone,' whispered Cunningham to Lindesay, as the latter offered the wine to their noble captain — 'let him alone — hurry no man's cattle — let him take it of his own accord.'

In fact, the old lord, who at first smiled, shook his head, and placed the untasted wine-cup before him, began presently, as if it were in absence of mind, to sip a little of the contents, and, in doing so, fortunately recollected that it would be ill-luck did he not drink a draught to the health of the gallant lad who had joined them this day. The pledge was filled and answered, as may be well supposed, with many a joyous shout, when the old leader proceeded to acquaint them that he had possessed Master Oliver with an account of what had passed that day. 'And as,' he said, 'the scraper of chins hath no great love for the stretcher of throats, he has joined me in obtaining from the King an order commanding the provost to suspend all proceedings, under whatever pretence, against Quentin Durward, and to respect, on all occasions, the privileges of the Scottish Guard.'

Another shout broke forth, the cups were again filled till the

wine sparkled on the brim, and there was an acclaim to the health of the noble Lord Crawford, the brave conservator of the privileges and rights of his countrymen. The good old lord could not but in courtesy do reason to this pledge also, and gliding into the ready chair, as it were without reflecting what he was doing, he caused Quentin to come up beside him, and assailed him with many more questions concerning the state of Scotland, and the great families there, than he was well able to answer; while ever and anon, in the course of his queries, the good lord kissed the wine-cup by way of parenthesis, remarking, that sociality became Scottish gentlemen, but that young men like Quentin ought to practise it cautiously, lest it might degenerate into excess; upon which occasion he uttered many excellent things, until his own tongue, although employed in the praises of temperance, began to articulate something thicker than usual. It was now that, while the military ardour of the company augmented with each flagon which they emptied, Cunningham called on them to drink the speedy hoisting of the *Oriflamme*, the royal banner of France.

'And a breeze of Burgundy to fan it!' echoed Lindesay.

'With all the soul that is left in this worn body do I accept the pledge, bairns,' echoed Lord Crawford; 'and as old as I am, I trust I may see it flutter yet. Hark ye, my mates (for wine had made him something communicative), ye are all true servants to the French crown, and wherefore should ye not know there is an envoy come from Duke Charles of Burgundy, with a message of an angry favour.'

'I saw the Count of Crèvecœur's equipage, horses and retinue,' said another of the guests, 'down at the inn yonder, at the Mulberry Grove. They say the King will not admit him into the castle.'

'Now, Heaven send him an ungracious answer!' said Guthrie; 'but what is it he complains of?'

'A world of grievances upon the frontier,' said Lord Crawford; 'and latterly, that the King hath received under his protection a lady of his land, a young countess, who hath fled from Dijon because, being a ward of the Duke, he would have her marry his favourite, Campo-basso.'

'And hath she actually come hither alone, my lord?' said Lindesay.

'Nay, not altogether alone, but with the old countess, her kinswoman, who hath yielded to her cousin's wishes in this matter.'

'And will the King,' said Cunningham, 'he being the Duke's feudal sovereign, interfere between the Duke and his ward, over whom Charles hath the same right which, were he himself dead, the King would have over the heiress of Burgundy?'

'The King will be ruled, as he is wont, by rules of policy; and you know,' continued Crawford, 'that he hath not publicly received these ladies, nor placed them under the protection of his daughters, the Lady of Beaujeau or the Princess Joan, so, doubtless, he will be guided by circumstances. He is our master; but it is no treason to say, he will chase with the hounds and run with the hare with any prince in Christendom.'

'But the Duke of Burgundy understands no such doubling,' said Cunningham.

'No,' answered the old lord; 'and, therefore, it is likely to make work between them.'

'Well — St. Andrew further the fray!' said Le Balafré. 'I had it foretold me ten, ay, twenty years since, that I was to make the fortune of my house by marriage. Who knows what may happen, if once we come to fight for honour and ladies' love, as they do in the old romaunts?'

'*Thou* name ladies' love, with such a trench in thy visage!' said Guthrie.

'As well not love at all, as love a Bohemian woman of heathenesse,' retorted Le Balafré.

'Hold there, comrades,' said Lord Crawford: 'no tilting with sharp weapons, no jesting with keen scoffs — friends all. And for the lady, she is too wealthy to fall to a poor Scottish lord, or I would put in my own claim, fourscore years and all, or not very far from it. But here is her health, nevertheless, for they say she is a lamp of beauty.'

'I think I saw her,' said another soldier, 'when I was upon guard this morning at the inner barrier; but she was more like a dark lantern than a lamp, for she and another were brought into the château in close litters.'

'Shame! — shame! Arnot!' said Lord Crawford; 'a soldier on duty should say nought of what he sees. Besides,' he added after a pause, his own curiosity prevailing over the show of discipline which he had thought it necessary to exert, 'why should these litters contain this very same Countess Isabelle de Croye?'

'Nay, my lord,' replied Arnot, 'I know nothing of it save this, that my coutelier was airing my horses in the road to the village, and fell in with Doguin the muleteer who brought back

the litters to the inn, for they belong to the fellow of the Mulberry Grove yonder — he of the Fleur-de-Lys, I mean — and so Doguin asked Saunders Steed to take a cup of wine, as they were acquainted, which he was no doubt willing enough to do ——'

'No doubt — no doubt,' said the old lord; 'it is a thing I wish were corrected among you, gentlemen; but all your grooms and couteliers, and jackmen, as we should call them in Scotland, are but too ready to take a cup of wine with any one. It is a thing perilous in war, and must be amended. But, Andrew Arnot, this is a long tale of yours, and we will cut it with a drink, as the Highlander says, *Skeoch doch nan skial*[1] — and that 's good Gaelic. Here is to the Countess Isabelle of Croye, and a better husband to her than Campo-basso, who is a base Italian cullion! And now, Andrew Arnot, what said the muleteer to this yeoman of thine?'

'Why, he told him in secrecy, if it please your lordship,' continued Arnot, 'that these two ladies whom he had presently before convoyed up to the castle in the close litters were great ladies, who had been living in secret at his master's house for some days, and that the King had visited them more than once very privately, and had done them great honour; and that they had fled up to the castle, as he believed, for fear of the Count de Crèvecœur, the Duke of Burgundy's ambassador, whose approach was just announced by an advanced courier.'

'Ay, Andrew, come you there to me?' said Guthrie; 'then I will be sworn it was the countess whose voice I heard singing to the lute, as I came even now through the inner court. The sound came from the bay-windows of the Dauphin's Tower; and such melody was there as no one ever heard before in the Castle of Plessis of the Park. By my faith, I thought it was the music of the fairy Melusina's making. There I stood, though I knew your board was covered and that you were all impatient — there I stood, like ——'

'Like an ass, Johnny Guthrie,' said his commander; 'thy long nose smelling the dinner, thy long ears hearing the music, and thy short discretion not enabling thee to decide which of them thou didst prefer. Hark! is not that the cathedral bell tolling to vespers? Sure it cannot be that time yet? The mad old sexton has toll'd evensong an hour too soon.'

'In faith, the bell rings but too justly the hour,' said Cun-

[1] 'Cut a tale with a drink,' an expression used when a man preaches over his liquor, as *bons vivants* say in England.

ningham ; 'yonder the sun is sinking on the west side of the fair plain.'

'Ay,' said the Lord Crawford, 'is it even so? Well, lads, we must live within compass. Fair and soft goes far — slow fire makes sweet malt — to be merry and wise is a sound proverb. One other rouse to the weal of old Scotland, and then each man to his duty.'

The parting-cup was emptied, and the guests dismissed ; the stately old baron taking the Balafré's arm, under pretence of giving him some instructions concerning his nephew, but, perhaps, in reality, lest his own lofty pace should seem in the public eye less steady than became his rank and high command. A serious countenance did he bear as he passed through the two courts which separated his lodging from the festal chamber, and solemn as the gravity of a hogshead was the farewell caution with which he prayed Ludovic to attend his nephew's motions, especially in the matters of wenches and wine-cups.

Meanwhile, not a word that was spoken concerning the beautiful Countess Isabelle had escaped the young Durward, who, conducted into a small cabin, which he was to share with his uncle's page, made his new and lowly abode the scene of much high musing. The reader will easily imagine that the young soldier should build a fine romance on such a foundation as the supposed, or rather the assumed, identification of the maiden of the turret, to whose lay he had listened with so much interest, and the fair cup-bearer of Maître Pierre, with a fugitive countess of rank and wealth, flying from the pursuit of a hated lover, the favourite of an oppressive guardian, who abused his feudal power. There was an interlude in Quentin's vision concerning Maître Pierre, who seemed to exercise such authority even over the formidable officer from whose hands he had that day, with much difficulty, made his escape. At length the youth's reveries, which had been respected by little Will Harper, the companion of his cell, were broken in upon by the return of his uncle, who commanded Quentin to bed, that he might arise betimes in the morning, and attend him to his Majesty's ante-chamber, to which he was called by his hour of duty, along with five of his comrades.

# CHAPTER VIII

## *The Envoy*

> Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France ;
> For ere thou canst report I will be there,
> The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.
> So, hence ! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath.
>
> *King John.*

HAD sloth been a temptation by which Durward was easily beset, the noise with which the *caserne* of the guards resounded after the first toll of primes had certainly banished the siren from his couch ; but the discipline of his father's tower and of the convent of Aberbrothock had taught him to start with the dawn ; and he did on his clothes gaily, amid the sounding of bugles and the clash of armour, which announced the change of the vigilant guards — some of whom were returning to barracks after their nightly duty, whilst some were marching out to that of the morning ; and others, again, amongst whom was his uncle, were arming for immediate attendance upon the person of Louis. Quentin Durward soon put on, with the feelings of so young a man on such an occasion, the splendid dress and arms appertaining to his new situation ; and his uncle, who looked with great accuracy and interest to see that he was completely fitted out in every respect, did not conceal his satisfaction at the improvement which had been thus made in his nephew's appearance. 'If thou dost prove as faithful and bold as thou art well-favoured, I shall have in thee one of the handsomest and best esquires in the Guard, which cannot but be an honour to thy mother's family. Follow me to the presence-chamber ; and see thou keep close at my shoulder.'

So saying, he took up a partizan, large, weighty, and beautifully inlaid and ornamented, and directing his nephew to assume a lighter weapon of a similar description, they proceeded to the inner court of the palace, where their comrades, who

were to form the guard of the interior apartments, were already drawn up and under arms — the squires each standing behind their masters, to whom they thus formed a second rank. Here were also in attendance many yeomen-prickers, with gallant horses and noble dogs, on which Quentin looked with such inquisitive delight that his uncle was obliged more than once to remind him that the animals were not there for his private amusement, but for the King's, who had a strong passion for the chase, one of the few inclinations which he indulged, even when coming in competition with his course of policy; being so strict a protector of the game in the royal forests, that it was currently said you might kill a man with greater impunity than a stag.

On a signal given, the guards were put into motion by the command of Le Balafré, who acted as officer upon the occasion; and, after some minutiæ of word and signal, which all served to show the extreme and punctilious jealousy with which their duty was performed, they marched into the hall of audience, where the King was immediately expected.

New as Quentin was to scenes of splendour, the effect of that which was now before him rather disappointed the expectations which he had formed of the brilliancy of a court. There were household officers, indeed, richly attired, there were guards gallantly armed, and there were domestics of various degrees; but he saw none of the ancient counsellors of the kingdom, none of the high officers of the crown; heard none of the names which in those days sounded an alarum to chivalry; saw none either of those generals or leaders who, possessed of the full prime of manhood, were the strength of France, or of the more youthful and fiery nobles, those early aspirants after honour, who were her pride. The jealous habits, the reserved manners, the deep and artful policy of the King, had estranged this splendid circle from the throne, and they were only called around it upon certain stated and formal occasions, when they went reluctantly, and returned joyfully, as the animals in the fable are supposed to have approached and left the den of the lion.

The very few persons who seemed to be there in the character of counsellors were mean looking men, whose countenances sometimes expressed sagacity, but whose manners showed they were called into a sphere for which their previous education and habits had qualified them but indifferently. One or two persons, however, did appear to Durward to possess a more noble mien,

and the strictness of the present duty was not such as to prevent his uncle communicating the names of those whom he thus distinguished.

With the Lord Crawford, who was in attendance, dressed in the rich habit of his office, and holding a leading staff of silver in his hand, Quentin, as well as the reader, was already acquainted. Among others who seemed of quality, the most remarkable was the Count de Dunois, the son of that celebrated Dunois, known by the name of the Bastard of Orleans, who, fighting under the banner of Jeanne d'Arc, acted such a distinguished part in liberating France from the English yoke. His son well supported the high renown which had descended to him from such an honoured source; and, notwithstanding his connexion with the royal family, and his hereditary popularity both with the nobles and the people, Dunois had, upon all occasions, manifested such an open, frank loyalty of character that he seemed to have escaped all suspicion, even on the part of the jealous Louis, who loved to see him near his person, and sometimes even called him to his councils. Although accounted complete in all the exercises of chivalry, and possessed of much of the character of what was then termed a perfect knight, the person of the count was far from being a model of romantic beauty. He was under the common size, though very strongly built, and his legs rather curved outwards into that make which is more convenient for horseback than elegant in a pedestrian. His shoulders were broad, his hair black, his complexion swarthy, his arms remarkably long and nervous. The features of his countenance were irregular, even to ugliness; yet, after all, there was an air of conscious worth and nobility about the Count de Dunois which stamped, at the first glance, the character of the high-born nobleman and the undaunted soldier. His mien was bold and upright, his step free and manly, and the harshness of his countenance was dignified by a glance like an eagle and a frown like a lion. His dress was a hunting-suit, rather sumptuous than gay, and he acted on most occasions as Grand Huntsman, though we are not inclined to believe that he actually held the office.

Upon the arm of his relation Dunois, walking with a step so slow and melancholy that he seemed to rest on his kinsman and supporter, came Louis Duke of Orleans, the first prince of the blood royal (afterwards King, by the name of Louis XII.), and to whom the guards and attendants rendered their homage as such. The jealously-watched object of Louis's suspicions,

this prince, who, failing the King's offspring, was heir to the kingdom, was not suffered to absent himself from court, and, while residing there, was alike denied employment and countenance. The dejection which his degraded and almost captive state naturally impressed on the deportment of this unfortunate prince was at this moment greatly increased by his consciousness that the King meditated, with respect to him, one of the most cruel and unjust actions which a tyrant could commit, by compelling him to give his hand to the Princess Joan of France, the younger daughter of Louis, to whom he had been contracted in infancy, but whose deformed person rendered the insisting upon such an agreement an act of abominable rigour.[1]

The exterior of this unhappy prince was in no respect distinguished by personal advantages; and in mind he was of a gentle, mild, and beneficent disposition, qualities which were visible even through the veil of extreme dejection with which his natural character was at present obscured. Quentin observed that the duke studiously avoided even looking at the Royal Guards, and when he returned their salute, that he kept his eyes bent on the ground, as if he feared the King's jealousy might have construed that gesture of ordinary courtesy as arising from the purpose of establishing a separate and personal interest among them.

Very different was the conduct of the proud cardinal and prelate, John of Balue, the favourite minister of Louis for the time, whose rise and character bore as close a resemblance to that of Wolsey as the difference betwixt the crafty and politic Louis and the headlong and rash Henry VIII. of England would permit. The former had raised his minister from the lowest rank to the dignity, or at least to the emoluments, of Grand Almoner of France, loaded him with benefices, and obtained for him the hat of a cardinal; and although he was too cautious to repose in the ambitious Balue the unbounded power and trust which Henry placed in Wolsey, yet he was more influenced by him than by any other of his avowed counsellors. The cardinal, accordingly, had not escaped the error incidental to those who are suddenly raised to power from an obscure situation, for he entertained a strong persuasion, dazzled doubtless by the suddenness of his elevation, that his capacity was equal to intermeddling with affairs of every kind, even those most foreign to his profession and studies. Tall and ungainly in his person, he affected gallantry and admiration

[1] See Note 19, p. 440.

of the fair sex, although his manners rendered his pretensions absurd, and his profession marked them as indecorous. Some male or female flatterer had, in evil hour, possessed him with the idea that there was much beauty of contour in a pair of huge, substantial legs, which he had derived from his father, a carman of Limoges, or, according to other authorities, a miller of Verdun; and with this idea he had become so infatuated, that he always had his cardinal's robes a little looped up on one side, that the sturdy proportion of his limbs might not escape observation. As he swept through the stately apartment in his crimson dress and rich cope, he stopped repeatedly to look at the arms and appointments of the cavaliers on guard, asked them several questions in an authoritative tone, and took upon him to censure some of them for what he termed irregularities of discipline, in language to which these experienced soldiers dared no reply, although it was plain they listened to it with impatience and with contempt.

'Is the King aware,' said Dunois to the cardinal, 'that the Burgundian envoy is peremptory in demanding an audience?'

'He is,' answered the cardinal; 'and here, as I think, comes the all-sufficient Oliver Dain[1] to let us know the royal pleasure.'

As he spoke, a remarkable person, who then divided the favour of Louis with the proud cardinal himself, entered from the inner apartment, but without any of that important and consequential demeanour which marked the full-blown dignity of the churchman. On the contrary, this was a little, pale, meagre man, whose black silk jerkin and hose, without either coat, cloak, or cassock, formed a dress ill qualified to set off to advantage a very ordinary person. He carried a silver basin in his hand, and a napkin flung over his arm indicated his menial capacity. His visage was penetrating and quick, although he endeavoured to banish such expression from his features, by keeping his eyes fixed on the ground, while, with the stealthy and quiet pace of a cat, he seemed modestly rather to glide than to walk through the apartment. But, though modesty may easily obscure worth, it cannot hide court favour; and all attempts to steal unperceived through the presence-chamber were vain on the part of one known to have such possession of the King's ear as had been attained by his celebrated barber and groom of the chamber, Oliver le Dain, called sometimes Oliver le Mauvais, and sometimes Oliver le Diable — epithets derived from the unscrupulous cunning with which he assisted

[1] See Note 16.

in the execution of the schemes of his master's tortuous policy. At present he spoke earnestly for a few moments with the Count de Dunois, who instantly left the chamber, while the tonsor glided quietly back towards the royal apartment whence he had issued, every one giving place to him; which civility he only acknowledged by the most humble inclination of the body, excepting in a very few instances, where he made one or two persons the subject of envy to all the other courtiers by whispering a single word in their ear; and at the same time muttering something of the duties of his place, he escaped from their replies, as well as from the eager solicitations of those who wished to attract his notice. Ludovic Lesly had the good fortune to be one of the individuals who, on the present occasion, was favoured by Oliver with a single word, to assure him that his matter was fortunately terminated.

Presently afterwards, he had another proof of the same agreeable tidings; for Quentin's old acquaintance, Tristan l'Hermite, the provost-marshal of the royal household, entered the apartment, and came straight to the place where Le Balafré was posted. This formidable officer's uniform, which was very rich, had only the effect of making his sinister countenance and bad mien more strikingly remarkable, and the tone which he meant for conciliatory was like nothing so much as the growling of a bear. The import of his words, however, was more amicable than the voice in which they were pronounced. He regretted the mistake which had fallen between them on the preceding day, and observed it was owing to the Sieur Le Balafré's nephew not wearing the uniform of his corps, or announcing himself as belonging to it, which had led him into the error for which he now asked forgiveness.

Ludovic Lesly made the necessary reply, and as soon as Tristan had turned away, observed to his nephew that they had now the distinction of having a mortal enemy from henceforward in the person of this dreaded officer. 'But we are above his *volée:* a soldier,' said he, 'who does his duty may laugh at the provost-marshal.'

Quentin could not help being of his uncle's opinion, for, as Tristan parted from them, it was with the look of angry defiance which the bear casts upon the hunter whose spear has wounded him. Indeed, even when less strongly moved, the sullen eye of this official expressed a malevolence of purpose which made men shudder to meet his glance; and the thrill of the young Scot was the deeper and more abhorrent, that he seemed to

himself still to feel on his shoulders the grasp of the two death-doing functionaries of this fatal officer.

Meanwhile, Oliver, after he had prowled around the room in the stealthy manner which we have endeavoured to describe — all, even the highest officers, making way for him, and loading him with their ceremonious attentions, which his modesty seemed desirous to avoid — again entered the inner apartment, the doors of which were presently thrown open, and King Louis entered the presence-chamber.

Quentin, like all others, turned his eyes upon him; and started so suddenly that he almost dropt his weapon, when he recognised in the King of France that silk-merchant, Maître Pierre, who had been the companion of his morning walk. Singular suspicions respecting the real rank of this person had at different times crossed his thoughts; but this, the proved reality, was wilder than his wildest conjecture.

The stern look of his uncle, offended at this breach of the decorum of his office, recalled him to himself; but not a little was he astonished when the King, whose quick eye had at once discovered him, walked straight to the place where he was posted, without taking notice of any one else. 'So,' he said, 'young man, I am told you have been brawling on your first arrival in Touraine; but I pardon you, as it was chiefly the fault of a foolish old merchant, who thought your Caledonian blood required to be heated in the morning with *vin de Beaulne*. If I can find him, I will make him an example to those who debauch my Guards. Balafré,' he added, speaking to Lesly, 'your kinsman is a fair youth, though a fiery. We love to cherish such spirits, and mean to make more than ever we did of the brave men who are around us. Let the year, day, hour, and minute of your nephew's birth be written down and given to Oliver Dain.'

Le Balafré bowed to the ground and reassumed his erect military position, as one who would show by his demeanour his promptitude to act in the King's quarrel or defence. Quentin, in the meantime, recovered from his first surprise, studied the King's appearance more attentively, and was surprised to find how differently he now construed his deportment and features than he had done at their first interview.

These were not much changed in exterior, for Louis, always a scorner of outward show, wore, on the present occasion, an old dark-blue hunting-dress, not much better than the plain burgher-suit of the preceding day, and garnished with a huge

rosary of ebony, which had been sent to him by no less a personage than the Grand Seignior, with an attestation that it had been used by a Coptic hermit on Mount Lebanon, a personage of profound sanctity. And instead of his cap with a single image, he now wore a hat the band of which was garnished with at least a dozen of little paltry figures of saints stamped in lead. But those eyes which, according to Quentin's former impression, only twinkled with the love of gain, had, now that they were known to be the property of an able and powerful monarch, a piercing and majestic glance; and those wrinkles on the brow, which he had supposed were formed during a long series of petty schemes of commerce, seemed now the furrows which sagacity had worn while toiling in meditation upon the fate of nations.

Presently after the King's appearance, the Princesses of France, with the ladies of their suite, entered the apartment. With the eldest, afterwards married to Peter of Bourbon, and known in French history by the name of the Lady of Beaujeau, our story has but little to do. She was tall, and rather handsome, possessed eloquence, talent, and much of her father's sagacity, who reposed great confidence in her, and loved her as well perhaps as he loved any one.

The younger sister, the unfortunate Joan, the destined bride of the Duke of Orleans, advanced timidly by the side of her sister, conscious of a total want of those external qualities which women are most desirous of possessing, or being thought to possess. She was pale, thin, and sickly in her complexion; her shape visibly bent to one side, and her gait so unequal that she might be called lame. A fine set of teeth, and eyes which were expressive of melancholy, softness, and resignation, with a quantity of light brown locks, were the only redeeming points which flattery itself could have dared to number to counteract the general homeliness of her face and figure. To complete the picture, it was easy to remark, from the Princess's negligence in dress and the timidity of her manner, that she had an unusual and distressing consciousness of her own plainness of appearance, and did not dare to make any of those attempts to mend by manners or by art what nature had left amiss, or in any other way to exert a power of pleasing. The King, who loved her not, stepped hastily to her as she entered. 'How now!' he said, 'our world-contemning daughter. Are you robed for a hunting-party or for the convent this morning? Speak — answer.'

'For which your Highness pleases, sire,' said the Princess, scarce raising her voice above her breath.

'Ay, doubtless you would persuade me it is your desire to quit the court, Joan, and renounce the world and its vanities. Ha! maiden, wouldst thou have it thought that we, the first-born of holy church, would refuse our daughter to Heaven? Our Lady and St. Martin forbid we should refuse the offering, were it worthy of the altar, or were thy vocation in truth thitherward!'

So saying, the King crossed himself devoutly, looking, in the meantime, as appeared to Quentin, very like a cunning vassal, who was depreciating the merit of something which he was desirous to keep to himself, in order that he might stand excused for not offering it to his chief or superior. 'Dares he thus play the hypocrite with Heaven,' thought Durward, 'and sport with God and the saints, as he may safely do with men, who dare not search his nature too closely?'

Louis meantime resumed, after a moment's mental devotion — 'No, fair daughter, I and another know your real mind better. Ha! fair cousin of Orleans, do we not? Approach, fair sir, and lead this devoted vestal of ours to her horse.'

Orleans started when the King spoke, and hastened to obey him; but with such precipitation of step and confusion that Louis called out, 'Nay, cousin, rein your gallantry, and look before you. Why, what a headlong matter a gallant's haste is on some occasions! You had wellnigh taken Anne's hand instead of her sister's. Sir, must I give Joan's to you myself?'

The unhappy prince looked up, and shuddered like a child, when forced to touch something at which it has instinctive horror; then making an effort, took the hand which the Princess neither gave nor yet withheld. As they stood, her cold damp fingers inclosed in his trembling hand, with their eyes looking on the ground, it would have been difficult to say which of these two youthful beings was rendered more utterly miserable — the duke, who felt himself fettered to the object of his aversion by bonds which he durst not tear asunder, or the unfortunate young woman, who too plainly saw that she was an object of abhorrence to him to gain whose kindness she would willingly have died.

'And now to horse, gentlemen and ladies. We will ourselves lead forth our daughter of Beaujeau,' said the King; 'and God's blessing and St. Hubert's be on our morning sport!'

'I am, I fear, doomed to interrupt it, sire,' said the Compte

de Dunois — 'the Burgundian envoy is before the gates of the castle, and demands an audience.'

'*Demands* an audience, Dunois!' replied the King. 'Did you not answer him, as we sent you word by Oliver, that we were not at leisure to see him to-day; and that to-morrow was the festival of St. Martin, which, please Heaven, we would disturb by no earthly thoughts; and that on the succeeding day we were designed for Amboise; but that we would not fail to appoint him as early an audience, when we returned, as our pressing affairs would permit?'

'All this I said,' answered Dunois; 'but yet, sire——'

'*Pasques-dieu!* man, what is it that thus sticks in thy throat?' said the King. 'This Burgundian's terms must have been hard of digestion.'

'Had not my duty, your Grace's commands, and his character as an envoy restrained me,' said Dunois, 'he should have tried to digest them himself; for, by our Lady of Orleans, I had more mind to have made him eat his own words than to have brought them to your Majesty.'

'Body of me, Dunois,' said the King, 'it is strange that thou, one of the most impatient fellows alive, shouldst have so little sympathy with the like infirmity in our blunt and fiery cousin, Charles of Burgundy. Why, man, I mind his blustering messages no more than the towers of this castle regard the whistling of the north-east wind, which comes from Flanders, as well as this brawling envoy.'

'Know then, sire,' replied Dunois, 'that the Count of Crèvecœur tarries below, with his retinue of pursuivants and trumpets, and says that, since your Majesty refuses him the audience which his master has instructed him to demand, upon matters of most pressing concern, he will remain there till midnight, and accost your Majesty at whatever hour you are pleased to issue from your castle, whether for business, exercise, or devotion; and that no consideration, except the use of absolute force, shall compel him to desist from this resolution.'

'He is a fool,' said the King, with much composure. 'Does the hot-headed Hainaulter think it any penance for a man of sense to remain for twenty-four hours quiet within the walls of his castle, when he hath the affairs of a kingdom to occupy him? These impatient coxcombs think that all men, like themselves, are miserable, save when in saddle and stirrup. Let the dogs be put up and well looked to, gentle Dunois. We will hold council to-day, instead of hunting.'

'My liege, answered Dunois, 'you will not thus rid yourself of Crèvecœur; for his master's instructions are, that, if he hath not this audience which he demands, he shall nail his gauntlet to the palisades before the castle, in token of mortal defiance on the part of his master, shall renounce the Duke's fealty to France, and declare instant war.'

'Ay,' said Louis, without any perceptible alteration of voice, but frowning until his piercing dark eyes became almost invisible under his shaggy eyebrows, 'is it even so?—will our ancient vassal prove so masterful—our dear cousin treat us thus unkindly? Nay then, Dunois, we must unfold the *Oriflamme*, and cry "*Denis Montjoye!*"'

'Marry and amen, and in a most happy hour!' said the martial Dunois; and the guards in the hall, unable to resist the same impulse, stirred each upon his post, so as to produce a low but distinct sound of clashing arms. The King cast his eye proudly round, and for a moment thought and looked like his heroic father.

But the excitement of the moment presently gave way to the host of political considerations which, at that conjuncture, rendered an open breach with Burgundy so peculiarly perilous. Edward IV., a brave and victorious king, who had in his own person fought thirty battles, was now established on the throne of England, was brother to the Duchess of Burgundy, and, it might well be supposed, waited but a rupture between his near connexion and Louis to carry into France, through the ever-open gate of Calais, those arms which had been triumphant in the English civil wars, and to obliterate the recollection of internal dissensions by that most popular of all occupations amongst the English, an invasion of France. To this consideration was added the uncertain faith of the Duke of Bretagne and other weighty subjects of reflection. So that, after a deep pause, when Louis again spoke, although in the same tone, it was with an altered spirit. 'But God forbid,' he said, 'that aught less than necessity should make us, the Most Christian King, give cause to the effusion of Christian blood, if anything short of dishonour may avert such a calamity. We tender our subjects' safety dearer than the ruffle which our own dignity may receive from the rude breath of a malapert ambassador, who hath perhaps exceeded the errand with which he was charged. Admit the envoy of Burgundy to our presence.'

'*Beati pacifici*,' said the Cardinal Balue.

'True; and your eminence knoweth that they who humble themselves shall be exalted,' added the King.

The cardinal spoke an 'Amen,' to which few assented; for even the pale cheek of Orleans kindled with shame, and Balafré suppressed his feelings so little as to let the butt-end of his partizan fall heavily on the floor — a movement of impatience for which he underwent a bitter reproof from the cardinal, with a lecture on the mode of handling his arms when in presence of the sovereign. The King himself seemed unusually embarrassed at the silence around him. 'You are pensive, Dunois,' he said. 'You disapprove of our giving way to this hot-headed envoy.'

'By no means,' said Dunois: 'I meddle not with matters beyond my sphere. I was but thinking of asking a boon of your Majesty.'

'A boon, Dunois — what is it? You are an unfrequent suitor, and may count on our favour.'

'I would, then, your Majesty would send me to Évreux to regulate the clergy,' said Dunois, with military frankness.

'That were indeed beyond thy sphere,' replied the King, smiling.

'I might order priests as well,' replied the count, 'as my Lord Bishop of Évreux, or my lord cardinal, if he likes the title better, can exercise the soldiers of your Majesty's Guard.'

The King smiled again, and more mysteriously, while he whispered Dunois, 'The time may come when you and I will regulate the priests together. But this is for the present a good conceited animal of a bishop. Ah, Dunois! Rome — Rome puts him and other burdens upon us. But patience, cousin, and shuffle the cards, till our hand is a stronger one.'[1]

The flourish of trumpets in the courtyard now announced the arrival of the Burgundian nobleman. All in the presence-chamber made haste to arrange themselves according to their proper places of precedence, the King and his daughters remaining in the centre of the assembly.

The Count of Crèvecœur, a renowned and undaunted warrior, entered the apartment; and, contrary to the usage among the envoys of friendly powers, he appeared all armed, excepting his head, in a gorgeous suit of the most superb Milan armour, made of steel, inlaid and embossed with gold, which was wrought into the fantastic taste called the arabesque. Around his neck, and over his polished cuirass, hung his master's order

[1] See Card-Playing. Note 17.

of the Golden Fleece,[1] one of the most honoured associations of chivalry then known in Christendom. A handsome page bore his helmet behind him ; a herald preceded him, bearing his letters of credence, which he offered on his knee to the King ; while the ambassador himself paused in the midst of the hall, as if to give all present time to admire his lofty look, commanding stature, and undaunted composure of countenance and manner. The rest of his attendants waited in the antechamber, or courtyard.

'Approach, Seignior Count de Crèvecœur,' said Louis, after a moment's glance at his commission ; 'we need not our cousin's letters of credence either to introduce to us a warrior so well known or to assure us of your highly deserved credit with your master. We trust that your fair partner, who shares some of our ancestral blood, is in good health. Had you brought her in your hand, seignior count, we might have thought you wore your armour, on this unwonted occasion, to maintain the superiority of her charms against the amorous chivalry of France. As it is, we cannot guess the reason of this complete panoply.'

'Sire,' replied the ambassador, 'the Count of Crèvecœur must lament his misfortune, and entreat your forgiveness, that he cannot, on this occasion, reply with such humble deference as is due to the royal courtesy with which your Majesty has honoured him. But, although it is only the voice of Philip Crèvecœur de Cordès which speaks, the words which he utters must be those of his gracious lord and sovereign the Duke of Burgundy.'

'And what has Crèvecœur to say in the words of Burgundy ?' said Louis, with an assumption of sufficient dignity. 'Yet hold — remember, that in this presence Philip Crèvecœur de Cordès speaks to him who is his sovereign's sovereign.'

Crèvecœur bowed, and then spoke aloud : 'King of France, the mighty Duke of Burgundy once more sends you a written schedule of the wrongs and oppressions committed on his frontiers by your Majesty's garrisons and officers ; and the first point of inquiry is, whether it is your Majesty's purpose to make him amends for these injuries ?'

The King, looking slightly at the memorial which the herald delivered to him upon his knee, said, 'These matters have been already long before our council. Of the injuries complained of, some are in requital of those sustained by my subjects, some

[1] See Note 18.

are affirmed without any proof, some have been retaliated by the Duke's garrisons and soldiers; and if there remain any which fall under none of those predicaments, we are not, as a Christian prince, averse to make satisfaction for wrongs actually sustained by our neighbour, though committed not only without our countenance but against our express order.'

'I will convey your Majesty's answer,' said the ambassador, 'to my most gracious master; yet, let me say that, as it is in no degree different from the evasive replies which have already been returned to his just complaints, I cannot hope that it will afford the means of re-establishing peace and friendship betwixt France and Burgundy.'

'Be that at God's pleasure,' said the King. 'It is not for dread of thy master's arms, but for the sake of peace only, that I return so temperate an answer to his injurious reproaches. Proceed with thine errand.'

'My master's next demand,' said the ambassador, 'is, that your Majesty will cease your secret and underhand dealings with his towns of Ghent, Liege, and Malines. He requests that your Majesty will recall the secret agents by whose means the discontents of his good citizens of Flanders are inflamed; and dismiss from your Majesty's dominions, or rather deliver up to the condign punishment of their liege lord, those traitorous fugitives who, having fled from the scene of their machinations, have found too ready a refuge in Paris, Orleans, Tours, and other French cities.'

'Say to the Duke of Burgundy,' replied the King, 'that I know of no such indirect practices as those with which he injuriously charges me; that my subjects of France have frequent intercourse with the good cities of Flanders, for the purpose of mutual benefit by free traffic, which it would be as much contrary to the Duke's interest as mine to interrupt; and that many Flemings have residence in my kingdom, and enjoy the protection of my laws, for the same purpose; but none, to our knowledge, for those of treason or mutiny against the Duke. Proceed with your message; you have heard my answer.'

'As formerly, sire, with pain,' replied the Count of Crèvecœur; 'it not being of that direct or explicit nature which the Duke, my master, will accept, in atonement for a long train of secret machinations, not the less certain though now disavowed by your Majesty. But I proceed with my message. The Duke of Burgundy further requires the King of France to send back to his dominions without delay, and under a secure safeguard, the

persons of Isabelle Countess of Croye, and of her relation and guardian the Countess Hameline, of the same family, in respect the said Countess Isabelle, being, by the law of the country and the feudal tenure of her estates, the ward of the said Duke of Burgundy, hath fled from his dominions, and from the charge which he, as a careful guardian, was willing to extend over her, and is here maintained in secret by the King of France, and by him fortified in her contumacy to the Duke, her natural lord and guardian, contrary to the laws of God and man, as they ever have been acknowledged in civilised Europe. Once more I pause for your Majesty's reply.'

'You did well, Count de Crèvecœur,' said Louis, scornfully, 'to begin your embassy at an early hour; for if it be your purpose to call on me to account for the flight of every vassal whom your master's heady passion may have driven from his dominions, the bead-roll may last till sunset. Who can affirm that these ladies are in my dominions? Who can presume to say, if it be so, that I have either countenanced their flight hither or have received them with offers of protection? Nay, who is it will assert that, if they are in France, their place of retirement is within my knowledge?'

'Sire,' said Crèvecœur, 'may it please your Majesty, I *was* provided with a witness on this subject — one who beheld these fugitive ladies in the inn called the Fleur-de-Lys, not far from this castle; one who saw your Majesty in their company, though under the unworthy disguise of a burgess of Tours; one who received from them, in your royal presence, messages and letters to their friends in Flanders — all which he conveyed to the hand and ear of the Duke of Burgundy.'

'Bring him forward,' said the King; 'place the man before my face who dares maintain these palpable falsehoods.'

'You speak in triumph, sire; for you are well aware that this witness no longer exists. When he lived, he was called Zamet Maugrabin, by birth one of those Bohemian wanderers. He was yesterday, as I have learned, executed by a party of your Majesty's provost-marshal, to prevent, doubtless, his standing here to verify what he said of this matter to the Duke of Burgundy, in presence of his council, and of me, Philip Crèvecœur de Cordès.'

'Now, by our Lady of Embrun!' said the King, 'so gross are these accusations, and so free of consciousness am I of aught that approaches them, that, by the honour of a king, I laugh rather than am wroth at them. My provost-guard daily put

to death, as is their duty, thieves and vagabonds; and is my crown to be slandered with whatever these thieves and vagabonds may have said to our hot cousin of Burgundy and his wise counsellors? I pray you, tell my kind cousin, if he loves such companions, he had best keep them in his own estates; for here they are like to meet short shrift and a tight cord.'

'My master needs no such subjects, sir king,' answered the count, in a tone more disrespectful than he had yet permitted himself to make use of; 'for the noble Duke uses not to inquire of witches, wandering Egyptians, or others upon the destiny and fate of his neighbours and allies.'

'We have had patience enough and to spare,' said the King, interrupting him; 'and since thy sole errand here seems to be for the purpose of insult, we will send some one in our name to the Duke of Burgundy — convinced, in thus demeaning thyself towards us, thou hast exceeded thy commission, whatever that may have been.'

'On the contrary,' said Crèvecœur, 'I have not yet acquitted myself of it. Hearken, Louis of Valois, King of France. Hearken, nobles and gentlemen who may be present. Hearken, all good and true men. And thou, Toison d'Or,' addressing the herald, 'make proclamation after me. I, Philip Crèvecœur of Cordès, Count of the Empire, and Knight of the honourable and princely Order of the Golden Fleece, in the name of the most puissant Lord and Prince, Charles, by the grace of God, Duke of Burgundy and Lotharingia, of Brabant and Limbourg, of Luxembourg and of Gueldres, Earl of Flanders and of Artois, Count Palatine of Hainault, of Holland, Zealand, Namur, and Zutphen, Marquis of the Holy Empire, Lord of Friezeland, Salines, and Malines, do give you, Louis, King of France, openly to know, that, you having refused to remedy the various griefs, wrongs, and offences done and wrought by you, or by and through your aid, suggestion, and instigation, against the said Duke and his loving subjects, he, by my mouth, renounces all allegiance and fealty towards your crown and dignity, pronounces you false and faithless, and defies you as a prince and as a man. There lies my gage, in evidence of what I have said.'

So saying, he plucked the gauntlet off his right hand and flung it down on the floor of the hall.

Until this last climax of audacity, there had been a deep silence in the royal apartment during the extraordinary scene; but no sooner had the clash of the gauntlet, when cast down, been echoed by the deep voice of Toison d'Or, the Burgundian

herald, with the ejaculation, 'Vive Bourgogne!' than there was a general tumult. While Dunois, Orleans, old Lord Crawford, and one or two others, whose rank authorised their interference, contended which should lift up the gauntlet, the others in the hall exclaimed, 'Strike him down! Cut him to pieces! Comes he here to insult the King of France in his own palace?'

But the King appeased the tumult by exclaiming, in a voice like thunder, which overawed and silenced every other sound, 'Silence, my lieges! lay not a hand on the man, not a finger on the gage. And you, sir count, of what is your life composed or how is it warranted, that you thus place it on the cast of a die so perilous? Or is your duke made of a different metal from other princes, since he thus asserts his pretended quarrel in a manner so unusual?'

'He is indeed framed of a different and more noble metal than the other princes of Europe,' said the undaunted Count of Crèvecœur; 'for, when not one of them dared to give shelter to you — to *you*, I say, King Louis — when you were yet only Dauphin, an exile from France, and pursued by the whole bitterness of your father's revenge and all the power of his kingdom, you were received and protected like a brother by my noble master, whose generosity of disposition you have so grossly misused. Farewell, sire, my mission is discharged.'

So saying, the Count de Crèvecœur left the apartment abruptly, and without farther leave-taking.

'After him — after him — take up the gauntlet and after him!' said the King. 'I mean not you, Dunois, nor you, my Lord of Crawford, who, methinks, may be too old for such hot frays; nor you, cousin of Orleans, who are too young for them. My lord cardinal — my Lord Bishop of Auxerre — it is your holy office to make peace among princes; do you lift the gauntlet, and remonstrate with Count Crèvecœur on the sin he has committed, in thus insulting a great monarch in his own court, and forcing us to bring the miseries of war upon his kingdom and that of his neighbour.'

Upon this direct personal appeal, the Cardinal Balue proceeded to lift the gauntlet, with such precaution as one would touch an adder — so great was apparently his aversion to this symbol of war — and presently left the royal apartment to hasten after the challenger.

Louis paused and looked round the circle of his courtiers, most of whom, except such as we have already distinguished, being men of low birth, and raised to their rank in the King's

household for other gifts than courage or feats of arms. looked pale on each other, and had obviously received an unpleasant impression from the scene which had been just acted. Louis gazed on them with contempt, and then said aloud, 'Although the Count of Crèvecœur be presumptuous and overweening, it must be confessed that in him the Duke of Burgundy hath as bold a servant as ever bore message for a prince. I would I knew where to find as faithful an envoy to carry back my answer.'

'You do your French nobles injustice, sire,' said Dunois; 'not one of them but would carry a defiance to Burgundy on the point of his sword.'

'And, sire,' said old Crawford, 'you wrong also the Scottish gentlemen who serve you. I, or any of my followers, being of meet rank, would not hesitate a moment to call yonder proud count to a reckoning; my own arm is yet strong enough for the purpose, if I have but your Majesty's permission.'

'But your Majesty,' continued Dunois, 'will employ us in no service through which we may win honour to ourselves, to your Majesty, or to France.'

'Say, rather,' said the King, 'that I will not give way, Dunois, to the headlong impetuosity which, on some punctilio of chivalry, would wreck yourselves, the throne, France, and all. There is not one of you who knows not how precious every hour of peace is at this moment, when so necessary to heal the wounds of a distracted country; yet there is not one of you who would not rush into war on account of the tale of a wandering gipsy, or of some errant damosel, whose reputation, perhaps, is scarce higher. Here comes the cardinal, and we trust with more pacific tidings. How now, my lord — have you brought the count to reason and to temper?'

'Sire,' said Balue, 'my task hath been difficult. I put it to yonder proud count, how he dared to use towards your Majesty the presumptuous reproach with which his audience had broken up, and which must be understood as proceeding, not from his master, but from his own insolence, and as placing him therefore in your Majesty's discretion, for what penalty you might think proper.'

'You said right,' replied the King; 'and what was his answer?'

'The count,' continued the cardinal, 'had at that moment his foot in the stirrup, ready to mount; and, on hearing my expostulation, he turned his head without altering his position.

"Had I," said he, "been fifty leagues distant, and had heard by report that a question vituperative of my prince had been asked by the King of France, I had, even at that distance, instantly mounted, and returned to disburden my mind of the answer which I gave him but now."'

'I said, sirs,' said the King, turning around, without any show of angry emotion, 'that in the Count Philip of Crèvecœur our cousin the Duke possesses as worthy a servant as ever rode at a prince's right hand. But you prevailed with him to stay?'

'To stay for twenty-four hours; and in the meanwhile to receive again his gage of defiance,' said the cardinal: 'he has dismounted at the Fleur-de-Lys.'

'See that he be nobly attended and cared for at our charges,' said the King; 'such a servant is a jewel in a prince's crown. Twenty-four hours!' he added, muttering to himself, and, looking as if he were stretching his eyes to see into futurity — 'twenty-four hours! 't is of the shortest. Yet twenty-four hours, ably and skilfully employed, may be worth a year in the hand of indolent or incapable agents. Well. To the forest — to the forest, my gallant lords! Orleans, my fair kinsman, lay aside that modesty, though it becomes you; mind not my Joan's coyness. The Loire may as soon avoid mingling with the Cher as she from favouring your suit, or you from preferring it,' he added, as the unhappy prince moved slowly on after his betrothed bride. 'And now for your boar-spears, gentlemen; for Allegre, my pricker, hath harboured one that will try both dog and man. Dunois, lend me your spear; take mine, it is too weighty for me; but when did *you* complain of such a fault in your lance? To horse — to horse, gentlemen.'

And all the chase rode on.

# CHAPTER IX

## *The Boar-Hunt*

> I will converse with unrespective boys
> And iron-witted fools. None are for me
> That look into me with suspicious eyes.
>
> *King Richard.*

ALL the experience which the cardinal had been able to collect of his master's disposition did not, upon the present occasion, prevent his falling into a great error of policy. His vanity induced him to think that he had been more successful in prevailing upon the Count of Crèvecœur to remain at Tours than any other moderator whom the King might have employed would, in all probability, have been. And as he was well aware of the importance which Louis attached to the postponement of a war with the Duke of Burgundy, he could not help showing that he conceived himself to have rendered the King great and acceptable service. He pressed nearer to the King's person than he was wont to do, and endeavoured to engage him in conversation on the events of the morning.

This was injudicious in more respects than one; for princes love not to see their subjects approach them with an air conscious of deserving, and thereby seeming desirous to extort, acknowledgment and recompense for their services; and Louis, the most jealous monarch that ever lived, was peculiarly averse and inaccessible to any one who seemed either to presume upon service rendered or to pry into his secrets.

Yet, hurried away, as the most cautious sometimes are, by the self-satisfied humour of the moment, the cardinal continued to ride on the King's right hand, turning the discourse, whenever it was possible, upon Crèvecœur and his embassy; which, although it might be the matter at that moment most in the King's thoughts, was nevertheless precisely that which he was least willing to converse on. At length Louis, who had listened

to him with attention, yet without having returned any answer which could tend to prolong the conversation, signed to Dunois, who rode at no great distance, to come up on the other side of his horse.

'We came hither for sport and exercise,' said he, 'but the reverend father here would have us hold a council of state.'

'I hope your Highness will excuse my assistance,' said Dunois; 'I am born to fight the battles of France, and have heart and hand for that, but I have no head for her councils.'

'My lord cardinal hath a head turned for nothing else, Dunois,' answered Louis; 'he hath confessed Crèvecœur at the castle gate, and he hath communicated to us his whole shrift. Said you not the *whole?*' he continued, with an emphasis on the word, and a glance at the cardinal, which shot from betwixt his long dark eyelashes, as a dagger gleams when it leaves the scabbard.

The cardinal trembled, as, endeavouring to reply to the King's jest, he said, 'That though his order were obliged to conceal the secrets of their penitents in general, there was no *sigillum confessionis* which could not be melted at his Majesty's breath.'

'And as his Eminence,' said the King, 'is ready to communicate the secrets of others to us, he naturally expects that we should be equally communicative to him; and, in order to get upon this reciprocal footing, he is very reasonably desirous to know if these two Ladies of Croye be actually in our territories. We are sorry we cannot indulge his curiosity, not ourselves knowing in what precise place errant damsels, disguised princesses, distressed countesses, may lie leaguer within our dominions, which are, we thank God and our Lady of Embrun, rather too extensive for us to answer easily his Eminence's most reasonable inquiries. But supposing they were with us, what say you, Dunois, to our cousin's peremptory demand?'

'I will answer you, my liege, if you will tell me in sincerity whether you want war or peace,' replied Dunois, with a frankness which, while it arose out of his own native openness and intrepidity of character, made him from time to time a considerable favourite with Louis, who, like all astucious persons, was as desirous of looking into the hearts of others as of concealing his own.

'By my halidome,' said he, 'I should be as well contented as thyself, Dunois, to tell thee my purpose, did I myself but

know it exactly. But say I declared for war, what should I do with this beautiful and wealthy young heiress, supposing her to be in my dominions?'

'Bestow her in marriage on one of your own gallant followers, who has a heart to love and an arm to protect her,' said Dunois.

'Upon thyself, ha?' said the King. '*Pasques-dieu!* thou art more politic than I took thee for, with all thy bluntness.'

'Nay, sire,' answered Dunois, 'I am aught except politic. By our Lady of Orleans, I come to the point at once, as I ride my horse at the ring. Your Majesty owes the house of Orleans at least one happy marriage.'

'And I will pay it, count — *Pasques-dieu*, I will pay it! See you not yonder fair couple?'

The King pointed to the unhappy Duke of Orleans and the Princess, who, neither daring to remain at a greater distance from the King nor in his sight appear separate from each other, were riding side by side, yet with an interval of two or three yards betwixt them — a space which timidity on the one side and aversion on the other prevented them from diminishing, while neither dared to increase it.

Dunois looked in the direction of the King's signal, and as the situation of his unfortunate relative and the destined bride reminded him of nothing so much as of two dogs, which, forcibly linked together, remain nevertheless as widely separated as the length of their collars will permit, he could not help shaking his head, though he ventured not on any other reply to the hypocritical tyrant. Louis seemed to guess his thoughts.

'It will be a peaceful and quiet household they will keep — not much disturbed with children, I should augur.[1] But these are not always a blessing.'

It was, perhaps, the recollection of his own filial ingratitude that made the King pause as he uttered the last reflection, and which converted the sneer that trembled on his lip into something resembling an expression of contrition. But he instantly proceeded in another tone.

'Frankly, my Dunois, much as I revere the holy sacrament of matrimony (here he crossed himself), I would rather the house of Orleans raised for me such gallant soldiers as thy father and thyself, who share the blood-royal of France without claiming its rights, than that the country should be torn to pieces, like to England, by wars arising from the rivalry of legitimate

[1] See Louis and his Daughter. Note 19.

candidates for the crown. The lion should never have more than one cub.'

Dunois sighed and was silent, conscious that contradicting his arbitrary sovereign might well hurt his kinsman's interests, but could do him no service; yet he could not forbear adding, in the next moment—

'Since your Majesty has alluded to the birth of my father, I must needs own that, setting the frailty of his parents on one side, he might be termed happier, and more fortunate, as the son of lawless love than of conjugal hatred.'

'Thou art a scandalous fellow, Dunois, to speak thus of holy wedlock,' answered Louis, jestingly. 'But to the devil with the discourse, for the boar is unharboured. Lay on the dogs, in the name of the holy St. Hubert! Ha! ha! tra-la-la-lira-la!' And the King's horn rung merrily through the woods as he pushed forward on the chase, followed by two or three of his guards, amongst whom was our friend Quentin Durward. And here it was remarkable that, even in the keen prosecution of his favourite sport, the King, in indulgence of his caustic disposition, found leisure to amuse himself by tormenting Cardinal Balue.

It was one of that able statesman's weaknesses, as we have elsewhere hinted, to suppose himself, though of low rank and limited education, qualified to play the courtier and the man of gallantry. He did not, indeed, actually enter the lists of chivalrous combat, like Becket, or levy soldiers like Wolsey. But gallantry, in which they also were proficients, was his professed pursuit; and he likewise affected great fondness for the martial amusement of the chase. Yet, however well he might succeed with certain ladies, to whom his power, his wealth, and his influence as a statesman might atone for deficiencies in appearance and manners, the gallant horses, which he purchased at almost any price, were totally insensible to the dignity of carrying a cardinal, and paid no more respect to him than they would have done to his father, the carter, miller, or tailor, whom he rivalled in horsemanship. The King knew this, and, by alternately exciting and checking his own horse, he brought that of the cardinal, whom he kept close by his side, into such a state of mutiny against his rider that it became apparent they must soon part company; and then, in the midst of its starting, bolting, rearing, and lashing out alternately, the royal tormentor rendered the rider miserable, by questioning him upon many affairs of importance, and hinting his purpose to

take that opportunity of communicating to him some of those secrets of state which the cardinal had but a little while before seemed so anxious to learn.[1]

A more awkward situation could hardly be imagined than that of a privy-councillor forced to listen to and reply to his sovereign while each fresh gambade of his unmanageable horse placed him in a new and more precarious attitude — his violet robe flying loose in every direction, and nothing securing him from an instant and perilous fall save the depth of the saddle, and its height before and behind. Dunois laughed without restraint; while the King, who had a private mode of enjoying his jest inwardly, without laughing aloud, mildly rebuked his minister on his eager passion for the chase, which would not permit him to dedicate a few moments to business. 'I will no longer be your hindrance to a course,' continued he, addressing the terrified cardinal, and giving his own horse the rein at the same time.

Before Balue could utter a word by way of answer or apology, his horse, seizing the bit with his teeth, went forth at an uncontrollable gallop, soon leaving behind the King and Dunois, who followed at a more regulated pace, enjoying the statesman's distressed predicament. If any of our readers has chanced to be run away with in his time, as we ourselves have in ours, he will have a full sense at once of the pain, peril, and absurdity of the situation. Those four limbs of the quadruped, which, no way under the rider's control, nor sometimes under that of the creature they more properly belong to, fly at such a rate as if the hindermost meant to overtake the foremost; those clinging legs of the biped which we so often wish safely planted on the green sward, but which now only augment our distress by pressing the animal's sides; the hands which have forsaken the bridle for the mane; the body which, instead of sitting upright on the centre of gravity, as old Angelo used to recommend, or stooping forward like a jockey's at Newmarket, lies, rather than hangs, crouched upon the back of the animal, with no better chance of saving itself than a sack of corn — combine to make a picture more than sufficiently ludicrous to spectators, however uncomfortable to the exhibiter. But add to this some singularity of dress or appearance on the part of the unhappy cavalier — a robe of office, a splendid uniform, or any other peculiarity of costume — and let the scene of action be a race-course, a review, a procession, or any other place of

[1] See Balue's Horsemanship. Note 20.

concourse and public display, and if the poor wight would escape being the object of a shout of inextinguishable laughter, he must contrive to break a limb or two, or, which will be more effectual, to be killed on the spot; for on no slighter condition will his fall excite anything like serious sympathy. On the present occasion, the short violet-coloured gown of the cardinal, which he used as a riding-dress (having changed his long robes before he left the castle), his scarlet stockings and scarlet hat, with the long strings hanging down, together with his utter helplessness, gave infinite zest to his exhibition of horsemanship.

The horse, having taken matters entirely into his own hand, flew rather than galloped up a long green avenue, overtook the pack in hard pursuit of the boar, and then, having overturned one or two yeomen-prickers, who little expected to be charged in the rear, having ridden down several dogs, and greatly confused the chase, animated by the clamorous expostulations and threats of the huntsman, carried the terrified cardinal past the formidable animal itself, which was rushing on at a speedy trot, furious and embossed with the foam which he churned around his tusks. Balue, on beholding himself so near the boar, set up a dreadful cry for help, which, or perhaps the sight of the boar, produced such an effect on his horse, that the animal interrupted its headlong career by suddenly springing to one side; so that the cardinal, who had long kept his seat only because the motion was straight forward, now fell heavily to the ground. The conclusion of Balue's chase took place so near the boar that, had not the animal been at that moment too much engaged about his own affairs, the vicinity might have proved as fatal to the cardinal as it is said to have done to Favila, king of the Visigoths, of Spain. The powerful churchman got off, however, for the fright, and, crawling as hastily as he could out of the way of hounds and huntsmen, saw the whole chase sweep by him without affording him assistance; for hunters in those days were as little moved by sympathy for such misfortunes as they are in our own.

The King, as he passed, said to Dunois, 'Yonder lies his Eminence low enough; he is no great huntsman, though for a fisher, when a secret is to be caught, he may match St. Peter himself. He has, however, for once, I think, met with his match.'

The cardinal did not hear the words, but the scornful look with which they were spoken led him to suspect their general

import. The devil is said to seize such opportunities of temptation as was now afforded by the passions of Balue, bitterly moved as they had been by the scorn of the King. The momentary fright was over so soon as he had assured himself that his fall was harmless; but mortified vanity, and resentment against his sovereign, had a much longer influence on his feelings.

After all the chase had passed him, a single cavalier, who seemed rather to be a spectator than a partaker of the sport, rode up with one or two attendants, and expressed no small surprise to find the cardinal upon the ground, without a horse or attendants, and in such a plight as plainly showed the nature of the accident which had placed him there. To dismount and offer his assistance in this predicament, to cause one of his attendants resign a staid and quiet palfrey for the cardinal's use, to express his surprise at the customs of the French court, which thus permitted them to abandon to the dangers of the chase, and forsake in his need, their wisest statesman, were the natural modes of assistance and consolation which so strange a rencontre supplied to Crèvecœur; for it was the Burgundian ambassador who came to the assistance of the fallen cardinal.

He found the minister in a lucky time and humour for essaying some of those practices on his fidelity to which it is well known that Balue had the criminal weakness to listen. Already in the morning, as the jealous temper of Louis had suggested, more had passed betwixt them than the cardinal durst have reported to his master. But although he had listened with gratified ears to the high value which, he was assured by Crèvecœur, the Duke of Burgundy placed upon his person and talents, and not without a feeling of temptation, when the count hinted at the munificence of his master's disposition, and the rich benefices of Flanders, it was not until the accident, as we have related, had highly irritated him, that, stung with wounded vanity, he resolved, in a fatal hour, to show Louis XI. that no enemy can be so dangerous as an offended friend and confidant.

On the present occasion, he hastily requested Crèvecœur to separate from him, lest they should be observed, but appointed him a meeting for the evening in the abbey of St. Martin's at Tours, after vesper service, and that in a tone which assured the Burgundian that his master had obtained an advantage hardly to have been hoped for, except in such a moment of exasperation.

In the meanwhile, Louis, who, though the most politic prince of his time, upon this, as on other occasions, had suffered his passions to interfere with his prudence, followed contentedly the chase of the wild boar, which was now come to an interesting point. It had so happened that a sounder (*i. e.*, in the language of the period, a boar of only two years old) had crossed the track of the proper object of the chase, and withdrawn in pursuit of him all the dogs, except two or three couple of old stanch hounds, and the greater part of the huntsmen. The King saw, with internal glee, Dunois, as well as others, follow upon this false scent, and enjoyed in secret the thought of triumphing over that accomplished knight in the art of venerie, which was then thought almost as glorious as war. Louis was well mounted, and followed close on the hounds; so that, when the original boar turned to bay in a marshy piece of ground, there was no one near him but the King himself.

Louis showed all the bravery and expertness of an experienced huntsman; for, unheeding the danger, he rode up to the tremendous animal, which was defending itself with fury against the dogs, and struck him with his boar-spear; yet, as the horse shied from the boar, the blow was not so effectual as either to kill or disable him. No effort could prevail on the horse to charge a second time; so that the King, dismounting, advanced on foot against the furious animal, holding naked in his hand one of those short, sharp, straight, and pointed swords which huntsmen used for such encounters. The boar instantly quitted the dogs to rush on his human enemy, while the King, taking his station, and posting himself firmly, presented the sword, with the purpose of aiming it at the boar's throat, or rather chest, within the collar-bone; in which case, the weight of the beast, and the impetuosity of its career, would have served to accelerate its own destruction. But, owing to the wetness of the ground, the King's foot slipped, just as this delicate and perilous manœuvre ought to have been accomplished, so that the point of the sword encountering the cuirass of bristles on the outside of the creature's shoulder, glanced off without making any impression, and Louis fell flat on the ground. This was so far fortunate for the monarch, because the animal, owing to the King's fall, missed his blow in his turn, and in passing only rent with his tusk the King's short hunting-cloak, instead of ripping up his thigh. But when, after running a little a-head in the fury of his course, the boar turned to repeat

his attack on the King at the moment when he was rising, the life of Louis was in imminent danger. At this critical moment, Quentin Durward, who had been thrown out in the chase by the slowness of his horse, but who, nevertheless, had luckily distinguished and followed the blast of the King's horn, rode up and transfixed the animal with his spear.

The King, who had by this time recovered his feet, came in turn to Durward's assistance, and cut the animal's throat with his sword. Before speaking a word to Quentin, he measured the huge creature not only by paces, but even by feet; then wiped the sweat from his brow and the blood from his hands; then took off his hunting-cap, hung it on a bush, and devoutly made his orisons to the little leaden images which it contained; and at length, looking upon Durward, said to him, 'Is it thou, my young Scot? Thou hast begun thy woodcraft well, and Maître Pierre owes thee as good entertainment as he gave thee at the Fleur-de-Lys yonder. Why dost thou not speak? Thou hast lost thy forwardness and fire, methinks, at the court, where others find both.'

Quentin, as shrewd a youth as ever Scottish breeze breathed caution into, had imbibed more awe than confidence towards his dangerous master, and was far too wise to embrace the perilous permission of familiarity which he seemed thus invited to use. He answered in very few and well-chosen words, that if he ventured to address his Majesty at all, it could be but to crave pardon for the rustic boldness with which he had conducted himself when ignorant of his high rank.

'Tush! man,' said the King; 'I forgive thy sauciness for thy spirit and shrewdness. I admired how near thou didst hit upon my gossip Tristan's occupation. You have nearly tasted of his handiwork since, as I am given to understand. I bid thee beware of him: he is a merchant who deals in rough bracelets and tight necklaces. Help me to my horse. I like thee, and will do thee good. Build on no man's favour but mine — not even on thine uncle's or Lord Crawford's; and say nothing of thy timely aid in this matter of the boar, for if a man makes boast that he has served a king in such a pinch, he must take the braggart humour for its own recompense.'

The King then winded his horn, which brought up Dunois and several attendants, whose compliments he received on the slaughter of such a noble animal, without scrupling to appropriate a much greater share of merit than actually belonged to him; for he mentioned Durward's assistance as slightly as a

sportsman of rank, who, in boasting of the number of birds which he has bagged, does not always dilate upon the presence and assistance of the gamekeeper. He then ordered Dunois to see that the boar's carcass was sent to the brotherhood of St. Martin, at Tours, to mend their fare on holydays, and that they might remember the King in their private devotions.

'And,' said Louis, 'who hath seen his Eminence my lord cardinal? Methinks it were but poor courtesy, and cold regard to holy church, to leave him afoot here in the forest.'

'May it please you, sire,' said Quentin, when he saw that all were silent, 'I saw his lordship the cardinal accommodated with a horse, on which he left the forest.'

'Heaven cares for its own,' replied the King. 'Set forward to the castle, my lords; we'll hunt no more this morning. You, sir squire,' addressing Quentin, 'reach me my wood-knife; it has dropped from the sheath beside the quarry there. Ride on, Dunois; I follow instantly.'

Louis, whose lightest motions were often conducted like stratagems, thus gained an opportunity to ask Quentin privately, 'My bonny Scot, thou hast an eye, I see. Canst thou tell me who helped the cardinal to a palfrey? Some stranger, I should suppose; for, as *I* passed without stopping, the courtiers would likely be in no hurry to do him such a timely good turn.'

'I saw those who aided his Eminence but an instant, sire,' said Quentin; 'it was only a hasty glance, for I had been unluckily thrown out, and was riding fast, to be in my place; but I think it was the ambassador of Burgundy and his people.'

'Ha!' said Louis. 'Well, be it so; France will match them yet.'

There was nothing more remarkable happened, and the King, with his retinue, returned to the castle.

# CHAPTER X

## *The Sentinel*

Where should this music be ? i' the air, or the earth ?

*The Tempest.*

I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death.

*Comus.*

QUENTIN had hardly reached his little cabin, in order to make some necessary changes in his dress, when his worthy relative required to know the full particulars of all that had befallen him at the hunt.

The youth, who could not help thinking that his uncle's hand was probably more powerful than his understanding, took care, in his reply, to leave the King in full possession of the victory which he had seemed desirous to appropriate. Le Balafré's reply was a boast of how much better he himself would have behaved in the like circumstances, and it was mixed with a gentle censure of his nephew's slackness, in not making in to the King's assistance, when he might be in imminent peril. The youth had prudence, in answer, to abstain from all farther vindication of his own conduct, except that, according to the rules of woodcraft, he held it ungentle to interfere with the game attacked by another hunter, unless he was specially called upon for his assistance. This discussion was scarcely ended, when occasion was afforded Quentin to congratulate himself for observing some reserve towards his kinsman. A low tap at the door announced a visitor ; it was presently opened, and Oliver Dain, or Mauvais, or Diable, for by all these names he was known, entered the apartment.

This able but most unprincipled man has been already described, in so far as his exterior is concerned. The aptest resemblance of his motions and manners might perhaps be to

those of the domestic cat, which, while couching in seeming slumber, or gliding through the apartment with slow, stealthy, and timid steps, is now engaged in watching the hole of some unfortunate mouse, now in rubbing herself with apparent confidence and fondness against those by whom she desires to be caressed, and, presently after, is flying upon her prey, or scratching, perhaps, the very object of her former cajolements.

He entered with stooping shoulders, a humble and modest look, and threw such a degree of civility into his address to the Seignior Balafré that no one, who saw the interview, could have avoided concluding that he came to ask a boon of the Scottish Archer. He congratulated Lesly on the excellent conduct of his young kinsman in the chase that day, which, he observed, had attracted the King's particular attention. He here paused for a reply; and with his eyes fixed on the ground, save just when once or twice they stole upwards to take a side glance at Quentin, he heard Balafré observe, 'That his Majesty had been unlucky in not having himself by his side instead of his nephew, as he would questionless have made in and speared the brute, a matter which he understood Quentin had left upon his Majesty's royal hands, so far as he could learn the story. But it will be a lesson to his Majesty,' he said, 'while he lives, to mount a man of my inches on a better horse; for how could my great hill of a Flemish dray-horse keep up with his Majesty's Norman runner? I am sure I spurred till his sides were furrowed. It is ill considered, Master Oliver, and you must represent it to his Majesty.'

Master Oliver only replied to this observation by turning towards the bold bluff speaker one of those slow, dubious glances which, accompanied by a slight motion of the hand and a gentle depression of the head to one side, may be either interpreted as a mute assent to what is said or as a cautious deprecation of farther prosecution of the subject. It was a keener, more scrutinising glance which he bent on the youth, as he said, with an ambiguous smile, 'So, young man, is it the wont of Scotland to suffer your princes to be endangered for the lack of aid, in such emergencies as this of to-day?'

'It is our custom,' answered Quentin, determined to throw no farther light on the subject, 'not to encumber them with assistance in honourable pastimes, when they can aid themselves without it. We hold that a prince in a hunting-field must take his chance with others, and that he comes there for

the very purpose. What were woodcraft without fatigue and without danger?'

'You hear the silly boy,' said his uncle; 'that is always the way with him: he hath an answer or a reason ready to be rendered to every one. I wonder whence he hath caught the gift; I never could give a reason for anything I have ever done in my life, except for eating when I was a-hungry, calling the muster-roll, and such points of duty as the like.'

'And pray, worthy seignior,' said the royal tonsor, looking at him from under his eyelids, 'what might your reason be for calling the muster-roll on such occasions?'

'Because the captain commanded me,' said Le Balafré. 'By St. Giles, I know no other reason! If he had commanded Tyrie or Cunningham, they must have done the same.'

'A most military final cause!' said Oliver. 'But, Seignior Le Balafré, you will be glad, doubtless, to learn that his Majesty is so far from being displeased with your nephew's conduct, that he hath selected him to execute a piece of duty this afternoon.'

'Selected *him?*' said Balafré, in great surprise. 'Selected *me*, I suppose you mean?'

'I mean precisely as I speak,' replied the barber, in a mild but decided tone: 'the King hath a commission with which to entrust your nephew.'

'Why, wherefore, and for what reason?' said Balafré. 'Why doth he choose the boy, and not me?'

I can go no farther back than your own ultimate cause, Seignior Le Balafré: such are his Majesty's commands. But,' said he, 'if I might use the presumption to form a conjecture, it may be his Majesty hath work to do fitter for a youth like your nephew than for an experienced warrior like yourself, Seignior Balafré. Wherefore, young gentleman, get your weapons and follow me. Bring with you a harquebuss, for you are to mount sentinel.'

'Sentinel!' said the uncle; 'are you sure you are right, Master Oliver? The inner guards of the castle have ever been mounted by those only who have, like me, served twelve years in our honourable body.'

'I am quite certain of his Majesty's pleasure,' said Oliver, 'and must no longer delay executing it.'

'But,' said Le Balafré, 'my nephew is not even a free archer, being only an esquire, serving under my lance.'

'Pardon me,' answered Oliver, 'the King sent for the register

not half an hour since, and enrolled him among the Guard. Have the goodness to assist to put your nephew in order for the service.'

Balafré, who had no ill-nature, or even much jealousy, in his disposition, hastily set about adjusting his nephew's dress, and giving him directions for his conduct under arms, but was unable to refrain from larding them with interjections of surprise at such luck chancing to fall upon the young man so early.

'It had never taken place before in the Scottish Guard,' he said, 'not even in his own instance. But doubtless his service must be to mount guard over the popinjays and Indian peacocks which the Venetian ambassador had lately presented to the King—it could be nothing else; and such duty being only fit for a beardless boy (here he twirled his own grim mustachios), he was glad the lot had fallen on his fair nephew.'

Quick and sharp of wit, as well as ardent in fancy, Quentin saw visions of higher importance in this early summons to the royal presence, and his heart beat high at the anticipation of rising into speedy distinction. He determined carefully to watch the manners and language of his conductor, which he suspected must, in some cases at least, be interpreted by contraries, as soothsayers are said to discover the interpretation of dreams. He could not but hug himself on having observed strict secrecy on the events of the chase, and then formed a resolution which, for so young a person, had much prudence in it, that, while he breathed the air of this secluded and mysterious court, he would keep his thoughts locked in his bosom, and his tongue under the most careful regulation.

His equipment was soon complete, and with his harquebuss on his shoulder (for though they retained the name of archers, the Scottish Guard very early substituted firearms for the long bow, in the use of which their nation never excelled), he followed Master Oliver out of the barrack.

His uncle looked long after him with a countenance in which wonder was blended with curiosity; and though neither envy nor the malignant feelings which it engenders entered into his honest meditation, there was yet a sense of wounded or diminished self-importance which mingled with the pleasure excited by his nephew's favourable commencement of service.

He shook his head gravely, opened a privy cupboard, took out a large *bottrine* of stout old wine, shook it to examine how low the contents had ebbed, filled and drank a hearty cup;

then took his seat, half-reclining, on the great oaken settle, and having once again slowly shaken his head, received so much apparent benefit from the oscillation, that, like the toy called a mandarin, he continued the motion until he dropped into a slumber, from which he was first roused by the signal to dinner.

When Quentin Durward left his uncle to these sublime meditations, he followed his conductor, Master Oliver, who, without crossing any of the principal courts, led him partly through private passages exposed to the open air, but chiefly through a maze of stairs, vaults, and galleries, communicating with each other by secret doors and at unexpected points, into a large and spacious latticed gallery, which, from its breadth, might have been almost termed a hall, hung with tapestry more ancient than beautiful, and with a very few of the hard, cold, ghastly-looking pictures belonging to the first dawn of the arts, which preceded their splendid sunrise. These were designed to represent the paladins of Charlemagne, who made such a distinguished figure in the romantic history of France; and as the gigantic form of the celebrated Orlando constituted the most prominent figure, the apartment acquired from him the title of Roland's Hall, or Roland's Gallery.[1]

'You will keep watch here,' said Oliver, in a low whisper, as if the hard delineations of monarchs and warriors around could have been offended at the elevation of his voice, or as if he had feared to awaken the echoes that lurked among the groined vaults and Gothic drop-work on the ceiling of this huge and dreary apartment.

'What are the orders and signs of my watch?' answered Quentin, in the same suppressed tone.

'Is your harquebuss loaded?' replied Oliver, without answering his query.

'That,' answered Quentin, 'is soon done'; and proceeded to charge his weapon, and to light the slow-match, by which when necessary it was discharged, at the embers of a wood fire, which was expiring in the huge hall chimney — a chimney itself so large that it might have been called a Gothic closet or chapel appertaining to the hall.

When this was performed, Oliver told him that he was ignorant of one of the high privileges of his own corps, which only received orders from the King in person, or the High Constable of France, in lieu of their own officers. 'You are

[1] See Louis XI. and Charlemagne. Note 21.

placed here by his Majesty's command, young man,' added Oliver, 'and you will not be long here without knowing wherefore you are summoned. Meantime, your walk extends along this gallery. You are permitted to stand still while you list, but on no account to sit down or quit your weapon. You are not to sing aloud or whistle upon any account; but you may, if you list, mutter some of the church's prayers, or what else you list that has no offence in it, in a low voice. Farewell, and keep good watch.'

'Good watch!' thought the youthful soldier, as his guide stole away from him with that noiseless, gliding step which was peculiar to him, and vanished through a side door behind the arras — 'good watch! but upon whom, and against whom? for what, save bats or rats, are there here to contend with, unless these grim old representatives of humanity should start into life for the disturbance of my guard? Well, it is my duty, I suppose, and I must perform it.'

With the vigorous purpose of discharging his duty, even to the very rigour, he tried to while away the time with some of the pious hymns which he had learned in the convent in which he had found shelter after the death of his father — allowing in his own mind that, but for the change of a novice's frock for the rich military dress which he now wore, his soldierly walk in the royal gallery of France resembled greatly those of which he had tired excessively in the cloistered seclusion of Aberbrothock.

Presently, as if to convince himself he now belonged not to the cell but to the world, he chanted to himself, but in such tone as not to exceed the license given to him, some of the ancient rude ballads which the old family harper had taught him, of the defeat of the Danes at Aberlemno and Forres, the murder of King Duffus at Forfar, and other pithy sonnets and lays, which appertained to the history of his distant native country, and particularly of the district to which he belonged. This wore away a considerable space of time, and it was now more than two hours past noon, when Quentin was reminded by his appetite that the good fathers of Aberbrothock, however strict in demanding his attendance upon the hours of devotion, were no less punctual in summoning him to those of refection; whereas here, in the interior of a royal palace, after a morning spent in exercise and a noon exhausted in duty, no man seemed to consider it as a natural consequence that he must be impatient for his dinner.

There are, however, charms in sweet sounds which can lull

to rest even the natural feelings of impatience by which Quentin was now visited. At the opposite extremities of the long hall or gallery were two large doors, ornamented with heavy architraves, probably opening into different suites of apartments, to which the gallery served as a medium of mutual communication. As the sentinel directed his solitary walk betwixt these two entrances, which formed the boundary of his duty, he was startled by a strain of music, which was suddenly waked near one of those doors, and which, at least in his imagination, was a combination of the same lute and voice by which he had been enchanted on the preceding day. All the dreams of yesterday morning, so much weakened by the agitating circumstances which he had since undergone, again rose more vivid from their slumber, and, planted on the spot where his ear could most conveniently drink in the sounds, Quentin remained, with his harquebuss shouldered, his mouth half open, ear, eye, and soul directed to the spot, rather the picture of a sentinel than a living form — without any other idea than that of catching, if possible, each passing sound of the dulcet melody.

These delightful sounds were but partially heard : they languished, lingered, ceased entirely, and were from time to time renewed after uncertain intervals. But, besides that music, like beauty, is often most delightful, or at least most interesting to the imagination, when its charms are but partially displayed, and the imagination is left to fill up what is from distance but imperfectly detailed, Quentin had matter enough to fill up his reverie during the intervals of fascination. He could not doubt, from the report of his uncle's comrades and the scene which had passed in the presence-chamber that morning, that the siren who thus delighted his ears was not, as he had profanely supposed, the daughter or kinswoman of a base *cabaretier*, but the same disguised and distressed countess for whose cause kings and princes were now about to buckle on armour and put lance in rest. A hundred wild dreams, such as romantic and adventurous youth readily nourished in a romantic and adventurous age, chased from his eyes the bodily presentment of the actual scene, and substituted their own bewildering delusions, when at once, and rudely, they were banished by a rough grasp laid upon his weapon, and a harsh voice which exclaimed, close to his ear, 'Ha! *Pasques-dieu*, sir squire, methinks you keep sleepy ward here!'

The voice was the tuneless, yet impressive and ironical, tone of Maître Pierre, and Quentin, suddenly recalled to himself,

saw, with shame and fear, that he had, in his reverie, permitted Louis himself — entering probably by some secret door, and gliding along by the wall or behind the tapestry — to approach him so nearly as almost to master his weapon.

The first impulse of his surprise was to free his harquebuss by a violent exertion, which made the King stagger backward into the hall. His next apprehension was, that in obeying the animal instinct, as it may be termed, which prompts a brave man to resist an attempt to disarm him, he had aggravated, by a personal struggle with the King, the displeasure produced by the negligence with which he had performed his duty upon guard; and, under this impression, he recovered his harquebuss without almost knowing what he did, and, having again shouldered it, stood motionless before the monarch, whom he had reason to conclude he had mortally offended.

Louis, whose tyrannical disposition was less founded on natural ferocity or cruelty of temper than on cold-blooded policy and jealous suspicion, had, nevertheless, a share of that caustic severity which would have made him a despot in private conversation, and always seemed to enjoy the pain which he inflicted on occasions like the present. But he did not push his triumph far, and contented himself with saying — 'Thy service of the morning hath already overpaid some negligence in so young a soldier. Hast thou dined?'

Quentin, who rather looked to be sent to the provost-marshal than greeted with such a compliment, answered humbly in the negative.

'Poor lad,' said Louis, in a softer tone than he usually spoke in, 'hunger hath made him drowsy. I know thine appetite is a wolf,' he continued, 'and I will save thee from one wild beast as thou didst me from another. Thou hast been prudent too in that matter, and I thank thee for it. Canst thou yet hold out an hour without food?'

'Four-and-twenty, sire,' replied Durward, 'or I were no true Scot.'

'I would not for another kingdom be the pasty which should encounter thee after such a vigil,' said the King; 'but the question now is, not of thy dinner but of my own. I admit to my table this day, and in strict privacy, the Cardinal Balue and this Burgundian — this Count de Crèvecœur, and something may chance: the devil is most busy when foes meet on terms of truce.'

He stopped, and remained silent, with a deep and gloomy

look. As the King was in no haste to proceed, Quentin at length ventured to ask what his duty was to be in these circumstances.

'To keep watch at the beauffet, with thy loaded weapon,' said Louis; 'and if there is treason, to shoot the traitor dead.'

'Treason, sire! and in this guarded castle!' exclaimed Durward.

'You think it impossible,' said the King, not offended, it would seem, by his frankness; 'but our history has shown that treason can creep into an auger-hole. Treason excluded by guards! O thou silly boy! *Quis custodiat ipsos custodes* — who shall exclude the treason of those very warders?'

'Their Scottish honour,' answered Durward, boldly.

'True — most right, thou pleasest me,' said the King, cheerfully; 'the Scottish honour was ever true, and I trust it accordingly. But treason!' — here he relapsed into his former gloomy mood, and traversed the apartment with unequal steps — 'she sits at our feasts, she sparkles in our bowls, she wears the beard of our counsellors, the smiles of our courtiers, the crazy laugh of our jesters — above all, she lies hid under the friendly air of a reconciled enemy. Louis of Orleans trusted John of Burgundy: he was murdered in the Rue Barbette. John of Burgundy trusted the faction of Orleans: he was murdered on the bridge of Montereau. I will trust no one — no one. Hark ye; I will keep my eye on that insolent count; ay, and on the churchman too, whom I hold not too faithful. When I say, "*Écosse, en avant*," shoot Crèvecœur dead on the spot.'

'It is my duty,' said Quentin, 'your Majesty's life being endangered.'

'Certainly — I mean it no otherwise,' said the King. 'What should I get by slaying this insolent soldier? Were it the Constable St. Paul indeed ——' Here he paused, as if he thought he had said a word too much, but resumed, laughing — 'There 's our brother-in-law, James of Scotland — your own James, Quentin — poniarded the Douglas[1] when on a hospitable visit, within his own royal castle of Skirling.'

'Of Stirling,' said Quentin, 'and so please your Highness. It was a deed of which came little good.'

'Stirling call you the castle?' said the King, overlooking the latter part of Quentin's speech. 'Well, let it be Stirling; the name is nothing to the purpose. But I meditate no injury

[1] See Murder of Douglas. Note 22.

to these men — none. It would serve me nothing. They may not purpose equally fair by me. I rely on thy harquebuss.'

'I shall be prompt at the signal,' said Quentin; 'but yet——'

'You hesitate,' said the King. 'Speak out; I give thee full leave. From such as thou art, hints may be caught that are right valuable.'

'I would only presume to say,' replied Quentin, 'that your Majesty having occasion to distrust this Burgundian, I marvel that you suffer him to approach so near your person, and that in privacy.'

'O content you, sir squire,' said the King. 'There are some dangers which, when they are braved, disappear, and which yet, when there is an obvious and apparent dread of them displayed, become certain and inevitable. When I walk boldly up to a surly mastiff and caress him, it is ten to one I soothe him to good temper; if I show fear of him, he flies on me and rends me. I will be thus far frank with thee. It concerns me nearly that this man returns not to his headlong master in a resentful humour. I run my risk, therefore. I have never shunned to expose my life for the weal of my kingdom. Follow me.'

Louis led his young Life Guardsman, for whom he seemed to have taken a special favour, through the side door by which he had himself entered, saying, as he showed it him, 'He who would thrive at court must know the private wickets and concealed staircases — ay, and the traps and pitfalls of the palace, as well as the principal entrances, folding-doors, and portals.'

After several turns and passages, the King entered a small vaulted room, where a table was prepared for dinner with three covers. The whole furniture and arrangements of the room were plain almost to meanness. A beauffet, or folding and movable cupboard, held a few pieces of gold and silver plate, and was the only article in the chamber which had, in the slightest degree, the appearance of royalty. Behind this cupboard, and completely hidden by it, was the post which Louis assigned to Quentin Durward; and after having ascertained, by going to different parts of the room, that he was invisible from all quarters, he gave him his last charge — 'Remember the word, "*Écosse, en avant*"; and so soon as ever I utter these sounds, throw down the screen — spare not for cup or goblet, and be sure thou take good aim at Crèvecœur. If thy piece

fail, cling to him, and use thy knife. Oliver and I can deal with the cardinal.'

Having thus spoken, he whistled aloud, and summoned into the apartment Oliver, who was premier valet of the chamber as well as barber, and who, in fact, performed all offices immediately connected with the King's person, and who now appeared, attended by two old men, who were the only assistants or waiters at the royal table. So soon as the King had taken his place, the visitors were admitted; and Quentin, though himself unseen, was so situated as to remark all the particulars of the interview.

The King welcomed his visitors with a degree of cordiality which Quentin had the utmost difficulty to reconcile with the directions which he had previously received, and the purpose for which he stood behind the beauffet with his deadly weapon in readiness. Not only did Louis appear totally free from apprehension of any kind, but one would have supposed that those visitors whom he had done the high honour to admit to his table were the very persons in whom he could most unreservedly confide, and whom he was most willing to honour. Nothing could be more dignified, and at the same time more courteous, than his demeanour. While all around him, including even his own dress, was far beneath the splendour which the petty princes of the kingdom displayed in their festivities, his own language and manners were those of a mighty sovereign in his most condescending mood. Quentin was tempted to suppose either that the whole of his previous conversation with Louis had been a dream, or that the dutiful demeanour of the cardinal, and the frank, open, and gallant bearing of the Burgundian noble, had entirely erased the King's suspicion.

But whilst the guests, in obedience to the King, were in the act of placing themselves at the table, his Majesty darted one keen glance on them, and then instantly directed his look to Quentin's post. This was done in an instant; but the glance conveyed so much doubt and hatred towards his guests, such a peremptory injunction on Quentin to be watchful in attendance and prompt in execution, that no room was left for doubting that the sentiments of Louis continued unaltered, and his apprehensions unabated. He was, therefore, more than ever astonished at the deep veil under which that monarch was able to conceal the movements of his jealous disposition.

Appearing to have entirely forgotten the language which Crèvecœur had held towards him in the face of his court, the

King conversed with him of old times, of events which had occurred during his own exile in the territories of Burgundy, and inquired respecting all the nobles with whom he had been then familiar, as if that period had indeed been the happiest of his life, and as if he retained towards all who had contributed to soften the term of his exile the kindest and most grateful sentiments.

'To an ambassador of another nation,' he said, 'I would have thrown something of state into our reception; but to an old friend, who often shared my board at the Castle of Genappes,[1] I wished to show myself, as I love best to live, old Louis of Valois, as simple and plain as any of his Parisian *badauds*. But I directed them to make some better cheer than ordinary for you, sir count, for I know your Burgundian proverb, "*Mieux vault bon repas que bel habit*"; and therefore I bid them have some care of our table. For our wine, you know well it is the subject of an old emulation betwixt France and Burgundy, which we will presently reconcile; for I will drink to you in Burgundy, and you, sir count, shall pledge me in champagne. Here, Oliver, let me have a cup of *vin d'Auxerre*'; and he hummed gaily a song then well known —

'Auxerre est la boisson des rois.

Here, sir count, I drink to the health of the noble Duke of Burgundy, our kind and loving cousin. Oliver, replenish yon golden cup with *vin de Rheims*, and give it to the count on your knee; he represents our loving brother. My lord cardinal, we will ourself fill your cup.'

'You have already, sire, even to overflowing,' said the cardinal, with the lowly mien of a favourite towards an indulgent master.

'Because we know that your Eminence can carry it with a steady hand,' said Louis. 'But which side do you espouse in the great controversy — Sillery or Auxerre — France or Burgundy?'

'I will stand neutral, sire,' said the cardinal, 'and replenish my cup with Auvernat.'

'A neutral has a perilous part to sustain,' said the King; but as he observed the cardinal colour somewhat, he glided from the subject, and added, 'But you prefer the Auvernat,

[1] During his residence in Burgundy, in his father's lifetime, Genappes was the usual abode of Louis. This period of exile is often alluded to in the novel.

because it is so noble a wine it endures not water. You, sir count, hesitate to empty your cup. I trust you have found no national bitterness at the bottom.'

'I would, sir,' said the Count de Crèvecœur, 'that all national quarrels could be as pleasantly ended as the rivalry betwixt our vineyards.'

'With time, sir count,' answered the King — 'with time — such time as you have taken to your draught of champagne. And now that it is finished, favour me by putting the goblet in your bosom, and keeping it as a pledge of our regard. It is not to every one that we would part with it It belonged of yore to that terror of France, Henry V. of England, and was taken when Rouen was reduced, and those islanders expelled from Normandy by the joint arms of France and Burgundy. It cannot be better bestowed than on a noble and valiant Burgundian, who well knows that on the union of these two nations depends the continuance of the freedom of the Continent from the English yoke.'

The count made a suitable answer, and Louis gave unrestrained way to the satirical gaiety of disposition which sometimes enlivened the darker shades of his character. Leading, of course, the conversation, his remarks, always shrewd and caustic, and often actually witty, were seldom good-natured, and the anecdotes with which he illustrated them were often more humorous than delicate ; but in no one word, syllable, or letter did he betray the state of mind of one who, apprehensive of assassination, hath in his apartment an armed soldier, with his piece loaded, in order to prevent or anticipate an attack on his person.

The Count of Crèvecœur gave frankly into the King's humour ; while the smooth churchman laughed at every jest, and enhanced every ludicrous idea, without exhibiting any shame at expressions which made the rustic young Scot blush even in his place of concealment.[1] In about an hour and a half the tables were drawn ; and the King, taking courteous leave of his guests, gave the signal that it was his desire to be alone.

So soon as all, even Oliver, had retired, he called Quentin from his place of concealment ; but with a voice so faint, that the youth could scarce believe it to be the same which had so lately given animation to the jest and zest to the tale. As he approached, he saw an equal change in his countenance. The light of assumed vivacity had left the King's eyes, the smile

[1] See Louis's Humour. Note 23.

had deserted his face, and he exhibited all the fatigue of a celebrated actor, when he has finished the exhausting representation of some favourite character, in which, while upon the stage, he had displayed the utmost vivacity.

'Thy watch is not yet over,' said he to Quentin. 'Refresh thyself for an instant — yonder table affords the means — I will then instruct thee in thy farther duty. Meanwhile, it is ill talking between a full man and a fasting.'

He threw himself back on his seat, covered his brow with his hand, and was silent.

# CHAPTER XI

## *The Hall of Roland*

Painters show Cupid blind. Hath Hymen eyes?
Or is his sight warp'd by those spectacles
Which parents, guardians, and advisers lend him,
That he may look through them on lands and mansions,
On jewels, gold, and all such rich dotations,
And see their value ten times magnified?
Methinks 't will brook a question.

*The Miseries of Enforced Marriage.*

LOUIS the XI. of France, though the sovereign in Europe who was fondest and most jealous of power, desired only its substantial enjoyment; and though he knew well enough, and at times exacted strictly, the observances due to his rank, was in general singularly careless of show.

In a prince of sounder moral qualities, the familiarity with which he invited subjects to his board — nay, occasionally sat at theirs — must have been highly popular; and even such as he was, the King's homeliness of manners atoned for many of his vices with that class of his subjects who were not particularly exposed to the consequences of his suspicion and jealousy. The *tiers état*, or commons, of France, who rose to more opulence and consequence under the reign of this sagacious prince, respected his person, though they loved him not; and it was resting on their support that he was enabled to make his party good against the hatred of the nobles, who conceived that he diminished the honour of the French crown, and obscured their own splendid privileges, by that very neglect of form which gratified the citizens and commons.

With patience, which most other princes would have considered as degrading, and not without a sense of amusement, the monarch of France waited till his Life Guardsman had satisfied the keenness of a youthful appetite. It may be supposed, however, that Quentin had too much sense and prudence

to put the royal patience to a long or tedious proof; and indeed he was repeatedly desirous to break off his repast ere Louis would permit him. 'I see it in thine eye,' he said, good-naturedly, 'that thy courage is not half abated. Go on — God and St. Denis! — charge again. I tell thee that meat and mass (crossing himself) never hindered the work of a good Christian man. Take a cup of wine; but mind thou be cautious of the wine-pot; it is the vice of thy countrymen as well as of the English, who, lacking that folly, are the choicest soldiers ever wore armour. And now wash speedily; forget not thy benedicite, and follow me.'

Quentin obeyed, and, conducted by a different, but as maze-like an approach as he had formerly passed, he followed Louis into the Hall of Roland.

'Take notice,' said the King, imperatively, 'thou hast never left this post — let that be thine answer to thy kinsman and comrades; and, hark thee, to bind the recollection on thy memory, I give thee this gold chain (flinging on his arm one of considerable value). If I go not brave myself, those whom I trust have ever the means to ruffle it with the best. But, when such chains as these bind not the tongue from wagging too freely, my gossip, L'Hermite, hath an amulet for the throat, which never fails to work a certain cure. And now attend. No man, save Oliver or I myself, enters here this evening; but ladies will come hither, perhaps from the one extremity of the hall, perhaps from the other, perhaps one from each. You may answer if they address you, but, being on duty, your answer must be brief; and you must neither address them in your turn nor engage in any prolonged discourse. But hearken to what they say. Thine ears, as well as thy hands, are mine: I have bought thee, body and soul. Therefore, if thou hearest aught of their conversation, thou must retain it in memory until it is communicated to me, and then forget it. And, now I think better on it, it will be best that thou pass for a Scottish recruit, who hath come straight down from his mountains, and hath not yet acquired our most Christian language. Right. So, if they speak to thee, thou wilt *not* answer; this will free you from embarrassment, and lead them to converse without regard to your presence. You understand me. Farewell. Be wary, and thou hast a friend.'

The King had scarce spoken these words ere he disappeared behind the arras, leaving Quentin to meditate on what he had seen and heard. The youth was in one of those situations from

which it is pleasanter to look forward than to look back; for the reflection that he had been planted like a marksman in a thicket who watches for a stag, to take the life of the noble Count of Crèvecœur, had in it nothing ennobling. It was very true, that the King's measures seemed on this occasion merely cautionary and defensive; but how did the youth know but he might be soon commanded on some offensive operation of the same kind? This would be an unpleasant crisis, since it was plain, from the character of his master, that there would be destruction in refusing, while his honour told him there would be disgrace in complying. He turned his thoughts from this subject of reflection, with the sage consolation so often adopted by youth when prospective dangers intrude themselves on their mind, that it was time enough to think what was to be done when the emergence actually arrived, and that sufficient for the day was the evil thereof.

Quentin made use of this sedative reflection the more easily, that the last commands of the King had given him something more agreeable to think of than his own condition. The lady of the lute was certainly one of those to whom his attention was to be dedicated; and well in his mind did he promise to obey one part of the King's mandate, and listen with diligence to every word that might drop from her lips, that he might know if the magic of her conversation equalled that of her music. But with as much sincerity did he swear to himself, that no part of her discourse should be reported by him to the King which might affect the fair speaker otherwise than favourably.

Meantime, there was no fear of his again slumbering on his post. Each passing breath of wind which, finding its way through the open lattice, waved the old arras, sounded like the approach of the fair object of his expectation. He felt, in short, all that mysterious anxiety and eagerness of expectation which is always the companion of love, and sometimes hath a considerable share in creating it.

At length, a door actually creaked and jingled, for the doors even of palaces did not in the 15th century turn on their hinges so noiseless as ours; but, alas! it was not at that end of the hall from which the lute had been heard. It opened, however, and a female figure entered, followed by two others, whom she directed by a sign to remain without, while she herself came forward into the hall. By her imperfect and unequal gait, which showed to peculiar disadvantage as she traversed this long gallery, Quentin at once recognised the Princess Joan,

and, with the respect which became his situation, drew himself up in a fitting attitude of silent vigilance, and lowered his weapon to her as she passed. She acknowledged the courtesy by a gracious inclination of her head, and he had an opportunity of seeing her countenance more distinctly than he had in the morning.

There was little in the features of this ill-fated princess to atone for the misfortune of her shape and gait. Her face was, indeed, by no means disagreeable in itself, though destitute of beauty; and there was a meek expression of suffering patience in her large blue eyes, which were commonly fixed upon the ground. But, besides that she was extremely pallid in complexion, her skin had the yellowish, discoloured tinge which accompanies habitual bad health; and though her teeth were white and regular, her lips were thin and pale. The Princess had a profusion of flaxen hair, but it was so light-coloured as to be almost of a bluish tinge; and her tirewoman, who doubtless considered the luxuriance of her mistress's tresses as a beauty, had not greatly improved matters by arranging them in curls around her pale countenance, to which they added an expression almost corpse-like and unearthly. To make matters still worse, she had chosen a vest or cymar of a pale green silk, which gave her, on the whole, a ghastly and even spectral appearance.

While Quentin followed this singular apparition with eyes in which curiosity was blended with compassion, for every look and motion of the Princess seemed to call for the latter feeling, two ladies entered from the upper end of the apartment.

One of these was the young person who, upon Louis's summons, had served him with fruit, while Quentin made his memorable breakfast at the Fleur-de-Lys. Invested now with all the mysterious dignity belonging to the nymph of the veil and lute, and proved, besides, at least in Quentin's estimation, to be the high-born heiress of a rich earldom, her beauty made ten times the impression upon him which it had done when he beheld in her one whom he deemed the daughter of a paltry innkeeper, in attendance upon a rich and humorous old burgher. He now wondered what fascination could ever have concealed from him her real character. Yet her dress was nearly as simple as before, being a suit of deep mourning, without any ornaments. Her headdress was but a veil of crape, which was entirely thrown back, so as to leave her face uncovered; and it was only Quentin's knowledge of her actual rank which gave in his estimation new elegance to her beautiful shape, a dignity

to her step which had before remained unnoticed, and to her regular features, brilliant complexion, and dazzling eyes an air of conscious nobleness that enhanced their beauty.

Had death been the penalty, Durward must needs have rendered to this beauty and her companion the same homage which he had just paid to the royalty of the Princess. They received it as those who were accustomed to the deference of inferiors, and returned it with courtesy; but he thought — perhaps it was but a youthful vision — that the young lady coloured slightly, kept her eyes on the ground, and seemed embarrassed, though in a trifling degree, as she returned his military salutation. This must have been owing to her recollection of the audacious stranger in the neighbouring turret at the Fleur-de-Lys; but did that discomposure express displeasure? This question he had no means to determine.

The companion of the youthful countess, dressed like herself simply, and in deep mourning, was at the age when women are apt to cling most closely to that reputation for beauty which has for years been diminishing. She had still remains enough to show what the power of her charms must once have been, and, remembering past triumphs, it was evident from her manner that she had not relinquished the pretensions to future conquests. She was tall and graceful, though somewhat haughty in her deportment, and returned the salute of Quentin with a smile of gracious condescension, whispering, the next instant, something into her companion's ear, who turned towards the soldier, as if to comply with some hint from the elder lady, but answered, nevertheless, without raising her eyes. Quentin could not help suspecting that the observation called on the young lady to notice his own good mien; and he was (I do know not why) pleased with the idea that the party referred to did not choose to look at him in order to verify with her own eyes the truth of the observation. Probably he thought there was already a sort of mysterious connexion beginning to exist between them, which gave importance to the slightest trifle.

This reflection was momentary, for he was instantly wrapped up in attention to the meeting of the Princess Joan with these stranger ladies. She had stood still upon their entrance, in order to receive them, conscious, perhaps, that motion did not become her well; and as she was somewhat embarrassed in receiving and repaying their compliments, the elder stranger, ignorant of the rank of the party whom she addressed, was led

to pay her salutation in a manner rather as if she conferred than received an honour through the interview.

'I rejoice, madam,' she said, with a smile, which was meant to express condescension at once and encouragement, 'that we are at length permitted the society of such a respectable person of our own sex as you appear to be. I must say that my niece and I have had but little for which to thank the hospitality of King Louis. Nay, niece, never pluck my sleeve. I am sure I read in the looks of this young lady sympathy for our situation. Since we came hither, fair madam, we have been used little better than mere prisoners; and after a thousand invitations to throw our cause and our persons under the protection of France, the Most Christian King has afforded us at first but a base inn for our residence, and now a corner of this moth-eaten palace, out of which we are only permitted to creep towards sunset, as if we were bats or owls, whose appearance in the sunshine is to be held matter of ill omen.'

'I am sorry,' said the Princess, faltering with the awkward embarrassment of the interview, 'that we have been unable, hitherto, to receive you according to your deserts. Your niece, I trust, is better satisfied?'

'Much — much better than I can express,' answered the youthful countess. 'I sought but safety, and I have found solitude and secrecy besides. The seclusion of our former residence, and the still greater solitude of that now assigned to us, augment, in my eye, the favour which the King vouchsafed to us unfortunate fugitives.'

'Silence, my silly cousin,' said the elder lady, 'and let us speak according to our conscience, since at last we are alone with one of our own sex — I say alone, for that handsome young soldier is a mere statue, since he seems not to have the use of his limbs, and I am given to understand he wants that of his tongue, at least in civilised language — I say, since no one but this lady can understand us, I must own there is nothing I have regretted equal to taking this French journey. I looked for a splendid reception, tournaments, carousals, pageants, and festivals; and instead of which, all has been seclusion and obscurity! and the best society whom the King introduced to us was a Bohemian vagabond, by whose agency he directed us to correspond with our friends in Flanders. Perhaps,' said the lady, 'it is his politic intention to mew us up here until our lives' end, that he may seize on our estates, after the extinction of the ancient house of Croye. The Duke of Burgundy was

not so cruel : he offered my niece a husband, though he was a bad one.'

'I should have thought the veil preferable to an evil husband,' said the Princess, with difficulty finding opportunity to interpose a word.

'One would at least wish to have the choice, madam,' replied the voluble dame. 'It is, Heaven knows, on account of my niece that I speak ; for myself, I have long laid aside thoughts of changing my condition. I see you smile, but, by my halidome, it is true ; yet that is no excuse for the King, whose conduct, like his person, hath more resemblance to that of old Michaud, the money-changer of Ghent, than to the successor of Charlemagne.'

'Hold !' said the Princess, with some asperity in her tone ; 'remember you speak of my father.'

'Of your father !' replied the Burgundian lady in surprise.

'Of my father,' repeated the Princess, with dignity. 'I am Joan of France. But fear not, madam,' she continued, in the gentle accent which was natural to her, 'you designed no offence, and I have taken none. Command my influence to render your exile and that of this interesting young person more supportable. Alas ! it is but little I have in my power ; but it is willingly offered.'

Deep and submissive was the reverence with which the Countess Hameline de Croye, so was the elder lady called, received the obliging offer of the Princess's protection. She had been long the inhabitant of courts, was mistress of the manners which are there acquired, and held firmly the established rule of courtiers of all ages, who, although their usual private conversation turns upon the vices and follies of their patrons, and on the injuries and neglect which they themselves have sustained, never suffer such hints to drop from them in the presence of the sovereign or those of his family. The lady was, therefore, scandalised to the last degree at the mistake which had induced her to speak so indecorously in presence of the daughter of Louis. She would have exhausted herself in expressing regret and making apologies, had she not been put to silence and restored to equanimity by the Princess, who requested, in the most gentle manner, yet which, from a daughter of France, had the weight of a command, that no more might be said in the way either of excuse or of explanation.

The Princess Joan then took her own chair with a dignity which became her, and compelled the two strangers to sit, one

on either hand, to which the younger consented with unfeigned and respectful diffidence, and the elder with an affectation of deep humility and deference, which was intended for such. They spoke together, but in such a low tone that the sentinel could not overhear their discourse, and only remarked, that the Princess seemed to bestow much of her regard on the younger and more interesting lady; and that the Countess Hameline, though speaking a great deal more, attracted less of the Princess's attention by her full flow of conversation and compliment than did her kinswoman by her brief and modest replies to what was addressed to her.

The conversation of the ladies had not lasted a quarter of an hour, when the door at the lower end of the hall opened, and a man entered shrouded in a riding-cloak. Mindful of the King's injunction, and determined not to be a second time caught slumbering, Quentin instantly moved towards the intruder, and, interposing between him and the ladies, requested him to retire instantly.

'By whose command?' said the stranger, in a tone of contemptuous surprise.

'By that of the King,' said Quentin, firmly, 'which I am placed here to enforce.'

'Not against Louis of Orleans,' said the duke, dropping his cloak.

The young man hesitated a moment; but how enforce his orders against the first prince of the blood, about to be allied, as the report now generally went, with the King's own family?

'Your Highness,' he said, 'is too great that your pleasure should be withstood by me. I trust your Highness will bear me witness that I have done the duty of my post, so far as your will permitted.'

'Go to — you shall have no blame, young soldier,' said Orleans; and passing forward, paid his compliments to the Princess with that air of constraint which always marked his courtesy when addressing her.

'He had been dining,' he said, 'with Dunois, and understanding there was society in Roland's Gallery, he had ventured on the freedom of adding one to the number.'

The colour which mounted into the pale cheek of the unfortunate Joan, and which for the moment spread something of beauty over her features, evinced that this addition to the company was anything but indifferent to her. She hastened to present the Prince to the two Ladies of Croye, who received him

with the respect due to his eminent rank; and the Princess, pointing to a chair, requested him to join their conversation party.

The duke declined the freedom of assuming a seat in such society; but taking a cushion from one of the settles, he laid it at the feet of the beautiful young Countess of Croye, and so seated himself that, without appearing to neglect the Princess, he was enabled to bestow the greater share of his attention on her lovely neighbour.

At first, it seemed as if this arrangement rather pleased than offended his destined bride. She encouraged the duke in his gallantries towards the fair stranger, and seemed to regard them as complimentary to herself. But the Duke of Orleans, though accustomed to subject his mind to the stern yoke of his uncle when in the King's presence, had enough of princely nature to induce him to follow his own inclinations whenever that restraint was withdrawn; and his high rank giving him a right to overstep the ordinary ceremonies and advance at once to familiarity, his praises of the Countess Isabelle's beauty became so energetic, and flowed with such unrestrained freedom, owing perhaps to his having drunk a little more wine than usual, for Dunois was no enemy to the worship of Bacchus, that at length he seemed almost impassioned, and the presence of the Princess appeared wellnigh forgotten.

The tone of compliment which he indulged was grateful only to one individual in the circle; for the Countess Hameline already anticipated the dignity of an alliance with the first prince of the blood, by means of her whose birth, beauty, and large possessions rendered such an ambitious consummation by no means impossible, even in the eyes of a less sanguine projector, could the views of Louis XI. have been left out of the calculation of chances. The younger countess listened to the duke's gallantries with anxiety and embarrassment, and ever and anon turned an entreating look towards the Princess, as if requesting her to come to her relief. But the wounded feelings and the timidity of Joan of France rendered her incapable of an effort to make the conversation more general; and at length, excepting a few interjectional civilities of the Lady Hameline, it was maintained almost exclusively by the duke himself, though at the expense of the younger Countess of Croye, whose beauty formed the theme of his high-flown eloquence.

Nor must I forget that there was a third person, the un-

regarded sentinel, who saw his fair visions melt away like wax before the sun, as the duke persevered in the warm tenor of his passionate discourse. At length the Countess Isabelle de Croye made a determined effort to cut short what was becoming intolerably disagreeable to her, especially from the pain to which the conduct of the duke was apparently subjecting the Princess.

Addressing the latter, she said, modestly, but with some firmness, that the first boon she had to claim from her promised protection was, 'That her Highness would undertake to convince the Duke of Orleans that the ladies of Burgundy, though inferior in wit and manners to those of France, were not such absolute fools as to be pleased with no other conversation than that of extravagant compliment.'

'I grieve, lady,' said the duke, preventing the Princess's answer, 'that you will satirise, in the same sentence, the beauty of the dames of Burgundy and the sincerity of the knights of France. If we are hasty and extravagant in the expression of our admiration, it is because we love as we fight, without letting cold deliberation come into our bosoms, and surrender to the fair with the same rapidity with which we defeat the valiant.'

'The beauty of our countrywomen,' said the young countess, with more of reproof than she had yet ventured to use towards the high-born suitor, 'is as unfit to claim such triumphs as the valour of the men of Burgundy is incapable of yielding them.'

'I respect your patriotism, countess,' said the duke; 'and the last branch of your theme shall not be impugned by me till a Burgundian knight shall offer to sustain it with lance in rest. But for the injustice which you have done to the charms which your land produces, I appeal from yourself to yourself. Look there,' he said, pointing to a large mirror, the gift of the Venetian republic, and then of the highest rarity and value, 'and tell me, as you look, what is the heart that can resist the charms there represented?'

The Princess, unable to sustain any longer the neglect of her lover, here sunk backwards on her chair with a sigh, which at once recalled the duke from the land of romance, and induced the Lady Hameline to ask whether her Highness found herself ill.

'A sudden pain shot through my forehead,' said the Princess, attempting to smile; 'but I shall be presently better.'

Her increasing paleness contradicted her words, and induced

the Lady Hameline to call for assistance, as the Princess was about to faint.

The duke, biting his lip and cursing the folly which could not keep guard over his tongue, ran to summon the Princess's attendants, who were in the next chamber; and when they came hastily with the usual remedies, he could not but, as a cavalier and gentleman, give his assistance to support and to recover her. His voice, rendered almost tender by pity and self-reproach, was the most powerful means of recalling her to herself, and just as the swoon was passing away the King himself entered the apartment.

# CHAPTER XII

## *The Politician*

This is a lecturer so skill'd in policy,
That (no disparagement to Satan's cunning)
He well might read a lesson to the devil,
And teach the old seducer new temptations.

*Old Play.*

AS Louis entered the gallery, he bent his brows in the manner we have formerly described as peculiar to him, and sent, from under his gathered and gloomy eyebrows, a keen look on all around; in darting which, as Quentin afterwards declared, his eyes seemed to turn so small, so fierce, and so piercing, as to resemble those of an aroused adder looking through the bush of heath in which he lies coiled.

When, by this momentary and sharpened glance, the King had reconnoitred the cause of the bustle which was in the apartment, his first address was to the Duke of Orleans.

'You here, my fair cousin?' he said; and turning to Quentin, added sternly, 'Had you not charge?'

'Forgive the young man, sire,' said the duke; 'he did not neglect his duty; but I was informed that the Princess was in this gallery.'

'And I warrant you would not be withstood when you came hither to pay your court,' said the King, whose detestable hypocrisy persisted in representing the duke as participating in a passion which was felt only on the side of his unhappy daughter; 'and it is thus you debauch the sentinels of my Guard, young man? But what cannot be pardoned to a gallant who only lives *par amours!*'

The Duke of Orleans raised his head, as if about to reply in some manner which might correct the opinion conveyed in the King's observation; but the instinctive reverence, not to say fear, of Louis, in which he had been bred from childhood, chained up his voice.

'And Joan hath been ill?' said the King. 'But do not be grieved, Louis, it will soon pass away; lend her your arm to her apartment, while I will conduct these strange ladies to theirs.'

The order was given in a tone which amounted to a command, and Orleans accordingly made his exit with the Princess at one extremity of the gallery, while the King, ungloving his right hand, courteously handed the Countess Isabelle and her kinswoman to their apartment, which opened from the other. He bowed profoundly as they entered, and remained standing on the threshold for a minute after they had disappeared; then, with great composure, shut the door by which they had retired, and turning the huge key, took it from the lock and put it into his girdle — an appendage which gave him still more perfectly the air of some old miser, who cannot journey in comfort unless he bear with him the key of his treasure closet.

With slow and pensive step, and eyes fixed on the ground, Louis now paced towards Quentin Durward, who, expecting his share of the royal displeasure, viewed his approach with no little anxiety.

'Thou hast done wrong,' said the King, raising his eyes, and fixing them firmly on him when he had come within a yard of him — 'thou hast done foul wrong, and deservest to die. Speak not a word in defence! What hadst thou to do with dukes or princesses? what with *any* thing but my order?'

'So please your Majesty,' said the young soldier, 'what could I do?'

'What couldst thou do when thy post was forcibly passed?' answered the King, scornfully. 'What is the use of that weapon on thy shoulder? Thou shouldst have levelled thy piece, and if the presumptuous rebel did not retire on the instant, he should have died within this very hall! Go — pass into these farther apartments. In the first thou wilt find a large staircase, which leads to the inner bailey; there thou wilt find Oliver Dain. Send him to me; do thou begone to thy quarters. As thou dost value thy life, be not so loose of thy tongue as thou hast been this day slack of thy hand.'

Well pleased to escape so easily, yet with a soul which revolted at the cold-blooded cruelty which the King seemed to require from him in the execution of his duty, Durward took the road indicated, hastened downstairs, and communicated the royal pleasure to Oliver, who was waiting in the court

beneath. The wily tonsor bowed, sighed, and smiled, as, with a voice even softer than ordinary, he wished the youth a good evening; and they parted, Quentin to his quarters, and Oliver to attend the King.

In this place, the Memoirs which we have chiefly followed in compiling this true history were unhappily defective; for, founded chiefly on information supplied by Quentin, they do not convey the purport of the dialogue which, in his absence, took place between the King and his secret counsellor. Fortunately, the library of Hautlieu contains a manuscript copy of the *Chronique Scandaleuse* of Jean de Troyes, much more full than that which has been printed; to which are added several curious memoranda, which we incline to think must have been written down by Oliver himself after the death of his master, and before he had the happiness to be rewarded with the halter which he had so long merited. From this we have been able to extract a very full account of the obscure favourite's conversation with Louis upon the present occasion, which throws a light upon the policy of that prince which we might otherwise have sought for in vain.

When the favourite attendant entered the Gallery of Roland, he found the King pensively seated upon the chair which his daughter had left some minutes before. Well acquainted with his temper, he glided on with his noiseless step until he had just crossed the line of the King's sight, so as to make him aware of his presence, then shrank modestly backward and out of sight, until he should be summoned to speak or to listen. The monarch's first address was an unpleasant one: 'So, Oliver, your fine schemes are melting like snow before the south wind! I pray to our Lady of Embrun that they resemble not the ice-heaps of which the Switzer churls tell such stories, and come rushing down upon our heads.'

'I have heard with concern that all is not well, sire,' answered Oliver.

'Not well!' exclaimed the King, rising and hastily marching up and down the gallery. 'All is ill, man, and as ill nearly as possible; so much for thy fond romantic advice that I, of all men, should become a protector of distressed damsels! I tell thee Burgundy is arming, and on the eve of closing an alliance with England. And Edward, who hath his hands idle at home, will pour his thousands upon us through that unhappy gate of Calais. Singly, I might cajole or defy them; but united — united, and with the discontent and treachery of that villain

St. Paul! All thy fault, Oliver, who counselled me to receive the women, and to use the services of that damned Bohemian to carry messages to their vassals.'

'My liege,' said Oliver, 'you know my reasons. The countess's domains lie between the frontiers of Burgundy and Flanders, her castle is almost impregnable, her rights over neighbouring estates are such as, if well supported, cannot but give much annoyance to Burgundy, were the lady but wedded to one who should be friendly to France.'

'It is — it *is* a tempting bait,' said the King; 'and could we have concealed her being here, we might have arranged such a marriage for this rich heiress as would have highly profited France. But that cursed Bohemian, how couldst thou recommend such a heathen hound for a commission which required trust?'

'Please you,' said Oliver, 'to remember it was your Majesty's self who trusted him too far — much farther than I recommended. He would have borne a letter trustily enough to the countess's kinsman, telling him to hold out her castle, and promising speedy relief; but your Highness must needs put his prophetic powers to the test; and thus he became possessed of secrets which were worth betraying to Duke Charles.'

'I am ashamed — I am ashamed,' said Louis. 'And yet, Oliver, they say that these heathen people are descended from the sage Chaldeans, who did read the mysteries of the stars in the plains of Shinar.'

Well aware that his master, with all his acuteness and sagacity, was but the more prone to be deceived by soothsayers, astrologers, diviners, and all that race of pretenders to occult science, and that he even conceived himself to have some skill in these arts, Oliver dared to press this point no farther; and only observed that the Bohemian had been a bad prophet on his own account, else he would have avoided returning to Tours, and saved himself from the gallows he had merited.

'It often happens that those who are gifted with prophetic knowledge,' answered Louis, with much gravity, 'have not the power of foreseeing those events in which they themselves are personally interested.'

'Under your Majesty's favour,' replied the confidant, 'that seems as if a man could not see his own hand by means of the candle which he holds, and which shows him every other object in the apartment.'

'He cannot see his own features by the light which shows

the faces of others,' replied Louis; 'and that is the more faithful illustration of the case. But this is foreign to my purpose at present. The Bohemian hath had his reward, and peace be with him. But these ladies — not only does Burgundy threaten us with war for harbouring them, but their presence is like to interfere with my projects in my own family. My simple cousin of Orleans hath barely seen this damsel, and I venture to prophesy that the sight of her is like to make him less pliable in the matter of his alliance with Joan.'

'Your Majesty,' answered the counsellor, 'may send the Ladies of Croye back to Burgundy, and so make your peace with the Duke. Many might murmur at this as dishonourable; but if necessity demands the sacrifice ——'

'If profit demanded the sacrifice, Oliver, the sacrifice should be made without hesitation,' answered the King. 'I am an old experienced salmon, and use not to gulp the angler's hook because it is busked up with a feather called honour. But what is worse than a lack of honour, there were, in returning those ladies to Burgundy, a forfeiture of those views of advantage which moved us to give them an asylum. It were heartbreaking to renounce the opportunity of planting a friend to ourselves and an enemy to Burgundy in the very centre of his dominions, and so near to the discontented cities of Flanders. Oliver, I cannot relinquish the advantages which our scheme of marrying the maiden to a friend of our own house seems to hold out to us.'

'Your Majesty,' said Oliver, after a moment's thought, 'might confer her hand on some right trusty friend, who would take all blame on himself, and serve your Majesty secretly, while in public you might disown him.'

'And where am I to find such a friend?' said Louis. 'Were I to bestow her upon any one of our mutinous and ill-ruled nobles, would it not be rendering him independent? and hath it not been my policy for years to prevent them from becoming so? Dunois indeed — him, and him only, I might perchance trust. He would fight for the crown of France, whatever were his condition. But honours and wealth change men's natures. Even Dunois I will not trust.'

'Your Majesty may find others,' said Oliver, in his smoothest manner, and in a tone more insinuating than that which he usually employed in conversing with the King, who permitted him considerable freedom: 'men dependent entirely on your own grace and favour, and who could no more exist without

your countenance than without sun or air, men rather of head than of action, men who ——'

'Men who resemble thyself, ha!' said King Louis. 'No, Oliver, by my faith that arrow was too rashly shot! What! because I indulge thee with my confidence, and let thee, in reward, poll my lieges a little now and then, dost thou think it makes thee fit to be the husband of that beautiful vision, and a count of the highest class to the boot? — thee, thee, I say, low-born and lower-bred, whose wisdom is at best a sort of cunning, and whose courage is more than doubtful?'

'Your Majesty imputes to me a presumption of which I am not guilty, in supposing me to aspire so highly,' said Oliver.

'I am glad to hear it, man,' replied the King; 'and truly, I hold your judgment the healthier that you disown such a reverie. But methinks thy speech sounded strangely in that key. Well, to return. I dare not wed this beauty to one of my subjects; I dare not return her to Burgundy; I dare not transmit her to England or to Germany, where she is likely to become the prize of some one more apt to unite with Burgundy than with France, and who would be more ready to discourage the honest malcontents in Ghent and Liege than to yield them that wholesome countenance which might always find Charles the Hardy enough to exercise his valour on, without stirring from his own domains — and they were in so ripe a humour for insurrection, the men of Liege in especial, that they alone, well heated and supported, would find my fair cousin work for more than a twelvemonth; and backed by a warlike Count of Croye —— O, Oliver! the plan is too hopeful to be resigned without a struggle. Cannot thy fertile brain devise some scheme?'

Oliver paused for a long time; then at last replied, 'What if a bridal could be accomplished betwixt Isabelle of Croye and young Adolphus, the Duke of Gueldres?'

'What!' said the King, in astonishment; 'sacrifice her, and she, too, so lovely a creature, to the furious wretch who deposed, imprisoned, and has often threatened to murder, his own father! No, Oliver — no, that were too unutterably cruel even for you and me, who look so steadfastly to our excellent end, the peace and the welfare of France, and respect so little the means by which it is attained. Besides, he lies distant from us, and is detested by the people of Ghent and Liege. No — no, I will none of Adolphus of Gueldres; think on some one else.'

'My invention is exhausted, sire,' said the counsellor; 'I

can remember no one who, as husband to the Countess of Croye, would be likely to answer your Majesty's views. He must unite such various qualities — a friend to your Majesty, an enemy to Burgundy, of policy enough to conciliate the Gauntois and Liegeois, and of valour sufficient to defend his little dominions against the power of Duke Charles; of noble birth besides — that your Highness insists upon; and of excellent and most virtuous character, to the boot of all.'

'Nay, Oliver,' said the King, 'I leaned not so much — that is, so *very* much, on character; but methinks Isabelle's bridegroom should be something less publicly and generally abhorred than Adolphus of Gueldres. For example, since I myself must suggest some one, why not William de la Marck?'

'On my halidome, sire,' said Oliver, 'I cannot complain of your demanding too high a standard of moral excellence in the happy man, if the Wild Boar of Ardennes can serve your turn. De la Marck! why, he is the most notorious robber and murderer on all the frontiers, excommunicated by the Pope for a thousand crimes.'

'We will have him released from the sentence, friend Oliver; holy church is merciful.'

'Almost an outlaw,' continued Oliver, 'and under the ban of the Empire, by an ordinance of the Chamber at Ratisbon.'

'We will have the ban taken off, friend Oliver,' continued the King in the same tone; 'the Imperial Chamber will hear reason.'

'And admitting him to be of noble birth,' said Oliver, 'he hath the manners, the face, and the outward form, as well as the heart, of a Flemish butcher. She will never accept of him.'

'His mode of wooing, if I mistake him not,' said Louis, 'will render it difficult for her to make a choice.'

'I was far wrong, indeed, when I taxed your Majesty with being over scrupulous,' said the counsellor. 'On my life, the crimes of Adolphus are but virtues to those of De la Marck! And then how is he to meet with his bride? Your Majesty knows he dare not stir far from his own Forest of Ardennes.'

'That must be cared for,' said the King; 'and, in the first place, the two ladies must be acquainted privately that they can be no longer maintained at this court, except at the expense of a war between France and Burgundy, and that, unwilling to deliver them up to my fair cousin of Burgundy, I am desirous they should secretly depart from my dominions.'

'They will demand to be conveyed to England,' said Oliver; 'and we shall have her return to Flanders with an island lord,

having a round fair face, long brown hair, and three thousand archers at his back.'

'No — no,' replied the King; 'we dare not — you understand me — so far offend our fair cousin of Burgundy as to let her pass to England. It would bring his displeasure as certainly as our maintaining her here. No — no, to the safety of the church alone we will venture to commit her; and the utmost we can do is to connive at the Ladies Hameline and Isabelle de Croye departing in disguise, and with a small retinue, to take refuge with the Bishop of Liege, who will place the fair Isabelle for the time under the safeguard of a convent.'

'And if that convent protect her from William de la Marck, when he knows of your Majesty's favourable intentions, I have mistaken the man.'

'Why, yes,' answered the King, 'thanks to our secret supplies of money, De la Marck hath together a handsome handful of as unscrupulous soldiery as ever were outlawed, with which he contrives to maintain himself among the woods, in such a condition as makes him formidable both to the Duke of Burgundy and the Bishop of Liege. He lacks nothing but some territory which he may call his own; and this being so fair an opportunity to establish himself by marriage, I think that, *Pasques-dieu!* he will find means to win and wed, without more than a hint on our part. The Duke of Burgundy will then have such a thorn in his side as no lancet of our time will easily cut out from his flesh. The Boar of Ardennes, whom he has already outlawed, strengthened by the possession of that fair lady's lands, castles, and seigniory, with the discontented Liegeois to boot, who, by my faith, will not be in that case unwilling to choose him for their captain and leader — let Charles then think of wars with France when he will, or rather let him bless his stars if she war not with him. How dost thou like the scheme, Oliver, ha?'

'Rarely,' said Oliver, 'save and except the doom which confers that lady on the Wild Boar of Ardennes. By my halidome, saving in a little outward show of gallantry, Tristan, the provost-marshal, were the more proper bridegroom of the two.'

'Anon thou didst propose Master Oliver, the barber,' said Louis; 'but friend Oliver and gossip Tristan, though excellent men in the way of counsel and execution, are not the stuff that men make counts of. Know you not that the burghers of Flanders value birth in other men, precisely because they have

it not themselves? A plebeian mob ever desire an aristocratic leader. Yonder Ked, or Cade, or — how called they him? — in England, was fain to lure his rascal rout after him by pretending to the blood of the Mortimers. William de la Marck comes of the blood of the princes of Sedan, as noble as mine own. And now to business. I must determine the Ladies of Croye to a speedy and secret flight, under sure guidance. This will be easily done: we have but to hint the alternative of surrendering them to Burgundy. Thou must find means to let William de la Marck know of their motions, and let him choose his own time and place to push his suit. I know a fit person to travel with them.'

'May I ask to whom your Majesty commits such an important charge?' asked the tonsor.

'To a foreigner, be sure,' replied the King, 'one who has neither kin nor interest in France, to interfere with the execution of my pleasure; and who knows too little of the country and its factions to suspect more of my purpose than I choose to tell him — in a word, I design to employ the young Scot who sent you hither but now.'

Oliver paused in a manner which seemed to imply a doubt of the prudence of the choice, and then added, 'Your Majesty has reposed confidence in that stranger boy earlier than is your wont.'

'I have my reasons,' answered the King. 'Thou knowest (and he crossed himself) my devotion for the blessed St. Julian. I had been saying my orisons to that holy saint late in the night before last, wherein, as he is known to be the guardian of travellers, I made it my humble petition that he would augment my household with such wandering foreigners as might best establish throughout our kingdom unlimited devotion to our will; and I vowed to the good saint in guerdon that I would, in his name, receive, and relieve, and maintain them.'

'And did St. Julian,' said Oliver, 'send your Majesty this long-legged importation from Scotland in answer to your prayers?'

Although the barber, who well knew that his master had superstition in a large proportion to his want of religion, and that on such topics nothing was more easy than to offend him — although, I say, he knew the royal weakness, and therefore carefully put the preceding question in the softest and most simple tone of voice, Louis felt the innuendo which it contained, and regarded the speaker with high displeasure.

'Sirrah,' he said, 'thou art well called Oliver the Devil, who darest thus to sport at once with thy master and with the blessed saints. I tell thee, wert thou one grain less necessary to me, I would have thee hung up on yonder oak before the castle, as an example to all who scoff at things holy! Know, thou infidel slave, that mine eyes were no sooner closed than the blessed St. Julian was visible to me, leading a young man, whom he presented to me, saying, that his fortune should be to escape the sword, the cord, the river, and to bring good fortune to the side which he should espouse, and to the adventures in which he should be engaged. I walked out on the succeeding morning, and I met with this youth, whose image I had seen in my dream. In his own country he hath escaped the sword, amid the massacre of his whole family, and here, within the brief compass of two days, he hath been strangely rescued from drowning and from the gallows, and hath already, on a particular occasion, as I but lately hinted to thee, been of the most material service to me. I receive him as sent hither by St. Julian, to serve me in the most difficult, the most dangerous, and even the most desperate services.'

The King, as he thus expressed himself, doffed his hat, and selecting from the numerous little leaden figures with which the hat-band was garnished that which represented St. Julian, he placed it on the table, as was often his wont when some peculiar feeling of hope, or perhaps of remorse, happened to thrill across his mind, and, kneeling down before it, muttered, with an appearance of profound devotion, '*Sancte Juliane, adsis precibus nostris! Ora — ora pro nobis!*'

This was one of those ague fits of superstitious devotion which often seized on Louis in such extraordinary times and places that they gave one of the most sagacious monarchs who ever reigned the appearance of a madman, or at least of one whose mind was shaken by some deep consciousness of guilt.

While he was thus employed, his favourite looked at him with an expression of sarcastic contempt, which he scarce attempted to disguise. Indeed, it was one of this man's peculiarities that, in his whole intercourse with his master, he laid aside that fondling, purring affectation of officiousness and humility which distinguished his conduct to others; and if he still bore some resemblance to a cat, it was when the animal is on its guard — watchful, animated, and alert for sudden exertion. The cause of this change was probably Oliver's con-

sciousness that his master was himself too profound a hypocrite not to see through the hypocrisy of others.

'The features of this youth, then, if I may presume to speak,' said Oliver, 'resemble those of him whom your dream exhibited?'

'Closely and intimately,' said the King, whose imagination, like that of superstitious people in general, readily imposed upon itself. 'I have had his horoscope cast, besides, by Galeotti Martivalle, and I have plainly learned, through his art and mine own observation, that, in many respects, this unfriended youth has his destiny under the same constellation with mine.'

Whatever Oliver might think of the causes thus boldly assigned for the preference of an inexperienced stripling, he dared make no farther objections, well knowing that Louis, who, while residing in exile, had bestowed much of his attention on the supposed science of judicial astrology, would listen to no raillery of any kind which impeached his skill. He therefore only replied, that 'He trusted the youth would prove faithful in the discharge of a task so delicate.'

'We will take care he hath no opportunity to be otherwise,' said Louis; 'for he shall be privy to nothing save that he is sent to escort the Ladies of Croye to the residence of the Bishop of Liege. Of the probable interference of William de la Marck he shall know as little as they themselves. None shall know that secret but the guide; and Tristan or thou must find one fit for our purpose.'

'But in that case,' said Oliver, 'judging of him from his country and his appearance, the young man is like to stand to his arms so soon as the Wild Boar comes on them, and may not come off so easily from the tusks as he did this morning.'

'If they rend his heart-strings,' said Louis, composedly, 'St. Julian, blessed be his name! can send me another in his stead. It skills as little that the messenger is slain after his duty is executed as that the flask is broken when the wine is drunk out. Meanwhile, we must expedite the ladies' departure, and then persuade the Count de Crèvecœur that it has taken place without our connivance, we having been desirous to restore them to the custody of our fair cousin, which their sudden departure has unhappily prevented.'

'The count is perhaps too wise, and his master too prejudiced, to believe it.'

'Holy Mother!' said Louis, 'what unbelief would that be in Christian men! But, Oliver, they *shall* believe us. We will

throw into our whole conduct towards our fair cousin, Duke Charles, such thorough and unlimited confidence that, not to believe we have been sincere with him in every respect, he must be worse than an infidel. I tell thee, so convinced am I that I could make Charles of Burgundy think of me in every respect as I would have him, that, were it necessary for silencing his doubts, I would ride unarmed, and on a palfrey, to visit him in his tent, with no better guard about me than thine own simple person, friend Oliver.'

'And I,' said Oliver, 'though I pique not myself upon managing steel in any other shape than that of a razor, would rather charge a Swiss battalion of pikes than I would accompany your Highness upon such a visit of friendship to Charles of Burgundy, when he hath so many grounds to be well assured that there is enmity in your Majesty's bosom against him.'

'Thou art a fool, Oliver,' said the King, 'with all thy pretensions to wisdom, and art not aware that deep policy must often assume the appearance of the most extreme simplicity, as courage occasionally shrouds itself under the show of modest timidity. Were it needful, full surely would I do what I have said — the saints always blessing our purpose, and the heavenly constellations bringing round, in their course, a proper conjuncture for such an exploit.'

In these words did King Louis XI. give the first hint of the extraordinary resolution which he afterwards adopted in order to dupe his great rival, the subsequent execution of which had very nearly proved his own ruin.

He parted with his counsellor, and presently afterwards went to the apartment of the Ladies of Croye. Few persuasions beyond his mere license would have been necessary to determine their retreat from the court of France, upon the first hint that they might not be eventually protected against the Duke of Burgundy; but it was not so easy to induce them to choose Liege for the place of their retreat. They entreated and requested to be transferred to Bretagne or Calais, where, under protection of the Duke of Bretagne, or King of England, they might remain in a state of safety until the sovereign of Burgundy should relent in his rigorous purpose towards them. But neither of these places of safety at all suited the plans of Louis, and he was at last successful in inducing them to adopt that which did coincide with them.

The power of the Bishop of Liege for their defence was not to be questioned, since his ecclesiastical dignity gave him the

means of protecting the fugitives against all Christian princes; while, on the other hand, his secular forces, if not numerous, seemed at least sufficient to defend his person and all under his protection from any sudden violence. The difficulty was to reach the little court of the bishop in safety; but for this Louis promised to provide, by spreading a report that the Ladies of Croye had escaped from Tours by night, under fear of being delivered up to the Burgundian envoy, and had taken their flight towards Bretagne. He also promised them the attendance of a small but faithful retinue, and letters to the commanders of such towns and fortresses as they might pass, with instructions to use every means for protecting and assisting them in their journey.

The Ladies of Croye, although internally resenting the ungenerous and discourteous manner in which Louis thus deprived them of the promised asylum in his court, were so far from objecting to the hasty departure which he proposed, that they even anticipated his project by entreating to be permitted to set forward that same night. The Lady Hameline was already tired of a place where there were neither admiring courtiers nor festivities to be witnessed; and the Lady Isabelle thought she had seen enough to conclude that, were the temptation to become a little stronger, Louis XI., not satisfied with expelling them from his court, would not hesitate to deliver her up to her irritated suzerain, the Duke of Burgundy. Lastly, Louis himself readily acquiesced in their hasty departure, anxious to preserve peace with Duke Charles, and alarmed lest the beauty of Isabelle should interfere with and impede the favourite plan which he had formed for bestowing the hand of his daughter Joan upon his cousin of Orleans.

# CHAPTER XIII

## *The Journey*

> Talk not of kings — I scorn the poor comparison ;
> I am a SAGE, and can command the elements,
> At least men think I can ; and on that thought
> I found unbounded empire.
>
> *Albumazar.*

OCCUPATION and adventure might be said to crowd upon the young Scottishman with the force of a spring-tide ; for he was speedily summoned to the apartment of his captain, the Lord Crawford, where, to his astonishment, he again beheld the King. After a few words respecting the honour and trust which were about to be reposed in him, which made Quentin internally afraid that they were again about to propose to him such a watch as he had kept upon the Count of Crèvecœur, or perhaps some duty still more repugnant to his feelings, he was not relieved merely, but delighted, with hearing that he was selected, with the assistance of four others under his command, one of whom was a guide, to escort the Ladies of Croye to the little court of their relative, the Bishop of Liege, in the safest and most commodious, and at the same time in the most secret, manner possible. A scroll was given him, in which were set down directions for his guidance, for the places of halt (generally chosen in obscure villages, solitary monasteries, and situations remote from towns), and for the general precautions which he was to attend to, especially on approaching the frontier of Burgundy. He was sufficiently supplied with instructions what he ought to say and do to sustain the personage of the *maître d'hôtel* of two English ladies of rank, who had been on a pilgrimage to St. Martin of Tours, and were about to visit the holy city of Cologne, and worship the relics of the sage Eastern monarchs who came to adore the

nativity of Bethlehem; for under that character the Ladies of Croye were to journey.

Without having any defined notions of the cause of his delight, Quentin Durward's heart leapt for joy at the idea of approaching thus nearly to the person of the beauty of the turret, and in a situation which entitled him to her confidence, since her protection was in so great a degree entrusted to his conduct and courage. He felt no doubt in his own mind that he should be her successful guide through the hazards of her pilgrimage. Youth seldom thinks of dangers; and bred up free, and fearless, and self-confiding, Quentin, in particular, only thought of them to defy them. He longed to be exempted from the restraint of the royal presence, that he might indulge the secret glee with which such unexpected tidings filled him, and which prompted him to bursts of delight which would have been totally unfitting for that society.

But Louis had not yet done with him. That cautious monarch had to consult a counsellor of a different stamp from Oliver le Diable, and who was supposed to derive his skill from the superior and astral intelligences, as men, judging from their fruits, were apt to think the counsels of Oliver sprung from the devil himself.

Louis therefore led the way, followed by the impatient Quentin, to a separate tower of the Castle of Plessis, in which was installed, in no small ease and splendour, the celebrated astrologer, poet, and philosopher, Galeotti Marti, or Martius, or Martivalle,[1] a native of Narni, in Italy, the author of the famous treatise, *De Vulgo Incognitis*,[2] and the subject of his age's admiration, and of the panegyrics of Paulus Jovius. He had long flourished at the court of the celebrated Matthias Corvinus, king of Hungary, from whom he was in some measure decoyed by Louis, who grudged the Hungarian monarch the society and the counsels of a sage accounted so skilful in reading the decrees of Heaven.

Martivalle was none of those ascetic, withered, pale professors of mystic learning of those days, who bleared their eyes over the midnight furnace, and macerated their bodies by outwatching the polar bear. He indulged in all courtly pleasures, and, until he grew corpulent, had excelled in all martial sports and gymnastic exercises, as well as in the use of arms; insomuch, that Janus Pannonius has left a Latin epigram, upon a

[1] See Note 24.
[2] Concerning Things Unknown to the Generality of Mankind.

wrestling-match betwixt Galeotti and a renowned champion of that art, in the presence of the Hungarian king and court, in which the astrologer was completely victorious.

The apartments of this courtly and martial sage were far more splendidly furnished than any which Quentin had yet seen in the royal palace; and the carving and ornamented woodwork of his library, as well as the magnificence displayed in the tapestries, showed the elegant taste of the learned Italian. Out of his study one door opened to his sleeping-apartment, another led to the turret which served as his observatory. A large oaken table, in the midst of the chamber, was covered with a rich Turkey carpet, the spoils of the tent of a pacha after the great battle of Jaiza, where the astrologer had fought abreast with the valiant champion of Christendom, Matthias Corvinus. On the table lay a variety of mathematical and astrological instruments, all of the most rich materials and curious workmanship. His astrolabe of silver was the gift of the Emperor of Germany, and his Jacob's staff of ebony, jointed with gold and curiously inlaid, was a mark of esteem from the reigning Pope.

There were various other miscellaneous articles disposed on the table, or hanging around the walls; amongst others, two complete suits of armour, one of mail, the other of plate, both of which, from their great size, seemed to call the gigantic astrologer their owner, a Spanish toledo, a Scottish broadsword, a Turkish scimitar, with bows, quivers, and other warlike weapons, musical instruments of several different kinds, a silver crucifix, a sepulchral antique vase, and several of the little brazen Penates of the ancient heathens, with other curious nondescript articles, some of which, in the superstitious opinions of that period, seemed to be designed for magical purposes. The library of this singular character was of the same miscellaneous description with his other effects. Curious manuscripts of classical antiquity lay mingled with the voluminous labours of Christian divines, and of those painstaking sages who professed the chemical science, and proffered to guide their students into the most secret recesses of nature by means of the Hermetical philosophy. Some were written in the Eastern character, and others concealed their sense or nonsense under the veil of hieroglyphics and cabalistic characters. The whole apartment, and its furniture of every kind, formed a scene very impressive on the fancy, considering the general belief then indisputably entertained concerning the truth of the occult

sciences; and that effect was increased by the manners and appearance of the individual himself, who, seated in a huge chair, was employed in curiously examining a specimen, just issued from the Frankfort press, of the newly invented art of printing.[1]

Galeotti Martivalle was a tall, bulky, yet stately man, considerably past his prime, and whose youthful habits of exercise, though still occasionally resumed, had not been able to contend with his natural tendency to corpulence, increased by sedentary study and indulgence in the pleasures of the table. His features, though rather overgrown, were dignified and noble, and a santon might have envied the dark and downward sweep of his long-descending beard. His dress was a chamber-robe of the richest Genoa velvet, with ample sleeves, clasped with frogs of gold, and lined with sables. It was fastened round his middle by a broad belt of virgin parchment, round which were represented in crimson characters the signs of the zodiac. He rose and bowed to the King, yet with the air of one to whom such exalted society was familiar, and who was not at all likely, even in the royal presence, to compromise the dignity then especially affected by the pursuers of science.

'You are engaged, father,' said the King, 'and, as I think, with this new-fashioned art of multiplying manuscripts by the intervention of machinery. Can things of such mechanical and terrestrial import interest the thoughts of one before whom Heaven has unrolled her own celestial volumes?'

'My brother,' replied Martivalle — 'for so the tenant of this cell must term even the King of France when he deigns to visit him as a disciple — believe me that, in considering the consequences of this invention, I read with as certain augury as by any combination of the heavenly bodies the most awful and portentous changes. When I reflect with what slow and limited supplies the stream of science hath hitherto descended to us, how difficult to be obtained by those most ardent in its search, how certain to be neglected by all who regard their ease, how liable to be diverted, or altogether dried up, by the invasions of barbarism — can I look forward without wonder and astonishment to the lot of a succeeding generation, on whom knowledge will descend like the first and second rain, uninterrupted, unabated, unbounded, fertilising some grounds and overflowing others, changing the whole form of social life, establishing and overthrowing religions, erecting and destroying kingdoms ——'

[1] See Invention of Printing. Note 25.

'Hold, Galeotti,' said Louis — 'shall these changes come in our time?'

'No, my royal brother,' replied Martivalle; 'this invention may be likened to a young tree which is now newly planted, but shall, in succeeding generations, bear fruit as fatal, yet as precious, as that of the Garden of Eden — the knowledge, namely, of good and evil.'

Louis answered, after a moment's pause, 'Let futurity look to what concerns them; we are men of this age, and to this age we will confine our care. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. Tell me, hast thou proceeded farther in the horoscope which I sent to thee, and of which you made me some report? I have brought the party hither, that you may use palmistry, or chiromancy, if such is your pleasure. The matter is pressing.'

The bulky sage arose from his seat, and, approaching the young soldier, fixed on him his keen large dark eyes, as if he were in the act of internally spelling and dissecting every lineament and feature. Blushing and borne down by this close examination on the part of one whose expression was so reverent at once and commanding, Quentin bent his eyes on the ground, and did not again raise them till in the act of obeying the sonorous command of the astrologer — 'Look up and be not afraid, but hold forth thy hand.'

When Martivalle had inspected his palm, according to the form of the mystic arts which he practised, he led the King some steps aside. 'My royal brother,' he said, 'the physiognomy of this youth, together with the lines impressed on his hand, confirm, in a wonderful degree, the report which I founded on his horoscope, as well as that judgment which your own proficiency in our sublime arts induced you at once to form of him. All promises that this youth will be brave and fortunate.'

'And faithful?' said the King; 'for valour and fortune square not always with fidelity.'

'And faithful also,' said the astrologer; 'for there is manly firmness in look and eye, and his *linea vitæ* is deeply marked and clear, which indicates a true and upright adherence to those who do benefit or lodge trust in him. But yet ——'

'But what?' said the King. 'Father Galeotti, wherefore do you now pause?'

'The ears of kings,' said the sage, 'are like the palates of those dainty patients which are unable to endure the bitterness of the drugs necessary for their recovery.'

'My ears and my palate have no such niceness,' said Louis; 'let me hear what is useful counsel, and swallow what is wholesome medicine. I quarrel not with the rudeness of the one or the harsh taste of the other. I have not been cockered in wantonness or indulgence. My youth was one of exile and suffering. My ears are used to harsh counsel, and take no offence at it.'

'Then plainly, sire,' replied Galeotti, 'if you have aught in your purposed commission which — which, in short, may startle a scrupulous conscience — entrust it not to this youth — at least, not till a few years' exercise in your service has made him as unscrupulous as others.'

'And is this what you hesitated to speak, my good Galeotti? and didst thou think thy speaking it would offend me?' said the King. 'Alack, I know that thou art well sensible that the path of royal policy cannot be always squared, as that of private life ought invariably to be, by the abstract maxims of religion and of morality. Wherefore do we, the princes of the earth, found churches and monasteries, make pilgrimages, undergo penances, and perform devotions, with which others may dispense, unless it be because the benefit of the public, and the welfare of our kingdoms, force us upon measures which grieve our consciences as Christians? But Heaven has mercy, the church an unbounded stock of merits, and the intercession of Our Lady of Embrun and the blessed saints is urgent, everlasting, and omnipotent.' He laid his hat on the table, and devoutly kneeling before the images stuck into the hat-band, repeated, in an earnest tone, '*Sancte Huberte, Sancte Juliane, Sancte Martine, Sancta Rosalia, Sancti quotquot adestis, orate pro me peccatore!*' He then smote his breast, arose, reassumed his hat, and continued — 'Be assured, good father, that, whatever there may be in our commission of the nature at which you have hinted, the execution shall not be entrusted to this youth, nor shall he be privy to such part of our purpose.'

'In this,' said the astrologer, 'you, my royal brother, will walk wisely. Something may be apprehended likewise from the rashness of this your young commissioner — a failing inherent in those of sanguine complexion. But I hold that, by the rules of art, this chance is not to be weighed against the other properties discovered from his horoscope and otherwise.'

'Will this next midnight be a propitious hour in which to commence a perilous journey?' said the King. 'See, here is your ephemerides; you see the position of the moon in regard

to Saturn and the ascendence of Jupiter. That should argue, methinks, in submission to your better art, success to him who sends forth the expedition at such an hour.'

'To him who *sends forth* the expedition,' said the astrologer, after a pause, 'this conjunction doth indeed promise success; but methinks that Saturn, being combust, threatens danger and infortune to the party *sent;* whence I infer that the errand may be perilous, or even fatal, to those who are to journey. Violence and captivity, methinks, are intimated in that adverse conjunction.'

'Violence and captivity to those who are sent,' answered the King, 'but success to the wishes of the sender. Runs it not thus, my learned father?'

'Even so,' replied the astrologer.

The King paused, without giving any further indication how far this presaging speech (probably hazarded by the astrologer from his conjecture that the commission related to some dangerous purpose) squared with his real object, which, as the reader is aware, was to betray the Countess Isabelle of Croye into the hands of William de la Marck, a nobleman indeed of high birth, but degraded by his crimes into a leader of banditti, distinguished for his turbulent disposition and ferocious bravery.

The King then pulled forth a paper from his pocket, and, ere he gave it to Martivalle, said, in a tone which resembled that of an apology — 'Learned Galeotti, be not surprised that, possessing in you an oracular treasure superior to that lodged in the breast of any now alive, not excepting the great Nostradamus himself, I am desirous frequently to avail myself of your skill in those doubts and difficulties which beset every prince who hath to contend with rebellion within his land and with external enemies, both powerful and inveterate.'

'When I was honoured with your request, sire,' said the philosopher, 'and abandoned the court of Buda for that of Plessis, it was with the resolution to place at the command of my royal patron whatever my art had that might be of service to him.'

'Enough, good Martivalle — I pray thee attend to the import of this question.' He proceeded to read from the paper in his hand: 'A person having on hand a weighty controversy, which is like to draw to debate either by law or by force of arms, is desirous, for the present, to seek accommodation by a personal interview with his antagonist. He desires to know what day

will be propitious for the execution of such a purpose; also what is likely to be the success of such a negotiation, and whether his adversary will be moved to answer the confidence thus reposed in him with gratitude and kindness, or may rather be likely to abuse the opportunity and advantage which such meeting may afford him?'

'It is an important question,' said Martivalle, when the King had done reading, 'and requires that I should set a planetary figure, and give it instant and deep consideration.'

'Let it be so, my good father in the sciences, and thou shalt know what it is to oblige a King of France. We are determined, if the constellations forbid not — and our own humble art leads us to think that they approve our purpose — to hazard something, even in our own person, to stop these anti-Christian wars.'

'May the saints forward your Majesty's pious intent,' said the astrologer, 'and guard your sacred person!'

'Thanks, learned father. Here is something, the while, to enlarge your curious library.'

He placed under one of the volumes a small purse of gold; for, economical even in his superstitions, Louis conceived the astrologer sufficiently bound to his service by the pensions he had assigned him, and thought himself entitled to the use of his skill at a moderate rate, even upon great exigencies.

Louis, having thus, in legal phrase, added a refreshing fee to his general retainer, turned from him to address Durward. 'Follow me,' he said, 'my bonny Scot, as one chosen by destiny and a monarch to accomplish a bold adventure. All must be got ready that thou mayst put foot in stirrup the very instant the bell of St. Martin's tolls twelve. One minute sooner, one minute later, were to forfeit the favourable aspect of the constellations which smile on your adventure.'

Thus saying, the King left the apartment, followed by his young Guardsman; and no sooner were they gone than the astrologer gave way to very different feelings from those which seemed to animate him during the royal presence.

'The niggardly slave!' he said, weighing the purse in his hand, for, being a man of unbounded expense, he had almost constant occasion for money — 'the base, sordid scullion! A coxswain's wife would give more to know that her husband had crossed the narrow seas in safety. *He* acquire any tincture of humane letters! yes, when prowling foxes and yelling wolves become musicians. *He* read the glorious blazoning of the firmament! ay, when sordid moles shall become lynxes. *Post tot pro-*

*missa* — after so many promises made, to entice me from the court of the magnificent Matthias, where Hun and Turk, Christian and infidel, the Czar of Muscovia and the Cham of Tartary themselves, contended to load me with gifts, doth he think I am to abide in this old castle, like a bullfinch in a cage, fain to sing as oft as he chooses to whistle, and all for seed and water? Not so — *aut inveniam viam, aut faciam:* I will discover or contrive a remedy. The Cardinal Balue is politic and liberal; this query shall to him, and it shall be his Eminence's own fault if the stars speak not as he would have them.'

He again took the despised guerdon and weighed it in his hand. 'It may be,' he said, 'there is some jewel or pearl of price concealed in this paltry case. I have heard he can be liberal even to lavishness when it suits his caprice or interest.'

He emptied the purse, which contained neither more nor less than ten gold pieces. The indignation of the astrologer was extreme. 'Thinks he that for such paltry rate of hire I will practise that celestial science which I have studied with the Armenian abbot of Istrahoff, who had not seen the sun for forty years; with the Greek Dubravius, who is said to have raised the dead, and have even visited the Scheik Ebn Hali in his cave in the deserts of Thebais? No, by Heaven! he that contemns art shall perish through his own ignorance. Ten pieces! a pittance which I am half ashamed to offer to Toinette, to buy her new breast-laces.'

So saying, the indignant sage nevertheless plunged the contemned pieces of gold into a large pouch which he wore at his girdle, which Toinette and other abettors of lavish expense generally contrived to empty fully faster than the philosopher, with all his art, could find the means of filling.

# CHAPTER XIV

## *The Journey*

I see thee yet, fair France: thou favour'd land
Of art and nature, thou art still before me;
Thy sons, to whom their labour is a sport,
So well thy grateful soil returns its tribute;
Thy sun-burnt daughters, with their laughing eyes
And glossy raven-locks. But, favour'd France,
Thou hast had many a tale of woe to tell,
In ancient times as now.

*Anonymous.*

AVOIDING all conversation with any one, for such was his charge, Quentin Durward proceeded hastily to array himself in a strong but plain cuirass, with thigh and arm pieces, and placed on his head a good steel cap without any visor. To these was added a handsome cassock of shamois leather, finely dressed, and laced down the seams with some embroidery, such as might become a superior officer in a noble household.

These were brought to his apartment by Oliver, who, with his quiet, insinuating smile and manner, acquainted him that his uncle had been summoned to mount guard purposely that he might make no inquiries concerning these mysterious movements.

'Your excuse will be made to your kinsman,' said Oliver, smiling again; 'and, my dearest son, when you return safe from the execution of this pleasing trust, I doubt not you will be found worthy of such promotion as will dispense with your accounting for your motions to any one, while it will place you at the head of those who must render an account of theirs to you.'

So spoke Oliver le Diable, calculating, probably, in his own mind the great chance there was that the poor youth whose hand he squeezed affectionately as he spoke must necessarily encounter death or captivity in the commission entrusted to his

charge. He added to his fair words a small purse of gold, to defray necessary expenses on the road, as a gratuity on the King's part.

At a few minutes before twelve at midnight, Quentin, according to his directions, proceeded to the second courtyard, and paused under the Dauphin's Tower, which, as the reader knows, was assigned for the temporary residence of the Countesses of Croye. He found, at this place of rendezvous, the men and horses appointed to compose the retinue, leading two sumpter mules already loaded with baggage, and holding three palfreys for the two countesses and a faithful waiting-woman, with a stately war-horse for himself, whose steel-plated saddle glanced in the pale moonlight. Not a word of recognition was spoken on either side. The men sat still in their saddles, as if they were motionless; and by the same imperfect light Quentin saw with pleasure that they were all armed, and held long lances in their hands. They were only three in number; but one of them whispered to Quentin, in a strong Gascon accent, that their guide was to join them beyond Tours.

Meantime, lights glanced to and fro at the lattices of the tower, as if there was bustle and preparation among its inhabitants. At length, a small door, which led from the bottom of the tower to the court, was unclosed, and three females came forth, attended by a man wrapped in a cloak. They mounted in silence the palfreys which stood prepared for them, while their attendant on foot led the way, and gave the passwords and signals to the watchful guards, whose posts they passed in succession. Thus they at length reached the exterior of these formidable barriers. Here the man on foot, who had hitherto acted as their guide, paused, and spoke low and earnestly to the two foremost females.

'May Heaven bless you, sire,' said a voice which thrilled upon Quentin Durward's ear, 'and forgive you, even if your purposes be more interested than your words express! To be placed in safety under the protection of the good Bishop of Liege is the utmost extent of my desire.'

The person whom she thus addressed muttered an inaudible answer, and retreated back through the barrier-gate, while Quentin thought that, by the moon-glimpse, he recognised in him the King himself, whose anxiety for the departure of his guests had probably induced him to give his presence, in case scruples should arise on their part or difficulties on that of the guards of the castle.

When the riders were beyond the castle, it was necessary for some time to ride with great precaution, in order to avoid the pitfalls, snares, and similar contrivances which were placed for the annoyance of strangers. The Gascon was, however, completely possessed of the clue to this labyrinth, and in a quarter of an hour's riding they found themselves beyond the limits of Plessis le Parc, and not far distant from the city of Tours.

The moon, which had now extricated herself from the clouds through which she was formerly wading, shed a full sea of glorious light upon a landscape equally glorious. They saw the princely Loire rolling his majestic tide through the richest plain in France, and sweeping along between banks ornamented with towers and terraces, and with olives and vineyards. They saw the walls of the city of Tours, the ancient capital of Touraine, raising their portal towers and embattlements white in the moonlight, while from within their circle rose the immense Gothic mass which the devotion of the sainted Bishop Perpetuus erected as early as the 5th century, and which the zeal of Charlemagne and his successors had enlarged with such architectural splendour as rendered it the most magnificent church in France. The towers of the church of St. Gatien were also visible, and the gloomy strength of the castle, which was said to have been, in ancient times, the residence of the Emperor Valentinian.

Even the circumstances in which he was placed, though of a nature so engrossing, did not prevent the wonder and delight with which the young Scottishman, accustomed to the waste though impressive landscape of his own mountains, and the poverty even of his country's most stately scenery, looked on a scene which art and nature seemed to have vied in adorning with their richest splendour. But he was recalled to the business of the moment by the voice of the elder lady, pitched at least an octave higher than those soft tones which bid adieu to King Louis, demanding to speak with the leader of the band. Spurring his horse forward, Quentin respectfully presented himself to the ladies in that capacity, and thus underwent the interrogatories of the Lady Hameline.

'What was his name, and what his degree?'

He told both.

'Was he perfectly acquainted with the road?'

'He could not,' he replied, 'pretend to much knowledge of the route, but he was furnished with full instructions, and he was, at their first resting-place, to be provided with a guide in

all respects competent to the task of directing their farther journey; meanwhile, a horseman who had just joined them, and made the number of their guard four, was to be their guide for the first stage.'

'And wherefore were you selected for such a duty, young gentleman?' said the lady. 'I am told you are the same youth who was lately upon guard in the gallery in which we met the Princess of France. You seem young and inexperienced for such a charge; a stranger, too, in France, and speaking the language as a foreigner.'

'I am bound to obey the commands of the King, madam, but am not qualified to reason on them,' answered the young soldier.

'Are you of noble birth?' demanded the same querist.

'I may safely affirm so, madam,' replied Quentin.

'And are you not,' said the younger lady, addressing him in her turn, but with a timorous accent, 'the same whom I saw when I was called to wait upon the King at yonder inn?'

Lowering his voice, perhaps from similar feelings of timidity, Quentin answered in the affirmative.

'Then, methinks, my cousin,' said the Lady Isabelle, addressing the Lady Hameline, 'we must be safe under this young gentleman's safeguard; he looks not, at least, like one to whom the execution of a plan of treacherous cruelty upon two helpless women could be with safety entrusted.'

'On my honour, madam,' said Durward, 'by the fame of my house, by the bones of my ancestry, I could not, for France and Scotland laid into one, be guilty of treachery or cruelty towards you!'

'You speak well, young man,' said the Lady Hameline; 'but we are accustomed to hear fair speeches from the King of France and his agents. It was by these that we were induced, when the protection of the Bishop of Liege might have been attained with less risk than now, or when we might have thrown ourselves on that of Wenceslaus of Germany or of Edward of England, to seek refuge in France. And in what did the promises of the King result? In an obscure and shameful concealing of us, under plebeian names, as a sort of prohibited wares, in yonder paltry hostelry, when we, who, as thou knowest, Marthon (addressing her domestic), never put on our head-tire save under a canopy, and upon a dais of three degrees, were compelled to attire ourselves standing on the simple floor, as if we had been two milkmaids.'

Marthon admitted that her lady spoke a most melancholy truth.

'I would that had been the sorest evil, dear kinswoman,' said the Lady Isabelle; 'I could gladly have dispensed with state.'

'But not with society,' said the elder countess; 'that, my sweet cousin, was impossible.'

'I would have dispensed with all, my dearest kinswoman,' answered Isabelle, in a voice which penetrated to the very heart of her young conductor and guard — 'with all, for a safe and honourable retirement. I wish not — God knows, I never wished — to occasion war betwixt France and my native Burgundy, or that lives should be lost for such as I am. I only implored permission to retire to the convent of Marmoutier or to any other holy sanctuary.'

'You spoke then like a fool, my cousin,' answered the elder lady, 'and not like a daughter of my noble brother. It is well there is still one alive who hath some of the spirit of the noble house of Croye. How should a high-born lady be known from a sunburnt milkmaid save that spears are broken for the one and only hazel-poles shattered for the other? I tell you, maiden, that while I was in the very earliest bloom, scarcely older than yourself, the famous passage of arms at Haflinghem was held in my honour; the challengers were four, the assailants so many as twelve. It lasted three days, and cost the lives of two adventurous knights, the fracture of one back-bone, one collar-bone, three legs and two arms, besides flesh-wounds and bruises beyond the heralds' counting; and thus have the ladies of our house ever been honoured. Ah! had you but half the heart of your noble ancestry, you would find means at some court, where ladies' love and fame in arms are still prized, to maintain a tournament, at which your hand should be the prize, as was that of your great-grandmother of blessed memory at the spear-running of Strasbourg; and thus should you gain the best lance in Europe to maintain the rights of the house of Croye, both against the oppression of Burgundy and the policy of France.'

'But, fair kinswoman,' answered the younger countess, 'I have been told by my old nurse that, although the Rhinegrave was the best lance at the great tournament at Strasbourg, and so won the hand of my respected ancestor, yet the match was no happy one, as he used often to scold, and sometimes even to beat, my great-grandmother of blessed memory.'

'And wherefore not?' said the elder countess, in her romantic enthusiasm for the profession of chivalry — 'why should those victorious arms, accustomed to deal blows when abroad, be bound to restrain their energies at home? A thousand times rather would I be beaten twice a-day by a husband whose arm was as much feared by others as by me than be the wife of a coward, who dared neither to lift hand to his wife nor to any one else!'

'I should wish you joy of such an active mate, fair aunt,' replied Isabelle, 'without envying you; for if broken bones be lovely in tourneys, there is nothing less amiable in ladies' bower.'

'Nay, but the beating is no necessary consequence of wedding with a knight of fame in arms,' said the Lady Hameline; 'though it is true that our ancestor of blessed memory, the Rhinegrave Gottfried, was something rough-tempered, and addicted to the use of *Rheinwein*. The very perfect knight is a lamb among ladies and a lion among lances. There was Thibault of Montigni — God be with him! — he was the kindest soul alive, and not only was he never so discourteous as to lift hand against his lady, but, by our good dame, he who beat all enemies without doors found a fair foe who could belabour him within. Well, 't was his own fault. He was one of the challengers at the passage of Haflinghem, and so well bestirred himself that, if it had pleased Heaven, and your grandfather, there might have been a lady of Montigni who had used his gentle nature more gently.'

The Countess Isabelle, who had some reason to dread this passage of Haflinghem, it being a topic upon which her aunt was at all times very diffuse, suffered the conversation to drop; and Quentin, with the natural politeness of one who had been gently nurtured, dreading lest his presence might be a restraint on their conversation, rode forward to join the guide, as if to ask him some questions concerning their route.

Meanwhile, the ladies continued their journey in silence, or in such conversation as is not worth narrating, until day began to break; and as they had then been on horseback for several hours, Quentin, anxious lest they should be fatigued, became impatient to know their distance from the nearest resting-place.

'I will show it you,' answered the guide, 'in half an hour.'

'And then you leave us to other guidance?' continued Quentin.

'Even so, seignior archer,' replied the man; 'my journeys

are always short and straight. When you and others, seignior archer, go by the bow, I always go by the cord.'

The moon had by this time long been down, and the lights of dawn were beginning to spread bright and strong in the east, and to gleam on the bosom of a small lake, on the verge of which they had been riding for a short space of time. This lake lay in the midst of a wide plain, scattered over with single trees, groves, and thickets; but which might be yet termed open, so that objects began to be discerned with sufficient accuracy. Quentin cast his eye on the person whom he rode beside, and, under the shadow of a slouched overspreading hat, which resembled the sombrero of a Spanish peasant, he recognised the facetious features of the same Petit-André whose fingers, not long since, had, in concert with those of his lugubrious brother, Trois-Eschelles, been so unpleasantly active about his throat. Impelled by aversion not altogether unmixed with fear (for in his own country the executioner is regarded with almost superstitious horror), which his late narrow escape had not diminished, Durward instinctively moved his horse's head to the right, and pressing him at the same time with the spur, made a demi-volte, which separated him eight feet from his hateful companion.

'Ho, ho, ho, ho!' exclaimed Petit-André; 'by our Lady of the Grève, our young soldier remembers us of old. What! comrade, you bear no malice, I trust? Every one wins his bread in this country. No man need be ashamed of having come through my hands, for I will do my work with any that ever tied a living weight to a dead tree. And God hath given me grace to be such a merry fellow withal. Ha! ha! ha! I could tell you such jests I have cracked between the foot of the ladder and the top of the gallows, that, by my halidome, I have been obliged to do my job rather hastily, for fear the fellows should die with laughing, and so shame my mystery!'

As he thus spoke, he edged his horse sideways, to regain the interval which the Scot had left between them, saying at the same time, 'Come, seignior archer, let there be no unkindness betwixt us! For my part, I always do my duty without malice, and with a light heart, and I never love a man better than when I have put my scant-of-wind collar about his neck, to dub him knight of the order of St. Patibularius, as the provost's chaplain, the worthy Father Vaconeldiablo, is wont to call the patron saint of the provostry.'

'Keep back, thou wretched object!' exclaimed Quentin, as

the finisher of the law again sought to approach him closer, 'or I shall be tempted to teach you the distance that should be betwixt men of honour and such an outcast.'

'La you there, how hot you are!' said the fellow. 'Had you said men of *honesty*, there had been some savour of truth in it; but for men of *honour*, good lack, I have to deal with them every day, as nearly and closely as I was about to do business with you. But peace be with you, and keep your company to yourself. I would have bestowed a flagon of Auvernat upon you to wash away every unkindness; but 't is like you scorn my courtesy. Well. Be as churlish as you list; I never quarrel with my customers — my jerry-come-tumbles, my merry dancers, my little playfellows, as Jacques Butcher says to his lambs — those, in fine, who, like your seigniorship, have H.E.M.P. written on their foreheads. No — no, let them use me as they list, they shall have my good service at last; and yourself shall see, when you next come under Petit-André's hands, that he knows how to forgive an injury.'

So saying, and summing up the whole with a provoking wink and such an interjectional *tchick* as men quicken a dull horse with, Petit-André drew off to the other side of the path, and left the youth to digest the taunts he had treated him with as his proud Scottish stomach best might. A strong desire had Quentin to have belaboured him while the staff of his lance could hold together; but he put a restraint on his passion, recollecting that a brawl with such a character could be creditable at no time or place, and that a quarrel of any kind, on the present occasion, would be a breach of duty, and might involve the most perilous consequences. He therefore swallowed his wrath at the ill-timed and professional jokes of Mons. Petit-André, and contented himself with devoutly hoping that they had not reached the ears of his fair charge, on which they could not be supposed to make an impression in favour of himself, as one obnoxious to such sarcasms. But he was speedily aroused from such thoughts by the cry of both the ladies at once, 'Look back — look back! For the love of Heaven look to yourself and us; we are pursued!'

Quentin hastily looked back, and saw that two armed men were in fact following them, and riding at such a pace as must soon bring them up with their party. 'It can,' he said, 'be only some of the provostry making their rounds in the forest. Do thou look,' he said to Petit-André, 'and see what they may be.'

Petit-André obeyed; and rolling himself jocosely in the saddle after he had made his observations, replied, 'These, fair sir, are neither your comrades nor mine — neither archers nor marshal's-men; for I think they wear helmets, with visors lowered, and gorgets of the same. A plague upon these gorgets, of all other pieces of armour! I have fumbled with them an hour before I could undo the rivets.'

'Do you, gracious ladies,' said Durward, without attending to Petit-André, 'ride forward, not so fast as to raise an opinion of your being in flight, and yet fast enough to avail yourselves of the impediment which I shall presently place between you and these men who follow us.'

The Countess Isabelle looked to their guide, and then whispered to her aunt, who spoke to Quentin thus — 'We have confidence in your care, fair archer, and will rather abide the risk of whatever may chance in your company than we will go onward with that man, whose mien is, we think, of no good augury.'

'Be it as you will, ladies,' said the youth. 'There are but two who come after us; and though they be knights, as their arms seem to show, they shall, if they have any evil purpose, learn how a Scottish gentleman can do his devoir in the presence and for the defence of such as you. Which of you there,' he continued, addressing the guards whom he commanded, 'is willing to be my comrade, and to break a lance with these gallants?'

Two of the men obviously faltered in resolution; but the third, Bertrand Guyot, swore 'that, *cap de Diou*, were they knights of King Arthur's Round Table, he would try their mettle, for the honour of Gascony.'

While he spoke, the two knights — for they seemed of no less rank — came up with the rear of the party, in which Quentin, with his sturdy adherent, had by this time stationed himself. They were fully accoutred in excellent armour of polished steel, without any device by which they could be distinguished.

One of them, as they approached, called out to Quentin, 'Sir squire, give place; we come to relieve you of a charge which is above your rank and condition. You will do well to leave these ladies in our care, who are fitter to wait upon them, especially as we know that in yours they are little better than captives.'

'In return to your demand, sirs,' replied Durward, 'know, in the first place, that I am discharging the duty imposed upon

me by my present sovereign; and next, that however unworthy I may be, the ladies desire to abide under my protection.'

'Out, sirrah!' exclaimed one of the champions; 'will you, a wandering beggar, put yourself on terms of resistance against belted knights?'

'They are indeed terms of resistance,' said Quentin, 'since they oppose your insolent and unlawful aggression; and if there be difference of rank between us, which as yet I know not, your discourtesy has done it away. Draw your sword, or, if you will use the lance, take ground for your career.'

While the knights turned their horses and rode back to the distance of about a hundred and fifty yards, Quentin, looking to the ladies, bent low on his saddle-bow, as if desiring their favourable regard, and as they streamed towards him their kerchiefs in token of encouragement, the two assailants had gained the distance necessary for their charge.

Calling to the Gascon to bear himself like a man, Durward put his steed into motion; and the four horsemen met in full career in the midst of the ground which at first separated them. The shock was fatal to the poor Gascon; for his adversary, aiming at his face, which was undefended by a visor, ran him through the eye into the brain, so that he fell dead from his horse.

On the other hand, Quentin, though labouring under the same disadvantage, swayed himself in the saddle so dexterously that the hostile lance, slightly scratching his cheek, passed over his right shoulder; while his own spear, striking his antagonist fair upon the breast, hurled him to the ground. Quentin jumped off, to unhelm his fallen opponent; but the other knight, who had never yet spoken, seeing the fortune of his companion, dismounted still more speedily than Durward, and bestriding his friend, who lay senseless, exclaimed, 'In the name of God and St. Martin, mount, good fellow, and get thee gone with thy woman's ware! *Ventre St. Gris*, they have caused mischief enough this morning.'

'By your leave, sir knight,' said Quentin, who could not brook the menacing tone in which this advice was given, 'I will first see whom I have had to do with, and learn who is to answer for the death of my comrade.'

'That shalt thou never live to know or to tell,' answered the knight. 'Get thee back in peace, good fellow. If we were fools for interrupting your passage, we have had the worst, for thou hast done more evil than the lives of thou and thy whole

band could repay. Nay, if thou *wilt* have it (for Quentin now drew his sword and advanced on him), take it with a vengeance!'

So saying, he dealt the Scot such a blow on the helmet as till that moment, though bred where good blows were plenty, he had only read of in romance. It descended like a thunderbolt, beating down the guard which the young soldier had raised to protect his head, and reaching his helmet of proof, cut it through so far as to touch his hair, but without farther injury; while Durward, dizzy, stunned, and beaten down on one knee, was for an instant at the mercy of the knight, had it pleased him to second his blow. But compassion for Quentin's youth, or admiration of his courage, or a generous love of fair play, made him withhold from taking such advantage; while Durward, collecting himself, sprung up and attacked his antagonist with the energy of one determined to conquer or die, and at the same time with the presence of mind necessary for fighting the quarrel out to the best advantage. Resolved not again to expose himself to such dreadful blows as he had just sustained, he employed the advantage of superior agility, increased by the comparative lightness of his armour, to harass his antagonist, by traversing on all sides, with a suddenness of motion and rapidity of attack against which the knight, in his heavy panoply, found it difficult to defend himself without much fatigue.

It was in vain that this generous antagonist called aloud to Quentin, 'That there now remained no cause of fight betwixt them, and that he was loth to be constrained to do him injury.' Listening only to the suggestions of a passionate wish to redeem the shame of his temporary defeat, Durward continued to assail him with the rapidity of lightning — now menacing him with the edge, now with the point of his sword; and ever keeping such an eye on the motions of his opponent, of whose superior strength he had had terrible proof, that he was ready to spring backward, or aside, from under the blows of his tremendous weapon.

'Now the devil be with thee for an obstinate and presumptuous fool,' muttered the knight, 'that cannot be quiet till thou art knocked on the head!' So saying, he changed his mode of fighting, collected himself as if to stand on the defensive, and seemed contented with parrying, instead of returning, the blows which Quentin unceasingly aimed at him, with the internal resolution that, the instant when either loss of breath or any false or careless pass of the young soldier should give an opening, he would put an end to the fight by a single

blow. It is likely he might have succeeded in this artful policy, but Fate had ordered it otherwise.

The duel was still at the hottest, when a large party of horse rode up, crying, 'Hold, in the King's name!' Both champions stepped back; and Quentin saw with surprise that his captain, Lord Crawford, was at the head of the party who had thus interrupted their combat. There was also Tristan l'Hermite, with two or three of his followers; making, in all, perhaps twenty horse.

# CHAPTER XV

## *The Guide*

He was a son of Egypt, as he told me,
And one descended from those dread magicians,
Who waged rash war, when Israel dwelt in Goshen,
With Israel and her Prophet — matching rod
With his the sons of Levi's — and encountering
Jehovah's miracles with incantations,
Till upon Egypt came the avenging angel,
And those proud sages wept for their first-born,
As wept the unletter'd peasant.

*Anonymous.*

THE arrival of Lord Crawford and his guard put an immediate end to the engagement which we endeavoured to describe in the last chapter; and the knight, throwing off his helmet, hastily gave the old lord his sword, saying, 'Crawford, I render myself. But hither, and lend me your ear — a word, for God's sake — save the Duke of Orleans!'

'How! what? the Duke of Orleans!' exclaimed the Scottish commander. 'How came this, in the name of the foul fiend? It will ruin the callant with the King for ever and a day.'

'Ask no questions,' said Dunois, for it was no other than he; 'it was all my fault. See, he stirs. I came forth but to have a snatch at yonder damsel, and make myself a landed and a married man, and see what is come on 't. Keep back your canaille; let no man look upon him.' So saying, he opened the visor of Orleans, and threw water on his face, which was afforded by the neighbouring lake.

Quentin Durward, meanwhile, stood like one planet-struck, so fast did new adventures pour in upon him. He had now, as the pale features of his first antagonist assured him, borne to the earth the first prince of the blood in France, and had measured swords with her best champion, the celebrated Dunois

— both of them achievements honourable in themselves, but whether they might be called good service to the King, or so esteemed by him, was a very different question.

The duke had now recovered his breath, and was able to sit up and give attention to what passed betwixt Dunois and Crawford, while the former pleaded eagerly that there was no occasion to mention in the matter the name of the most noble Orleans, while he was ready to take the whole blame on his own shoulders, and to avouch that the duke had only come thither in friendship to him.

Lord Crawford continued listening, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and from time to time he sighed and shook his head. At length he said, looking up, 'Thou knowest, Dunois, that for thy father's sake, as well as thine own, I would full fain do thee a service.'

'It is not for myself I demand anything,' answered Dunois. 'Thou hast my sword, and I am your prisoner; what needs more? But it is for this noble prince, the only hope of France, if God should call the Dauphin. He only came hither to do me a favour — in an effort to make my fortune — in a matter which the King had partly encouraged.'

'Dunois,' replied Crawford, 'if another had told me thou hadst brought the noble prince into this jeopardy to serve any purpose of thine own, I had told him it was false. And now that thou dost pretend so thyself, I can hardly believe it is for the sake of speaking the truth.'

'Noble Crawford,' said Orleans, who had now entirely recovered from his swoon, 'you are too like in character to your friend Dunois not to do him justice. It was indeed I that dragged him hither, most unwillingly, upon an enterprise of hare-brained passion, suddenly and rashly undertaken. Look on me all who will,' he added, rising up and turning to the soldiery; 'I am Louis of Orleans, willing to pay the penalty of my own folly. I trust the King will limit his displeasure to me, as is but just. Meanwhile, as a child of France must not give up his sword to any one — not even to you, brave Crawford — fare thee well, good steel.'

So saying, he drew his sword from its scabbard and flung it into the lake. It went through the air like a stream of lightning, and sunk in the flashing waters, which speedily closed over it. All remained standing in irresolution and astonishment, so high was the rank, and so much esteemed was the character, of the culprit; while, at the same time, all

were conscious that the consequences of his rash enterprise, considering the views which the King had upon him, were likely to end in his utter ruin.

Dunois was the first who spoke, and it was in the chiding tone of an offended and distrusted friend: 'So! your Highness hath judged it fit to cast away your best sword, in the same morning when it was your pleasure to fling away the King's favour and to slight the friendship of Dunois?'

'My dearest kinsman,' said the duke, 'when or how was it in my purpose to slight your friendship, by telling the truth, when it was due to your safety and my honour?'

'What had you to do with my safety, my most princely cousin, I would pray to know?' answered Dunois, gruffly. 'What, in God's name, was it to you if I had a mind to be hanged, or strangled, or flung into the Loire, or poniarded, or broke on the wheel, or hung up alive in an iron cage, or buried alive in a castle fosse, or disposed of in any other way in which it might please King Louis to get rid of his faithful subject? You need not wink and frown, and point to Tristan l'Hermite; I see the scoundrel as well as you do. But it would not have stood so hard with me. And so much for my safety. And then for your own honour — by the blush of St. Magdalene, I think the honour would have been to have missed this morning's work, or kept it out of sight. Here has your Highness got yourself unhorsed by a wild Scottish boy.'

'Tut — tut!' said Lord Crawford; 'never shame his Highness for that. It is not the first time a Scottish boy hath broke a good lance. I am glad the youth hath borne him well.'

'I will say nothing to the contrary,' said Dunois; 'yet, had your lordship come something later than you did, there might have been a vacancy in your band of archers.'

'Ay — ay,' answered Lord Crawford; 'I can read your handwriting in that cleft morion. Some one take it from the lad, and give him a bonnet, which, with its steel lining, will keep his head better than that broken loom. And let me tell your lordship, that your own armour of proof is not without some marks of good Scottish handwriting. But, Dunois, I must now request the Duke of Orleans and you to take horse and accompany me, as I have power and commission to convey you to a place different from that which my good-will might assign you.'

'May I not speak one word, my Lord of Crawford, to yonder fair ladies?' said the Duke of Orleans.

'Not one syllable,' answered Lord Crawford; 'I am too much a friend of your Highness to permit such an act of folly.' Then addressing Quentin, he added, 'You, young man, have done your duty. Go on to obey the charge with which you are entrusted.'

'Under favour, my lord,' said Tristan, with his usual brutality of manner, 'the youth must find another guide. I cannot do without Petit-André when there is so like to be business on hand for him.'

'The young man,' said Petit-André, now coming forward, 'has only to keep the path which lies straight before him, and it will conduct him to a place where he will find the man who is to act as his guide. I would not for a thousand ducats be absent from my chief this day! I have hanged knights and squires many a one, and wealthy echevins, and burgomasters to boot — even counts and marquisses have tasted of my handy-work; but, a-humph ——' He looked at the duke, as if to intimate that he would have filled up the blank with 'a prince of the blood!' 'Ho, ho, ho! Petit-André, thou wilt be read of in chronicle!'

'Do you permit your ruffians to hold such language in such a presence?' said Crawford, looking sternly to Tristan.

'Why do you not correct him yourself, my lord?' said Tristan, sullenly.

'Because thy hand is the only one in this company that can beat him without being degraded by such an action.'

'Then rule your own men, my lord, and I will be answerable for mine,' said the provost-marshal.

Lord Crawford seemed about to give a passionate reply; but, as if he had thought better of it, turned his back short upon Tristan, and requesting the Duke of Orleans and Dunois to ride one on either hand of him, he made a signal of adieu to the ladies, and said to Quentin, 'God bless thee, my child; thou hast begun thy service valiantly, though in an unhappy cause.' He was about to go off, when Quentin could hear Dunois whisper to Crawford, 'Do you carry us to Plessis?'

'No, my unhappy and rash friend,' answered Crawford, with a sigh, 'to Loches.'

'To Loches!' The name of a castle, or rather a prison, yet more dreaded than Plessis itself, fell like a death-toll upon the ear of the young Scotchman. He had heard it described as a place destined to the workings of those secret acts of cruelty with which even Louis shamed to pollute the interior of his

own residence. There were in this place of terror dungeons under dungeons, some of them unknown even to the keepers themselves — living graves, to which men were consigned with little hope of farther employment during the rest of their life than to breathe impure air and feed on bread and water. At this formidable castle were also those dreadful places of confinement called 'cages,' in which the wretched prisoner could neither stand upright nor stretch himself at length — an invention, it is said, of the Cardinal Balue.[1] It is no wonder that the name of this place of horrors, and the consciousness that he had been partly the means of despatching thither two such illustrious victims, struck so much sadness into the heart of the young Scot that he rode for some time with his head dejected, his eyes fixed on the ground, and his heart filled with the most painful reflections.

As he was now again at the head of the little troop, and pursuing the road which had been pointed out to him, the Lady Hameline had an opportunity to say to him —

'Methinks, fair sir, you regret the victory which your gallantry has attained in our behalf?'

There was something in the question which sounded like irony, but Quentin had tact enough to answer simply and with sincerity —

'I can regret nothing that is done in the service of such ladies as you are; but, methinks, had it consisted with your safety, I had rather have fallen by the sword of so good a soldier as Dunois than have been the means of consigning that renowned knight and his unhappy chief, the Duke of Orleans, to yonder fearful dungeons.'

'It *was*, then, the Duke of Orleans,' said the elder lady, turning to her niece. 'I thought so, even at the distance from which we beheld the fray. You see, kinswoman, what we might have been, had this sly and avaricious monarch permitted us to be seen at his court. The first prince of the blood of France, and the valiant Dunois, whose name is known as wide as that of his heroic father! This young gentleman did his devoir bravely and well; but methinks 't is pity that he did not succumb with honour, since his ill-advised gallantry has stood betwixt us and these princely rescuers.'

The Countess Isabelle replied in a firm and almost a displeased tone, with an energy, in short, which Quentin had not yet observed her use.

[1] Who himself tenanted one of these dens for more than eleven years.

'Madam,' she said, 'but that I know you jest, I would say your speech is ungrateful to our brave defender, to whom we owe more, perhaps, than you are aware of. Had these gentlemen succeeded so far in their rash enterprise as to have defeated our escort, is it not still evident that, on the arrival of the Royal Guard, we must have shared their captivity? For my own part, I give tears, and will soon bestow masses, on the brave man who has fallen, and I trust,' she continued, more timidly, 'that he who lives will accept my grateful thanks.'

As Quentin turned his face towards her, to return the fitting acknowledgments, she saw the blood which streamed down on one side of his face, and exclaimed, in a tone of deep feeling, 'Holy Virgin, he is wounded! he bleeds! Dismount, sir, and let your wound be bound up.'

In spite of all that Durward could say of the slightness of his hurt, he was compelled to dismount, and to seat himself on a bank and unhelmet himself, while the Ladies of Croye, who, according to a fashion not as yet antiquated, pretended to some knowledge of leechcraft, washed the wound, stanched the blood, and bound it with the kerchief of the younger countess, in order to exclude the air, for so their practice prescribed.

In modern times, gallants seldom or never take wounds for ladies' sake, and damsels on their side never meddle with the cure of wounds. Each has a danger the less. That which the men escape will be generally acknowledged; but the peril of dressing such a slight wound as that of Quentin's, which involved nothing formidable or dangerous, was perhaps as real in its way as the risk of encountering it.

We have already said the patient was eminently handsome; and the removal of his helmet, or, more properly, of his morion, had suffered his fair locks to escape in profusion around a countenance in which the hilarity of youth was qualified by a blush of modesty at once and pleasure. And then the feelings of the younger countess, when compelled to hold the kerchief to the wound, while her aunt sought in their baggage for some vulnerary remedy, were mingled at once with a sense of delicacy and embarrassment — a thrill of pity for the patient and of gratitude for his services, which exaggerated, in her eyes, his good mien and handsome features. In short, this incident seemed intended by Fate to complete the mysterious communication which she had, by many petty and apparently accidental circumstances, established betwixt two persons who, though far different in rank and fortune, strongly resembled each other in

youth, beauty, and the romantic tenderness of an affectionate disposition. It was no wonder, therefore, that from this moment the thoughts of the Countess Isabelle, already so familiar to his imagination, should become paramount in Quentin's bosom, nor that, if the maiden's feelings were of a less decided character, at least so far as known to herself, she should think of her young defender, to whom she had just rendered a service so interesting, with more emotion than of any of the whole band of high-born nobles who had for two years past besieged her with their adoration. Above all, when the thought of Campobasso, the unworthy favourite of Duke Charles, with his hypocritical mien, his base, treacherous spirit, his wry neck, and his squint, occurred to her, his portrait was more disgustingly hideous than ever, and deeply did she resolve no tyranny should make her enter into so hateful a union.

In the meantime, whether the good Lady Hameline of Croye understood and admired masculine beauty as much as when she was fifteen years younger (for the good countess was at least thirty-five, if the records of that noble house speak the truth), or whether she thought she had done their young protector less justice than she ought, in the first view which she had taken of his services, it is certain that he began to find favour in her eyes.

'My niece,' she said, 'has bestowed on you a kerchief for the binding of your wound; I will give you one to grace your gallantry, and to encourage you in your farther progress in chivalry.'

So saying, she gave him a richly embroidered kerchief of blue and silver, and pointing to the housing of her palfrey and the plumes in her riding-cap, desired him to observe that the colours were the same.

The fashion of the time prescribed one absolute mode of receiving such a favour, which Quentin followed accordingly, by tying the napkin round his arm; yet his manner of acknowledgment had more of awkwardness and less of gallantry in it than perhaps it might have had at another time and in another presence; for though the wearing of a lady's favour, given in such a manner, was merely matter of general compliment, he would much rather have preferred the right of displaying on his arm that which bound the wound inflicted by the sword of Dunois.

Meantime, they continued their pilgrimage, Quentin now riding abreast of the ladies, into whose society he seemed to

be tacitly adopted. He did not speak much, however, being filled by the silent consciousness of happiness, which is afraid of giving too strong vent to its feelings. The Countess Isabelle spoke still less, so that the conversation was chiefly carried on by the Lady Hameline, who showed no inclination to let it drop; for, to initiate the young archer, as she said, into the principles and practice of chivalry, she detailed to him, at full length, the passage of arms at Haflinghem, where she had distributed the prizes among the victors.

Not much interested, I am sorry to say, in the description of this splendid scene, or in the heraldic bearings of the different Flemish and German knights, which the lady blazoned with pitiless accuracy, Quentin began to entertain some alarm lest he should have passed the place where his guide was to join him — a most serious disaster, and from which, should it really have taken place, the very worst consequences were to be apprehended.

While he hesitated whether it would be better to send back one of his followers to see whether this might not be the case, he heard the blast of a horn, and looking in the direction from which the sound came, beheld a horseman riding very fast towards them. The low size and wild, shaggy, untrained state of the animal reminded Quentin of the mountain breed of horses in his own country; but this was much more finely limbed, and, with the same appearance of hardiness, was more rapid in its movements. The head particularly, which in the Scottish pony is often lumpish and heavy, was small and well placed in the neck of this animal, with thin jaws, full sparkling eyes, and expanded nostrils.

The rider was even more singular in his appearance than the horse which he rode, though that was extremely unlike the horses of France. Although he managed his palfrey with great dexterity, he sat with his feet in broad stirrups, something resembling shovels, so short in the leathers that his knees were wellnigh as high as the pommel of his saddle. His dress was a red turban of small size, in which he wore a sullied plume, secured by a clasp of silver; his tunic, which was shaped like those of the Estradiots — a sort of troops whom the Venetians at that time levied in the provinces on the eastern side of their gulf — was green in colour and tawdrily laced with gold; he wore very wide drawers or trowsers of white, though none of the cleanest, which gathered beneath the knee, and his swarthy legs were quite bare, unless for the complicated laces which

bound a pair of sandals on his feet; he had no spurs, the edge of his large stirrups being so sharp as to serve to goad the horse in a very severe manner. In a crimson sash this singular horseman wore a dagger on the right side, and on the left a short crooked Moorish sword; and by a tarnished baldric over the shoulder hung the horn which announced his approach. He had a swarthy and sunburnt visage, with a thin beard, and piercing dark eyes, a well-formed mouth and nose, and other features which might have been pronounced handsome, but for the black elf-locks which hung around his face, and the air of wildness and emaciation, which rather seemed to indicate a savage than a civilised man.

'He also is a Bohemian!' said the ladies to each other. 'Holy Mary, will the King again place confidence in these outcasts?'

'I will question the man, if it be your pleasure,' said Quentin, 'and assure myself of his fidelity as I best may.'

Durward, as well as the Ladies of Croye, had recognised in this man's dress and appearance the habit and the manners of those vagrants with whom he had nearly been confounded by the hasty proceedings of Trois-Eschelles and Petit-André, and he, too, entertained very natural apprehensions concerning the risk of reposing trust in one of that vagrant race.

'Art thou come hither to seek us?' was his first question.

The stranger nodded.

'And for what purpose?'

'To guide you to the palace of him of Liege.'

'Of the bishop?'

The Bohemian again nodded.

'What token canst thou give me that we should yield credence to thee?'

'Even the old rhyme, and no other,' answered the Bohemian—

> 'The page slew the boar,
> The peer had the gloire.'

'A true token,' said Quentin. 'Lead on, good fellow; I will speak further with thee presently.' Then falling back to the ladies, he said, 'I am convinced this man is the guide we are to expect, for he hath brought me a password known, I think, but to the King and me. But I will discourse with him further, and endeavour to ascertain how far he is to be trusted.'

# CHAPTER XVI

## *The Vagrant*

> I am as free as Nature first made man,
> Ere the base laws of servitude began,
> When wild in woods the noble savage ran.
>
> *The Conquest of Granada.*

WHILE Quentin held the brief communication with the ladies necessary to assure them that this extraordinary addition to their party was the guide whom they were to expect on the King's part, he noticed, for he was as alert in observing the motions of the stranger as the Bohemian could be on his part, that the man not only turned his head as far back as he could to peer at them, but that, with a singular sort of agility more resembling that of a monkey than of a man, he had screwed his whole person around on the saddle, so as to sit almost sidelong upon the horse, for the convenience, as it seemed, of watching them more attentively.

Not greatly pleased with this manœuvre, Quentin rode up to the Bohemian, and said to him, as he suddenly assumed his proper position on the horse, 'Methinks, friend, you will prove but a blind guide if you look at the tail of your horse rather than his ears.'

'And if I were actually blind,' answered the Bohemian, 'I could not the less guide you through any county in this realm of France or in those adjoining to it.'

'Yet you are no Frenchman born,' said the Scot.

'I am not,' answered the guide.

'What countryman, then, are you?' demanded Quentin.

'I am of no country,' answered the guide.

'How! of no country?' repeated the Scot.

'No,' answered the Bohemian, 'of none. I am a Zingaro, a Bohemian, an Egyptian, or whatever the Europeans, in their different languages, may choose to call our people; but I have no country.'

'Are you a Christian?' asked the Scotchman.

The Bohemian shook his head.

'Dog!' said Quentin, for there was little toleration in the spirit of Catholicism in those days, 'dost thou worship Mahound?'

'No,' was the indifferent and concise answer of the guide, who neither seemed offended or surprised at the young man's violence of manner.

'Are you a pagan, then, or what are you?'

'I have no religion,'[1] answered the Bohemian.

Durward started back; for, though he had heard of Saracens and idolaters, it had never entered into his ideas or belief that any body of men could exist who practised no mode of worship whatever. He recovered from his astonishment, to ask his guide where he usually dwelt.

'Wherever I chance to be for the time,' replied the Bohemian. 'I have no home.'

'How do you guard your property?'

'Excepting the clothes which I wear and the horse I ride on, I have no property.'

'Yet you dress gaily and ride gallantly,' said Durward. 'What are your means of subsistence?'

'I eat when I am hungry, drink when I am thirsty, and have no other means of subsistence than chance throws in my way,' replied the vagabond.

'Under whose laws do you live?'

'I acknowledge obedience to none, but as it suits my pleasure or my necessities,' said the Bohemian.

'Who is your leader, and commands you?'

'The father of our tribe, if I choose to obey him,' said the guide; 'otherwise I have no commander.'

'You are then,' said the wondering querist, 'destitute of all that other men are combined by: you have no law, no leader, no settled means of subsistence, no house or home. You have, may Heaven compassionate you, no country; and, may Heaven enlighten and forgive you, you have no God! What is it that remains to you, deprived of government, domestic happiness, and religion?'

'I have liberty,' said the Bohemian. 'I crouch to no one — obey no one — respect no one. I go where I will — live as I can — and die when my day comes.'

'But you are subject to instant execution, at the pleasure of the judge?'

[1] See Religion of the Bohemians. Note 26.

'Be it so,' returned the Bohemian; 'I can but die so much the sooner.'

'And to imprisonment also,' said the Scot; 'and where then is your boasted freedom?'

'In my thoughts,' said the Bohemian, 'which no chains can bind; while yours, even when your limbs are free, remain fettered by your laws and your superstitions, your dreams of local attachment and your fantastic visions of civil policy. Such as I are free in spirit when our limbs are chained. You are imprisoned in mind, even when your limbs are most at freedom.'

'Yet the freedom of your thoughts,' said the Scot, 'relieves not the pressure of the gyves on your limbs.'

'For a brief time that may be endured,' answered the vagrant; 'and if within that period I cannot extricate myself, and fail of relief from my comrades, I can always die, and death is the most perfect freedom of all.'

There was a deep pause of some duration, which Quentin at length broke by resuming his queries.

'Yours is a wandering race, unknown to the nations of Europe. Whence do they derive their origin?'

'I may not tell you,' answered the Bohemian.

'When will they relieve this kingdom from their presence, and return to the land from whence they came?' said the Scot.

'When the day of their pilgrimage shall be accomplished,' replied his vagrant guide.

'Are you not sprung from those tribes of Israel which were carried into captivity beyond the great river Euphrates?' said Quentin, who had not forgotten the lore which had been taught him at Aberbrothock.

'Had we been so,' answered the Bohemian, 'we had followed their faith and practised their rites.'

'What is thine own name?' said Durward.

'My proper name is only known to my brethren. The men beyond our tents call me Hayraddin Maugrabin, that is, Hayraddin the African Moor.'

'Thou speakest too well for one who hath lived always in thy filthy horde,' said the Scot.

'I have learned some of the knowledge of this land,' said Hayraddin. 'When I was a little boy, our tribe was chased by the hunters after human flesh. An arrow went through my mother's head, and she died. I was entangled in the blanket on her shoulders, and was taken by the pursuers. A priest

begged me from the provost's archers, and trained me up in Frankish learning for two or three years.'

'How came you to part with him?' demanded Durward.

'I stole money from him — even the god which he worshipped,' answered Hayraddin, with perfect composure; 'he detected me, and beat me; I stabbed him with my knife, fled to the woods, and was again united to my people.'

'Wretch!' said Durward, 'did you murder your benefactor?'

'What had he to do to burden me with his benefits? The Zingaro boy was no house-bred cur, to dog the heels of his master, and crouch beneath his blows, for scraps of food. He was the imprisoned wolf-whelp, which at the first opportunity broke his chain, rended his master, and returned to his wilderness.'

There was another pause, when the young Scot, with a view of still farther investigating the character and purpose of this suspicious guide, asked Hayraddin, 'Whether it was not true that his people, amid their ignorance, pretended to a knowledge of futurity which was not given to the sages, philosophers, and divines of more polished society?

'We pretend to it,' said Hayraddin, 'and it is with justice.'

'How can it be that so high a gift is bestowed on so abject a race?' said Quentin.

'Can I tell you?' answered Hayraddin. 'Yes, I may indeed; but it is when you shall explain to me why the dog can trace the footsteps of a man, while man, the nobler animal, hath not power to trace those of the dog. These powers, which seem to you so wonderful, are instinctive in our race. From the lines on the face and on the hand we can tell the future fate of those who consult us, even as surely as you know from the blossom of the tree in spring what fruit it will bear in the harvest.'

'I doubt of your knowledge, and defy you to the proof.'

'Defy me not, sir squire,' said Hayraddin Maugrabin. 'I can tell you that, say what you will of your religion, the goddess whom you worship rides in this company.'

'Peace!' said Quentin, in astonishment: 'on thy life, not a word farther, but in answer to what I ask thee. Canst thou be faithful?'

'I can; all men can,' said the Bohemian.

'But *wilt* thou be faithful?'

'Wouldst thou believe me the more should I swear it?' answered Maugrabin, with a sneer.

'Thy life is in my hand,' said the young Scot.

'Strike, and see whether I fear to die,' answered the Bohemian.

'Will money render thee a trusty guide?' demanded Durward.

'If I be not such without it, no,' replied the heathen.

'Then what will bind thee?' asked the Scot.

'Kindness,' replied the Bohemian.

'Shall I swear to show thee such, if thou art true guide to us on this pilgrimage?'

'No,' replied Hayraddin, 'it were extravagant waste of a commodity so rare. To thee I am bound already.'

'How!' exclaimed Durward, more surprised than ever.

'Remember the chestnut-trees on the banks of the Cher. The victim whose body thou didst cut down was my brother, Zamet, the Maugrabin.'

'And yet,' said Quentin, 'I find you in correspondence with those very officers by whom your brother was done to death; for it was one of them who directed me where to meet with you — the same, doubtless, who procured yonder ladies your services as a guide.'

'What can we do?' answered Hayraddin, gloomily. 'These men deal with us as the sheep-dogs do with the flock: they protect us for a while, drive us hither and thither at their pleasure, and always end by guiding us to the shambles.'

Quentin had afterwards occasion to learn that the Bohemian spoke truth in this particular, and that the provost-guard, employed to suppress the vagabond bands by which the kingdom was infested, entertained correspondence among them, and forbore, for a certain time, the exercise of their duty, which always at last ended in conducting their allies to the gallows. This is a sort of political relation between thief and officer, for the profitable exercise of their mutual professions, which has subsisted in all countries, and is by no means unknown to our own.

Durward, parting from the guide, fell back to the rest of the retinue, very little satisfied with the character of Hayraddin, and entertaining little confidence in the professions of gratitude which he had personally made to him. He proceeded to sound the other two men who had been assigned him for attendants, and he was concerned to find them stupid, and as unfit to assist him with counsel as in the rencounter they had shown themselves reluctant to use their weapons.

'It is all the better,' said Quentin to himself, his spirit rising with the apprehended difficulties of his situation; 'that lovely young lady shall owe all to me. What one hand — ay, and one head — can do, methinks I can boldly count upon. I have seen my father's house on fire, and him and my brothers lying dead amongst the flames. I gave not an inch back, but fought it out to the last. Now I am two years older, and have the best and fairest cause to bear me well that ever kindled mettle within a brave man's bosom.'

Acting upon this resolution, the attention and activity which Quentin bestowed during the journey had in it something that gave him the appearance of ubiquity. His principal and most favourite post was of course by the side of the ladies, who, sensible of his extreme attention to their safety, began to converse with him in almost the tone of familiar friendship, and appeared to take great pleasure in the naïveté, yet shrewdness, of his conversation. But Quentin did not suffer the fascination of this intercourse to interfere with the vigilant discharge of his duty.

If he was often by the side of the countesses, labouring to describe to the natives of a level country the Grampian Mountains, and, above all, the beauties of Glen Houlakin, he was as often riding with Hayraddin in the front of the cavalcade, questioning him about the road and the resting-places, and recording his answers in his mind, to ascertain whether upon cross-examination he could discover anything like meditated treachery. As often again he was in the rear, endeavouring to secure the attachment of the two horsemen, by kind words, gifts, and promises of additional recompense when their task should be accomplished.

In this way they travelled for more than a week, through bye-paths and unfrequented districts, and by circuitous routes, in order to avoid large towns. Nothing remarkable occurred, though they now and then met strolling gangs of Bohemians, who respected them as under the conduct of one of their tribe; straggling soldiers, or perhaps banditti, who deemed their party too strong to be attacked; or parties of the Maréchaussée, as they would now be termed, whom Louis, who searched the wounds of the land with steel and cautery, employed to suppress the disorderly bands which infested the interior. These last suffered them to pursue their way unmolested, by virtue of a password with which Quentin had been furnished for that purpose by the King himself.

Their resting-places were chiefly the monasteries, most of which were obliged by the rules of their foundation to receive pilgrims, under which character the ladies travelled, with hospitality, and without any troublesome inquiries into their rank and character, which most persons of distinction were desirous of concealing while in the discharge of their vows. The pretence of weariness was usually employed by the Countesses of Croye as an excuse for instantly retiring to rest, and Quentin, as their major-domo, arranged all that was necessary betwixt them and their entertainers with a shrewdness which saved them all trouble, and an alacrity that failed not to excite a corresponding degree of good-will on the part of those who were thus sedulously attended to.

One circumstance gave Quentin peculiar trouble, which was the character and nation of his guide, who, as a heathen and an infidel vagabond, addicted, besides, to occult arts (the badge of all his tribe), was often looked upon as a very improper guest for the holy resting-places at which the company usually halted, and was not in consequence admitted within even the outer circuit of their walls save with extreme reluctance. This was very embarrassing; for, on the one hand, it was necessary to keep in good humour a man who was possessed of the secret of their expedition; and on the other, Quentin deemed it indispensable to maintain a vigilant though secret watch on Hayraddin's conduct, in order that, as far as might be, he should hold no communication with any one without being observed. This, of course, was impossible if the Bohemian was lodged without the precincts of the convent at which they stopped, and Durward could not help thinking that Hayraddin was desirous of bringing about this latter arrangement, for, instead of keeping himself still and quiet in the quarters allotted to him, his conversation, tricks, and songs were at the same time so entertaining to the novices and younger brethren and so unedifying in the opinion of the seniors of the fraternity, that, in more cases than one, it required all the authority, supported by threats, which Quentin could exert over him to restrain his irreverent and untimeous jocularity, and all the interest he could make with the superiors to prevent the heathen hound from being thrust out of doors. He succeeded, however, by the adroit manner in which he apologised for the acts of indecorum committed by their attendant, and the skill with which he hinted the hope of his being brought to a better sense of principles and

behaviour by the neighbourhood of holy relics, consecrated buildings, and, above all, of men dedicated to religion.

But upon the tenth or twelfth day of their journey, after they had entered Flanders and were approaching the town of Namur, all the efforts of Quentin became inadequate to suppress the consequences of the scandal given by his heathen guide. The scene was a Franciscan convent, and of a strict and reformed order, and the prior a man who afterwards died in the odour of sanctity. After rather more than the usual scruples, which were indeed in such a case to be expected, had been surmounted, the obnoxious Bohemian at length obtained quarters in an outhouse inhabited by a lay brother who acted as gardener. The ladies retired to their apartment, as usual, and the prior, who chanced to have some distant alliances and friends in Scotland, and who was fond of hearing foreigners tell of their native countries, invited Quentin, with whose mien and conduct he seemed much pleased, to a slight monastic refection in his own cell. Finding the father a man of intelligence, Quentin did not neglect the opportunity of making himself acquainted with the state of affairs in the country of Liege, of which, during the last two days of their journey, he had heard such reports as made him very apprehensive for the security of his charge during the remainder of their route, nay, even of the bishop's power to protect them when they should be safely conducted to his residence. The replies of the prior were not very consolatory.

He said that 'The people of Liege were wealthy burghers who, like Jeshurun of old, had waxed fat and kicked; that they were uplifted in heart because of their wealth and their privileges; that they had divers disputes with the Duke of Burgundy, their liege lord, upon the subject of imposts and immunities; and that they had repeatedly broken out into open mutiny, whereat the Duke was so much incensed, as being a man of a hot and fiery nature, that he had sworn by St. George, on the next provocation, he would make the city of Liege like to the desolation of Babylon and the downfall of Tyre, a hissing and a reproach to the whole territory of Flanders.'

'And he is a prince, by all report, likely to keep such a vow,' said Quentin, 'so the men of Liege will probably beware how they give him occasion.'

'It were to be so hoped,' said the prior; 'and such are the prayers of the godly in the land, who would not that the blood

of the citizens were poured forth like water, and that they should perish, even as utter castaways, ere they make their peace with Heaven. Also the good bishop labours night and day to preserve peace, as well becometh a servant of the altar; for it is written in Holy Scripture, *Beati pacifici.* But ——' here the good prior stopped with a deep sigh.

Quentin modestly urged the great importance of which it was to the ladies whom he attended to have some assured information respecting the internal state of the country, and what an act of Christian charity it would be if the worthy and reverend father would enlighten them upon that subject.

'It is one,' said the prior, 'on which no man speaks with willingness; for those who speak evil of the powerful, *etiam in cubiculo*, may find that a winged thing shall carry the matter to his ears. Nevertheless, to render you, who seem an ingenuous youth, and your ladies, who are devout votaresses accomplishing a holy pilgrimage, the little service that is in my power, I will be plain with you.'

He then looked cautiously round, and lowered his voice, as if afraid of being overheard.

'The people of Liege,' he said, 'are privily instigated to their frequent mutinies by men of Belial, who pretend, but, as I hope, falsely, to have commission to that effect from our Most Christian King, whom, however, I hold to deserve that term better than were consistent with his thus disturbing the peace of a neighbouring state. Yet so it is, that his name is freely used by those who uphold and inflame the discontents at Liege. There is, moreover, in the land a nobleman of good descent and fame in warlike affairs, but otherwise, so to speak, *lapis offensionis et petra scandali* — a stumbling-block of offence to the countries of Burgundy and Flanders. His name is William de la Marck.'

'Called William with the Beard,' said the young Scot, 'or the Wild Boar of Ardennes?'

'And rightly so called, my son,' said the prior; 'because he is as the wild boar of the forest, which treadeth down with his hoofs and rendeth with his tusks. And he hath formed to himself a band of more than a thousand men, all, like himself, contemners of civil and ecclesiastical authority, and holds himself independent of the Duke of Burgundy, and maintains himself and his followers by rapine and wrong, wrought without distinction upon churchmen and laymen. *Imposuit manus in Christos Domini:* he hath stretched forth his hand upon the Anointed of the Lord, regardless of what is written — "Touch

not mine Anointed, and do my prophets no wrong." Even to our poor house did he send for sums of gold and sums of silver as a ransom for our lives, and those of our brethren; to which we returned a Latin supplication, stating our inability to answer his demand, and exhorting him in the words of the preacher, *Ne moliaris amico tuo malum, cum habet in te fiduciam.* Nevertheless, this Gulielmus Barbatus, this William de la Marck, as completely ignorant of humane letters as of humanity itself, replied, in his ridiculous jargon, "*Si non payatis, brulabo monasterium vestrum.*" '[1]

'Of which rude Latin, however, you, my good father,' said the youth, 'were at no loss to conceive the meaning?'

'Alas, my son,' said the prior, 'fear and necessity are shrewd interpreters; and we were obliged to melt down the silver vessels of our altar to satisfy the rapacity of this cruel chief. May Heaven requite it to him sevenfold! *Pereat improbus. Amen — amen, anathema esto!*'

'I marvel,' said Quentin, 'that the Duke of Burgundy, who is so strong and powerful, doth not bait this boar to purpose, of whose ravages I have already heard so much.'

'Alas! my son,' said the prior, 'the Duke Charles is now at Péronne, assembling his captains of hundreds and his captains of thousands, to make war against France; and thus, while Heaven hath set discord between the hearts of those great princes, the country is misused by such subordinate oppressors. But it is in evil time that the Duke neglects the cure of these internal gangrenes; for this William de la Marck hath of late entertained open communication with Rouslaer and Pavillon, the chiefs of the discontented at Liege, and it is to be feared he will soon stir them up to some desperate enterprise.'

'But the Bishop of Liege,' said Quentin, 'he hath still power enough to subdue this disquieted and turbulent spirit, hath he not, good father? Your answer to this question concerns me much.'

'The bishop, my child,' replied the prior, 'hath the sword of St. Peter as well as the keys. He hath power as a secular prince, and he hath the protection of the mighty house of Burgundy; he hath also spiritual authority as a prelate, and he supports both with a reasonable force of good soldiers and men-at-arms. This William de la Marck was bred in his house-

[1] A similar story is told of the Duke of Vendôme, who answered in this sort of macaronic Latin the classical expostulations of a German convent against the imposition of a contribution.

hold, and bound to him by many benefits. But he gave vent, even in the court of the bishop, to his fierce and bloodthirsty temper, and was expelled thence for a homicide, committed on one of the bishop's chief domestics. From thence forward, being banished from the good prelate's presence, he hath been his constant and unrelenting foe; and now, I grieve to say, he hath girded his loins and strengthened his horn against him.'

'You consider, then, the situation of the worthy prelate as being dangerous?' said Quentin, very anxiously.

'Alas! my son,' said the good Franciscan, 'what or who is there in this weary wilderness whom we may not hold as in danger? But Heaven forefend I should speak of the reverend prelate as one whose peril is imminent. He has much treasure, true counsellors, and brave soldiers; and, moreover, a messenger who passed hither to the eastward yesterday saith that the Duke of Burgundy hath despatched, upon the bishop's request, an hundred men-at-arms to his assistance. This reinforcement, with the retinue belonging to each lance, are enough to deal with William de la Marck, on whose name be sorrow! Amen.'

At this crisis their conversation was interrupted by the sacristan, who, in a voice almost inarticulate with anger, accused the Bohemian of having practised the most abominable arts of delusion among the younger brethren. He had added to their nightly meal cups of a heady and intoxicating cordial of ten times the strength of the most powerful wine, under which several of the fraternity had succumbed; and, indeed, although the sacristan had been strong to resist its influence, they might yet see, from his inflamed countenance and thick speech, that even he, the accuser himself, was in some degree affected by this unhallowed potation. Moreover, the Bohemian had sung songs of worldly vanity and impure pleasures; he had derided the cord of St. Francis, made jest of his miracles, and termed his votaries fools and lazy knaves. Lastly, he had practised palmistry, and foretold to the young Father Cherubin that he was beloved by a beautiful lady, who should make him father to a thriving boy.

The father prior listened to these complaints for some time in silence, as struck with mute horror by their enormous atrocity. When the sacristan had concluded, he rose up, descended to the court of the convent, and ordered the lay brethren, on pain of the worst consequences of spiritual dis-

obedience, to beat Hayraddin out of the sacred precincts with their broom-staves and cart-whips.

This sentence was executed accordingly, in the presence of Quentin Durward, who, however vexed at the occurrence, easily saw that his interference would be of no avail.

The discipline inflicted upon the delinquent, notwithstanding the exhortations of the superior, was more ludicrous than formidable. The Bohemian ran hither and thither through the court, amongst the clamour of voices and noise of blows, some of which reached him not, because purposely misaimed; others, sincerely designed for his person, were eluded by his activity; and the few that fell upon his back and shoulders he took without either complaint or reply. The noise and riot was the greater, that the inexperienced cudgel-players, among whom Hayraddin ran the gauntlet, hit each other more frequently than they did him; till at length, desirous of ending a scene which was more scandalous than edifying, the prior commanded the wicket to be flung open, and the Bohemian, darting through it with the speed of lightning, fled forth into the moonlight.

During this scene, a suspicion which Durward had formerly entertained recurred with additional strength. Hayraddin had, that very morning, promised to him more modest and discreet behaviour than he was wont to exhibit when they rested in a convent on their journey; yet he had broken his engagement, and had been even more offensively obstreperous than usual. Something probably lurked under this; for whatever were the Bohemian's deficiencies, he lacked neither sense nor, when he pleased, self-command; and might it not be probable that he wished to hold some communication, either with his own horde or some one else, from which he was debarred in the course of the day by the vigilance with which he was watched by Quentin, and had recourse to this stratagem in order to get himself turned out of the convent?

No sooner did this suspicion dart once more through Durward's mind than, alert as he always was in his motions, he resolved to follow his cudgelled guide, and observe, secretly if possible, how he disposed of himself. Accordingly, when the Bohemian fled, as already mentioned, out at the gate of the convent, Quentin, hastily explaining to the prior the necessity of keeping sight of his guide, followed in pursuit of him.

# CHAPTER XVII

## *The Espied Spy*

> What, the rude ranger? and spied spy? Hands off —
> You are for no such rustics.
>
> BEN JONSON'S *Tale of Robin Hood.*

WHEN Quentin sallied from the convent, he could mark the precipitate retreat of the Bohemian, whose dark figure was seen in the far moonlight, flying with the speed of a flogged hound quite through the street of the little village, and across the level meadow that lay beyond.

'My friend runs fast,' said Quentin to himself; 'but he must run faster yet to escape the fleetest foot that ever pressed the heather of Glen Houlakin.'

Being fortunately without his cloak and armour, the Scottish mountaineer was at liberty to put forth a speed which was unrivalled in his own glens, and which, notwithstanding the rate at which the Bohemian ran, was likely soon to bring his pursuer up with him. This was not, however, Quentin's object; for he considered it more essential to watch Hayraddin's motions than to interrupt them. He was the rather led to this by the steadiness with which the Bohemian directed his course; and which continuing, even after the impulse of the violent expulsion had subsided, seemed to indicate that his career had some more certain goal for its object than could have suggested itself to a person unexpectedly turned out of good quarters when midnight was approaching, to seek a new place of repose. He never even looked behind him; and consequently Durward was enabled to follow him unobserved. At length the Bohemian having traversed the meadow, and attained the side of a little stream, the banks of which were clothed with alders and willows, Quentin observed that he stood still, and blew a low note on his horn, which was answered by a whistle at some little distance.

'This is a rendezvous,' thought Quentin; 'but how shall I

come near enough to overhear the import of what passes? The sound of my steps, and the rustling of the boughs through which I must force my passage, will betray me, unless I am cautious. I will stalk them, by St. Andrew, as if they were Glen Isla deer; they shall learn that I have not conned woodcraft for nought. Yonder they meet, the two shadows — and two of them there are — odds against me if I am discovered, and if their purpose be unfriendly, as is much to be doubted And then the Countess Isabelle loses her poor friend! Well, and he were not worthy to be called such, if he were not ready to meet a dozen in her behalf. Have I not crossed swords with Dunois, the best knight in France, and shall I fear a tribe of yonder vagabonds? Pshaw! God and St. Andrew to friend, they will find me both stout and wary.'

Thus resolving, and with a degree of caution taught him by his silvan habits, our friend descended into the channel of the little stream, which varied in depth, sometimes scarce covering his shoes, sometimes coming up to his knees, and so crept along, his form concealed by the boughs overhanging the bank, and his steps unheard amid the ripple of the water. (We have ourselves, in the days of yore, thus approached the nest of the wakeful raven.) In this manner, the Scot drew near unperceived, until he distinctly heard the voices of those who were the subject of his observation, though he could not distinguish the words. Being at this time under the drooping branches of a magnificent weeping willow, which almost swept the surface of the water, he caught hold of one of its boughs, by the assistance of which, exerting at once much agility, dexterity, and strength, he raised himself up into the body of the tree, and sat, secure from discovery, among the central branches.

From this situation he could discover that the person with whom Hayraddin was now conversing was one of his own tribe, and, at the same time, he perceived, to his great disappointment, that no approximation could enable him to comprehend their language, which was totally unknown to him. They laughed much; and as Hayraddin made a sign of skipping about, and ended by rubbing his shoulder with his hand, Durward had no doubt that he was relating the story of the bastinading which he had sustained previous to his escape from the convent.

On a sudden, a whistle was again heard in the distance, which was once more answered by a low tone or two of Hayraddin's horn. Presently afterwards, a tall, stout, soldierly-

looking man, a strong contrast in point of thewes and sinews to the small and slender-limbed Bohemians, made his appearance. He had a broad baldric over his shoulder, which sustained a sword that hung almost across his person; his hose were much slashed, through which slashes was drawn silk or tiffany of various colours; they were tied by at least five hundred points or strings, made of ribbon, to the tight buff-jacket which he wore, and the right sleeve of which displayed a silver boar's head, the crest of his captain. A very small hat sat jauntily on one side of his head, from which descended a quantity of curled hair, which fell on each side of a broad face, and mingled with as broad a beard, about four inches long. He held a long lance in his hand; and his whole equipment was that of one of the German adventurers, who were known by the name of *lanzknechts*, in English 'spearmen,' who constituted a formidable part of the infantry of the period. These mercenaries were, of course, a fierce and rapacious soldiery, and having an idle tale current among themselves that a *lanzknecht* was refused admittance into Heaven on account of his vices, and into Hell on the score of his tumultuous, mutinous, and insubordinate disposition, they manfully acted as if they neither sought the one nor eschewed the other.

'*Donner and blitz!*' was his first salutation, in a sort of German-French, which we can only imperfectly imitate, 'why have you kept me dancing in attendance dis dree nights?'

'I could not see you sooner, Meinherr,' said Hayraddin, very submissively: 'there is a young Scot, with as quick an eye as the wild-cat, who watches my least motions. He suspects me already, and, should he find his suspicion confirmed, I were a dead man on the spot, and he would carry back the women into France again.'

'*Was henker!*' said the lanzknecht; 'we are three — we will attack them to-morrow, and carry the women off without going farther. You said the two valets were cowards; you and your comrade may manage them, and the *Teufel* sall hold me, but I match your Scots wild-cat.'

'You will find that foolhardy,' said Hayraddin; 'for, besides that we ourselves count not much in fighting, this spark hath matched himself with the best knight in France, and come off with honour: I have seen those who saw him press Dunois hard enough.'

'*Hagel and sturmwetter!* It is but your cowardice that speaks,' said the German soldier.

'I am no more a coward than yourself,' said Hayraddin; 'but my trade is not fighting. If you keep the appointment where it was laid, it is well; if not, I guide them safely to the bishop's palace, and William de la Marck may easily possess himself of them there, provided he is half as strong as he pretended a week since.'

'*Potz tausend!*' said the soldier, 'we are as strong and stronger; but we hear of a hundreds of the lances of Burgund — *das ist*, see you, five men to a lance do make five hundreds, and then hold me the devil, they will be fainer to seek for us than we to seek for them; for *der bischoff* hath a goot force on footing — ay, indeed!'

'You must then hold to the ambuscade at the Cross of the Three Kings, or give up the adventure,' said the Bohemian.

'*Geb* up — *geb* up the adventure of the rich bride for our noble *hauptmann*. *Teufel!* I will charge through hell first. *Mein* soul, we will be all princes and *hertzogs*, whom they call dukes, and we will hab a snab at the *weinkeller*, and at the mouldy French crowns, and it may be at the pretty garces too, when He with de Beard is weary on them.'

'The ambuscade at the Cross of the Three Kings then still holds?' said the Bohemian.

'*Mein Gott*, ay, — you will swear to bring them there; and when they are on their knees before the cross, and down from off their horses, which all men do, except such black heathens as thou, we will make in on them, and they are ours.'

'Ay, but I promised this piece of necessary villainy only on one condition,' said Hayraddin. 'I will not have a hair of the young man's head touched. If you swear this to me, by your Three Dead Men of Cologne, I will swear to you, by the Seven Night Walkers, that I will serve you truly as to the rest. And if you break your oath, the Night Walkers shall wake you seven nights from your sleep, between night and morning, and, on the eighth, they shall strangle and devour you.'

'But, *donner and hagel*, what need you be so curious about the life of this boy, who is neither your bloot nor kin?' said the German.

'No matter for that, honest Heinrich; some men have pleasure in cutting throats, some in keeping them whole. So swear to me that you will spare him life and limb, or, by the bright star Aldebaran, this matter shall go no further. Swear, and by the Three Kings, as you call them, of Cologne; I know you care for no other oath.'

'*Du bist ein comischer mann*,' said the lanzknecht, 'I swear ——'

'Not yet,' said the Bohemian. 'Faces about, brave lanzknecht, and look to the east, else the kings may not hear you.'

The soldier took the oath in the manner prescribed, and then declared that he would be in readiness, observing the place was quite convenient, being scarce five miles from their present leaguer.

'But, were it not making sure work to have a *fähnlein* of riders on the other road, by the left side of the inn, which might trap them if they go that way?'

The Bohemian considered a moment, and then answered, 'No; the appearance of their troops in that direction might alarm the garrison of Namur, and then they would have a doubtful fight, instead of assured success. Besides, they shall travel on the right bank of the Maes, for I can guide them which way I will; for, sharp as this same Scottish mountaineer is, he hath never asked any one's advice save mine upon the direction of their route. Undoubtedly, I was assigned to him by an assured friend, whose word no man mistrusts till they come to know him a little.'

'Hark ye, friend Hayraddin,' said the soldier, 'I would ask you somewhat. You and your *bruder* were, as you say yourself, *gross sternendeuter*, that is, star-lookers and *geister-seers*. Now, what *henker* was it made you not foresee him, your *bruder* Zamet, to be hanged?'

'I will tell you, Heinrich,' said Hayraddin; 'if I could have known my brother was such a fool as to tell the counsel of King Louis to Duke Charles of Burgundy, I could have foretold his death as sure as I can foretell fair weather in July. Louis hath both ears and hands at the court of Burgundy, and Charles's counsellors love the chink of French gold as well as thou dost the clatter of a wine-pot. But fare thee well, and keep appointment; I must await my early Scot a bow-shot without the gate of the den of the lazy swine yonder, else will he think me about some excursion which bodes no good to the success of his journey.'

'Take a draught of comfort first,' said the lanzknecht, tendering him a flask; 'but I forget, thou art beast enough to drink nothing but water, like a vile vassal of Mahound and Termagund.'

'Thou art thyself a vassal of the wine-measure and the flagon,' said the Bohemian. 'I marvel not that thou art only

trusted with the bloodthirsty and violent part of executing what better heads have devised. He must drink no wine who would know the thoughts of others or hide his own. But why preach to thee, who hast a thirst as eternal as a sandbank in Arabia? Fare thee well. Take my comrade Tuisco with thee: his appearance about the monastery may breed suspicion.'

The two worthies parted, after each had again pledged himself to keep the rendezvous at the Cross of the Three Kings.

Quentin Durward watched until they were out of sight, and then descended from his place of concealment, his heart throbbing at the narrow escape which he and his fair charge had made — if, indeed, it could yet be achieved — from a deep-laid plan of villainy. Afraid, on his return to the monastery, of stumbling upon Hayraddin, he made a long detour, at the expense of traversing some very rough ground, and was thus enabled to return to his asylum on a different point from that by which he left it.

On the route, he communed earnestly with himself concerning the safest plan to be pursued. He had formed the resolution, when he first heard Hayraddin avow his treachery, to put him to death so soon as the conference broke up, and his companions were at a sufficient distance; but when he heard the Bohemian express so much interest in saving his own life, he felt it would be ungrateful to execute upon him, in its rigour, the punishment his treachery had deserved. He therefore resolved to spare his life, and even, if possible, still to use his services as a guide, under such precautions as should ensure the security of the precious charge, to the preservation of which his own life was internally devoted.

But whither were they to turn? The Countesses of Croye could neither obtain shelter in Burgundy, from which they had fled, nor in France, from which they had been in a manner expelled. The violence of Duke Charles in the one country was scarcely more to be feared than the cold and tyrannical policy of King Louis in the other. After deep thought, Durward could form no better or safer plan for their security than that, evading the ambuscade, they should take the road to Liege by the left hand of the Maes, and throw themselves, as the ladies originally designed, upon the protection of the excellent bishop. That prelate's will to protect them could not be doubted, and, if reinforced by this Burgundian party of men-at-arms, he might be considered as having the power. At any rate, if the dangers to which he was exposed from the hostility of William de la

Marck, and from the troubles in the city of Liege, appeared imminent, he would still be able to protect the unfortunate ladies until they could be despatched to Germany with a suitable escort.

To sum up this reasoning — for when is a mental argument conducted without some reference to selfish considerations? — Quentin imagined that the death or captivity to which King Louis had, in cold blood, consigned him set him at liberty from his engagements to the crown of France; which, therefore, it was his determined purpose to renounce. The Bishop of Liege was likely, he concluded, to need soldiers, and he thought that, by the interposition of his fair friends, who now, especially the elder countess, treated him with much familiarity, he might get some command, and perhaps might have the charge of conducting the Ladies of Croye to some place more safe than the neighbourhood of Liege. And, to conclude, the ladies had talked, although almost in a sort of jest, of raising the countess's own vassals, and, as others did in those stormy times, fortifying her strong castle against all assailants whatever; they had jestingly asked Quentin, whether he would accept the perilous office of their seneschal; and, on his embracing the office with ready glee and devotion, they had, in the same spirit, permitted him to kiss both their hands on that confidential and honourable appointment. Nay, he thought that the hand of the Countess Isabelle, one of the best formed and most beautiful to which true vassal ever did such homage, trembled when his lips rested on it a moment longer than ceremony required, and that some confusion appeared on her cheek and in her eye as she withdrew it. Something might come of all this; and what brave man, at Quentin Durward's age, but would gladly have taken the thoughts which it awakened into the considerations which were to determine his conduct?

This point settled, he had next to consider in what degree he was to use the further guidance of the faithless Bohemian. He had renounced his first thought of killing him in the wood, and if he took another guide and dismissed him alive, it would be sending the traitor to the camp of William de la Marck with intelligence of their motions. He thought of taking the prior into his counsels, and requesting him to detain the Bohemian by force until they should have time to reach the bishop's castle; but, on reflection, he dared not hazard such a proposition to one who was timid both as an old man and a friar, who

held the safety of his convent the most important object of his duty, and who trembled at the mention of the Wild Boar of Ardennes.

At length Durward settled a plan of operation, on which he could the better reckon, as the execution rested entirely upon himself; and, in the cause in which he was engaged, he felt himself capable of everything. With a firm and bold heart, though conscious of the dangers of his situation, Quentin might be compared to one walking under a load, of the weight of which he is conscious, but which yet is not beyond his strength and power of endurance. Just as his plan was determined, he reached the convent.

Upon knocking gently at the gate, a brother, considerately stationed for that purpose by the prior, opened it, and acquainted him that the brethren were to be engaged in the choir till day-break, praying Heaven to forgive to the community the various scandals which had that evening taken place among them.

The worthy friar offered Quentin permission to attend their devotions; but his clothes were in such a wet condition that the young Scot was obliged to decline the opportunity, and request permission instead to sit by the kitchen fire, in order to his attire being dried before morning, as he was particularly desirous that the Bohemian, when they should next meet, should observe no traces of his having been abroad during the night. The friar not only granted his request, but afforded him his own company, which fell in very happily with the desire which Durward had to obtain information concerning the two routes which he had heard mentioned by the Bohemian in his conversation with the lanzknecht. The friar, entrusted upon many occasions with the business of the convent abroad, was the person in the fraternity best qualified to afford him the information he requested; but observed that, as true pilgrims, it became the duty of the ladies whom Quentin escorted to take the road on the right side of the Maes, by the Cross of the Kings, where the blessed relics of Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar, as the Catholic Church has named the eastern Magi who came to Bethlehem with their offerings, had rested as they were transported to Cologne, and on which spot they had wrought many miracles.

Quentin replied that the ladies were determined to observe all the holy stations with the utmost punctuality, and would certainly visit that of the Cross either in going to or returning from Cologne, but they had heard reports that the road by

the right side of the river was at present rendered unsafe by the soldiers of the ferocious William de la Marck.

'Now may Heaven forbid,' said Father Francis, 'that the Wild Boar of Ardennes should again make his lair so near us! Nevertheless, the broad Maes will be a good barrier betwixt us, even should it so chance.'

'But it will be no barrier between my ladies and the marauder, should we cross the river and travel on the right bank,' answered the Scot.

'Heaven will protect its own, young man,' said the friar; 'for it were hard to think that the kings of yonder blessed city of Cologne, who will not endure that a Jew or infidel should even enter within the walls of their town, could be oblivious enough to permit their worshippers, coming to their shrine as true pilgrims, to be plundered and misused by such a miscreant dog as this Boar of Ardennes, who is worse than a whole desert of Saracen heathens and all the ten tribes of Israel to boot.'

Whatever reliance Quentin, as a sincere Catholic, was bound to rest upon the special protection of Melchior, Caspar, and Balthasar, he could not but recollect that, the pilgrim habits of the ladies being assumed out of mere earthly policy, he and his charge could scarcely expect their countenance on the present occasion; and therefore resolved, as far as possible, to avoid placing the ladies in any predicament where miraculous interposition might be necessary; whilst, in the simplicity of his good faith, he himself vowed a pilgrimage to the Three Kings of Cologne in his own proper person, provided the simulate design of those over whose safety he was now watching should be permitted by those reasonable and royal, as well as sainted, personages to attain the desired effect.

That he might enter into this obligation with all solemnity, he requested the friar to show him into one of the various chapels which opened from the main body of the church of the convent, where, upon his knees, and with sincere devotion, he ratified the vow which he had made internally. The distant sound of the choir, the solemnity of the deep and dead hour which he had chosen for this act of devotion, the effect of the glimmering lamp with which the little Gothic building was illuminated, all contributed to throw Quentin's mind into the state when it most readily acknowledges its human frailty, and seeks that supernatural aid and protection which, in every worship, must be connected with repentance for past sins and resolutions of future amendment. That the object of his

devotion was misplaced was not the fault of Quentin; and, its purpose being sincere, we can scarce suppose it unacceptable to the only true Deity, who regards the motives and not the forms of prayer, and in whose eyes the sincere devotion of a heathen is more estimable than the specious hypocrisy of a Pharisee.

Having commended himself and his helpless companions to the saints and to the keeping of Providence, Quentin at length retired to rest, leaving the friar much edified by the depth and sincerity of his devotion.

# CHAPTER XVIII

## *Palmistry*

When many a merry tale and many a song
Cheer'd the rough road, we wish'd the rough road long.
The rough road, then, returning in a round,
Mock'd our enchanted steps, for all was fairy ground.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

BY peep of day Quentin Durward had forsaken his little cell, had roused the sleepy grooms, and, with more than his wonted care, seen that everything was prepared for the day's journey. Girths and bridles, the horse furniture, and the shoes of the horses themselves, were carefully inspected with his own eyes, that there might be as little chance as possible of the occurrence of any of those casualties which, petty as they seem, often interrupt or disconcert travelling. The horses were also, under his own inspection, carefully fed, so as to render them fit for a long day's journey, or, if that should be necessary, for a hasty flight.

Quentin then betook himself to his own chamber, armed himself with unusual care, and belted on his sword with the feeling at once of approaching danger and of stern determination to dare it to the uttermost.

These generous feelings gave him a loftiness of step and a dignity of manner which the Ladies of Croye had not yet observed in him, though they had been highly pleased and interested by the grace, yet naïveté, of his general behaviour and conversation, and the mixture of shrewd intelligence which naturally belonged to him, with the simplicity arising from his secluded education and distant country. He let them understand that it would be necessary that they should prepare for their journey this morning rather earlier than usual; and, accordingly, they left the convent immediately after a morning repast, for which, as well as the other hospitalities of the house,

the ladies made acknowledgment by a donation to the altar befitting rather their rank than their appearance. But this excited no suspicion, as they were supposed to be English-women; and the attribute of superior wealth attached at that time to the insular character as strongly as in our own day.

The prior blessed them as they mounted to depart, and congratulated Quentin on the absence of his heathen guide, 'for,' said the venerable man, 'better stumble in the path than be upheld by the arm of a thief or robber.'

Quentin was not quite of his opinion; for, dangerous as he knew the Bohemian to be, he thought he could use his services, and at the same time baffle his treasonable purpose, now that he saw clearly to what it tended. But his anxiety upon this subject was soon at an end, for the little cavalcade was not an hundred yards from the monastery and the village before Maugrabin joined it, riding as usual on his little active and wild-looking jennet. Their road led them along the side of the same brook where Quentin had overheard the mysterious conference of the preceding evening, and Hayraddin had not long rejoined them ere they passed under the very willow-tree which had afforded Durward the means of concealment when he became an unsuspected hearer of what then passed betwixt that false guide and the lanzknecht.

The recollections which the spot brought back stirred Quentin to enter abruptly into conversation with his guide, whom hitherto he had scarce spoken to.

'Where hast thou found night-quarter, thou profane knave?' said the Scot.

'Your wisdom may guess by looking on my gaberdine,' answered the Bohemian, pointing to his dress, which was covered with the seeds of hay.

'A good hay-stack,' said Quentin, 'is a convenient bed for an astrologer, and a much better than a heathen scoffer at our blessed religion and its ministers ever deserves.'

'It suited my Klepper better than me, though,' said Hayraddin, patting his horse on the neck, 'for he had food and shelter at the same time. The old bald fools turned him loose, as if a wise man's horse could have infected with wit or sagacity a whole convent of asses. Lucky that Klepper knows my whistle, and follows me as truly as a hound, or we had never met again, and you in your turn might have whistled for a guide.'

'I have told thee more than once,' said Durward, sternly,

'to restrain thy ribaldry when thou chancest to be in worthy men's company, a thing which, I believe, hath rarely happened to thee in thy life before now; and I promise thee that, did I hold thee as faithless a guide as I esteem thee a blasphemous and worthless caitiff, my Scottish dirk and thy heathenish heart had ere now been acquainted, although the doing such a deed were as ignoble as the sticking of swine.'

'A wild boar is near akin to a sow,' said the Bohemian, without flinching from the sharp look with which Quentin regarded him or altering, in the slightest degree, the caustic indifference which he affected in his language; 'and many men,' he subjoined, 'find both pride, pleasure, and profit in sticking them.'

Astonished at the man's ready confidence, and uncertain whether he did not know more of his own history and feelings than was pleasant for him to converse upon, Quentin broke off a conversation in which he had gained no advantage over Maugrabin, and fell back to his accustomed post beside the ladies.

We have already observed that a considerable degree of familiarity had begun to establish itself between them. The elder countess treated him, being once well assured of the nobility of his birth, like a favoured equal; and though her niece showed her regard to their protector less freely, yet, under every disadvantage of bashfulness and timidity, Quentin thought he could plainly perceive that his company and conversation were not by any means indifferent to her.

Nothing gives such life and soul to youthful gaiety as the consciousness that it is successfully received; and Quentin had accordingly, during the former period of their journey, amused his fair charge with the liveliness of his conversation, and the songs and tales of his country, the former of which he sung in his native language, while his efforts to render the latter into his foreign and imperfect French gave rise to a hundred little mistakes and errors of speech, as diverting as the narratives themselves. But on this anxious morning he rode beside the Ladies of Croye without any of his usual attempts to amuse them, and they could not help observing his silence as something remarkable.

'Our young companion has seen a wolf,' said the Lady Hameline, alluding to an ancient superstition,[1] 'and he has lost his tongue in consequence.'

[1] See Wolf Superstition. Note 27.

'To say I had tracked a fox were nearer the mark,' thought Quentin, but gave the reply no utterance.

'Are you well, Seignior Quentin?' said the Countess Isabelle, in a tone of interest at which she herself blushed, while she felt that it was something more than the distance between them warranted.

'He hath sat up carousing with the jolly friars,' said the Lady Hameline. 'The Scots are like the Germans, who spend all their mirth over the *Rheinwein*, and bring only their staggering steps to the dance in the evening, and their aching heads to the ladies' bower in the morning.'

'Nay, gentle ladies,' said Quentin. 'I deserve not your reproach. The good friars were at their devotions almost all night; and for myself, my drink was barely a cup of their thinnest and most ordinary wine.'

'It is the badness of his fare that has put him out of humour,' said the Countess Isabelle. 'Cheer up, Seignior Quentin; and should we ever visit my ancient Castle of Bracquemont together, if I myself should stand your cup-bearer and hand it to you, you shall have a generous cup of wine that the like never grew upon the vines of Hochheim or Johannisberg.'

'A glass of water, noble lady, from *your* hand——' Thus far did Quentin begin, but his voice trembled; and Isabelle continued, as if she had been insensible of the tenderness of the accentuation upon the personal pronoun.

'The wine was stocked in the deep vaults of Bracquemont by my great-grandfather, the Rhinegrave Godfrey,' said the Countess Isabelle.

'Who won the hand of her great-grandmother,' interjected the Lady Hameline, interrupting her niece, 'by proving himself the best son of chivalry, at the great tournament of Strasbourg. Ten knights were slain in the lists. But those days are over, and no one now thinks of encountering peril for the sake of honour, or to relieve distressed beauty.'

To this speech, which was made in the tone in which a modern beauty, whose charms are rather on the wane, may be heard to condemn the rudeness of the present age, Quentin took upon him to reply, 'That there was no lack of that chivalry which the Lady Hameline seemed to consider as extinct, and that, were it eclipsed everywhere else, it would still glow in the bosoms of the Scottish gentlemen.'

'Hear him!' said the Lady Hameline; 'he would have us

believe that in his cold and bleak country still lives the noble fire which has decayed in France and Germany! The poor youth is like a Swiss mountaineer, mad with partiality to his native land; he will next tell us of the vines and olives of Scotland.'

'No, madam,' said Durward; 'of the wine and the oil of our mountains I can say little, more than that our swords can compel these rich productions as tribute from our wealthier neighbours. But for the unblemished faith and unfaded honour of Scotland, I must now put to the proof how far you can repose trust in them, however mean the individual who can offer nothing more as a pledge of your safety.'

'You speak mysteriously — you know of some pressing and present danger,' said the Lady Hameline.

'I have read it in his eye for this hour past!' exclaimed the Lady Isabelle, clasping her hands. 'Sacred Virgin, what will become of us?'

'Nothing, I hope, but what you would desire,' answered Durward. 'And now I am compelled to ask — gentle ladies, can you trust me?'

'Trust you!' answered the Countess Hameline, 'certainly. But why the question? Or how far do you ask our confidence?'

'I, on my part,' said the Countess Isabelle, 'trust you implicitly and without condition. If you can deceive us, Quentin, I will no more look for truth, save in Heaven.'

'Gentle lady,' replied Durward, highly gratified, 'you do me but justice. My object is to alter our route, by proceeding directly by the left bank of the Maes to Liege, instead of crossing at Namur. This differs from the order assigned by King Louis and the instructions given to the guide. But I heard news in the monastery of marauders on the right bank of the Maes, and of the march of Burgundian soldiers to suppress them. Both circumstances alarm me for your safety. Have I your permission so far to deviate from the route of your journey?'

'My ample and full permission,' answered the younger lady.

'Cousin,' said the Lady Hameline, 'I believe with you that the youth means us well; but bethink you — we transgress the instructions of King Louis, so positively iterated.'

'And why should we regard his instructions?' said the Lady Isabelle. 'I am, I thank Heaven for it, no subject of his; and, as a suppliant, he has abused the confidence he induced me to repose in him. I would not dishonour this young gentleman

by weighing his word for an instant against the injunctions of yonder crafty and selfish despot.'

'Now, may God bless you for that very word, lady,' said Quentin, joyously; 'and if I deserve not the trust it expresses, tearing with wild horses in this life, and eternal tortures in the next, were e'en too good for my deserts.'

So saying, he spurred his horse and rejoined the Bohemian. This worthy seemed of a remarkably passive if not a forgiving, temper. Injury or threat never dwelt, or at least seemed not to dwell, on his recollection; and he entered into the conversation which Durward presently commenced just as if there had been no unkindly word betwixt them in the course of the morning.

'The dog,' thought the Scot, 'snarls not now, because he intends to clear scores with me at once and for ever, when he can snatch me by the very throat; but we will try for once whether we cannot foil a traitor at his own weapons. Honest Hayraddin,' he said, 'thou hast travelled with us for ten days, yet hast never shown us a specimen of your skill in fortune-telling; which you are, nevertheless, so fond of practising, that you must needs display your gifts in every convent at which we stop, at the risk of being repaid by a night's lodging under a hay-stack.'

'You have never asked me for a specimen of my skill,' said the gipsy. 'You are like the rest of the world, contented to ridicule those mysteries which they do not understand.'

'Give me then a present proof of your skill,' said Quentin; and, ungloving his hand, he held it out to the Zingaro.

Hayraddin carefully regarded all the lines which crossed each other on the Scotchman's palm, and noted, with equally scrupulous attention, the little risings or swellings at the roots of the fingers, which were then believed as intimately connected with the disposition, habits, and fortunes of the individual as the organs of the brain are pretended to be in our own time.

'Here is a hand,' said Hayraddin, 'which speaks of toils endured and dangers encountered. I read in it an early acquaintance with the hilt of the sword; and yet some acquaintance also with the clasps of the mass-book.'

'This of my past life you may have learned elsewhere,' said Quentin; 'tell me something of the future.'

'This line from the hill of Venus,' said the Bohemian, 'not broken off abruptly, but attending and accompanying the line of life, argues a certain and large fortune by marriage, whereby

the party shall be raised among the wealthy and the noble by the influence of successful love.'

'Such promises you make to all who ask your advice,' said Quentin; 'they are part of your art.'

'What I tell you is as certain,' said Hayraddin, 'as that you shall in a brief space be menaced with mighty danger; which I infer from this bright blood-red line cutting the table-line transversely, and intimating stroke of sword or other violence, from which you shall only be saved by the attachment of a faithful friend.'

'Thyself, ha?' said Quentin, somewhat indignant that the chiromantist should thus practise on his credulity, and endeavour to found a reputation by predicting the consequences of his own treachery.

'My art,' replied the Zingaro, 'tells me nought that concerns myself.'

'In this, then, the seers of my land,' said Quentin, 'excel your boasted knowledge; for their skill teaches them the dangers by which they are themselves beset. I left not my hills without having felt a portion of the double vision with which their inhabitants are gifted; and I will give thee a proof of it, in exchange for thy specimen of palmistry. Hayraddin, the danger which threatens me lies on the right bank of the river; I will avoid it by travelling to Liege on the left bank.'

The guide listened with an apathy which, knowing the circumstances in which Maugrabin stood, Quentin could not by any means comprehend. 'If you accomplish your purpose,' was the Bohemian's reply, 'the dangerous crisis will be transferred from your lot to mine.'

'I thought,' said Quentin, 'that you said but now that you could not presage your own fortune?'

'Not in the manner in which I have but now told you yours,' answered Hayraddin; 'but it requires little knowledge of Louis of Valois to presage that he will hang your guide because your pleasure was to deviate from the road which he recommended.'

'The attaining with safety the purpose of the journey, and ensuring its happy termination,' said Quentin, 'must atone for a deviation from the exact line of the prescribed route.'

'Ay,' replied the Bohemian, 'if you are sure that the King had in his own eye the same termination of the pilgrimage which he insinuated to you.'

'And of what other termination is it possible that he could

have been meditating? or why should you suppose he had any purpose in his thought other than was avowed in his direction?' inquired Quentin.

'Simply,' replied the Zingaro, 'that those who know aught of the Most Christian King are aware that the purpose about which he is most anxious is always that which he is least willing to declare. Let our gracious Louis send twelve embassies, and I will forfeit my neck to the gallows a year before it is due, if in eleven of them there is not something at the bottom of the inkhorn more than the pen has written in the letters of credence.'

'I regard not your foul suspicions,' answered Quentin; 'my duty is plain and peremptory — to convey these ladies in safety to Liege; and I take it on me to think that I best discharge that duty in changing our prescribed route, and keeping the left side of the river Maes. It is likewise the direct road to Liege. By crossing the river, we should lose time and incur fatigue to no purpose. Wherefore should we do so?'

'Only because pilgrims, as they call themselves, destined for Cologne,' said Hayraddin, 'do not usually descend the Maes so low as Liege; and that the route of the ladies will be accounted contradictory of their professed destination.'

'If we are challenged on that account,' said Quentin, 'we will say that alarms of the wicked Duke of Gueldres, or of William de la Marck, or of the *écorcheurs* and lanzknechts, on the right side of the river, justify our holding by the left, instead of our intended route.'

'As you will, my good seignior,' replied the Bohemian. 'I am, for my part, equally ready to guide you down the left as down the right side of the Maes. Your excuse to your master you must make out for yourself.'

Quentin, although rather surprised, was at the same time pleased with the ready, or at least the unrepugnant, acquiescence of Hayraddin in their change of route, for he needed his assistance as a guide, and yet had feared that the disconcerting of his intended act of treachery would have driven him to extremity. Besides, to expel the Bohemian from their society would have been the ready mode to bring down William de la Marck, with whom he was in correspondence, upon their intended route; whereas, if Hayraddin remained with them, Quentin thought he could manage to prevent the Moor from having any communication with strangers, unless he was himself aware of it.

Abandoning, therefore, all thoughts of their original route,

the little party followed that by the left bank of the broad Maes so speedily and successfully that the next day early brought them to the purposed end of their journey. They found that the Bishop of Liege, for the sake of his health, as he himself alleged, but rather, perhaps, to avoid being surprised by the numerous and mutinous population of the city, had established his residence in his beautiful Castle of Schonwaldt, about a mile without Liege.

Just as they approached the castle, they saw the prelate returning in long procession from the neighbouring city, in which he had been officiating at the performance of high mass. He was at the head of a splendid train of religious, civil, and military men, mingled together, or, as the old ballad-maker expresses it —

> With many a cross-bearer before,
> And many a spear behind.

The procession made a noble appearance, as, winding along the verdant banks of the broad Maes, it wheeled into, and was as it were devoured by, the huge Gothic portal of the episcopal residence.

But when the party came more near, they found that circumstances around the castle argued a doubt and sense of insecurity, which contradicted that display of pomp and power which they had just witnessed. Strong guards of the bishop's soldiers were heedfully maintained all around the mansion and its immediate vicinity; and the prevailing appearances, in an ecclesiastical residence, seemed to argue a sense of danger in the reverend prelate, who found it necessary thus to surround himself with all the defensive precautions of war. The Ladies of Croye, when announced by Quentin, were reverently ushered into the great hall, where they met with the most cordial reception from the bishop, who met them there at the head of his little court. He would not permit them to kiss his hand, but welcomed them with a salute, which had something in it of gallantry on the part of a prince to fine women, and something also of the holy affection of a pastor to the sisters of his flock.

Louis of Bourbon, the reigning Bishop of Liege, was in truth a generous and kind-hearted prince, whose life had not indeed been always confined, with precise strictness, within the bounds of his clerical profession; but who, notwithstanding, had uniformly maintained the frank and honourable character of the house of Bourbon, from which he was descended.

In later times, as age advanced, the prelate had adopted habits more beseeming a member of the hierarchy than his early reign had exhibited, and was loved among the neighbouring princes as a noble ecclesiastic, generous and magnificent in his ordinary mode of life, though preserving no very ascetic severity of character, and governing with an easy indifference which, amid his wealthy and mutinous subjects, rather encouraged than subdued rebellious purposes.

The bishop was so fast an ally of the Duke of Burgundy, that the latter claimed almost a joint sovereignty in his bishopric, and repaid the good-natured ease with which the prelate admitted claims which he might easily have disputed, by taking his part on all occasions, with the determined and furious zeal which was a part of his character. He used to say, 'He considered Liege as his own, the bishop as his brother (indeed they might be accounted such, in consequence of the Duke having married for his first wife the bishop's sister), and that he who annoyed Louis of Bourbon had to do with Charles of Burgundy' — a threat which, considering the character and the power of the prince who used it, would have been powerful with any but the rich and discontented city of Liege, where much wealth had, according to the ancient proverb, made wit waver.

The prelate, as we have said, assured the Ladies of Croye of such intercession as his interest at the court of Burgundy, used to the uttermost, might gain for them, and which, he hoped, might be the more effectual, as Campo-basso, from some late discoveries, stood rather lower than formerly in the Duke's personal favour. He promised them also such protection as it was in his power to afford; but the sigh with which he gave the warrant seemed to allow that his power was more precarious than in words he was willing to admit.

'At every event, my dearest daughters,' said the bishop, with an air in which, as in his previous salute, a mixture of spiritual unction qualified the hereditary gallantry of the house of Bourbon, 'Heaven forbid I should abandon the lamb to the wicked wolf, or noble ladies to the oppression of faitours. I am a man of peace, though my abode now rings with arms; but be assured I will care for your safety as for my own; and should matters become yet more distracted here, which, with Our Lady's grace, we trust will be rather pacified than inflamed, we will provide for your safe-conduct to Germany; for not even the will of our brother and protector, Charles of Burgundy, shall prevail with us to dispose of you in any respect contrary to your

own inclinations. We cannot comply with your request of sending you to a convent; for, alas! such is the influence of the sons of Belial among the inhabitants of Liege, that we know no retreat to which our authority extends, beyond the bounds of our own castle and the protection of our soldiery. But here you are most welcome, and your train shall have all honourable entertainment; especially this youth, whom you recommend so particularly to our countenance, and on whom in especial we bestow our blessing.'

Quentin kneeled, as in duty bound, to receive the episcopal benediction.

'For yourselves,' proceeded the good prelate, 'you shall reside here with my sister Isabelle, a canoness of Triers, and with whom you may dwell in all honour, even under the roof of so gay a bachelor as the Bishop of Liege.'

He gallantly conducted the ladies to his sister's apartment, as he concluded the harangue of welcome; and his master of the household, an officer who, having taken deacon's orders, held something between a secular and ecclesiastical character, entertained Quentin with the hospitality which his master enjoined, while the other personages of the retinue of the Ladies of Croye were committed to the inferior departments.

In this arrangement Quentin could not help remarking, that the presence of the Bohemian, so much objected to in country convents, seemed, in the household of this wealthy, and perhaps we might say worldly, prelate, to attract neither objection nor remark.

# CHAPTER XIX

## *The City*

> Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
> To any sudden act of mutiny !
>
> *Julius Cæsar.*

SEPARATED from the Lady Isabelle, whose looks had been for so many days his loadstar, Quentin felt a strange vacancy and chillness of the heart, which he had not yet experienced in any of the vicissitudes to which his life had subjected him. No doubt the cessation of the close and unavoidable intercourse and intimacy betwixt them was the necessary consequence of the countess having obtained a place of settled residence; for, under what pretext could she, had she meditated such an impropriety, have had a gallant young squire such as Quentin in constant attendance upon her?

But the shock of the separation was not the more welcome that it seemed unavoidable, and the proud heart of Quentin swelled at finding he was parted with like an ordinary postilion, or an escort whose duty is discharged; while his eyes sympathised so far as to drop a secret tear or two over the ruins of all those airy castles, so many of which he had employed himself in constructing during their too interesting journey. He made a manly, but at first a vain, effort to throw off this mental dejection; and so, yielding to the feelings he could not suppress, he sat him down in one of the deep recesses formed by a window which lighted the great Gothic hall of Schonwaldt, and there mused upon his hard fortune, which had not assigned him rank or wealth sufficient to prosecute his daring suit.

Quentin tried to dispel the sadness which overhung him by despatching Charlet, one of the valets, with letters to the court of Louis, announcing the arrival of the Ladies of Croye at Liege. At length his natural buoyancy of temper returned, much excited by the title of an old romaunt which had been just

printed at Strasbourg, and which lay beside him in the window, the title of which set forth,

> How the squire of lowe degree,
> Loved the king's daughter of Hongarie.[1]

While he was tracing the 'letters blake' of the ditty so congenial to his own situation, Quentin was interrupted by a touch on the shoulder, and, looking up, beheld the Bohemian standing by him.

Hayraddin, never a welcome sight, was odious from his late treachery, and Quentin sternly asked him 'Why he dared take the freedom to touch a Christian and a gentleman.'

'Simply,' answered the Bohemian, 'because I wished to know if the Christian gentleman had lost his feeling as well as his eyes and ears. I have stood speaking to you these five minutes, and you have stared on that scrap of yellow paper as if it were a spell to turn you into a statue, and had already wrought half its purpose.'

'Well, what dost thou want? Speak, and begone!'

'I want what all men want, though few are satisfied with it,' said Hayraddin: 'I want my due — my ten crowns of gold for guiding the ladies hither.'

'With what face darest thou ask any guerdon beyond my sparing thy worthless life?' said Durward, fiercely; 'thou knowest that it was thy purpose to have betrayed them on the road.'

'But I did *not* betray them,' said Hayraddin; 'if I had, I would have asked no guerdon from you or from them, but from him whom their keeping upon the right-hand side of the river might have benefited. The party that I have served is the party who must pay me.'

'Thy guerdon perish with thee, then, traitor!' said Quentin, telling out the money. 'Get thee to the Boar of Ardennes, or to the devil! but keep hereafter out of my sight, lest I send thee thither before thy time.'

'The Boar of Ardennes!' repeated the Bohemian, with a stronger emotion of surprise than his features usually expressed; 'it was then no vague guess — no general suspicion — which made you insist on changing the road? Can it be — are there really in other lands arts of prophecy more sure than those of our wandering tribes? The willow-tree under which we spoke could tell no tales. But no — no — no —— Dolt that I was! I

[1] See Note 28.

have it — I have it! The willow by the brook near yonder convent — I saw you look towards it as you passed it, about half a mile from yon hive of drones — that could not indeed speak, but it might hide one who could hear! I will hold my councils in an open plain henceforth: not a bunch of thistles shall be near me for a Scot to shroud amongst. Ha! ha! the Scot hath beat the Zingaro at his own subtle weapons. But know, Quentin Durward, that you have foiled me to the marring of thine own fortune. Yes! the fortune I told thee of, from the lines on thy hand, had been richly accomplished but for thine own obstinacy.'

'By St. Andrew,' said Quentin, 'thy impudence makes me laugh in spite of myself. How or in what should thy successful villainy have been of service to me? I heard, indeed, that you did stipulate to save my life, which condition your worthy allies would speedily have forgotten had we once come to blows; but in what thy betrayal of these ladies could have served me, but by exposing me to death or captivity, is a matter beyond human brains to conjecture.'

'No matter thinking of it, then,' said Hayraddin, 'for I mean still to surprise you with my gratitude. Had you kept back my hire, I should have held that we were quit, and had left you to your own foolish guidance. As it is, I remain your debtor for yonder matter on the banks of the Cher.'

'Methinks I have already taken out the payment in cursing and abusing thee,' said Quentin.

'Hard words or kind ones,' said the Zingaro, 'are but wind, which make no weight in the balance. Had you struck me, indeed, instead of threatening ——'

'I am likely enough to take out payment in that way, if you provoke me longer.'

'I would not advise it,' said the Zingaro; 'such payment, made by a rash hand, might exceed the debt, and unhappily leave a balance on your side, which I am not one to forget or forgive. And now farewell, but not for a long space; I go to bid adieu to the Ladies of Croye.'

'Thou!' said Quentin in astonishment — '*thou* be admitted to the presence of the ladies, and here, where they are in a manner recluses under the protection of the bishop's sister, a noble canoness! It is impossible.'

'Marthon, however, waits to conduct me to their presence,' said the Zingaro, with a sneer; 'and I must pray your forgiveness if I leave you something abruptly.'

He turned as if to depart, but instantly coming back, said

with a tone of deep and serious emphasis, 'I know your hopes; they are daring, yet not vain if I aid them. I know your fears; they should teach prudence, not timidity. Every woman may be won. A count is but a nickname, which will befit Quentin as well as the other nickname of duke befits Charles, or that of king befits Louis.'

Ere Durward could reply, the Bohemian had left the hall. Quentin instantly followed; but, better acquainted than the Scot with the passages of the house, Hayraddin kept the advantage which he had gotten; and the pursuer lost sight of him as he descended a small back staircase. Still Durward followed, though without exact consciousness of his own purpose in doing so. The staircase terminated by a door opening into the alley of a garden, in which he again beheld the Zingaro hastening down a pleached walk.

On two sides, the garden was surrounded by the buildings of the castle — a huge old pile, partly castellated and partly resembling an ecclesiastical building; on the other two sides, the inclosure was a high embattled wall. Crossing the alleys of the garden to another part of the building, where a postern-door opened behind a large massive buttress, overgrown with ivy, Hayraddin looked back, and waved his hand in signal of an exulting farewell to his follower, who saw that in effect the postern-door was opened by Marthon, and that the vile Bohemian was admitted into the precincts, as he naturally concluded, of the apartment of the Countesses of Croye. Quentin bit his lips with indignation, and blamed himself severely that he had not made the ladies sensible of the full infamy of Hayraddin's character, and acquainted with his machinations against their safety. The arrogating manner in which the Bohemian had promised to back his suit added to his anger and his disgust; and he felt as if even the hand of the Countess Isabelle would be profaned, were it possible to attain it by such patronage. 'But it is all a deception,' he said — 'a turn of his base juggling artifice. He has procured access to these ladies upon some false pretence, and with some mischievous intention. It is well I have learned where they lodge. I will watch Marthon, and solicit an interview with them, were it but to place them on their guard. It is hard that I must use artifice and brook delay when such as he have admittance openly and without scruple. They shall find, however, that, though I am excluded from their presence, Isabelle's safety is still the chief subject of my vigilance.'

While the young lover was thus meditating, an aged gentleman of the bishop's household approached him from the same door by which he had himself entered the garden, and made him aware, though with the greatest civility of manner, that the garden was private, and reserved only for the use of the bishop and guests of the very highest distinction.

Quentin heard him repeat this information twice ere he put the proper construction upon it; and then starting as from a reverie, he bowed and hurried out of the garden, the official person following him all the way, and overwhelming him with formal apologies for the necessary discharge of his duty. Nay, so pertinacious was he in his attempts to remove the offence which he conceived Durward to have taken, that he offered to bestow his own company upon him, to contribute to his entertainment; until Quentin, internally cursing his formal foppery, found no better way of escape than pretending a desire of visiting the neighbouring city, and setting off thither at such a round pace as speedily subdued all desire in the gentleman-usher to accompany him farther than the drawbridge. In a few minutes Quentin was within the walls of the city of Liege, then one of the richest in Flanders, and of course in the world.

Melancholy, even love-melancholy, is not so deeply seated, at least in minds of a manly and elastic character, as the soft enthusiasts who suffer under it are fond of believing. It yields to unexpected and striking impressions upon the senses, to change of place, to such scenes as create new trains of association, and to the influence of the busy hum of mankind. In a few minutes, Quentin's attention was as much engrossed by the variety of objects presented in rapid succession by the busy streets of Liege as if there had neither been a Countess Isabelle nor a Bohemian in the world.

The lofty houses; the stately, though narrow and gloomy, streets; the splendid display of the richest goods and most gorgeous armour in the warehouses and shops around; the walks crowded by busy citizens of every description, passing and repassing with faces of careful importance or eager bustle; the huge wains, which transported to and fro the subjects of export and import, the former consisting of broadcloths and serge, arms of all kinds, nails and iron-work, while the latter comprehended every article of use or luxury intended either for the consumption of an opulent city or received in barter and destined to be transported elsewhere — all these objects combined to form an engrossing picture of wealth, bustle, and

splendour, to which Quentin had been hitherto a stranger. He admired also the various streams and canals drawn from and communicating with the Maes, which, traversing the city in various directions, offered to every quarter the commercial facilities of water-carriage; and he failed not to hear a mass in the venerable old church of St. Lambert, said to have been founded in the 8th century.

It was upon leaving this place of worship that Quentin began to observe that he, who had been hitherto gazing on all around him with the eagerness of unrestrained curiosity, was himself the object of attention to several groups of substantial-looking burghers, who seemed assembled to look upon him as he left the church, and amongst whom arose a buzz and whisper, which spread from one party to another; while the number of gazers continued to augment rapidly, and the eyes of each who added to it were eagerly directed to Quentin, with a stare which expressed much interest and curiosity, mingled with a certain degree of respect.

At length he now formed the centre of a considerable crowd, which yet yielded before him while he continued to move forward; while those who followed or kept pace with him studiously avoided pressing on him or impeding his motions. Yet his situation was too embarrassing to be long endured, without making some attempt to extricate himself, and to obtain some explanation.

Quentin looked around him, and fixing upon a jolly, stout-made, respectable man, whom, by his velvet cloak and gold chain, he concluded to be a burgher of eminence, and perhaps a magistrate, he asked him, 'Whether he saw anything particular in his appearance, to attract public attention in a degree so unusual? or whether it was the ordinary custom of the people of Liege thus to throng around strangers who chanced to visit their city?'

'Surely not, good seignior,' answered the burgher; 'the Liegeois are neither so idly curious as to practise such a custom, nor is there anything in your dress or appearance, saving that which is most welcome to this city, and which our townsmen are both delighted to see and desirous to honour.'

'This sounds very polite, worthy sir,' said Quentin; 'but, by the cross of St. Andrew, I cannot even guess at your meaning.'

'Your oath, sir,' answered the merchant of Liege, 'as well as your accent, convinces me that we are right in our conjecture.'

LIÈGE.
From a recent photograph.

'By my patron St. Quentin!' said Durward, 'I am farther off from your meaning than ever.'

'There again now,' rejoined the Liegeois, looking, as he spoke, most provokingly, yet most civilly, politic and intelligent. 'It is surely not for us to see that which you, worthy seignior, deem it proper to conceal. But why swear by St. Quentin, if you would not have me construe your meaning? We know the good Count of St. Paul, who lies there at present, wishes well to our cause.'

'On my life,' said Quentin, 'you are under some delusion: I know nothing of St. Paul.'

'Nay, we question you not,' said the burgher; 'although, hark ye — I say, hark in your ear — my name is Pavillon.'

'And what is my business with that, Seignior Pavillon?' said Quentin.

'Nay, nothing; only methinks it might satisfy you that I am trustworthy. Here is my colleague Rouslaer, too.'

Rouslaer advanced, a corpulent dignitary, whose fair round belly, like a battering-ram, 'did shake the press before him,' and who, whispering caution to his neighbour, said, in a tone of rebuke, 'You forget, good colleague, the place is too open; the seignior will retire to your house or mine, and drink a glass of Rhenish and sugar, and then we shall hear more of our good friend and ally, whom we love with all our honest Flemish hearts.'

'I have no news for any of you,' said Quentin, impatiently; 'I will drink no Rhenish; and I only desire of you, as men of account and respectability, to disperse this idle crowd, and allow a stranger to leave your town as quietly as he came into it.'

'Nay, then, sir,' said Rouslaer, 'since you stand so much on your incognito, and with us, too, who are men of confidence, let me ask you roundly, wherefore wear you the badge of your company if you would remain unknown in Liege?'

'What badge and what order?' said Quentin. 'You look like reverend men and grave citizens, yet, on my soul, you are either mad yourselves or desire to drive me so.'

'Sapperment!' said the other burgher, 'this youth would make St. Lambert swear! Why, who wear bonnets with the St. Andrew's cross and *fleur-de-lys* save the Scottish Archers of King Louis's Guards?'

'And supposing I am an archer of the Scottish Guard, why should you make a wonder of my wearing the badge of my company?' said Quentin, impatiently.

'He has avowed it — he has avowed it!' said Rouslaer and Pavillon, turning to the assembled burghers in attitudes of congratulation, with waving arms, extended palms, and large round faces radiating with glee. 'He hath avowed himself an archer of Louis's Guard — of Louis, the guardian of the liberties of Liege!'

A general shout and cry now arose from the multitude, in which were mingled the various sounds of 'Long live Louis of France! Long live the Scottish Guard! Long live the valiant archer! Our liberties, our privileges, or death! No imposts! Long live the valiant Boar of Ardennes! Down with Charles of Burgundy! and confusion to Bourbon and his bishopric!'

Half-stunned by the noise, which began anew in one quarter as soon as it ceased in another, rising and falling like the billows of the sea, and augmented by thousands of voices which roared in chorus from distant streets and market-places, Quentin had yet time to form a conjecture concerning the meaning of the tumult, and a plan for regulating his own conduct.

He had forgotten that, after his skirmish with Orleans and Dunois, one of his comrades had, at Lord Crawford's command, replaced the morion, cloven by the sword of the latter, with one of the steel-lined bonnets which formed a part of the proper and well-known equipment of the Scotch Guards. That an individual of this body, which was always kept very close to Louis's person, should have appeared in the streets of a city whose civil discontents had been aggravated by the agents of that king, was naturally enough interpreted by the burghers of Liege into a determination on the part of Louis openly to assist their cause; and the apparition of an individual archer was magnified into a pledge of immediate and active support from Louis — nay, into an assurance that his auxiliary forces were actually entering the town at one or other, though no one could distinctly tell which, of the city gates.

To remove a conviction so generally adopted, Quentin easily saw was impossible — nay, that any attempt to undeceive men so obstinately prepossessed in their belief would be attended with personal risk, which, in this case, he saw little use of incurring. He therefore hastily resolved to temporise, and to get free the best way he could; and this resolution he formed while they were in the act of conducting him to the *stadt-house*, where the notables of the town were fast assembling, in order to hear the tidings which he was presumed to have brought, and to regale him with a splendid banquet.

In spite of all his opposition, which was set down to modesty, he was on every side surrounded by the donors of popularity, the unsavoury tide of which now floated around him. His two burgomaster friends, who were *schoppen* [*schöffen*], or syndics, of the city, had made fast both his arms. Before him, Nikkel Blok, the chief of the butchers' incorporation, hastily summoned from his office in the shambles, brandished his death-doing axe, yet smeared with blood and brains, with a courage and grace which *brantwein* alone could inspire. Behind him came the tall, lean, raw-boned, very drunk, and very patriotic, figure of Claus Hammerlein, president of the mystery of the workers in iron, and followed by at least a thousand unwashed artificers of his class. Weavers, nailers, ropemakers, artisans of every degree and calling, thronged forward to join the procession from every gloomy and narrow street. Escape seemed a desperate and impossible adventure.

In this dilemma, Quentin appealed to Rouslaer, who held one arm, and to Pavillon, who had secured the other, and who were conducting him forward at the head of the ovation of which he had so unexpectedly become the principal object. He hastily acquainted them 'with his having thoughtlessly adopted the bonnet of the Scottish Guard, on an accident having occurred to the head-piece in which he had proposed to travel; he regretted that, owing to this circumstance and the sharp wit with which the Liegeois drew the natural inference of his quality and the purpose of his visit, these things had been publicly discovered; and he intimated that, if just now conducted to the *stadt-house*, he might unhappily feel himself under the necessity of communicating to the assembled notables certain matters which he was directed by the King to reserve for the private ears of his excellent gossips, Meinherrs Rouslaer and Pavillon of Liege.'

This last hint operated like magic on the two citizens, who were the most distinguished leaders of the insurgent burghers, and were, like all demagogues of their kind, desirous to keep everything within their own management, so far as possible. They therefore hastily agreed that Quentin should leave the town for the time, and return by night to Liege, and converse with them privately in the house of Rouslaer, near the gate opposite to Schonwaldt. Quentin hesitated not to tell them that he was at present residing in the bishop's palace, under pretence of bearing despatches from the French court, although his real errand was, as they had well conjectured, designed to

the citizens of Liege; and this tortuous mode of conducting a communication, as well as the character and rank of the person to whom it was supposed to be entrusted, was so consonant to the character of Louis as neither to excite doubt nor surprise.

Almost immediately after this *éclaircissement* was completed, the progress of the multitude brought them opposite to the door of Pavillon's house, in one of the principal streets, but which communicated from behind with the Maes by means of a garden, as well as an extensive manufactory of tan-pits and other conveniences for dressing hides; for the patriotic burgher was a felt-dresser, or currier.

It was natural that Pavillon should desire to do the honours of his dwelling to the supposed envoy of Louis, and a halt before his house excited no surprise on the part of the multitude, who, on the contrary, greeted Meinherr Pavillon with a loud *vivat* as he ushered in his distinguished guest. Quentin speedily laid aside his remarkable bonnet for the cap of a felt-maker, and flung a cloak over his other apparel. Pavillon then furnished him with a passport to pass the gates of the city, and to return by night or day as should suit his convenience; and, lastly, committed him to the charge of his daughter, a fair and smiling Flemish lass, with instructions how he was to be disposed of, while he himself hastened back to his colleague to amuse their friends at the *stadt-house* with the best excuses which they could invent for the disappearance of King Louis's envoy. We cannot, as the footman says in the play, recollect the exact nature of the lie which the belwethers told the flock; but no task is so easy as that of imposing upon a multitude whose eager prejudices have more than half done the business, ere the impostor has spoken a word.

The worthy burgess was no sooner gone than his plump daughter, Trudchen, with many a blush and many a wreathed smile, which suited very prettily with lips like cherries, laughing blue eyes, and a skin transparently pure, escorted the handsome stranger through the pleached alleys of the Sieur Pavillon's garden, down to the water-side, and there saw him fairly embarked in a boat, which two stout Flemings, in their trunk-hose, fur caps, and many-buttoned jerkins, had got in readiness with as much haste as their Low-Country nature would permit.

As the pretty Trudchen spoke nothing but German, Quentin — no disparagement to his loyal affection to the Countess of Croye — could only express his thanks by a kiss on those same cherry lips, which was very gallantly bestowed, and accepted with

all modest gratitude; for gallants with a form and face like our Scottish Archer were not of every-day occurrence among the *bourgeoisie* of Liege.[1]

While the boat was rowed up the sluggish waters of the Maes, and passed the defences of the town, Quentin had time enough to reflect what account he ought to give of his adventure in Liege, when he returned to the bishop's palace of Schonwaldt; and disdaining alike to betray any person who had reposed confidence in him, although by misapprehension, or to conceal from the hospitable prelate the mutinous state of his capital, he resolved to confine himself to so general an account as might put the bishop upon his guard, while it should point out no individual to his vengeance.

He was landed from the boat within half a mile of the castle, and rewarded his rowers with a guilder, to their great satisfaction. Yet, short as was the space which divided him from Schonwaldt, the castle bell had tolled for dinner, and Quentin found, moreover, that he had approached the castle on a different side from that of the principal entrance, and that to go round would throw his arrival considerably later. He therefore made straight towards the side that was nearest him, as he discerned that it presented an embattled wall, probably that of the little garden already noticed, with a postern opening upon the moat, and a skiff moored by the postern, which might serve, he thought, upon summons, to pass him over. As he approached, in hopes to make his entrance this way, the postern opened, a man came out, and, jumping into the boat, made his way to the farther side of the moat, and then with a long pole pushed the skiff back towards the place where he had embarked. As he came near, Quentin discerned that this person was the Bohemian, who, avoiding him, as was not difficult, held a different path towards Liege, and was presently out of his ken.

Here was new subject for meditation. Had this vagabond heathen been all this while with the Ladies of Croye, and for what purpose should they so far have graced him with their presence? Tormented with this thought, Durward became doubly determined to seek an explanation with them, for the purpose at once of laying bare the treachery of Hayraddin and announcing to them the perilous state in which their protector, the bishop, was placed by the mutinous state of his town of Liege.

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[1] See Quentin's Adventure at Liege. Note 29.

As Quentin thus resolved, he entered the castle by the principal gate, and found that part of the family who assembled for dinner in the great hall, including the bishop's attendant clergy, officers of the household, and strangers below the rank of the very first nobility, were already placed at their meal. A seat at the upper end of the board had, however, been reserved beside the bishop's domestic chaplain, who welcomed the stranger with the old college jest of '*Sero venientibus ossa*,' while he took care so to load his plate with dainties as to take away all appearance of that tendency to reality which, in Quentin's country, is said to render a joke either no joke or at best an unpalatable one.[1]

In vindicating himself from the suspicion of ill-breeding, Quentin briefly described the tumult which had been occasioned in the city by his being discovered to belong to the Scottish Archer Guard of Louis, and endeavoured to give a ludicrous turn to the narrative, by saying that he had been with difficulty extricated by a fat burgher of Liege and his pretty daughter.

But the company were too much interested in the story to taste the jest. All operations of the table were suspended while Quentin told his tale; and when he had ceased, there was a solemn pause, which was only broken by the major-domo saying, in a low and melancholy tone, 'I would to God that we saw those hundred lances of Burgundy!'

'Why should you think so deeply on it?' said Quentin. 'You have many soldiers here, whose trade is arms; and your antagonists are only the rabble of a disorderly city, who will fly before the first flutter of a banner with men-at-arms arrayed beneath it.'

'You do not know the men of Liege,' said the chaplain, 'of whom it may be said that, not even excepting those of Ghent, they are at once the fiercest and the most untameable in Europe. Twice has the Duke of Burgundy chastised them for their repeated revolts against their bishop, and twice hath he suppressed them with much severity, abridged their privileges, taken away their banners, and established rights and claims to himself which were not before competent over a free city of the Empire. Nay, the last time he defeated them with much slaughter near St. Tron, where Liege lost nearly six thousand men, what with the sword, what with those drowned in the flight; and, thereafter, to disable them from farther mutiny, Duke Charles refused to enter at any of the gates which they

[1] 'A sooth boord (true joke) is no boord,' says the Scot.

had surrendered, but, beating to the ground forty cubits breadth of their city wall, marched into Liege as a conqueror, with visor closed and lance in rest, at the head of his chivalry, by the breach which he had made. Nay, well were the Liegeois then assured that, but for the intercession of his father, Duke Philip the Good, this Charles, then called Count of Charalois, would have given their town up to spoil. And yet, with all these fresh recollections, with their breaches unrepaired, and their arsenals scarcely supplied, the sight of an archer's bonnet is sufficient again to stir them to uproar. May God amend all! but I fear there will be bloody work between so fierce a population and so fiery a sovereign; and I would my excellent and kind master had a see of lesser dignity and more safety, for his mitre is lined with thorns instead of ermine. This much I say to you, seignior stranger, to make you aware that, if your affairs detain you not at Schonwaldt, it is a place from which each man of sense should depart as speedily as possible. I apprehend that your ladies are of the same opinion; for one of the grooms who attended them on the route has been sent back by them to the court of France with letters, which, doubtless, are intended to announce their going in search of a safer asylum.'

# CHAPTER XX

## *The Billet*

Go to — thou art made, if thou desirest to be so. If not, let me see thee still the fellow of servants, and not fit to touch Fortune's fingers.

*Twelfth Night.*

WHEN the tables were drawn, the chaplain, who seemed to have taken a sort of attachment to Quentin Durward's society, or who perhaps desired to extract from him farther information concerning the meeting of the morning, led him into a withdrawing-apartment, the windows of which, on one side, projected into the garden; and as he saw his companion's eye gaze rather eagerly upon the spot, he proposed to Quentin to go down and take a view of the curious foreign shrubs with which the bishop had enriched its parterres.

Quentin excused himself, as unwilling to intrude, and therewithal communicated the check which he had received in the morning. The chaplain smiled, and said, 'That there was indeed some ancient prohibition respecting the bishop's private garden; but this,' he added, with a smile, 'was when our reverend father was a princely young prelate of not more than thirty years of age, and when many fair ladies frequented the castle for ghostly consolation. Need there was,' he said, with a downcast look, and a smile, half simple and half intelligent, 'that these ladies, pained in conscience, who were ever lodged in the apartments now occupied by the noble canoness, should have some space for taking the air, secure from the intrusion of the profane. But of late years,' he added, 'this prohibition, although not formally removed, has fallen entirely out of observance, and remains but as the superstition which lingers in the brain of a superannuated gentleman-usher. If you please,' he added, 'we will presently descend, and try whether the place be haunted or no.'

Nothing could have been more agreeable to Quentin than

the prospect of a free entrance into the garden, through means of which, according to a chance which had hitherto attended his passion, he hoped to communicate with, or at least obtain sight of, the object of his affections, from some such turret or balcony-window, or similar 'coign of vantage,' as at the hostelry of the Fleur-de-Lys, near Plessis, or the Dauphin's Tower, within that castle itself. Isabelle seemed still destined, wherever she made her abode, to be the 'lady of the turret.'

When Durward descended with his new friend into the garden, the latter seemed a terrestrial philosopher, entirely busied with the things of the earth; while the eyes of Quentin, if they did not seek the heavens, like those of an astrologer, ranged at least all around the windows, balconies, and especially the turrets, which projected on every part from the inner front of the old building, in order to discover that which was to be his cynosure.

While thus employed, the young lover heard with total neglect, if indeed he heard at all, the enumeration of plants, herbs, and shrubs, which his reverend conductor pointed out to him; of which this was choice, because of prime use in medicine; and that more choice, for yielding a rare flavour to pottage; and a third choicest of all, because possessed of no merit but its extreme scarcity. Still it was necessary to preserve some semblance at least of attention; which the youth found so difficult, that he fairly wished at the devil the officious naturalist and the whole vegetable kingdom. He was relieved at length by the striking of a clock, which summoned the chaplain to some official duty.

The reverend man made many unnecessary apologies for leaving his new friend, and concluded by giving him the agreeable assurance, that he might walk in the garden till supper, without much risk of being disturbed.

'It is,' said he, 'the place where I always study my own homilies, as being most sequestered from the resort of strangers. I am now about to deliver one of them in the chapel, if you please to favour me with your audience. I have been thought to have some gift — but the glory be where it is due!'

Quentin excused himself for this evening, under pretence of a severe headache, which the open air was likely to prove the best cure for; and at length the well-meaning priest left him to himself.

It may be well imagined, that in the curious inspection which he now made, at more leisure, of every window or aper-

ture which looked into the garden, those did not escape which were in the immediate neighbourhood of the small door by which he had seen Marthon admit Hayraddin, as he pretended, to the apartment of the countesses. But nothing stirred or showed itself, which could either confute or confirm the tale which the Bohemian had told, until it was becoming dusky; and Quentin began to be sensible, he scarce knew why, that his sauntering so long in the garden might be subject of displeasure or suspicion.

Just as he had resolved to depart, and was taking what he had destined for his last turn under the windows which had such attraction for him, he heard above him a slight and cautious sound, like that of a cough, as intended to call his attention, and to avoid the observation of others. As he looked up in joyful surprise, a casement opened — a female hand was seen to drop a billet, which fell into a rosemary bush that grew at the foot of the wall. The precaution used in dropping this letter prescribed equal prudence and secrecy in reading it. The garden, surrounded, as we have said, upon two sides by the buildings of the palace, was commanded, of course, by the windows of many apartments; but there was a sort of grotto of rock-work, which the chaplain had shown Durward with much complacency. To snatch up the billet, thrust it into his bosom, and hie to this place of secrecy, was the work of a single minute. He there opened the precious scroll, and blessed, at the same time, the memory of the monks of Aberbrothock, whose nurture had rendered him capable of deciphering its contents.

The first line contained the injunction, 'Read this in secret,' — and the contents were as follows: 'What your eyes have too boldly said mine have perhaps too rashly understood. But unjust persecution makes its victims bold, and it were better to throw myself on the gratitude of one than to remain the object of pursuit to many. Fortune has her throne upon a rock; but brave men fear not to climb. If you dare do aught for one that hazards much, you need but pass into this garden at prime to-morrow, wearing in your cap a blue-and-white feather; but expect no farther communication. Your stars have, they say, destined you for greatness, and disposed you to gratitude. Farewell — be faithful, prompt, and resolute, and doubt not thy fortune.' Within this letter was enclosed a ring with a table-diamond, on which were cut, in form of a lozenge, the ancient arms of the house of Croye.

The first feeling of Quentin upon this occasion was un-

mingled ecstasy — a pride and joy which seemed to raise him to the stars, — a determination to do or die, influenced by which he treated with scorn the thousand obstacles that placed themselves betwixt him and the goal of his wishes.

In this mood of rapture, and unable to endure any interruption which might withdraw his mind, were it but for a moment, from so ecstatic a subject of contemplation, Durward, retiring to the interior of the castle, hastily assigned his former pretext of a headache for not joining the household of the bishop at the supper-meal, and, lighting his lamp, betook himself to the chamber which had been assigned him, to read, and to read again and again, the precious billet, and to kiss a thousand times the no less precious ring.

But such high-wrought feelings could not remain long in the same ecstatic tone. A thought pressed upon him, though he repelled it as ungrateful — as even blasphemous, that the frankness of the confession implied less delicacy, on the part of her who made it, than was consistent with the high romantic feeling of adoration with which he had hitherto worshipped the Lady Isabelle. No sooner did this ungracious thought intrude itself than he hastened to stifle it, as he would have stifled a hissing and hateful adder that had intruded itself into his couch. Was it for him — him the favoured, on whose account she had stooped from her sphere, to ascribe blame to her for the very act of condescension, without which he dared not have raised his eyes towards her? Did not her very dignity of birth and of condition reverse, in her case, the usual rules which impose silence on the lady until her lover shall have first spoken? To these arguments, which he boldly formed into syllogisms, and avowed to himself, his vanity might possibly suggest one which he cared not to embody even mentally with the same frankness — that the merit of the party beloved might perhaps warrant, on the part of the lady, some little departure from common rules; and, after all, as in the case of Malvolio, there was example for it in chronicle. The squire of low degree, of whom he had just been reading, was, like himself, a gentleman void of land and living, and yet the generous Princess of Hungary bestowed on him, without scruple, more substantial marks of her affection than the billet he had just received: —

> 'Welcome,' she said, 'my swete squyre,
> My heartis roote, my soule's desire;
> I will give thee kisses three,
> And als five hundrid poundis in fee.'

And again the same faithful history made the King of Hongrie himself avouch,

> 'I have yknown many a page
> Come to be prince by marriage.'

So that, upon the whole, Quentin generously and magnanimously reconciled himself to a line of conduct on the countess's part by which he was likely to be so highly benefited.

But this scruple was succeeded by another doubt, harder of digestion. The traitor Hayraddin had been in the apartments of the ladies, for aught Quentin knew, for the space of four hours, and, considering the hints which he had thrown out, of possessing an influence of the most interesting kind over the fortunes of Quentin Durward, what should assure him that this train was not of his laying? and if so, was it not probable that such a dissembling villain had set it on foot to conceal some new plan of treachery — perhaps to seduce Isabelle out of the protection of the worthy bishop? This was a matter to be closely looked into, for Quentin felt a repugnance to this individual proportioned to the unabashed impudence with which he had avowed his profligacy, and could not bring himself to hope, that anything in which he was concerned could ever come to an honourable or happy conclusion.

These various thoughts rolled over Quentin's mind like misty clouds, to dash and obscure the fair landscape which his fancy had at first drawn, and his couch was that night a sleepless one. At the hour of prime, ay, and an hour before it, was he in the castle-garden, where no one now opposed either his entrance or his abode, with a feather of the assigned colour, as distinguished as he could by any means procure in such haste. No notice was taken of his appearance for nearly two hours; at length he heard a few notes of the lute, and presently the lattice opened right above the little postern-door at which Marthon had admitted Hayraddin, and Isabelle, in maidenly beauty, appeared at the opening, greeted him half-kindly, half-shyly, coloured extremely at the deep and significant reverence with which he returned her courtesy, shut the casement and disappeared.

Daylight and champaign could discover no more! The authenticity of the billet was ascertained; it only remained what was to follow, and of this the fair writer had given him no hint. But no immediate danger impended. The countess was in a strong castle, under the protection of a prince, at once

respectable for his secular and venerable for his ecclesiastical authority. There was neither immediate room nor occasion for the exulting squire interfering in the adventure; and it was sufficient if he kept himself prompt to execute her commands whenever they should be communicated to him. But Fate purposed to call him into action sooner than he was aware of.

It was the fourth night after his arrival at Schonwaldt, when Quentin had taken measures for sending back on the morrow, to the court of Louis, the remaining groom who had accompanied him on his journey, with letters from himself to his uncle and Lord Crawford, renouncing the service of France, for which the treachery to which he had been exposed by the private instructions of Hayraddin gave him an excuse, both in honour and prudence; and he betook himself to his bed with all the rosy-coloured ideas around him which flutter about the couch of a youth when he loves dearly, and thinks his love as sincerely repaid.

But Quentin's dreams, which at first partook of the nature of those happy influences under which he had fallen asleep, began by degrees to assume a more terrific character.

He walked with the Countess Isabelle beside a smooth and inland lake, such as formed the principal characteristic of his native glen; and he spoke to her of his love, without any consciousness of the impediments which lay between them. She blushed and smiled when she listened, even as he might have expected from the tenor of the letter, which, sleeping or waking, lay nearest to his heart. But the scene suddenly changed from summer to winter, from calm to tempest; the winds and the waves rose with such a contest of surge and whirlwind, as if the demons of the water and of the air had been contending for their roaring empires in rival strife. The rising waters seemed to cut off their advance and their retreat; the increasing tempest, which dashed them against each other, seemed to render their remaining on the spot impossible; and the tumultuous sensations produced by the apparent danger awoke the dreamer.

He awoke; but although the circumstances of the vision had disappeared, and given place to reality, the noise, which had probably suggested them, still continued to sound in his ears.

Quentin's first impulse was to sit erect in bed, and listen with astonishment to sounds, which, if they had announced a tempest, might have shamed the wildest that ever burst down

from the Grampians; and again in a minute he became sensible, that the tumult was not excited by the fury of the elements, but by the wrath of men.

He sprung from bed, and looked from the window of his apartment; but it opened into the garden, and on that side all was quiet, though the opening of the casement made him still more sensible, from the shouts which reached his ears, that the outside of the castle was beleaguered and assaulted, and that by a numerous and determined enemy. Hastily collecting his dress and arms, and putting them on with such celerity as darkness and surprise permitted, his attention was solicited by a knocking at the door of his chamber. As Quentin did not immediately answer, the door, which was a slight one, was forced open from without, and the intruder, announced by his peculiar dialect to be the Bohemian, Hayraddin Maugrabin, entered the apartment. A phial, which he held in his hand, touched by a match, produced a dark flash of ruddy fire, by means of which he kindled a lamp, which he took from his bosom.

'The horoscope of your destinies,' he said energetically to Durward, without any farther greeting, 'now turns upon the determination of a minute.'

'Caitiff!' said Quentin, in reply, 'there is treachery around us; and where there is treachery, thou *must* have a share in it.'

'You are mad,' answered Maugrabin; 'I never betrayed any one but to gain by it, and wherefore should I betray you, by whose safety I can take more advantage than by your destruction? Hearken for a moment, if it be possible for you, to one note of reason ere it is sounded into your ear by the death-shot of ruin. The Liegeois are up; William de la Marck with his band leads them. Were there means of resistance, their numbers and his fury would overcome them; but there are next to none. If you would save the countess and your own hopes, follow me, in the name of her who sent you a table-diamond, with three leopards engraved on it!'

'Lead the way,' said Quentin, hastily. 'In that name I dare every danger!'

'As I shall manage it,' said the Bohemian, 'there is no danger, if you can but withhold your hand from strife which does not concern you; for, after all, what is it to you whether the bishop, as they call him, slaughters his flock, or the flock slaughters the shepherd? Ha! ha! ha! Follow me, but with caution and patience; subdue your own courage, and confide

in my prudence; and my debt of thankfulness is paid, and you have a countess for your spouse. Follow me.'

'I follow,' said Quentin, drawing his sword; 'but the moment in which I detect the least sign of treachery, thy head and body are three yards separate!'

Without more conversation, the Bohemian, seeing that Quentin was now fully armed and ready, ran down the stairs before him, and winded hastily through various side-passages, until they gained the little garden. Scarce a light was to be seen on that side, scarce any bustle was to be heard; but no sooner had Quentin entered the open space than the noise on the opposite side of the castle became ten times more stunningly audible, and he could hear the various war-cries of 'Liege! Liege! Sanglier! Sanglier!' shouted by the assailants, while the feebler cry of 'Our Lady for the Prince Bishop!' was raised in a faint and faltering tone, by those of the prelate's soldiers who had hastened, though surprised and at disadvantage, to the defence of the walls.

But the interest of the fight, notwithstanding the martial character of Quentin Durward, was indifferent to him in comparison of the fate of Isabelle of Croye, which, he had reason to fear, would be a dreadful one, unless rescued from the power of the dissolute and cruel freebooter, who was now, as it seemed, bursting the gates of the castle. He reconciled himself to the aid of the Bohemian, as men in a desperate illness refuse not the remedy prescribed by quacks and mountebanks, and followed across the garden, with the intention of being guided by him until he should discover symptoms of treachery, and then piercing him through the heart, or striking his head from his body. Hayraddin seemed himself conscious that his safety turned on a feather-weight, for he forbore, from the moment they entered the open air, all his wonted gibes and quirks, and seemed to have made a vow to act at once with modesty, courage, and activity.

At the opposite door, which led to the ladies' apartments, upon a low signal made by Hayraddin, appeared two women, muffled in the black silk veils which were then, as now, worn by the women in the Netherlands. Quentin offered his arm to one of them, who clung to it with trembling eagerness, and indeed hung upon him so much that had her weight been greater she must have much impeded their retreat. The Bohemian, who conducted the other female, took the road straight for the postern which opened upon the moat, through

the garden-wall, close to which the little skiff was drawn up, by means of which Quentin had formerly observed Hayraddin himself retreating from the castle.

As they crossed, the shouts of storm and successful violence seemed to announce that the castle was in the act of being taken; and so dismal was the sound in Quentin's ears, that he could not help swearing aloud, 'But that my blood is irretrievably devoted to the fulfilment of my present duty, I would back to the wall, take faithful part with the hospitable bishop, and silence some of those knaves whose throats are full of mutiny and robbery!'

The lady, whose arm was still folded in his, pressed it lightly as he spoke, as if to make him understand that there was a nearer claim on his chivalry than the defence of Schonwaldt; while the Bohemian exclaimed, loud enough to be heard, 'Now, that I call right Christian frenzy, which would turn back to fight, when love and fortune both demand that we should fly. On — on, with all the haste you can make. Horses wait us in yonder thicket of willows.'

'There are but two horses,' said Quentin, who saw them in the moonlight.

'All that I could procure without exciting suspicion, and enough, besides,' replied the Bohemian. 'You two must ride for Tongres ere the way becomes unsafe; Marthon will abide with the women of our horde, with whom she is an old acquaintance. Know, she is a daughter of our tribe, and only dwelt among you to serve our purpose as occasion should fall.'

'Marthon!' exclaimed the countess, looking at the veiled female with a shriek of surprise; 'is not this my kinswoman?'

'Only Marthon,' said Hayraddin. 'Excuse me that little piece of deceit. I dared not carry off *both* the Ladies of Croye from the Wild Boar of Ardennes.'

'Wretch!' said Quentin, emphatically; 'but it is not — shall not — be too late: I will back to rescue the Lady Hameline.'

'Hameline,' whispered the lady, in a disturbed voice, 'hangs on thy arm to thank thee for her rescue.'

'Ha! what! How is this?' said Quentin, extricating himself from her hold, and with less gentleness than he would at any other time have used towards a female of any rank. 'Is the Lady Isabelle then left behind? Farewell — farewell.'

As he turned to hasten back to the castle, Hayraddin laid hold of him. 'Nay, hear you — hear you — you run upon your death! What the foul fiend did you wear the colours of the

old one for? I will never trust blue and white silk again. But she has almost as large a dower — has jewels and gold — hath pretensions, too, upon the earldom.'

While he spoke thus, panting on in broken sentences, the Bohemian struggled to detain Quentin, who at length laid his hand on his dagger, in order to extricate himself.

'Nay, if that be the case,' said Hayraddin, unloosing his hold, 'go, and the devil, if there be one, go along with you!' And, soon as freed from his hold, the Scot shot back to the castle with the speed of the wind.

Hayraddin then turned round to the Countess Hameline, who had sunk down on the ground, between shame, fear, and disappointment.

'Here has been a mistake,' he said. 'Up, lady, and come with me; I will provide you, ere morning comes, a gallanter husband than this smock-faced boy; and if one will not serve, you shall have twenty.'

The Lady Hameline was as violent in her passions as she was vain and weak in her understanding. Like many other persons, she went tolerably well through the ordinary duties of life; but in a crisis like the present, she was entirely incapable of doing aught, save pouring forth unavailing lamentations, and accusing Hayraddin of being a thief, a base slave, an impostor, a murderer.

'Call me Zingaro,' returned he, composedly, 'and you have said all at once.'

'Monster! you said the stars had decreed our union, and caused me to write — O wretch that I was!' exclaimed the unhappy lady.

'And so they *had* decreed your union,' said Hayraddin, 'had both parties been willing; but think you the blessed constellations can make any one wed against his will? I was led into error with your accursed Christian gallantries, and fopperies of ribbons and favours, and the youth prefers veal to beef, I think, that's all. Up and follow me; and take notice, I endure neither weeping nor swooning.'

'I will not stir a foot,' said the countess, obstinately.

'By the bright welkin, but you shall, though!' exclaimed Hayraddin. 'I swear to you, by all that ever fools believed in, that you have to do with one who would care little to strip you naked, bind you to a tree, and leave you to your fortune!'

'Nay,' said Marthon, interfering, 'by your favour she shall not be misused. I wear a knife as well as you, and can use it.

She is a kind woman, though a fool. And you, madam, rise up and follow us. Here has been a mistake; but it is something to have saved life and limb. There are many in yonder castle would give all the wealth in the world to stand where we do now.'

As Marthon spoke, a clamour, in which the shouts of victory were mingled with screams of terror and despair, was wafted to them from the castle of Schonwaldt.

'Hear that, lady!' said Hayraddin, 'and be thankful you are not adding your treble pipe to yonder concert. Believe me, I will care for you honestly, and the stars shall keep their words, and find you a good husband.'

Like some wild animal, exhausted and subdued by terror and fatigue, the Countess Hameline yielded herself up to the conduct of her guides, and suffered herself to be passively led whichever way they would. Nay, such was the confusion of her spirits and the exhaustion of her strength, that the worthy couple, who half bore, half led her, carried on their discourse in her presence without her even understanding it.

'I ever thought your plan was folly,' said Marthon. 'Could you have brought the *young* people together, indeed, we might have had a hold on their gratitude, and a footing in their castle. But what chance of so handsome a youth wedding this old fool?'

'Rizpah,' said Hayraddin, 'you have borne the name of a Christian, and dwelt in the tents of those besotted people, till thou hast become a partaker in their follies. How could I dream that he would have made scruples about a few years, youth or age, when the advantages of the match were so evident? And thou knowest, there would have been no moving yonder coy wench to be so frank as this coming countess here, who hangs on our arms as dead a weight as a wool-pack. I loved the lad too, and would have done him a kindness: to wed him to this old woman was to make his fortune; to unite him to Isabelle were to have brought on him De la Marck, Burgundy, France — every one that challenges an interest in disposing of her hand. And this silly woman's wealth being chiefly in gold and jewels, we should have had our share. But the bow-string has burst and the arrow failed. Away with her; we will bring her to William with the Beard. By the time he has gorged himself with wassail, as is his wont, he will not know an old countess from a young one. Away, Rizpah; bear a gallant heart. The bright Aldebaran still influences the destinies of the Children of the Desert!'

# CHAPTER XXI

## *The Sack*

> The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
> And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
> In liberty of bloody hand shall range,
> With conscience wide as hell.
>
> *Henry V.*

THE surprised and affrighted garrison of the castle of Schonwaldt had, nevertheless, for some time, made good the defence against the assailants; but the immense crowds which, issuing from the city of Liege, thronged to the assault like bees, distracted their attention and abated their courage.

There was also disaffection at least, if not treachery, among the defenders; for some called out to surrender, and others, deserting their posts, tried to escape from the castle. Many threw themselves from the walls into the moat, and such as escaped drowning flung aside their distinguishing badges, and saved themselves by mingling among the motley crowd of assailants. Some few, indeed, from attachment to the bishop's person, drew around him, and continued to defend the great keep, to which he had fled; and others, doubtful of receiving quarter, or from an impulse of desperate courage, held out other detached bulwarks and towers of the extensive building. But the assailants had got possession of the courts and lower parts of the edifice, and were busy pursuing the vanquished and searching for spoil, while one individual, as if he sought for that death from which all others were flying, endeavoured to force his way into the scene of tumult and horror, under apprehensions still more horrible to his imagination than the realities around were to his sight and senses. Whoever had seen Quentin Durward that fatal night, not knowing the meaning of his conduct, had accounted him a raging madman; whoever had appreciated his motives had ranked him nothing beneath a hero of romance.

Approaching Schonwaldt on the same side from which he had left it, the youth met several fugitives making for the wood, who naturally avoided him as an enemy, because he came in an opposite direction from that which they had adopted. When he came nearer, he could hear, and partly see, men dropping from the garden-wall into the castle fosse, and others who seemed precipitated from the battlements by the assailants. His courage was not staggered, even for an instant. There was not time to look for the boat, even had it been practicable to use it, and it was in vain to approach the postern of the garden, which was crowded with fugitives, who ever and anon, as they were thrust through it by the pressure behind, fell into the moat which they had no means of crossing.

Avoiding that point, Quentin threw himself into the moat, near what was called the little gate of the castle, and where there was a drawbridge, which was still elevated. He avoided with difficulty the fatal grasp of more than one sinking wretch, and, swimming to the drawbridge, caught hold of one of the chains which was hanging down, and, by a great exertion of strength and activity, swayed himself out of the water, and attained the platform from which the bridge was suspended. As with hands and knees he struggled to make good his footing, a lanzknecht, with his bloody sword in his hand, made towards him, and raised his weapon for a blow, which must have been fatal.

'How now, fellow!' said Quentin, in a tone of authority. 'Is that the way in which you assist a comrade? Give me your hand.'

The soldier in silence, and not without hesitation, reached him his arm, and helped him upon the platform, when without allowing him time for reflection, the Scot continued in the same tone of command — 'To the western tower, if you would be rich: the priest's treasury is in the western tower.'

These words were echoed on every hand: 'To the western tower, the treasure is in the western tower!' And the stragglers who were within hearing of the cry, took, like a herd of raging wolves, the direction opposite to that which Quentin, come life, come death, was determined to pursue.

Bearing himself as if he were one, not of the conquered, but of the victors, he made a way into the garden, and pushed across it, with less interruption than he could have expected; for the cry of 'To the western tower!' had carried off one body of the assailants, and another was summoned together, by war-

cry and trumpet-sound, to assist in repelling a desperate sally, attempted by the defenders of the keep, who had hoped to cut their way out of the castle, bearing the bishop along with them. Quentin, therefore, crossed the garden with an eager step and throbbing heart, commending himself to those Heavenly powers which had protected him through the numberless perils of his life, and bold in his determination to succeed, or leave his life in this desperate undertaking. Ere he reached the garden, three men rushed on him with levelled lances, crying, 'Liege — Liege!'

Putting himself in defence, but without striking, he replied, 'France — France, friend to Liege!'

'*Vivat France!*' cried the burghers of Liege, and passed on. The same signal proved a talisman to avert the weapons of four or five of La Marck's followers, whom he found straggling in the garden, and who set upon him, crying, 'Sanglier!'

In a word, Quentin began to hope that his character as an emissary of King Louis, the private instigator of the insurgents of Liege, and the secret supporter of William de la Marck, might possibly bear him through the horrors of the night.

On reaching the turret, he shuddered when he found the little side-door, through which Marthon and the Countess Hameline had shortly before joined him, was now blockaded with more than one dead body.

Two of them he dragged hastily aside, and was stepping over the third body, in order to enter the portal, when the supposed dead man laid hand on his cloak, and entreated him to stay and assist him to rise. Quentin was about to use rougher methods than struggling to rid himself of this untimely obstruction, when the fallen man continued to exclaim, 'I am stifled here, in mine own armour! I am the Syndic Pavillon of Liege! If you are for us, I will enrich you — if you are for the other side, I will protect you; but do not — do not leave me to die the death of a smothered pig!'

In the midst of this scene of blood and confusion, the presence of mind of Quentin suggested to him, that this dignitary might have the means of protecting their retreat. He raised him on his feet, and asked him if he was wounded.

'Not wounded — at least I think not,' answered the burgher; 'but much out of wind.'

'Sit down then on this stone, and recover your breath,' said Quentin; 'I will return instantly.'

'For whom are you?' said the burgher, still detaining him.

'For France — for France,' answered Quentin, studying to get away.

'What! my lively young archer?' said the worthy syndic. 'Nay, if it has been my fate to find a friend in this fearful night, I will not quit him, I promise you. Go where you will, I follow; and, could I get some of the tight lads of our guildry together, I might be able to help you in turn; but they are all squandered abroad like so many pease. Oh, it is a fearful night!'

During this time, he was dragging himself on after Quentin, who, aware of the importance of securing the countenance of a person of such influence, slackened his pace to assist him, although cursing in his heart the encumbrance that retarded him.

At the top of the stair was an ante-room, with boxes and trunks, which bore marks of having been rifled, as some of the contents lay on the floor. A lamp, dying in the chimney, shed a feeble beam on a dead or senseless man, who lay across the hearth.

Bounding from Pavillon, like a greyhound from his keeper's leash, and with an effort which almost overthrew him, Quentin sprung through a second and a third room, the last of which seemed to be the bedroom of the Ladies of Croye. No living mortal was to be seen in either of them. He called upon the Lady Isabelle's name, at first gently, then more loudly, and then with an accent of despairing emphasis; but no answer was returned. He wrung his hands, tore his hair, and stamped on the earth with desperation. At length, a feeble glimmer of light, which shone through a crevice in the wainscoting of a dark nook in the bedroom, announced some recess or concealment behind the arras. Quentin hasted to examine it. He found there was indeed a concealed door, but it resisted his hurried efforts to open it. Heedless of the personal injury he might sustain, he rushed at the door with his whole force and weight of his body; and such was the impetus of an effort made betwixt hope and despair, that it would have burst much stronger fastenings.

He thus forced his way, almost headlong, into a small oratory, where a female figure, which had been kneeling in agonising supplication before the holy image, now sunk at length on the floor, under the new terrors implied in this approaching tumult. He hastily raised her from the ground, and, joy of joys! it was she whom he sought to save — the

Countess Isabelle. He pressed her to his bosom — he conjured her to awake — entreated her to be of good cheer — for that she was now under the protection of one who had heart and hand enough to defend her against armies.

'Durward!' she said, as she at length collected herself, 'is it indeed you? Then there is some hope left. I thought all living and mortal friends had left me to my fate. Do not again abandon me.'

'Never — never!' said Durward. 'Whatever shall happen — whatever danger shall approach, may I forfeit the benefits purchased by yonder blessed sign, if I be not the sharer of your fate until it is again a happy one!'

'Very pathetic and touching, truly,' said a rough, broken, asthmatic voice behind. 'A love affair, I see; and, from my soul, I pity the tender creature, as if she were my own Trudchen.'

'You must do more than pity us,' said Quentin, turning towards the speaker; 'you must assist in protecting us, Meinherr Pavillon. Be assured this lady was put under my especial charge by your ally the King of France; and, if you aid me not to shelter her from every species of offence and violence, your city will lose the favour of Louis of Valois. Above all, she must be guarded from the hands of William de la Marck.'

'That will be difficult,' said Pavillon, 'for these *schelms* of lanzknechts are very devils at rummaging out the wenches; but I'll do my best. We will to the other apartment, and there I will consider. It is but a narrow stair, and you can keep the door with a pike, while I look from the window, and get together some of my brisk boys of the curriers' guildry of Liege, that are as true as the knives they wear in their girdles. But first undo me these clasps; for I have not worn this corslet since the battle of St. Tron,[1] and I am three stone heavier since that time, if there be truth in Dutch beam and scale.'

The undoing of the iron inclosure gave great relief to the honest man, who, in putting it on, had more considered his zeal to the cause of Liege than his capacity of bearing arms. It afterwards turned out that, being, as it were, borne forward involuntarily, and hoisted over the walls by his company as they thronged to the assault, the magistrate had been carried here and there, as the tide of attack and defence flowed or ebbed, without the power, latterly, of even uttering a word; until, as the sea casts a log of driftwood ashore in the first

[1] See Note 30.

creek, he had been ultimately thrown down in the entrance to the Ladies of Croye's apartments, where the encumbrance of his own armour, with the superincumbent weight of two men slain in the entrance, and who fell above him, might have fixed him down long enough, had he not been relieved by Durward.

The same warmth of temper, which rendered Hermann Pavillon a hot-headed and intemperate zealot in politics, had the more desirable consequence of making him, in private, a good-tempered, kind-hearted man, who, if sometimes a little misled by vanity, was always well-meaning and benevolent. He told Quentin to have an especial care of the poor pretty *yungfrau;* and, after this unnecessary exhortation, began to halloo from the window, 'Liege — Liege, for the gallant skinners' guild of curriers!'

One or two of his immediate followers collected at the summons, and at the peculiar whistle with which it was accompanied (each of the crafts having such a signal among themselves), and, more joining them, established a guard under the window from which their leader was bawling, and before the postern-door.

Matters seemed now settling into some sort of tranquillity. All opposition had ceased, and the leaders of the different classes of assailants were taking measures to prevent indiscriminate plunder. The great bell was tolled, as summons to a military council, and its iron tongue, communicating to Liege the triumphant possession of Schonwaldt by the insurgents, was answered by all the bells in that city, whose distant and clamorous voices seemed to cry, 'Hail to the victors!' It would have been natural, that Meinherr Pavillon should now have sallied from his fastness; but, either in reverent care of those whom he had taken under his protection, or perhaps for the better assurance of his own safety, he contented himself with despatching messenger on messenger, to command his lieutenant, Peterkin Geislaer, to attend him directly.

Peterkin came at length, to his great relief, as being the person upon whom, on all pressing occasions, whether of war, politics, or commerce, Pavillon was most accustomed to repose confidence. He was a stout, squat figure, with a square face and broad black eyebrows, that announced him to be opinionative and disputatious, — an advice-giving countenance, so to speak. He was endued with a buff jerkin, wore a broad belt and cutlass by his side, and carried a halberd in his hand.

'Peterkin, my dear lieutenant,' said his commander, 'this

has been a glorious day — night, I should say; I trust thou art pleased for once?'

'I am well enough pleased that you are so,' said the doughty lieutenant; 'though I should not have thought of your celebrating the victory, if you call it one, up in this garret by yourself, when you are wanted in council.'

'But *am* I wanted there?' said the syndic.

'Ay, marry are you, to stand up for the rights of Liege, that are in more danger than ever,' answered the lieutenant.

'Pshaw, Peterkin,' answered his principal, 'thou art ever such a frampold grumbler ——'

'Grumbler! not I,' said Peterkin; 'what pleases other people will always please me. Only I wish we have not got King Stork, instead of King Log, like the *fabliau* that the clerk of St. Lambert's used to read us out of Meister Æsop's book.'

'I cannot guess your meaning, Peterkin,' said the syndic.

'Why then, I tell you, Master Pavillon, that this Boar, or Bear, is like to make his own den of Schonwaldt, and 't is probable to turn out as bad a neighbour to our town as ever was the old bishop and worse. Here has he taken the whole conquest in his own hand, and is only doubting whether he should be called prince or bishop; and it is a shame to see how they have mishandled the old man among them.'

'I will not permit it, Peterkin,' said Pavillon, bustling up; 'I disliked the mitre, but not the head that wore it. We are ten to one in the field, Peterkin, and will not permit these courses.'

'Ay, ten to one in the field, but only man to man in the castle; besides that Nikkel Blok the butcher, and all the rabble of the suburbs, take part with Willian de la Marck, partly for *saus* and *braus*, for he had broached all the ale-tubs and wine-casks, and partly for old envy towards us, who are the craftsmen, and have privileges.'

'Peter,' said Pavillon, 'we will go presently to the city. I will stay no longer in Schonwaldt.'

'But the bridges of this castle are up, master,' said Geislaer; 'the gates locked, and guarded by these lanzknechts; and, if we were to try to force our way, these fellows, whose every-day business is war, might make wild work of us, that only fight of a holyday.'

'But why has he secured the gates?' said the alarmed burgher; 'or what business hath he to make honest men prisoners?'

'I cannot tell — not I,' said Peter. 'Some noise there is about the Ladies of Croye, who have escaped during the storm of the castle. That first put the Man with the Beard beside himself with anger, and now he 's beside himself with drink also.

The burgomaster cast a disconsolate look towards Quentin, and seemed at a loss what to resolve upon. Durward, who had not lost a word of the conversation, which alarmed him very much, saw nevertheless that their only safety depended on his preserving his own presence of mind, and sustaining the courage of Pavillon. He struck boldly into the conversation, as one who had a right to have a voice in the deliberation. 'I am ashamed,' he said, 'Meinherr Pavillon, to observe you hesitate what to do on this occasion. Go boldly to William de la Marck, and demand free leave to quit the castle, you, your lieutenant, your squire, and your daughter. He can have no pretence for keeping you prisoner.'

'For me and my lieutenant — that is myself and Peter — good; but who is my squire?'

'I am, for the present,' replied the undaunted Scot.

'You!' said the embarrassed burgess; 'but are you not the envoy of King Louis of France?'

'True, but my message is to the magistrates of Liege, and only in Liege will I deliver it. Were I to acknowledge my quality before William de la Marck, must I not enter into negotiation with him — ay, and, it is like, be detained by him? You must get me secretly out of the castle in the capacity of your squire.'

'Good — my squire. But you spoke of my daughter; my daughter is, I trust, safe in my house in Liege — where I wish her father was, with all my heart and soul.'

'This lady,' said Durward, 'will call you father while we are in this place.'

'And for my whole life afterwards,' said the countess, throwing herself at the citizen's feet and clasping his knees. 'Never shall the day pass in which I will not honour you, love you, and pray for you as a daughter for a father, if you will but aid me in this fearful strait. O, be not hard-hearted! think your own daughter may kneel to a stranger, to ask him for life and honour — think of this, and give *me* the protection you would wish *her* to receive!'

'In troth,' said the good citizen, much moved with her pathetic appeal, 'I think, Peter, that this pretty maiden hath a touch of our Trudchen's sweet look, — I thought so from the

first; and that this brisk youth here, who is so ready with his advice, is somewhat like Trudchen's bachelor. I wager a groat, Peter, that this is a true-love matter, and it is a sin not to further it.'

'It were shame and sin both,' said Peter, a good-natured Fleming, notwithstanding all his self-conceit; and as he spoke he wiped his eyes with the sleeve of his jerkin.

'She *shall* be my daughter, then,' said Pavillon, 'well wrapped up in her black silk veil; and if there are not enough of true-hearted skinners to protect her, being the daughter of their syndic, it were pity they should ever tug leather more. But hark ye, questions must be answered. How if I am asked what should my daughter make here at such an onslaught?'

'What should half the women in Liege make here when they followed us to the castle?' said Peter; 'they had no other reason, sure, but that it was just the place in the world that they should *not* have come to. Our *yungfrau* Trudchen has come a little farther than the rest, that is all.'

'Admirably spoken,' said Quentin: 'only be bold, and take this gentleman's good counsel, noble Meinherr Pavillon, and, at no trouble to yourself, you will do the most worthy action since the days of Charlemagne. Here, sweet lady, wrap yourself close in this veil,' for many articles of female apparel lay scattered about the apartment; 'be but confident, and a few minutes will place you in freedom and safety. Noble sir,' he added, addressing Pavillon, 'set forward.'

'Hold — hold — hold a minute,' said Pavillon, 'my mind misgives me! This De la Marck is a fury — a perfect boar in his nature as in his name; what if the young lady be one of those of Croye? and what if he discover her, and be addicted to wrath?'

'And if I were one of those unfortunate women,' said Isabelle, again attempting to throw herself at his feet, 'could you for that reject me in this moment of despair? Oh, that I had been indeed your daughter, or the daughter of the poorest burgher!'

'Not so poor — not so poor neither, young lady; we pay as we go,' said the citizen.

'Forgive me, noble sir,' again began the unfortunate maiden.

'Not noble, nor sir neither,' said the syndic; 'a plain burgher of Liege, that pays bills of exchange in ready guilders. But that is nothing to the purpose. Well, say you *be* a countess, I will protect you nevertheless.'

'You are bound to protect her, were she a duchess,' said Peter, 'having once passed your word.'

'Right, Peter, very right,' said the syndic; 'it is our old Low Dutch fashion, *ein wort, ein mann;* and now let us to this gear. We must take leave of this William de la Marck; and yet I know not, my mind misgives me when I think of him; and were it a ceremony which could be waived, I have no stomach to go through it.'

'Were you not better, since you have a force together, make for the gate and force the guard?' said Quentin.

But with united voice, Pavillon and his adviser exclaimed against the propriety of such an attack upon their ally's soldiers, with some hints concerning its rashness, which satisfied Quentin that it was not a risk to be hazarded with such associates. They resolved, therefore, to repair boldly to the great hall of the castle, where, as they understood, the Wild Boar of Ardennes held his feast, and demand free egress for the syndic of Liege and his company, a request too reasonable, as it seemed, to be denied. Still the good burgomaster groaned when he looked on his companions, and exclaimed to his faithful Peter, 'See what it is to have too bold and too tender a heart! Alas! Perkin, how much have courage and humanity cost me! and how much may I yet have to pay for my virtues before Heaven makes us free of this damned castle of Schonwaldt!'

As they crossed the courts, still strewed with the dying and dead, Quentin, while he supported Isabelle through the scene of horrors, whispered to her courage and comfort, and reminded her that her safety depended entirely on her firmness and presence of mind.

'Not on mine — not on mine,' she said, 'but on yours — on yours only. O, if I but escape this fearful night, never shall I forget him who saved me! One favour more only let me implore at your hand, and I conjure you to grant it, by your mother's fame and your father's honour!'

'What is it you can ask that I could refuse?' said Quentin in a whisper.

'Plunge your dagger in my heart,' said she, 'rather than leave me captive in the hands of these monsters.'

Quentin's only answer was a pressure of the young countess's hand, which seemed as if, but for terror, it would have returned the caress. And, leaning on her youthful protector, she entered the fearful hall, preceded by Pavillon and his lieutenant, and

followed by a dozen of the *kurschenschaft* [*kürschnerschaft*] or skinner's trade, who attended as a guard of honour on the syndic.

As they approached the hall, the yells of acclamation and bursts of wild laughter, which proceeded from it, seemed rather to announce the revel of festive demons rejoicing after some accomplished triumph over the human race than of mortal beings who had succeeded in a bold design. An emphatic tone of mind, which despair alone could have inspired, supported the assumed courage of the Countess Isabelle; undaunted spirits, which rose with the extremity, maintained that of Durward; while Pavillon and his lieutenant made a virtue of necessity, and faced their fate like bears bound to a stake, which must necessarily stand the dangers of the course.

# CHAPTER XXII

## *The Revellers*

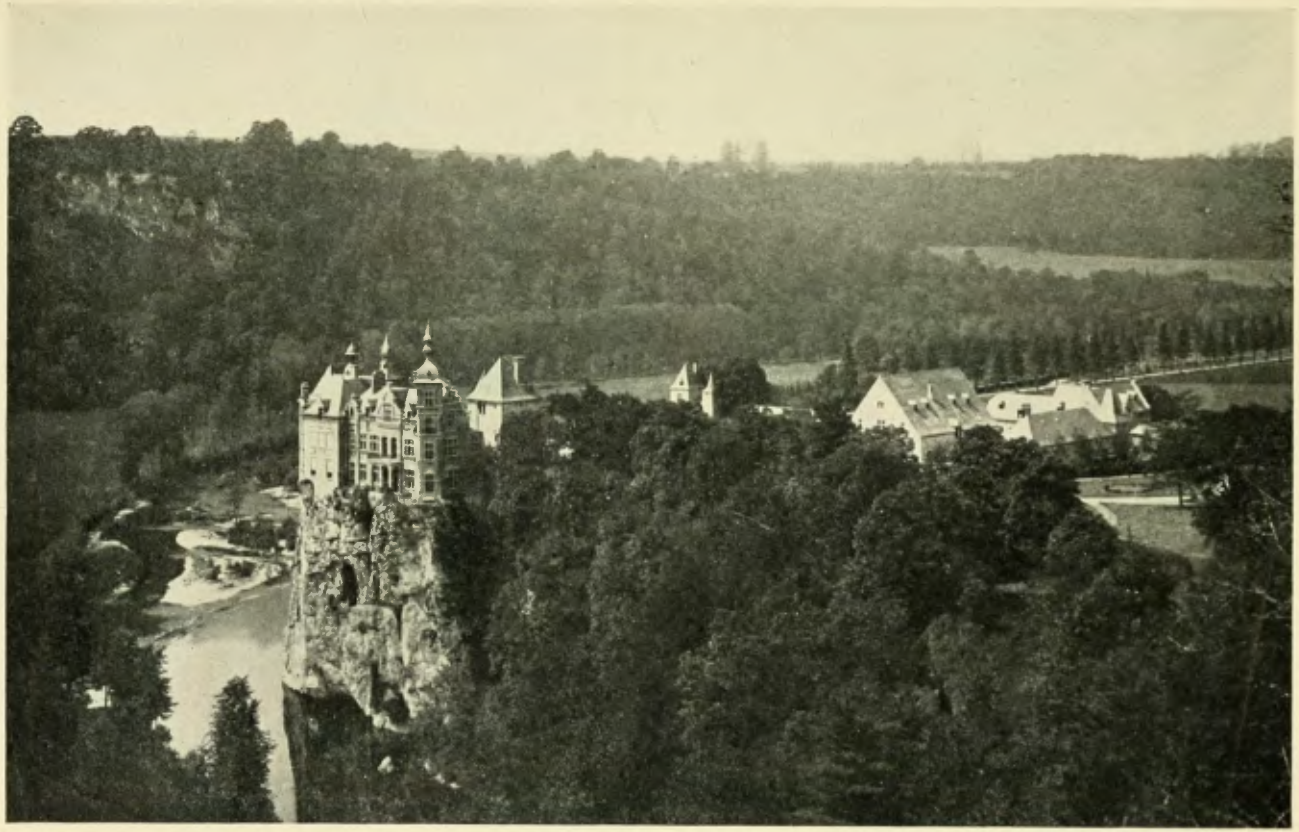
*Cade.* Where 's Dick, the butcher of Ashford ?
*Dick.* Here, sir.
*Cade.* They fell before thee like sheep and oxen ; and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house.

*King Henry VI.*, Part II.

THERE could hardly exist a more strange and horrible change than had taken place in the castle-hall of Schonwaldt since Quentin had partaken of the noontide meal there ; and it was indeed one which painted, in the extremity of their dreadful features, the miseries of war — more especially when waged by those most relentless of all agents, the mercenary soldiers of a barbarous age — men who, by habit and profession, had become familiarised with all that was cruel and bloody in the art of war, while they were devoid alike of patriotism and of the romantic spirit of chivalry.

Instead of the orderly, decent, and somewhat formal meal, at which civil and ecclesiastical officers had, a few hours before, sat mingled in the same apartment, where a light jest could only be uttered in a whisper, and where, even amid superfluity of feasting and wine, there reigned a decorum which almost amounted to hypocrisy, there was now such a scene of wild and roaring debauchery as Satan himself, had he taken the chair as founder of the feast, could scarcely have improved.

At the head of the table sat, in the bishop's throne and state, which had been hastily brought thither from his great council-chamber, the redoubted Boar of Ardennes himself, well deserving that dreaded name, in which he affected to delight, and which he did as much as he could think of to deserve. His head was unhelmeted, but he wore the rest of his ponderous and bright armour, which indeed he rarely laid aside. Over his shoulders hung a strong surcoat, made of the dressed skin of a huge wild boar, the hoofs being of solid silver and



CHÂTEAU DE VALZIN, SITE OF DE LA MARCK'S STRONGHOLD.
From a photograph.

the tusks of the same. The skin of the head was so arranged that, drawn over the casque when the baron was armed, or over his bare head, in the fashion of a hood, as he often affected when the helmet was laid aside, and as he now wore it, the effect was that of a grinning, ghastly monster; and yet the countenance which it overshadowed scarce required such horrors to improve those which were natural to its ordinary expression.

The upper part of De la Marck's face, as nature had formed it, almost gave the lie to his character; for though his hair, when uncovered, resembled the rude and wild bristles of the hood he had drawn over it, yet an open, high, and manly forehead, broad ruddy cheeks, large, sparkling, light-coloured eyes, and a nose hooked like the beak of the eagle, promised something valiant and generous. But the effect of these more favourable traits was entirely overpowered by his habits of violence and insolence, which, joined to debauchery and intemperance, had stamped upon the features a character inconsistent with the rough gallantry which they would otherwise have exhibited. The former had, from habitual indulgence, swoln the muscles of the cheeks and those around the eyes, in particular the latter; evil practices and habits had dimmed the eyes themselves, reddened the part of them that should have been white, and given the whole face a hideous likeness of the monster which it was the terrible baron's pleasure to resemble. But from an odd sort of contradiction, De la Marck, while he assumed in other respects the appearance of the wild boar, and even seemed pleased with the name, yet endeavoured, by the length and growth of his beard, to conceal the circumstance that had originally procured him that denomination. This was an unusual thickness and projection of the mouth and upper jaw, which, with the huge projecting side teeth, gave that resemblance to the bestial creation which, joined to the delight which De la Marck had in haunting the forest so called, originally procured for him the name of the Boar of Ardennes. The beard, broad, grisly, and uncombed, neither concealed the natural horrors of the countenance nor dignified its brutal expression.

The soldiers and officers sat around the table, intermixed with the men of Liege, some of them of the very lowest description; among whom Nikkel Blok, the butcher, placed near De la Marck himself, was distinguished by his tucked-up sleeves, which displayed arms smeared to the elbows with

blood, as was the cleaver which lay on the table before him. The soldiers wore, most of them, their beards long and grisly, in imitation of their leader; had their hair plaited and turned upwards, in the manner that might best improve the natural ferocity of their appearance; and intoxicated, as many of them seemed to be, partly with the sense of triumph, and partly with the long libations of wine which they had been quaffing, presented a spectacle at once hideous and disgusting. The language which they held, and the songs which they sung, without even pretending to pay each other the compliment of listening, were so full of license and blasphemy, that Quentin blessed God that the extremity of the noise prevented them from being intelligible to his companion.

It only remains to say, of the better class of burghers who were associated with William de la Marck's soldiers in this fearful revel, that the wan faces and anxious mien of the greater part showed that they either disliked their entertainment or feared their companions; while some of lower education, or a nature more brutal, saw only in the excesses of the soldier a gallant bearing, which they would willingly imitate, and the tone of which they endeavoured to catch so far as was possible, and stimulated themselves to the task by swallowing immense draughts of wine and *schwarzbier* — indulging a vice which at all times was too common in the Low Countries.

The preparations for the feast had been as disorderly as the quality of the company. The whole of the bishop's plate — nay, even that belonging to the service of the church, for the Boar of Ardennes regarded not the imputation of sacrilege — was mingled with blackjacks, or huge tankards made of leather, and drinking-horns of the most ordinary description.

One circumstance of horror remains to be added and accounted for; and we willingly leave the rest of the scene to the imagination of the reader. Amidst the wild license assumed by the soldiers of De la Marck, one who was excluded from the table — a lanzknecht, remarkable for his courage and for his daring behaviour during the storm of the evening — had impudently snatched up a large silver goblet and carried it off, declaring it should atone for his loss of the share of the feast. The leader laughed till his sides shook at a jest so congenial to the character of the company; but when another, less renowned, it would seem, for audacity in battle, ventured on using the same freedom, De la Marck instantly put a check to a jocular practice which would soon have cleared his table of all the

more valuable decorations. 'Ho! by the spirit of the thunder!' he exclaimed, 'those who dare not be men when they face the enemy must not pretend to be thieves among their friends. What! thou frontless dastard, thou — thou who didst wait for opened gate and lowered bridge, when Conrade Horst forced his way over moat and wall, must *thou* be malapert? Knit him up to the stanchions of the hall-window! He shall beat time with his feet while we drink a cup to his safe passage to the devil.'

The doom was scarce sooner pronounced than accomplished; and in a moment the wretch wrestled out his last agonies, suspended from the iron bars. His body still hung there when Quentin and the others entered the hall, and intercepting the pale moonbeam, threw on the castle-floor an uncertain shadow, which dubiously, yet fearfully, intimated the nature of the substance that produced it.

When the syndic Pavillon was announced from mouth to mouth in this tumultuous meeting, he endeavoured to assume, in right of his authority and influence, an air of importance and equality, which a glance at the fearful object at the window, and at the wild scene around him, rendered it very difficult for him to sustain, notwithstanding the exhortations of Peter, who whispered in his ear, with some perturbation, 'Up heart, master, or we are but gone men!'

The syndic maintained his dignity, however, as well as he could, in a short address, in which he complimented the company upon the great victory gained by the soldiers of De la Marck and the good citizens of Liege.

'Ay,' answered De la Marck, sarcastically, 'we have brought down the game at last, quoth my lady's brach to the wolf-hound. But ho! sir burgomaster, you come like Mars, with beauty by your side. Who is this fair one? Unveil — unveil; no woman calls her beauty her own to-night.'

'It is my daughter, noble leader,' answered Pavillon; 'and I am to pray your forgiveness for her wearing a veil. She has a vow for that effect to the Three Blessed Kings.'

'I will absolve her of it presently,' said De la Marck; 'for here, with one stroke of a cleaver, will I consecrate myself Bishop of Liege; and I trust one living bishop is worth three dead kings.'

There was a shuddering and murmur among the guests; for the community of Liege, and even some of the rude soldiers, reverenced the Kings of Cologne, as they were commonly called, though they respected nothing else.

'Nay, I mean no treason against their defunct majesties,' said De la Marck; 'only bishop I am determined to be. A prince both secular and ecclesiastical, having power to bind and loose, will best suit a band of reprobates such as you, to whom no one else would give absolution. But come hither, noble burgomaster, sit beside me, when you shall see me make a vacancy for my own preferment. Bring in our predecessor in the holy seat.'

A bustle took place in the hall, while Pavillon, excusing himself from the proffered seat of honour, placed himself near the bottom of the table, his followers keeping close behind him, not unlike a flock of sheep which, when a stranger dog is in presence, may be sometimes seen to assemble in the rear of an old belwether, who is, from office and authority, judged by them to have rather more courage than themselves. Near the spot sat a very handsome lad, a natural son, as was said, of the ferocious De la Marck, and towards whom he sometimes showed affection, and even tenderness. The mother of the boy, a beautiful concubine, had perished by a blow dealt her by the ferocious leader in a fit of drunkenness or jealousy; and her fate had caused her tyrant as much remorse as he was capable of feeling. His attachment to the surviving orphan might be partly owing to these circumstances. Quentin, who had learned this point of the leader's character from the old priest, planted himself as close as he could to the youth in question; determined to make him, in some way or other, either a hostage or a protector, should other means of safety fail them.

While all stood in a kind of suspense, waiting the event of the orders which the tyrant had issued, one of Pavillon's followers whispered Peter, 'Did not our master call that wench his daughter? Why, it cannot be our Trudchen. This strapping lass is taller by two inches; and there is a black lock of hair peeps forth yonder from under her veil. By St. Michael of the market-place, you might as well call a black bullock's hide a white heifer's!'

'Hush! hush!' said Peter, with some presence of mind. 'What if our master hath a mind to steal a piece of doe-venison out of the bishop's park here without our good dame's knowledge? And is it for thee or me to be a spy on him?'

'That will not I, brother,' answered the other, 'though I would not have thought of his turning deer-stealer at his years. *Sapperment* — what a shy fairy it is! See how she crouches down on yonder seat, behind folk's backs, to escape the gaze of

the Marckers. But hold — hold; what are they about to do with the poor old bishop?'

As he spoke, the Bishop of Liege, Louis of Bourbon, was dragged into the hall of his own palace by the brutal soldiery. The dishevelled state of his hair, beard, and attire bore witness to the ill treatment he had already received; and some of his sacerdotal robes, hastily flung over him, appeared to have been put on in scorn and ridicule of his quality and character. By good fortune, as Quentin was compelled to think it, the Countess Isabelle, whose feelings at seeing her protector in such an extremity might have betrayed her own secret and compromised her safety, was so situated as neither to hear nor see what was about to take place; and Durward sedulously interposed his own person before her, so as to keep her from observing alike, and from observation.

The scene which followed was short and fearful. When the unhappy prelate was brought before the footstool of the savage leader, although in former life only remarkable for his easy and good-natured temper, he showed in this extremity a sense of his dignity and noble blood, well becoming the high race from which he was descended. His look was composed and undismayed; his gesture, when the rude hands which dragged him forward were unloosed, was noble, and at the same time resigned, somewhat between the bearing of a feudal noble and of a Christian martyr; and so much was even De la Marck himself staggered by the firm demeanour of his prisoner, and recollection of the early benefits he had received from him, that he seemed irresolute, cast down his eyes, and it was not until he had emptied a large goblet of wine, that, resuming his haughty insolence of look and manner, he thus addressed his unfortunate captive: — 'Louis of Bourbon,' said the truculent soldier, drawing hard his breath, clenching his hands, setting his teeth, and using the other mechanical actions to rouse up and sustain his native ferocity of temper, 'I sought your friendship, and you rejected mine. What would you now give that it had been otherwise? Nikkel, be ready.'

The butcher rose, seized his weapon, and stealing round behind De la Marck's chair, stood with it uplifted in his bare and sinewy arms.

'Look at that man, Louis of Bourbon,' said De la Marck again; 'what terms wilt thou now offer to escape this dangerous hour?'

The bishop cast a melancholy but unshaken look upon the

grisly satellite, who seemed prepared to execute the will of the tyrant, and then he said with firmness, 'Hear me, William de la Marck; and good men all, if there be any here who deserve that name, hear the only terms I can offer to this ruffian. William de la Marck, thou hast stirred up to sedition an imperial city, hast assaulted and taken the palace of a prince of the Holy German Empire, slain his people, plundered his goods, maltreated his person; for this thou art liable to the ban of the Empire — hast deserved to be declared outlawed and fugitive, landless and rightless. Thou hast done more than all this. More than mere human laws hast thou broken, more than mere human vengeance hast thou deserved. Thou hast broken into the sanctuary of the Lord, laid violent hands upon a father of the church, defiled the house of God with blood and rapine, like a sacrilegious robber ——'

'Hast thou yet done?' said De la Marck, fiercely interrupting him, and stamping with his foot.

'No,' answered the prelate, 'for I have not yet told thee the terms which you demanded to hear from me.'

'Go on,' said De la Marck; 'and let the terms please me better than the preface, or woe to thy grey head!' And flinging himself back in his seat, he grinded his teeth till the foam flew from his lips, as from the tusks of the savage animal whose name and spoils he wore.

'Such are thy crimes,' resumed the bishop, with calm determination; 'now hear the terms which, as a merciful prince and a Christian prelate, setting aside all personal offence, forgiving each peculiar injury, I condescend to offer. Fling down thy leading-staff, renounce thy command, unbind thy prisoners, restore thy spoil, distribute what else thou hast of goods to relieve those whom thou hast made orphans and widows, array thyself in sackcloth and ashes, take a palmer's staff in thy hand, and go barefooted on pilgrimage to Rome, and we will ourselves be intercessors for thee with the Imperial Chamber at Ratisbon for thy life, with our Holy Father the Pope for thy miserable soul.'

While Louis of Bourbon proposed these terms in a tone as decided as if he still occupied his episcopal throne, and as if the usurper kneeled a suppliant at his feet, the tyrant slowly raised himself in his chair, the amazement with which he was at first filled giving way gradually to rage, until, as the bishop ceased, he looked to Nikkel Blok, and raised his finger, without speaking a word. The ruffian struck, as if he had been doing his office

in the common shambles, and the murdered bishop sunk, without a groan, at the foot of his own episcopal throne.[1] The Liegeois, who were not prepared for so horrible a catastrophe, and who had expected to hear the conference end in some terms of accommodation, started up unanimously, with cries of execration, mingled with shouts of vengeance.

But William de la Marck, raising his tremendous voice above the tumult, and shaking his clenched hand and extended arm, shouted aloud, 'How now, ye porkers of Liege! ye wallowers in the mud of the Maes! do ye dare to mate yourselves with the Wild Boar of Ardennes? Up, ye Boar's brood! (an expression by which he himself and others often designated his soldiers), let these Flemish hogs see your tusks!'

Every one of his followers started up at the command, and mingled as they were among their late allies, prepared too for such a surprisal, each had, in an instant, his next neighbour by the collar, while his right hand brandished a broad dagger that glimmered against lamplight and moonshine. Every arm was uplifted, but no one struck; for the victims were too much surprised for resistance, and it was probably the object of De la Marck only to impose terror on his civic confederates.

But the courage of Quentin Durward, prompt and alert in resolution beyond his years, and stimulated at the moment by all that could add energy to his natural shrewdness and resolution, gave a new turn to the scene. Imitating the action of the followers of De la Marck, he sprung on Carl Eberson, the son of their leader, and mastering him with ease, held his dirk at the boy's throat, while he exclaimed, 'Is that your game? then here I play my part.'

'Hold! hold!' exclaimed De la Marck, 'it is a jest — a jest. Think you I would injure my good friends and allies of the city of Liege? Soldiers, unloose your holds; sit down; take away the carrion (giving the bishop's corpse a thrust with his foot), which hath caused this strife among friends, and let us drown unkindness in a fresh carouse.'

All unloosened their holds, and the citizens and soldiers stood gazing on each other, as if they scarce knew whether they were friends or foes.

Quentin Durward took advantage of the moment. 'Hear me,' he said, 'William de la Marck, and you, burghers and citizens of Liege; and do you, young sir, stand still,' for the boy Carl was attempting to escape from his gripe, 'no harm

[1] See Murder of the Bishop of Liege. Note 31.

shall befall you, unless another of these sharp jests shall pass round.'

'Who art thou, in the fiend's name,' said the astonished De la Marck, 'who art come to hold terms and take hostages from us in our own lair — from us, who exact pledges from others, but yield them to no one?'

'I am a servant of King Louis of France,' said Quentin boldly; 'an archer of the Scottish Guard, as my language and dress may partly tell you. I am here to behold and to report your proceedings; and I see with wonder that they are those of heathens rather than Christians — of madmen rather than men possessed of reason. The hosts of Charles of Burgundy will be instantly in motion against you all; and if you wish assistance from France, you must conduct yourselves in a different manner. For you, men of Liege, I advise your instant return to your own city; and if there is any obstruction offered to your departure, I denounce those by whom it is so offered foes to my master, his most gracious Majesty of France.'

'France and Liege! France and Liege!' cried the followers of Pavillon, and several other citizens, whose courage began to rise at the bold language held by Quentin.

'France and Liege, and long live the gallant archer! We will live and die with him!'

William de la Marck's eyes sparkled, and he grasped his dagger as if about to launch it at the heart of the audacious speaker; but glancing his eye around, he read something in the looks of his soldiers, which even *he* was obliged to respect. Many of them were Frenchmen, and all of them knew the private support which William had received, both in men and in money, from that kingdom; nay, some of them were rather startled at the violent and sacrilegious action which had been just committed. The name of Charles of Burgundy, a person likely to resent to the utmost the deeds of that night, had an alarming sound, and the extreme impolicy of at once quarrelling with the Liegeois and provoking the monarch of France, made an appalling impression on their minds, confused as their intellects were. De la Marck, in short, saw he would not be supported, even by his own band, in any farther act of immediate violence, and relaxing the terrors of his brow and eye, declared that 'he had not the least design against his good friends of Liege, all of whom were at liberty to depart from Schonwaldt at their pleasure, although he had hoped they would revel one night with him, at least, in honour of their

victory.' He added, with more calmness than he commonly used, that 'he would be ready to enter into negotiation concerning the partition of spoil, and the arrangement of measures for their mutual defence, either the next day, or as soon after as they would. Meantime, he trusted that the Scottish gentleman would honour his feast by remaining all night at Schonwaldt.'

The young Scot returned his thanks, but said his motions must be determined by those of Pavillon, to whom he was directed particularly to attach himself; but that, unquestionably, he would attend him on his next return to the quarters of the valiant William de la Marck.

'If you depend on my motions,' said Pavillon, hastily and aloud, 'you are likely to quit Schonwaldt without an instant's delay; and, if you do not come back to Schonwaldt, save in my company, you are not likely to see it again in a hurry.'

This last part of the sentence the honest citizen muttered to himself, afraid of the consequences of giving audible vent to feelings which, nevertheless, he was unable altogether to suppress.

'Keep close about me, my brisk *kürschner* lads,' he said to his body-guard, 'and we will get as fast as we can out of this den of thieves.'

Most of the better classes of the Liegeois seemed to entertain similar opinions with the syndic, and there had been scarce so much joy amongst them at the obtaining possession of Schonwaldt, as now seemed to arise from the prospect of getting safe out of it. They were suffered to leave the castle without opposition of any kind; and glad was Quentin when he turned his back on those formidable walls.

For the first time since they had entered that dreadful hall, Quentin ventured to ask the young countess how she did.

'Well — well,' she answered, in feverish haste, 'excellently well; do not stop to ask a question; let us not lose an instant in words. Let us fly — let us fly!'

She endeavoured to mend her pace as she spoke; but with so little success that she must have fallen from exhaustion had not Durward supported her. With the tenderness of a mother, when she conveys her infant out of danger, the young Scot raised his precious charge in his arms; and, while she encircled his neck with one arm, lost to every other thought save the desire of escaping, he would not have wished one of the risks of the night unencountered, since such had been the conclusion.

The honest burgomaster was, in his turn, supported and dragged forward by his faithful counsellor Peter and another of his clerks; and thus, in breathless haste, they reached the banks of the river, encountering many strolling bands of citizens, who were eager to know the event of the siege, and the truth of certain rumours already afloat, that the conquerors had quarrelled among themselves.

Evading their curiosity as they best could, the exertions of Peter and some of his companions at length procured a boat for the use of the company, and with it an opportunity of enjoying some repose, equally welcome to Isabelle, who continued to lie almost motionless in the arms of her preserver, and to the worthy burgomaster, who, after delivering a broken string of thanks to Durward, whose mind was at the time too much occupied to answer him, began a long harangue, which he addressed to Peter, upon his own courage and benevolence, and the dangers to which these virtues had exposed him on this and other occasions.

'Peter — Peter,' he said, resuming the complaint of the preceding evening, 'if I had not had a bold heart, I would never have stood out against paying the burghers' twentieths, when every other living soul was willing to pay the same. Ay, and then a less stout heart had not seduced me into that other battle of St. Tron, where a Hainault man-at-arms thrust me into a muddy ditch with his lance, which neither heart nor hand that I had could help me out of till the battle was over. Ay, and then, Peter, this very night my courage seduced me, moreover, into too strait a corslet, which would have been the death of me but for the aid of this gallant young gentleman, whose trade is fighting, whereof I wish him heartily joy. And then for my tenderness of heart, Peter, it has made a poor man of me — that is, it would have made a poor man of me if I had not been tolerably well to pass in this wicked world; and Heaven knows what trouble it is like to bring on me yet, with ladies, countesses, and keeping of secrets, which, for aught I know, may cost me half my fortune, and my neck into the bargain!'

Quentin could remain no longer silent, but assured him that, whatever danger or damage he should incur on the part of the young lady now under his protection should be thankfully acknowledged, and, as far as was possible, repaid.

'I thank you, young master squire archer — I thank you,' answered the citizen of Liege; 'but who was it told you that

I desired any repayment at your hand for doing the duty of an honest man? I only regretted that it might cost me so and so; and I hope I may have leave to say so much to my lieutenant, without either grudging my loss or my peril.'

Quentin accordingly concluded that his present friend was one of the numerous class of benefactors to others, who take out their reward in grumbling, without meaning more than, by showing their grievances, to exalt a little the idea of the valuable service by which they have incurred them, and therefore prudently remained silent, and suffered the syndic to maunder on to his lieutenant concerning the risk and the loss he had encountered by his zeal for the public good, and his disinterested services to individuals, until they reached his own habitation.

The truth was, that the honest citizen felt that he had lost a little consequence, by suffering the young stranger to take the lead at the crisis which had occurred at the castle-hall of Schonwaldt; and, however delighted with the effect of Durward's interference at the moment, it seemed to him, on reflection, that he had sustained a diminution of importance, for which he endeavoured to obtain compensation, by exaggerating the claims which he had upon the gratitude of his country in general, his friends in particular, and more especially still, on the Countess of Croye and her youthful protector.

But when the boat stopped at the bottom of his garden, and he had got himself assisted on shore by Peter, it seemed as if the touch of his own threshold had at once dissipated those feelings of wounded self-opinion and jealousy, and converted the discontented and obscured demagogue into the honest, kind, hospitable, and friendly host. He called loudly for Trudchen, who presently appeared; for fear and anxiety would permit few within the walls of Liege to sleep during that eventful night. She was charged to pay the utmost attention to the care of the beautiful and half-fainting stranger; and, admiring her personal charms, while she pitied her distress, Gertrude discharged the hospitable duty with the zeal and affection of a sister.

Late as it now was, and fatigued as the syndic appeared, Quentin, on his side, had difficulty to escape a flask of choice and costly wine, as old as the battle of Azincour; and must have submitted to take his share, however unwilling, but for the appearance of the mother of the family, whom Pavillon's loud summons for the keys of the cellar brought forth from her bedroom. She was a jolly little roundabout woman, who had

been pretty in her time, but whose principal characteristics for several years had been a red and sharp nose, a shrill voice, and a determination that the syndic, in consideration of the authority which he exercised when abroad, should remain under the rule of due discipline at home.

So soon as she understood the nature of the debate between her husband and his guest, she declared roundly, that the former, instead of having occasion for more wine, had got too much already; and, far from using, in furtherance of his request, any of the huge bunch of keys which hung by a silver chain at her waist, she turned her back on him without ceremony, and ushered Quentin to the neat and pleasant apartment in which he was to spend the night, amid such appliances to rest and comfort as probably he had till that moment been entirely a stranger to; so much did the wealthy Flemings excel, not merely the poor and rude Scots, but the French themselves, in all the conveniences of domestic life.

# CHAPTER XXIII

## *The Flight*

> Now bid me run,
> And I will strive with things impossible —
> Yea, get the better of them.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Set on your foot;
> And, with a heart new fired, I follow you,
> To do I know not what.
>
> *Julius Cæsar.*

IN spite of a mixture of joy and fear, doubt, anxiety, and other agitating passions, the exhausting fatigues of the preceding day were powerful enough to throw the young Scot into a deep and profound repose, which lasted until late on the day following; when his worthy host entered the apartment, with looks of care on his brow.

He seated himself by his guest's bedside, and began a long and complicated discourse upon the domestic duties of a married life, and especially upon the awful power and right supremacy which it became married men to sustain in all differences of opinion with their wives. Quentin listened with some anxiety. He knew that husbands, like other belligerent powers, were sometimes disposed to sing *Te Deum*, rather to conceal a defeat than to celebrate a victory; and he hastened to probe the matter more closely, 'by hoping their arrival had been attended with no inconvenience to the good lady of the household.'

'Inconvenience! no,' answered the burgomaster. 'No woman can be less taken unawares than Mother Mabel — always happy to see her friends — always a clean lodging and a handsome meal ready for them, with God's blessing on bed and board. No woman on earth so hospitable; only 't is pity her temper is something particular.'

'Our residence here is disagreeable to her, in short?' said the Scot, starting out of bed, and beginning to dress himself hastily. 'Were I but sure the Lady Isabelle were fit for travel after the horrors of the last night, we would not increase the offence by remaining here an instant longer.'

'Nay,' said Pavillon, 'that is just what the young lady herself said to Mother Mabel; and truly I wish you saw the colour that came to her face as she said it — a milkmaid that has skated five miles to market against the frost-wind is a lily compared to it — I do not wonder Mother Mabel may be a little jealous, poor dear soul.'

'Has the Lady Isabelle then left her apartment?' said the youth, continuing his toilette operations with more despatch than before.

'Yes,' replied Pavillon; 'and she expects your approach with much impatience, to determine which way you shall go, since you are both determined on going. But I trust you will tarry breakfast?'

'Why did you not tell me this sooner?' said Durward impatiently.

'Softly — softly,' said the syndic; 'I have told it you too soon, I think, if it puts you into such a hasty fluster. Now I have some more matter for your ear, if I saw you had some patience to listen to me.'

'Speak it, worthy sir, as soon and as fast as you can; I listen devoutly.'

'Well, then,' resumed the burgomaster, 'I have but one word to say, and that is, that Trudchen, who is as sorry to part with yonder pretty lady as if she had been some sister of hers, wants you to take some other disguise; for there is word in the town that the Ladies of Croye travel the country in pilgrim's dresses, attended by a French life-guardsman of the Scottish Archers; and it is said one of them was brought into Schonwaldt last night by a Bohemian after we had left it; and it was said still farther, that this same Bohemian had assured William de la Marck that you were charged with no message either to him or to the good people of Liege, and that you had stolen away the young countess, and travelled with her as her paramour. And all this news hath come from Schonwaldt this morning; and it has been told to us and the other counsellors, who know not well what to advise; for though our own opinion is that William de la Marck has been a thought too rough both with the bishop and with ourselves, yet there is a great belief

that he is a good-natured soul at bottom — that is, when he is sober — and that he is the only leader in the world to command us against the Duke of Burgundy — and, in truth, as matters stand, it is partly my own mind that we must keep fair with him, for we have gone too far to draw back.'

'Your daughter advises well,' said Quentin Durward, abstaining from reproaches or exhortations, which he saw would be alike unavailing to sway a resolution, which had been adopted by the worthy magistrate in compliance at once with the prejudices of his party and the inclination of his wife; 'your daughter counsels well. We must part in disguise, and that instantly. We may, I trust, rely upon you for the necessary secrecy, and for the means of escape?'

'With all my heart — with all my heart,' said the honest citizen, who, not much satisfied with the dignity of his own conduct, was eager to find some mode of atonement. 'I cannot but remember that I owed you my life last night, both for unclasping that accursed steel doublet, and helping me through the other scrape, which was worse; for yonder Boar and his brood look more like devils than men. So I will be true to you as blade to haft, as our cutlers say, who are the best in the whole world. Nay, now you are ready, come this way; you shall see how far I can trust you.'

The syndic led him from the chamber in which he had slept to his own counting-room, in which he transacted his affairs of business; and after bolting the door, and casting a piercing and careful eye around him, he opened a concealed and vaulted closet behind the tapestry, in which stood more than one iron chest. He proceeded to open one which was full of guilders, and placed it at Quentin's discretion, to take whatever sum he might think necessary for his companion's expenses and his own.

As the money with which Quentin was furnished on leaving Plessis was now nearly expended, he hesitated not to accept the sum of two hundred guilders; and by doing so took a great weight from the mind of Pavillon, who considered the desperate transaction in which he thus voluntarily became the creditor, as an atonement for the breach of hospitality which various considerations in a great measure compelled him to commit.

Having carefully locked his treasure-chamber, the wealthy Fleming next conveyed his guest to the parlour, where, in full possession of her activity of mind and body, though pale from the scenes of the preceding night, he found the countess

attired in the fashion of a Flemish maiden of the middling class. No other was present excepting Trudchen, who was sedulously employed in completing the countess's dress, and instructing her how to bear herself. She extended her hand to him, which, when he had reverently kissed, she said to him, 'Seignior Quentin, we must leave our friends here, unless I would bring on them a part of the misery which has pursued me ever since my father's death. You must change your dress and go with me, unless you also are tired of befriending a being so unfortunate.'

'I! — I tired of being your attendant! To the end of the earth will I guard you! But you — you yourself — are you equal to the task you undertake? Can you, after the terrors of last night ——'

'Do not recall them to my memory,' answered the countess; 'I remember but the confusion of a horrid dream. Has the excellent bishop escaped?'

'I trust he is in freedom,' said Quentin, making a sign to Pavillon, who seemed about to enter on the dreadful narrative, to be silent.

'Is it possible for us to rejoin him? Hath he gathered any power?' said the lady.

'His only hopes are in Heaven,' said the Scot; 'but wherever you wish to go, I stand by your side, a determined guide and guard.'

'We will consider,' said Isabelle; and after a moment's pause, she added, 'A convent would be my choice, but that I fear it would prove a weak defence against those who pursue me.'

'Hem! hem!' said the syndic, 'I could not well recommend a convent within the district of Liege; because the Boar of Ardennes, though in the main a brave leader, a trusty confederate, and a well-wisher to our city, has, nevertheless, rough humours, and payeth, on the whole, little regard to cloisters, convents, nunneries, and the like. Men say that there are a score of nuns — that is, such as were nuns — who march always with his company.'

'Get yourself in readiness hastily, Seignior Durward,' said Isabelle, interrupting this detail, 'since to your faith I must needs commit myself.'

No sooner had the syndic and Quentin left the room than Isabelle began to ask of Gertrude various questions concerning the roads, and so forth, with such clearness of spirit and perti-

nence that the latter could not help exclaiming, 'Lady, I wonder at you! I have heard of masculine firmness, but yours appears to me more than belongs to humanity.'

'Necessity,' answered the countess — 'necessity, my friend, is the mother of courage, as of invention. No long time since, I might have fainted when I saw a drop of blood shed from a trifling cut; I have since seen life-blood flow around me, I may say, in waves, yet I have retained my senses and my self-possession. Do not think it was an easy task,' she added, laying on Gertrude's arm a trembling hand, although she still spoke with a firm voice; 'the little world within me is like a garrison besieged by a thousand foes, whom nothing but the most determined resolution can keep from storming it on every hand, and at every moment. Were my situation one whit less perilous than it is — were I not sensible that my only chance to escape a fate more horrible than death is to retain my recollection and self-possession — Gertrude, I would at this moment throw myself into your arms, and relieve my bursting bosom by such a transport of tears and agony of terror as never rushed from a breaking heart!'

'Do not do so, lady!' said the sympathising Fleming; 'take courage, tell your beads, throw yourself on the care of Heaven; and surely, if ever Heaven sent a deliverer to one ready to perish, that bold and adventurous young gentleman must be designed for yours. There is one, too,' she added, blushing deeply, 'in whom I have some interest. Say nothing to my father; but I have ordered my bachelor, Hans Glover, to wait for you at the eastern gate, and never to see my face more, unless he brings word that he has guided you safe from the territory.'

To kiss her tenderly was the only way in which the young countess could express her thanks to the frank and kind-hearted city-maiden, who returned the embrace affectionately, and added, with a smile, 'Nay, if two maidens and their devoted bachelors cannot succeed in a disguise and an escape, the world is changed from what I am told it wont to be.'

A part of this speech again called the colour into the countess's pale cheeks, which was not lessened by Quentin's sudden appearance. He entered completely attired as a Flemish boor of the better class, in the holyday suit of Peter, who expressed his interest in the young Scot by the readiness with which he parted with it for his use; and swore, at the same time, that, were he to be curried and tugged worse than ever

was bullock's hide, they should make nothing out of him, to the betraying of the young folks. Two stout horses had been provided by the activity of Mother Mabel, who really desired the countess and her attendant no harm, so that she could make her own house and family clear of the dangers which might attend upon harbouring them. She beheld them mount and go off with great satisfaction, after telling them that they would find their way to the east gate by keeping their eye on Peter, who was to walk in that direction as their guide, but without holding any visible communication with them.

The instant her guests had departed, Mother Mabel took the opportunity to read a long practical lecture to Trudchen upon the folly of reading romances, whereby the flaunting ladies of the court were grown so bold and venturous, that, instead of applying to learn some honest housewifery, they must ride, forsooth, a damsel-erranting through the country, with no better attendant than some idle squire, debauched page, or rakehelly archer from foreign parts, to the great danger of their health, the impoverishing of their substance, and the irreparable prejudice of their reputation.

All this Gertrude heard in silence, and without reply; but, considering her character, it might be doubted whether she derived from it the practical inference which it was her mother's purpose to enforce.

Meantime, the travellers had gained the eastern gate of the city, traversing crowds of people, who were fortunately too much busied in the political events and rumours of the hour to give any attention to a couple who had so little to render their appearance remarkable. They passed the guards in virtue of a permission obtained for them by Pavillon, but in the name of his colleague Rouslaer, and they took leave of Peter Geislaer with a friendly though brief exchange of good wishes on either side. Immediately afterwards they were joined by a stout young man, riding a good grey horse, who presently made himself known as Hans Glover, the bachelor of Trudchen Pavillon. He was a young fellow with a good Flemish countenance — not, indeed, of the most intellectual cast, but arguing more hilarity and good-humour than wit, and, as the countess could not help thinking, scarce worthy to be bachelor to the generous Trudchen. He seemed, however, fully desirous to second the views which she had formed in their favour; for, saluting them respectfully, he asked of the countess in Flemish, on which road she desired to be conducted.

'Guide me,' said she, 'towards the nearest town on the frontiers of Brabant.'

'You have then settled the end and object of your journey?' said Quentin, approaching his horse to that of Isabelle, and speaking French, which their guide did not understand.

'Surely,' replied the young lady; 'for, situated as I now am, it must be of no small detriment to me if I were to prolong a journey in my present circumstances, even though the termination should be a rigorous prison.'

'A prison!' said Quentin.

'Yes, my friend, a prison; but I will take care that you shall not share it.'

'Do not talk — do not think of me,' said Quentin. 'Saw I you but safe, my own concerns are little worth minding.'

'Do not speak so loud,' said the Lady Isabelle; 'you will surprise our guide — you see he has already rode on before us'; for, in truth, the good-natured Fleming, doing as he desired to be done by, had removed from them the constraint of a third person, upon Quentin's first motion towards the lady. 'Yes,' she continued, when she noticed they were free from observation, 'to you, my friend, my protector — why should I be ashamed to call you what Heaven has made you to me? — to you it is my duty to say, that my resolution is taken to return to my native country, and to throw myself on the mercy of the Duke of Burgundy. It was mistaken, though well-meant, advice which induced me ever to withdraw from his protection, and place myself under that of the crafty and false Louis of France.'

'And you resolve to become the bride, then, of the Count of Campo-basso, the unworthy favourite of Charles?'

Thus spoke Quentin, with a voice in which internal agony struggled with his desire to assume an indifferent tone, like that of the poor condemned criminal, when, affecting a firmness which he is far from feeling, he asks if the death-warrant be arrived.

'No, Durward, no,' said the Lady Isabelle, sitting up erect in her saddle, 'to that hated condition all Burgundy's power shall not sink a daughter of the house of Croye. Burgundy may seize on my lands and fiefs, he may imprison my person in a convent; but that is the worst I have to expect; and worse than that I will endure ere I give my hand to Campo-basso.'

'The worst!' said Quentin; 'and what worse can there be than plunder and imprisonment? Oh, think, while you have

God's free air around you, and one by your side who will hazard life to conduct you to England, to Germany, even to Scotland, in all of which you shall find generous protectors. O, while this is the case, do not resolve so rashly to abandon the means of liberty, the best gift that Heaven gives! O, well sung a poet of my own land —

> Ah, freedom is a noble thing;
> Freedom makes man to have liking;
> Freedom the zest to pleasure gives;
> He lives at ease who freely lives.
> Grief, sickness, poortith, want, are all
> Summ'd up within the name of thrall.'[1]

She listened with a melancholy smile to her guide's tirade in praise of liberty; and then answered after a moment's pause, 'Freedom is for man alone; woman must ever seek a protector, since nature made her incapable to defend herself. And where am I to find one? In that voluptuary Edward of England — in the inebriated Wenceslaus of Germany — in Scotland? Ah, Durward, were I your sister, and could you promise me shelter in some of those mountain-glens which you love to describe, where, for charity, or for the few jewels I have preserved, I might lead an unharassed life, and forget the lot I was born to — could you promise me the protection of some honoured matron of the land — of some baron whose heart was as true as his sword — that were indeed a prospect, for which it were worth the risk of farther censure to wander farther and wider!'

There was a faltering tenderness of voice with which the Countess Isabelle made this admission, that at once filled Quentin with a sensation of joy, and cut him to the very heart. He hesitated a moment ere he made an answer, hastily reviewing in his mind the possibility there might be that he could procure her shelter in Scotland; but the melancholy truth rushed on him, that it would be alike base and cruel to point out to her a course which he had not the most distant power or means to render safe. 'Lady,' he said at last, 'I should act foully against my honour and oath of chivalry did I suffer you to ground any plan upon the thoughts that I have the power in Scotland to afford you other protection than that of the poor arm which is now by your side. I scarce know that my blood flows in the veins of an individual who now lives in my native

[1] These noble lines form the commencement of the metrical life of Robert the Bruce, by Barbour, Archdeacon of Aberdeen in the year 1375 (*Laing*).

land. The Knight of Innerquharity stormed our castle at midnight, and cut off all that belonged to my name. Were I again in Scotland, our feudal enemies are numerous and powerful, I single and weak; and even had the king a desire to do me justice, he dared not, for the sake of redressing the wrongs of a poor individual, provoke a chief who rides with five hundred horse.'

'Alas!' said the countess, 'there is then no corner of the world safe from oppression, since it rages as unrestrained amongst those wild hills which afford so few objects to covet, as in our rich and abundant lowlands!'

'It is a sad truth, and I dare not deny it,' said the Scot, 'that, for little more than the pleasure of revenge and the lust of bloodshed, our hostile clans do the work of executioners on each other; and Ogilvies and the like act the same scenes in Scotland as De la Marck and his robbers do in this country.'

'No more of Scotland, then,' said Isabelle, with a tone of indifference, either real or affected — 'no more of Scotland, which indeed I mentioned but in jest, to see if you really dared recommend to me, as a place of rest, the most distracted kingdom in Europe. It was but a trial of your sincerity, which I rejoice to say may be relied on, even when your partialities are most strongly excited. So, once more, I will think of no other protection than can be afforded by the first honourable baron holding of Duke Charles, to whom I am determined to render myself.'

'And why not rather betake yourself to your own estates, and to your own strong castle, as you designed when at Tours?' said Quentin. 'Why not call around you the vassals of your father, and make treaty with Burgundy, rather than surrender yourself to him? Surely there must be many a bold heart that would fight in your cause; and I know at least one who would willingly lay down his life to give example.'

'Alas!' said the countess, 'that scheme, the suggestion of the crafty Louis, and, like all which he ever suggested, designed more for his advantage than for mine, has become impracticable, since it was betrayed to Burgundy by the double traitor Zamet Maugrabin. My kinsman was then imprisoned, and my houses garrisoned. Any attempt of mine would but expose my dependants to the vengeance of Duke Charles; and why should I occasion more bloodshed than has already taken place on so worthless an account? No, I will submit myself to my sovereign as a dutiful vassal, in all which shall leave my personal freedom

of choice uninfringed; the rather that I trust my kinswoman, the Countess Hameline, who first counselled, and indeed urged my flight, has already taken this wise and honourable step.'

'Your kinswoman!' repeated Quentin, awakened to recollections to which the young countess was a stranger, and which the rapid succession of perilous and stirring events had, as matters of nearer concern, in fact banished from his memory.

'Ay, my aunt, the Countess Hameline of Croye — know you aught of her?' said the Countess Isabelle; 'I trust she is now under the protection of the Burgundian banner. You are silent! Know you aught of her?'

The last question, urged in a tone of the most anxious inquiry, obliged Quentin to give some account of what he knew of the countess's fate. He mentioned that he had been summoned to attend her in a flight from Liege, which he had no doubt the Lady Isabelle would be partaker in; he mentioned the discovery that had been made after they had gained the forest; and finally, he told his own return to the castle, and the circumstances in which he found it. But he said nothing of the views with which it was plain the Lady Hameline had left the castle of Schonwaldt, and as little about the floating report of her having fallen into the hands of William de la Marck. Delicacy prevented his even hinting at the one, and regard for the feelings of his companion, at a moment when strength and exertion were most demanded of her, prevented him from alluding to the latter, which had, besides, only reached him as a mere rumour.

This tale, though abridged of those important particulars, made a strong impression on the Countess Isabelle, who, after riding some time in silence, said at last, with a tone of cold displeasure, 'And so you abandoned my unfortunate relative in a wild forest, at the mercy of a vile Bohemian and a traitorous waiting-woman? Poor kinswoman, thou wert wont to praise this youth's good faith!'

'Had I not done so, madam,' said Quentin, not unreasonably offended at the turn thus given to his gallantry, 'what had been the fate of one to whose service I was far more devoutly bound? Had I *not* left the Countess Hameline of Croye to the charge of those whom she had herself selected as counsellors and advisers, the Countess Isabelle had been ere now the bride of William de la Marck, the Wild Boar of Ardennes.'

'You are right,' said the Countess Isabelle, in her usual manner; 'and I, who have the advantage of your unhesitating

devotion, have done you foul and ungrateful wrong. But oh, my unhappy kinswoman! and the wretch Marthon, who enjoyed so much of her confidence, and deserved it so little — it was she that introduced to my kinswoman the wretched Zamet and Hayraddin Maugrabin, who, by their pretended knowledge in soothsaying and astrology, obtained a great ascendency over her mind; it was she who, strengthening their predictions, encouraged her in — I know not what to call them — delusions concerning matches and lovers, which my kinswoman's age rendered ungraceful and improbable. I doubt not that, from the beginning, we had been surrounded by these snares by Louis of France, in order to determine us to take refuge at his court, or rather to put ourselves into his power; after which rash act on our part, how unkingly, unknightly, ignobly, ungentlemanlike, he hath conducted himself towards us, you, Quentin Durward, can bear witness. But alas! my kinswoman — what think you will be her fate?'

Endeavouring to inspire hopes which he scarce felt, Durward answered, that 'The avarice of these people was stronger than any other passion; that Marthon, even when he left them, seemed to act rather as the Lady Hameline's protectress; and, in fine, that it was difficult to conceive any object these wretches could accomplish by the ill usage or murder of the countess, whereas they might be gainers by treating her well, and putting her to ransom.'

To lead the Countess Isabelle's thoughts from this melancholy subject, Quentin frankly told her the treachery of the Maugrabin, which he had discovered in the night-quarter near Namur, and which appeared the result of an agreement betwixt the King and William de la Marck. Isabelle shuddered with horror, and then recovering herself, said, 'I am ashamed, and I have sinned in permitting myself so far to doubt of the saints' protection, as for an instant to have deemed possible the accomplishment of a scheme so utterly cruel, base, and dishonourable, while there are pitying eyes in Heaven to look down on human miseries. It is not a thing to be thought of with fear or abhorrence, but to be rejected as such a piece of incredible treachery and villainy as it were atheism to believe could ever be successful. But I now see plainly why that hypocritical Marthon often seemed to foster every seed of petty jealousy or discontent betwixt my poor kinswoman and myself, whilst she always mixed with flattery, addressed to the individual who was present, whatever could prejudice her against her absent

kinswoman. Yet never did I dream she could have proceeded so far as to have caused my once affectionate kinswoman to have left me behind in the perils of Schonwaldt, while she made her own escape.'

'Did the Lady Hameline not mention to you, then,' said Quentin, 'her intended flight?'

'No,' replied the countess, 'but she alluded to some communication which Marthon was to make to me. To say truth, my poor kinswoman's head was so turned by the mysterious jargon of the miserable Hayraddin, whom that day she had admitted to a long and secret conference, and she threw out so many strange hints, that — that — in short, I cared not to press on her, when in that humour, for any explanation. Yet it was cruel to leave me behind her.'

'I will excuse the Lady Hameline from intending such unkindness,' said Quentin; 'for such was the agitation of the moment, and the darkness of the hour, that I believe the Lady Hameline as certainly conceived herself accompanied by her niece, as I at the same time, deceived by Marthon's dress and demeanour, supposed I was in the company of both the Ladies of Croye — and of *her* especially,' he added, with a low but determined voice, 'without whom the wealth of worlds would not have tempted me to leave Schonwaldt.'

Isabelle stooped her head forward, and seemed scarce to hear the emphasis with which Quentin had spoken. But she turned her face to him again when he began to speak of the policy of Louis; and it was not difficult for them, by mutual communication, to ascertain that the Bohemian brothers, with their accomplice Marthon, had been the agents of that crafty monarch, although Zamet, the elder of them, with a perfidy peculiar to his race, had attempted to play a double game, and had been punished accordingly. In the same humour of mutual confidence, and forgetting the singularity of their own situation, as well as the perils of the road, the travellers pursued their journey for several hours, only stopping to refresh their horses at a retired *dorff*, or hamlet, to which they were conducted by Hans Glover, who, in all other respects, as well as in leaving them much to their own freedom in conversation, conducted himself like a person of reflection and discretion.

Meantime, the artificial distinction which divided the two lovers, for such we may now term them, seemed dissolved, or removed, by the circumstances in which they were placed; for if the countess boasted the higher rank, and was by birth

entitled to a fortune incalculably larger than that of the youth, whose revenue lay in his sword, it was to be considered that, for the present, she was as poor as he, and for her safety, honour, and life exclusively indebted to his presence of mind, valour, and devotion. They *spoke* not indeed of love, for though the young lady, her heart full of gratitude and confidence, might have pardoned such a declaration, yet Quentin, on whose tongue there was laid a check, both by natural timidity and by the sentiments of chivalry, would have held it an unworthy abuse of her situation had he said anything which could have the appearance of taking undue advantage of the opportunities which it afforded them. They *spoke* not then of love, but the thoughts of it were on both sides unavoidable; and thus they were placed in that relation to each other in which sentiments of mutual regard are rather understood than announced, and which, with the freedoms which it permits, and the uncertainties that attend it, often forms the most delightful hours of human existence, and as frequently leads to those which are darkened by disappointment, fickleness, and all the pains of blighted hope and unrequited attachment.

It was two hours after noon, when the travellers were alarmed by the report of the guide, who, with paleness and horror in his countenance, said that they were pursued by a party of De la Marck's *Schwarzreiters.*[1] These soldiers, or rather banditti, were bands levied in the Lower Circles of Germany, and resembled the lanzknechts in every particular, except that the former acted as light cavalry. To maintain the name of Black Troopers, and to strike additional terror into their enemies, they usually rode on black chargers, and smeared with black ointment their arms and accoutrements, in which operation their hands and faces often had their share. In morals and in ferocity these schwarzreiters emulated their pedestrian brethren the lanzknechts.

On looking back, and discovering along the long level road which they had traversed a cloud of dust advancing, with one or two of the headmost troopers riding furiously in front of it, Quentin addressed his companion, 'Dearest Isabelle, I have no weapon left save my sword; but since I cannot fight for you, I will fly with you. Could we gain yonder wood that is before us ere they come up, we may easily find means to escape.'

'So be it, my only friend,' said Isabelle, pressing her horse to the gallop; 'and thou, good fellow,' she added, addressing

[1] See Note 32.

Hans Glover, 'get thee off to another road, and do not stay to partake our misfortune and danger.'

The honest Fleming shook his head, and answered her generous exhortation with '*Nein, nein! das geht nicht*,'[1] and continued to attend them, all three riding towards the shelter of the wood as fast as their jaded horses could go, pursued, at the same time, by the schwarzreiters, who increased their pace when they saw them fly. But notwithstanding the fatigue of the horses, still the fugitives, being unarmed, and riding lighter in consequence, had considerably the advantage of the pursuers, and were within about a quarter of a mile of the wood, when a body of men-at-arms, under a knight's pennon, was discovered advancing from the cover, so as to intercept their flight.

'They have bright armour,' said Isabelle; 'they must be Burgundians. Be they who they will, we must yield to them, rather than to the lawless miscreants who pursue us.'

A moment after she exclaimed, looking on the pennon, 'I know the cloven heart which it displays! It is the banner of the Count of Crèvecœur, a noble Burgundian; to him I will surrender myself.'

Quentin Durward sighed; but what other alternative remained? and how happy would he have been but an instant before, to have been certain of the escape of Isabelle, even under worse terms? They soon joined the band of Crèvecœur, and the countess demanded to speak to the leader, who had halted his party till he should reconnoitre the black troopers; and as he gazed on her with doubt and uncertainty, she said, 'Noble count, Isabelle of Croye, the daughter of your old companion in arms, Count Reinold of Croye, renders herself, and asks protection from your valour for her and hers.'

'Thou shalt have it, fair kinswoman, were it against a host, always excepting my liege Lord of Burgundy. But there is little time to talk of it. These filthy-looking fiends have made a halt, as if they intended to dispute the matter. By St. George of Burgundy, they have the insolence to advance against the banner of Crèvecœur! What! will not the knaves be ruled? Damian, my lance. Advance banner. Lay your spears in the rest. Crèvecœur to the rescue!'

Crying his war-cry, and followed by his men-at-arms, he galloped rapidly forward to charge the schwarzreiters.

[1] 'No, no! that must not be.'

# CHAPTER XXIV

## *The Surrender*

> Rescue or none, sir knight, I am your captive;
> Deal with me what your nobleness suggests,
> Thinking the chance of war may one day place you
> Where I must now be reckon'd — i' the roll
> Of melancholy prisoners.
>
> *Anonymous.*

THE skirmish betwixt the schwarzreiters and the Burgundian men-at-arms lasted scarcely five minutes, so soon were the former put to the rout by the superiority of the latter in armour, weight of horse, and military spirit. In less than the space we have mentioned, the Count of Crèvecœur, wiping his bloody sword upon his horse's mane ere he sheathed it, came back to the verge of the forest, where Isabelle had remained a spectator of the combat. One part of his people followed him, while the other continued to pursue the flying enemy for a little space along the causeway.

'It is shame,' said the count, 'that the weapons of knights and gentlemen should be soiled by the blood of those brutal swine.'

So saying, he returned his weapon to the sheath, and added, 'This is a rough welcome to your home, my pretty cousin; but wandering princesses must expect such adventures. And well I came up in time, for, let me assure you, the black troopers respect a countess's coronet as little as a country wench's coif, and I think your retinue is not qualified for much resistance.'

'My lord count,' said the Lady Isabelle, 'without farther preface, let me know if I am a prisoner, and where you are to conduct me.'

'You know, you silly child,' answered the count, 'how I would answer that question, did it rest on my own will. But you and your foolish match-making, marriage-hunting aunt have made such wild use of your wings of late, that I fear you must

be contented to fold them up in a cage for a little while. For my part, my duty, and it is a sad one, will be ended when I have conducted you to the court of the Duke, at Péronne; for which purpose I hold it necessary to deliver the command of this reconnoitring party to my nephew, Count Stephen, while I return with you thither, as I think you may need an intercessor. And I hope the young giddy-pate will discharge his duty wisely.'

'So please you, fair uncle,' said Count Stephen, 'if you doubt my capacity to conduct the men-at-arms, even remain with them yourself, and I will be the servant and guard of the Countess Isabelle of Croye.'

'No doubt, fair nephew,' answered his uncle, 'this were a goodly improvement on my scheme; but methinks I like it as well in the way I planned it. Please you, therefore, to take notice, that your business here is not to hunt after and stick these black hogs, for which you seemed but now to have felt an especial vocation, but to collect and bring to me true tidings what is going forward in the country of Liege, concerning which we hear such wild rumours. Let some half score of lances follow me, and the rest remain with my banner under your guidance.'

'Yet one moment, cousin of Crèvecœur,' said the Countess Isabelle, 'and let me, in yielding myself prisoner, stipulate at least for the safety of those who have befriended me in my misfortunes. Permit this good fellow, my trusty guide, to go back unharmed to his native town of Liege.'

'My nephew,' said Crèvecœur, after looking sharply at Glover's honest breadth of countenance, 'shall guard this good fellow, who seems, indeed, to have little harm in him, as far into the territory as he himself advances, and then leave him at liberty.'

'Fail not to remember me to the kind Gertrude,' said the countess to her guide; and added, taking a string of pearls from under her veil, 'Pray her to wear this in remembrance of her unhappy friend.'

Honest Glover took the string of pearls, and kissed, with clownish gesture but with sincere kindness, the fair hand which had found such a delicate mode of remunerating his own labours and peril.

'Umph! signs and tokens!' said the count; 'any farther bequests to make, my fair cousin? It is time we were on our way.'

'Only, said the countess, making an effort to speak, 'that you will be pleased to be favourable to this — this young gentleman.'

'Umph!' said Crèvecœur, casting the same penetrating glance on Quentin which he had bestowed on Glover, but apparently with a much less satisfactory result, and mimicking, though not offensively, the embarrassment of the countess — 'umph! Ay, this is a blade of another temper. And pray, my cousin, what has this — this *very* young gentleman done to deserve such intercession at your hands?'

'He has saved my life and honour,' said the countess, reddening with shame and resentment.

Quentin also blushed with indignation, but wisely concluded that to give vent to it might only make matters worse.

'Life and honour! Umph!' said again the Count Crèvecœur; 'methinks it would have been as well, my cousin, if you had not put yourself in the way of lying under such obligations to this very young gentleman. But let it pass. The young gentleman may wait on us, if his quality permit, and I will see he has no injury; only I will myself take in future the office of protecting your life and honour, and may perhaps find for him some fitter duty than that of being a squire of the body to damosels errant.'

'My lord count,' said Durward, unable to keep silence any longer, 'lest you should talk of a stranger in slighter terms than you might afterwards think becoming, I take leave to tell you that I am Quentin Durward, an archer of the Scottish Body-Guard, in which, as you well know, none but gentlemen and men of honour are enrolled.'

'I thank you for your information, and I kiss your hands, seignior archer,' said Crèvecœur, in the same tone of raillery. 'Have the goodness to ride with me to the front of the party.'

As Quentin moved onward at the command of the count, who had now the power, if not the right, to dictate his motions, he observed that the Lady Isabelle followed his motions with a look of anxious and timid interest, which amounted almost to tenderness, and the sight of which brought water into his eyes. But he remembered that he had a man's part to sustain before Crèvecœur, who, perhaps, of all the chivalry in France or Burgundy, was the least likely to be moved to anything but laughter by a tale of true-love sorrow. He determined, therefore, not to wait his addressing him, but to open the conver-

sation in a tone which should assert his claim to fair treatment, and to more respect than the count, offended perhaps at finding a person of such inferior note placed so near the confidence of his high-born and wealthy cousin, seemed disposed to entertain for him.

'My Lord Count of Crèvecœur,' he said in a temperate but firm tone of voice, 'may I request of you, before our interview goes farther, to tell me if I am at liberty, or am to account myself your prisoner?'

'A shrewd question,' replied the count, 'which, at present, I can only answer by another. Are France and Burgundy, think you, at peace or war with each other?'

'That,' replied the Scot, 'you, my lord, should certainly know better than I. I have been absent from the court of France, and have heard no news for some time.'

'Look you there,' said the count; 'you see how easy it is to ask questions, but how difficult to answer them. Why, I myself, who have been at Péronne with the Duke for this week and better, cannot resolve this riddle any more than you; and yet, sir squire, upon the solution of that question depends the said point whether you are prisoner or free man; and, for the present, I must hold you as the former. Only, if you have really and honestly been of service to my kinswoman, and if you are candid in your answers to the questions I shall ask, affairs shall stand the better with you.'

'The Countess of Croye,' said Quentin, 'is best judge if I have rendered any service, and to her I refer you on that matter. My answers you will yourself judge of when you ask me your questions.'

'Umph! haughty enough,' muttered the Count of Crèvecœur, 'and very like one that wears a lady's favour in his hat, and thinks he must carry things with a high tone, to honour the precious remnant of silk and tinsel. Well, sir, I trust it will be no abatement of your dignity if you answer me how long you have been about the person of the Lady Isabelle of Croye?'

'Count of Crèvecœur,' said Quentin Durward, 'if I answer questions which are asked in a tone approaching towards insult. it is only lest injurious inferences should be drawn from my silence respecting one to whom we are both obliged to render justice. I have acted as escort to the Lady Isabelle since she left France to retire into Flanders.'

'Ho! ho!' said the count; 'and that is to say, since she

fled from Plessis-lès-Tours? You, an archer of the Scottish Guard, accompanied her, of course, by the express orders of King Louis?'

However little Quentin thought himself indebted to the King of France, who, in contriving the surprisal of the Countess Isabelle by William de la Marck, had probably calculated on the young Scotchman being slain in her defence, he did not yet conceive himself at liberty to betray any trust which Louis had reposed, or had seemed to repose, in him, and therefore replied to Count Crèvecœur's inference, 'That it was sufficient for him to have the authority of his superior officer for what he had done, and he inquired no farther.'

'It is quite sufficient,' said the count. 'We know the King does not permit his officers to send the archers of his Guard to prance like paladins by the bridle-rein of wandering ladies, unless he hath some politic purpose to serve. It will be difficult for King Louis to continue to aver so boldly that he knew not of the Ladies of Croye's having escaped from France, since they were escorted by one of his own life-guard. And whither, sir archer, was your retreat directed?'

'To Liege, my lord,' answered the Scot; 'where the ladies desired to be placed under the protection of the late bishop.'

'The *late* bishop!' exclaimed the Count of Crèvecœur; 'is Louis of Bourbon dead? Not a word of his illness had reached the Duke. Of what did he die?'

'He sleeps in a bloody grave, my lord — that is, if his murderers have conferred one on his remains.'

'Murdered!' exclaimed Crèvecœur again. 'Holy Mother of Heaven! Young man, it is impossible!'

'I saw the deed done with my own eyes, and many an act of horror besides.'

'Saw it, and made not in to help the good prelate!' exclaimed the count, 'or to raise the castle against his murderers? Know'st thou not, that even to look on such a deed, without resisting it, is profane sacrilege?'

'To be brief, my lord,' said Durward, 'ere this act was done, the castle was stormed by the bloodthirsty William de la Marck, with help of the insurgent Liegeois.'

'I am struck with thunder!' said Crèvecœur. 'Liege in insurrection! Schonwaldt taken! The bishop murdered! Messenger of sorrow, never did one man unfold such a packet of woes! Speak — knew you of this assault — of this insurrection — of this murder? Speak — thou art one of Louis's

trusted archers, and it is he that has aimed this painful arrow. Speak, or I will have thee torn with wild horses!'

'And if I *am* so torn, my lord, there can be nothing rent out of me that may not become a true Scottish gentleman. I know no more of these villainies than you — was so far from being partaker in them, that I would have withstood them to the uttermost, had my means, in a twentieth degree, equalled my inclination. But what could I do? they were hundreds and I but one. My only care was to rescue the Countess Isabelle, and in that I was happily successful. Yet, had I been near enough when the ruffian deed was so cruelly done on the old man, I had saved his grey hairs, or I had avenged them; and as it was, my abhorrence was spoken loud enough to prevent other horrors.'

'I believe thee, youth,' said the count; 'thou art neither of an age nor nature to be trusted with such bloody work, however well fitted to be the squire of dames. But alas! for the kind and generous prelate, to be murdered on the hearth where he so often entertained the stranger with Christian charity and princely bounty; and that by a wretch — a monster — a portentous growth of blood and cruelty — bred up in the very hall where he has imbrued his hands in his benefactor's blood! But I know not Charles of Burgundy — nay, I should doubt of the justice of Heaven — if vengeance be not as sharp, and sudden, and severe as this villainy has been unexampled in atrocity. And, if no other shall pursue the murderer' — here he paused, grasped his sword, then quitting his bridle, struck both gauntleted hands upon his breast, until his corslet clattered, and finally held them up to Heaven, as he solemnly continued — 'I — I, Philip Crèvecœur of Cordès, make a vow to God, St. Lambert, and the Three Kings of Cologne, that small shall be my thought of other earthly concerns till I take full revenge on the murderers of the good Louis of Bourbon, whether I find them in forest or field, in city or in country, in hill or plain, in king's court or in God's church; and thereto I pledge lands and living, friends and followers, life and honour. So help me God and St. Lambert of Liege, and the Three Kings of Cologne!'

When the Count of Crèvecœur had made his vow, his mind seemed in some sort relieved from the overwhelming grief and astonishment with which he had heard the fatal tragedy that had been acted at Schonwaldt, and he proceeded to question Durward more minutely concerning the particulars of that

disastrous affair, which the Scot, nowise desirous to abate the spirit of revenge which the count entertained against William de la Marck, gave him at full length.

'But those blind, unsteady, faithless, fickle beasts, the Liegeois,' said the count, 'that they should have combined themselves with this inexorable robber and murderer to put to death their lawful prince!'

Durward here informed the enraged Burgundian that the Liegeois, or at least the better class of them, however rashly they had run into the rebellion against their bishop, had no design, so far as appeared to him, to aid in the execrable deed of De la Marck; but, on the contrary, would have prevented it if they had had the means, and were struck with horror when they beheld it.

'Speak not of the faithless, inconstant, plebeian rabble!' said Crèvecœur. 'When they took arms against a prince who had no fault save that he was too kind and too good a master for such a set of ungrateful slaves — when they armed against him, and broke into his peaceful house, what could there be in their intention but murder? When they banded themselves with the Wild Boar of Ardennes, the greatest homicide in the marches of Flanders, what else could there be in their purpose *but* murder, which is the very trade he lives by? And again, was it not one of their own vile rabble who did the very deed, by thine own account? I hope to see their canals running blood by the light of their burning houses. Oh, the kind, noble, generous lord whom they have slaughtered! Other vassals have rebelled under the pressure of imposts and penury; but the men of Liege in the fulness of insolence and plenty.' He again abandoned the reins of his war-horse and wrung bitterly the hands which his mail-gloves rendered untractable. Quentin easily saw that the grief which he manifested was augmented by the bitter recollection of past intercourse and friendship with the sufferer, and was silent accordingly, respecting feelings which he was unwilling to aggravate, and at the same time felt it impossible to soothe.

But the Count of Crèvecœur returned again and again to the subject — questioned him on every particular of the surprise of Schonwaldt, and the death of the bishop; and then suddenly, as if he had recollected something which had escaped his memory, demanded what had become of the Lady Hameline, and why she was not with her kinswoman. 'Not,' he added contemptuously, 'that I consider her absence as at all a loss to the

Countess Isabelle; for, although she was her kinswoman, and upon the whole a well-meaning woman, yet the court of Cocagne never produced such a fantastic fool; and I hold it for certain that her niece, whom I have always observed to be a modest and orderly young woman, was led into the absurd frolic of flying from Burgundy to France by that blundering, romantic, old match-making and match-seeking idiot.'

What a speech for a romantic lover to hear! and to hear, too, when it would have been ridiculous in him to attempt what it was impossible for him to achieve — namely, to convince the count, by force of arms, that he did foul wrong to the countess — the peerless in sense as in beauty — in terming her a modest and orderly young woman, qualities which might have been predicated with propriety of the daughter of a sunburnt peasant, who lived by goading the oxen, while her father held the plough. And, then, to suppose her under the domination and supreme guidance of a silly and romantic aunt — the slander should have been repelled down the slanderer's throat. But the open, though severe, physiognomy of the Count of Crèvecœur, the total contempt which he seemed to entertain for those feelings which were uppermost in Quentin's bosom, overawed him; not for fear of the count's fame in arms — that was a risk which would have increased his desire of making out a challenge — but in dread of ridicule, the weapon of all others most feared by enthusiasts of every description, and which, from its predominance over such minds, often checks what is absurd, and fully as often smothers that which is noble.

Under the influence of this fear of becoming an object of scorn rather than resentment, Durward, though with some pain, confined his reply to a confused account of the Lady Hameline having made her escape from Schonwaldt before the attack took place. He could not, indeed, have made his story very distinct without throwing ridicule on the near relation of Isabelle, and perhaps incurring some himself, as having been the object of her preposterous expectations. He added to his embarrassed detail, that he had heard a report, though a vague one, of the Lady Hameline having again fallen into the hands of William de la Marck.

'I trust in St. Lambert that he will marry her,' said Crèvecœur; 'as, indeed, he is likely enough to do, for the sake of her money-bags; and equally likely to knock her on the head so soon as these are either secured in his own grasp or, at farthest, emptied.'

The count then proceeded to ask so many questions concern-

ing the mode in which both ladies had conducted themselves on the journey, the degree of intimacy to which they admitted Quentin himself, and other trying particulars, that, vexed and ashamed and angry, the youth was scarce able to conceal his embarrassment from the keen-sighted soldier and courtier, who seemed suddenly disposed to take leave of him, saying, at the same time, 'Umph — I see it is as I conjectured, on one side at least; I trust the other party has kept her senses better. Come, sir squire, spur on and keep the van, while I fall back to discourse with the Lady Isabelle. I think I have learned now so much from you that I can talk to her of these sad passages without hurting her nicety, though I have fretted yours a little. Yet stay, young gallant — one word ere you go. You have had, I imagine, a happy journey through Fairyland — all full of heroic adventure, and high hope, and wild, minstrel-like delusion, like the gardens of *Morgaine la Fée*. Forget it all, young soldier,' he added, tapping him on the shoulder. 'Remember yonder lady only as the honoured Countess of Croye; forget her as a wandering and adventurous damsel. And her friends — one of them I can answer for — will remember, on their part, only the services you have done her, and forget the unreasonable reward which you have had the boldness to propose to yourself.'

Enraged that he had been unable to conceal from the sharp-sighted Crèvecœur feelings which the count seemed to consider as the object of ridicule, Quentin replied indignantly, 'My lord count, when I require advice of you, I will ask it; when I demand assistance of you, it will be time enough to grant or refuse it; when I set peculiar value on your opinion of me, it will not be too late to express it.'

'Heyday!' said the count; 'I have come between Amadis and Oriana, and must expect a challenge to the lists!'

'You speak as if that were an impossibility,' said Quentin. 'When I broke a lance with the Duke of Orleans, it was against a breast in which flowed better blood than that of Crèvecœur. When I measured swords with Dunois, I engaged a better warrior.'

'Now Heaven nourish thy judgment, gentle youth!' said Crèvecœur, still laughing at the chivalrous *inamorato*. 'If thou speak'st truth, thou hast had singular luck in this world; and, truly, if it be the pleasure of Providence exposes thee to such trials, without a beard on thy lip, thou wilt be mad with vanity ere thou writest thyself man. Thou canst not move me

to anger, though thou mayst to mirth. Believe me, though thou mayst have fought with princes, and played the champion for countesses, by some of those freaks which Fortune will sometimes exhibit, thou art by no means the equal of those of whom thou hast been either the casual opponent or more casual companion. I can allow thee, like a youth who hath listened to romances till he fancied himself a paladin, to form pretty dreams for some time; but thou must not be angry at a well-meaning friend, though he shake thee something roughly by the shoulders to awake thee.'

'My Lord of Crèvecœur,' said Quentin, 'my family ——'

'Nay, it was not utterly of family that I spoke,' said the count; 'but of rank, fortune, high station, and so forth, which place a distance between various degrees and classes of persons. As for birth, all men are descended from Adam and Eve.'

'My lord count,' repeated Quentin, 'my ancestors, the Durwards of Glen Houlakin ——'

'Nay,' said the count, 'if you claim a farther descent for them than from Adam, I have done! Good-even to you.'

He reined back his horse, and paused to join the countess, to whom, if possible, his insinuations and advices, however well meant, were still more disagreeable than to Quentin, who, as he rode on, muttered to himself, 'Cold-blooded, insolent, overweening coxcomb! Would that the next Scottish archer who has his harquebuss pointed at thee may not let thee off so easily as I did!'

In the evening they reached the town of Charleroi, on the Sambre, where the Count of Crèvecœur had determined to leave the Countess Isabelle, whom the terror and fatigue of yesterday, joined to a flight of fifty miles since morning and the various distressing sensations by which it was accompanied, had made incapable of travelling farther, with safety to her health. The count consigned her, in a state of great exhaustion, to the care of the abbess of the Cistercian convent in Charleroi, a noble lady to whom both the families of Crèvecœur and Croye were related, and in whose prudence and kindness he could repose confidence.

Crèvecœur himself only stopped to recommend the utmost caution to the governor of a small Burgundian garrison who occupied the place, and required him also to mount a guard of honour upon the convent during the residence of the Countess Isabelle of Croye — ostensibly to secure her safety, but perhaps secretly to prevent her attempting to escape. The count only

assigned as a cause for the garrison being vigilant some vague rumours which he had heard of disturbances in the bishopric of Liege. But he was determined himself to be the first who should carry the formidable news of the insurrection and the murder of the bishop, in all their horrible reality, to Duke Charles; and for that purpose, having procured fresh horses for himself and suite, he mounted with the resolution of continuing his journey to Péronne without stopping for repose; and informing Quentin Durward that he must attend him, he made, at the same time, a mock apology for parting fair company, but hoped that to so devoted a squire of dames a night's journey by moonshine would be more agreeable than supinely to yield himself to slumber like an ordinary mortal.

Quentin, already sufficiently afflicted by finding that he was to be parted from Isabelle, longed to answer this taunt with an indignant defiance; but aware that the count would only laugh at his anger and despise his challenge, he resolved to wait some future time, when he might have an opportunity of obtaining some amends from this proud lord, who, though for very different reasons, had become nearly as odious to him as the Wild Boar of Ardennes himself. He therefore assented to Crèvecœur's proposal, as to what he had no choice of declining, and they pursued in company, and with all the despatch they could exert, the road between Charleroi and Péronne.

## CHAPTER XXV

### *The Unbidden Guest*

No human quality is so well wove
In warp and woof but there 's some flaw in it.
I 've known a brave man fly a shepherd's cur,
A wise man so demean him, drivelling idiocy
Had wellnigh been ashamed on 't. For your crafty,
Your worldly-wise man, he, above the rest,
Weaves his own snares so fine, he 's often caught in them.

*Old Play.*

QUENTIN, during the earlier part of the night-journey, had to combat with that bitter heartache which is felt when youth parts, and probably for ever, with her he loves. As, pressed by the urgency of the moment and the impatience of Crèvecœur, they hasted on through the rich lowlands of Hainault, under the benign guidance of a rich and lustrous harvest-moon, she shed her yellow influence over rich and deep pastures, woodland, and corn-fields, from which the husbandmen were using her light to withdraw the grain, such was the industry of the Flemings even at that period; she shone on broad, level, and fructifying rivers, where glided the white sail in the service of commerce, uninterrupted by rock or torrent, beside lively [lonely ?] quiet villages, whose external decency and cleanliness expressed the ease and comfort of the inhabitants; she gleamed upon the feudal castle of many a gallant baron and knight, with its deep moat, battlemented court, and high belfry, for the chivalry of Hainault was renowned among the nobles of Europe; and her light displayed at a distance, in its broad beam, the gigantic towers of more than one lofty minster.

Yet all this fair variety, however differing from the waste and wilderness of his own land, interrupted not the course of Quentin's regrets and sorrows. He had left his heart behind him, when he departed from Charleroi; and the only reflection which the farther journey inspired was, that every step was

carrying him farther from Isabelle. His imagination was taxed to recall every word she had spoken, every look she had directed towards him; and, as happens frequently in such cases, the impression made upon his imagination by the recollection of these particulars was even stronger than the realities themselves had excited.

At length, after the cold hour of midnight was past, in spite alike of love and of sorrow, the extreme fatigue which Quentin had undergone the two preceding days began to have an effect on him, which his habits of exercise of every kind, and his singular alertness and activity of character, as well as the painful nature of the reflections which occupied his thoughts, had hitherto prevented his experiencing. The ideas of his mind began to be so little corrected by the exertions of his senses, worn out and deadened as the latter now were by extremity of fatigue, that the visions which the former drew superseded or perverted the information conveyed by the blunted organs of seeing and hearing; and Durward was only sensible that he was awake by the exertions which, sensible of the peril of his situation, he occasionally made to resist falling into a deep and dead sleep. Every now and then a strong consciousness of the risk of falling from or with his horse roused him to exertion and animation; but ere long his eyes again were dimmed by confused shades of all sorts of mingled colours, the moonlight landscape swam before them, and he was so much overcome with fatigue that the Count of Crèvecœur, observing his condition, was at length compelled to order two of his attendants, one to each rein of Durward's bridle, in order to prevent the risk of his falling from his horse.

When at length they reached the town of Landrecy, the count, in compassion to the youth, who had now been in a great measure without sleep for three nights, allowed himself and his retinue a halt of four hours for rest and refreshment.

Deep and sound were Quentin's slumbers, until they were broken by the sound of the count's trumpet, and the cry of his *fourriers* and harbingers, '*Debout! debout! Ha! Messires, en route — en route!*' Yet, unwelcomely early as the tones came, they awaked him a different being in strength and spirits from what he had fallen asleep. Confidence in himself and his fortunes returned with his reviving spirits and with the rising sun. He thought of his love no longer as a desperate and fantastic dream, but as a high and invigorating principle, to be cherished in his bosom, although he might never propose

to himself, under all the difficulties by which he was beset, to bring it to any prosperous issue. 'The pilot,' he reflected, 'steers his bark by the polar star, although he never expects to become possessor of it; and the thoughts of Isabelle of Croye shall make me a worthy man-at-arms, though I may never see her more. When she hears that a Scottish soldier named Quentin Durward distinguished himself in a well-fought field, or left his body on the breach of a disputed fortress, she will remember the companion of her journey, as one who did all in his power to avert the snares and misfortunes which beset it, and perhaps will honour his memory with a tear, his coffin with a garland.'

In this manly mood of bearing his misfortune, Quentin felt himself more able to receive and reply to the jests of the Count of Crèvecœur, who passed several on his alleged effeminacy and incapacity of undergoing fatigue. The young Scot accommodated himself so good-humouredly to the count's raillery, and replied at once so happily and so respectfully, that the change of his tone and manner made obviously a more favourable impression on the count than he had entertained from his prisoner's conduct during the preceding evening, when, rendered irritable by the feelings of his situation, he was alternately moodily silent or fiercely argumentative.

The veteran soldier began at length to take notice of his young companion as a pretty fellow of whom something might be made; and more than hinted to him that, would he but resign his situation in the Archer Guard of France, he would undertake to have him enrolled in the household of the Duke of Burgundy in an honourable condition, and would himself take care of his advancement. And although Quentin, with suitable expressions of gratitude, declined this favour at present, until he should find out how far he had to complain of his original patron, King Louis, he, nevertheless, continued to remain on good terms with the Count of Crèvecœur; and, while his enthusiastic mode of thinking, and his foreign and idiomatical manner of expressing himself, often excited a smile on the grave cheek of the count, that smile had lost all that it had of sarcastic and bitter, and did not exceed the limits of good humour and good manners.

Thus travelling on with much more harmony than on the preceding day, the little party came at last within two miles of the famous and strong town of Péronne, near which the Duke of Burgundy's army lay encamped, ready, as was supposed, to

invade France; and in opposition to which Louis XI. had himself assembled a strong force near St. Maxence, for the purpose of bringing to reason his over-powerful vassal.

Péronne,[1] situated upon a deep river, in a flat country, and surrounded by strong bulwarks and profound moats, was accounted in ancient, as in modern, times one of the strongest fortresses in France. The Count of Crèvecœur, his retinue, and his prisoner were approaching the fortress about the third hour after noon; when, riding through the pleasant glades of a large forest, which then covered the approach to the town on the east side, they were met by two men of rank, as appeared from the number of their attendants, dressed in the habits worn in time of peace; and who, to judge from the falcons which they carried on their wrists, and the number of spaniels and grey-hounds led by their followers, were engaged in the amusement of hawking. But on perceiving Crèvecœur, with whose appearance and liveries they were sufficiently intimate, they quitted the search which they were making for a heron along the banks of a long canal, and came galloping towards him.

'News — news, Count of Crèvecœur!' they cried both together; 'will you give news or take news. or will you barter fairly?'

'I would barter fairly, Messires,' said Crèvecœur, after saluting them courteously, 'did I conceive you had any news of importance sufficient to make an equivalent for mine.'

The two sportsmen smiled on each other; and the elder of the two, a fine baronial figure, with a dark countenance, marked with that sort of sadness which some physiognomists ascribe to a melancholy temperament, and some, as the Italian statuary augured of the visage of Charles I., consider as predicting an unhappy death,[2] turning to his companion, said, 'Crèvecœur has been in Brabant, the country of commerce, and he has learned all its artifices: he will be too hard for us if we drive a bargain.'

'Messires,' said Crèvecœur, 'the Duke ought in justice to have the first of my wares, as the seigneur takes his toll before open market begins. But tell me, are your news of a sad or a pleasant complexion?'

The person whom he particularly addressed was a lively-looking man, with an eye of great vivacity, which was corrected by an expression of reflection and gravity about the mouth and upper lip — the whole physiognomy marking a man who saw

[1] See Note 33. [2] See D'Hymbercourt. Note 34.

and judged rapidly, but was sage and slow in forming resolutions or in expressing opinions. This was the famous Knight of Hainault, son of Collart, or Nicolas de la Clite, known in history and amongst historians by the venerable name of Philip des Comines,[1] at this time close to the person of Duke Charles the Bold, and one of his most esteemed counsellors. He answered Crèvecœur's question concerning the complexion of the news of which he and his companion, the Baron d'Hymbercourt, were the depositaries. 'They were,' he said, 'like the colours of the rainbow, various in hue, as they might be viewed from different points, and placed against the black cloud or the fair sky. Such a rainbow was never seen in France or Flanders since that of Noah's ark.'

'My tidings,' replied Crèvecœur, 'are altogether like the comet — gloomy, wild, and terrible in themselves, yet to be accounted the forerunners of still greater and more dreadful evils which are to ensue.'

'We must open our bales,' said Comines to his companion, 'or our market will be forestalled by some newcomers, for ours are public news. In one word, Crèvecœur, listen, and wonder — King Louis is at Péronne!'

'What!' said the count, in astonishment; 'has the Duke retreated without a battle? and do you remain here in your dress of peace after the town is besieged by the French, for I cannot suppose it taken?'

'No, surely,' said D'Hymbercourt, 'the banners of Burgundy have not gone back a foot; and still King Louis is here.'

'Then Edward of England must have come over the seas with his bowmen,' said Crèvecœur, 'and, like his ancestors, gained a second field of Poictiers.'

'Not so,' said Comines. 'Not a French banner has been borne down, not a sail spread from England, where Edward is too much amused among the wives of the citizens of London to think of playing the Black Prince. Hear the extraordinary truth. You know, when you left us, that the conference between the commissioners on the parts of France and Burgundy was broken up, without apparent chance of reconciliation?'

'True; and we dreamt of nothing but war.'

'What has followed has been indeed so like a dream,' said Comines, 'that I almost expect to awake and find it so. Only one day since, the Duke had in council protested so furiously against farther delay, that it was resolved to send a defiance to

[1] See Note 35.

the King and march forward instantly into France. Toison d'Or, commissioned for the purpose, had put on his official dress, and had his foot in the stirrup to mount his horse, when lo! the French herald Montjoie rode into our camp. We thought of nothing else than that Louis had been beforehand with our defiance; and began to consider how much the Duke would resent the advice which had prevented him from being the first to declare war. But a council being speedily assembled, what was our wonder when the herald informed us that Louis, King of France, was scarce an hour's riding behind, intending to visit Charles Duke of Burgundy with a small retinue, in order that their differences might be settled at a personal interview!'

'You surprise me, Messires,' said Crèvecœur; 'and yet you surprise me less than you might have expected; for, when I was last at Plessis-lès-Tours, the all-trusted Cardinal Balue, offended with his master, and Burgundian at heart, did hint to me, that he could so work upon Louis's peculiar foibles as to lead him to place himself in such a position with regard to Burgundy that the Duke might have the terms of peace of his own making. But I never suspected that so old a fox as Louis could have been induced to come into the trap of his own accord. What said the Burgundian counsellors?'

'As you may guess,' answered D'Hymbercourt; 'talked much of faith to be observed and little of advantage to be obtained by such a visit; while it was manifest they thought almost entirely of the last, and were only anxious to find some way to reconcile it with the necessary preservation of appearances.'

'And what said the Duke?' continued the Count of Crèvecœur.

'Spoke brief and bold, as usual,' replied Comines. '"Which of you was it," he asked, "who witnessed the meeting of my cousin Louis and me after the battle of Montl'héry,[1] when I was so thoughtless as to accompany him back within the intrenchments of Paris with half a score of attendants, and so put my person at the King's mercy?" I replied, that most of us had been present, and none could ever forget the alarm which it had been his pleasure to give us. "Well," said the Duke, "you blamed me for my folly, and I confessed to you that I had acted like a giddy-pated boy; and I am aware, too, that, my father of happy memory being then alive, my kinsman, Louis, would have had less advantage by seizing on my

[1] See Note 36.

person than I might now have by securing his. But, nevertheless, if my royal kinsman comes hither on the present occasion in the same singleness of heart under which I then acted, he shall be royally welcome. If it is meant by this appearance of confidence to circumvent and to blind me till he execute some of his politic schemes, by St. George of Burgundy, let him look to it!" And so, having turned up his mustachios and stamped on the ground, he ordered us all to get on our horses and receive so extraordinary a guest.'

'And you met the King accordingly?' replied the Count of Crèvecœur. 'Miracles have not ceased! How was he accompanied?'

'As slightly as might be,' answered D'Hymbercourt: 'only a score or two of the Scottish Guard, and a few knights and gentlemen of his household, among whom his astrologer, Galeotti, made the gayest figure.'

'That fellow,' said Crèvecœur, 'holds some dependence on the Cardinal Balue; I should not be surprised that he has had his share in determining the King to this step of doubtful policy. Any nobility of higher rank?'

'There are Monsieur of Orleans and Dunois,' replied Comines.

'I will have a rouse with Dunois,' said Crèvecœur, 'wag the world as it will. But we heard that both he and the duke had fallen into disgrace, and were in prison?'

'They were both under arrest in the Castle of Loches, that delightful place of retirement for the French nobility,' said D'Hymbercourt; 'but Louis has released them, in order to bring them with him, perhaps because he cared not to leave Orleans behind. For his other attendants, faith, I think his gossip, the hangman marshal, with two or three of his retinue, and Oliver, his barber, may be the most considerable; and the whole bevy so poorly arrayed that, by my honour, the King resembles most an old usurer going to collect desperate debts, attended by a body of catchpolls.'

'And where is he lodged?' said Crèvecœur.

'Nay, that,' replied Comines, 'is the most marvellous of all. Our duke offered to let the King's Archer Guard have a gate of the town, and a bridge of boats over the Somme, and to have assigned to Louis himself the adjoining house, belonging to a wealthy burgess, Giles Orthen; but, in going thither, the King espied the banners of De Lau and Pencil de Rivière, whom he had banished from France, and scared, as it would seem, with the thought of lodging so near refugees and malcontents of

his own making, he craved to be quartered in the Castle of Péronne, and *there* he hath his abode accordingly.'

'Why, God ha' mercy!' exclaimed Crèvecœur, 'this is not only venturing into the lion's den, but thrusting his head into his very jaws. Nothing less than the very bottom of the rat-trap would serve the crafty old politician!'

'Nay,' said Comines, 'D'Hymbercourt hath not told you the speech of Le Glorieux,[1] which, in my mind, was the shrewdest opinion that was given.'

'And what said *his* most illustrious wisdom?' asked the count.

'As the Duke,' replied Comines, 'was hastily ordering some vessels and ornaments of plate and the like, to be prepared as presents for the King and his retinue, by way of welcome on his arrival, "Trouble not thy small brain about it, my friend Charles," said Le Glorieux: "I will give thy cousin Louis a nobler and a fitter gift than thou canst, and that is my cap and bells, and my bauble to boot; for, by the mass, he is a greater fool than I am for putting himself in thy power." "But if I give him no reason to repent it, sirrah, how then?" said the Duke. "Then, truly, Charles, thou shalt have cap and bauble thyself, as the greatest fool of the three of us." I promise you this knavish quip touched the Duke closely. I saw him change colour and bite his lip. And now our news are told, noble Crèvecœur, and what think you they resemble?'

'A mine full-charged with gunpowder,' answered Crèvecœur, 'to which, I fear, it is my fate to bring the kindled linstock. Your news and mine are like flax and fire, which cannot meet without bursting into flame, or like certain chemical substances which cannot be mingled without an explosion. Friends—gentlemen, ride close by my rein; and when I tell you what has chanced in the bishopric of Liege, I think you will be of opinion that King Louis might as safely have undertaken a pilgrimage to the infernal regions as this ill-timed visit to Péronne.'

The two nobles drew up close on either hand of the count, and listened, with half-suppressed exclamations and gestures of the deepest wonder and interest, to his account of the transactions at Liege and Schonwaldt. Quentin was then called forward, and examined and re-examined on the particulars of the bishop's death, until at length he refused to answer any

[1] The jester of Charles of Burgundy, of whom more hereafter.

further interrogatories, not knowing wherefore they were asked, or what use might be made of his replies.

They now reached the rich and level banks of the Somme, and the ancient walls of the little town of Péronne la Pucelle, and the deep green meadows adjoining, now whitened with the numerous tents of the Duke of Burgundy's army, amounting to about fifteen thousand men.

# CHAPTER XXVI

## *The Interview*

> When princes meet, astrologers may mark it
> An ominous conjunction, full of boding,
> Like that of Mars with Saturn.
>
> *Old Play.*

ONE hardly knows whether to term it a privilege or a penalty annexed to the quality of princes, that, in their intercourse with each other, they are required, by the respect which is due to their own rank and dignity, to regulate their feelings and expressions by a severe etiquette, which precludes all violent and avowed display of passion, and which, but that the whole world are aware that this assumed complaisance is a matter of ceremony, might justly pass for profound dissimulation. It is no less certain, however, that the overstepping of these bounds of ceremonial, for the purpose of giving more direct vent to their angry passions, has the effect of compromising their dignity with the world in general, as was particularly noted when those distinguished rivals, Francis the First and the Emperor Charles, gave each other the lie direct, and were desirous of deciding their differences hand to hand, in single combat.

Charles of Burgundy, the most hasty and impatient, nay, the most imprudent, prince of his time, found himself, nevertheless, fettered within the magic circle which prescribed the most profound deference to Louis, as his suzerain and liege lord, who had deigned to confer upon him, a vassal of the crown, the distinguished honour of a personal visit. Dressed in his ducal mantle, and attended by his great officers and principal knights and nobles, he went in gallant cavalcade to receive Louis XI. His retinue absolutely blazed with gold and silver; for the wealth of the court of England being exhausted by the wars of York and Lancaster, and the expenditure of France limited by the economy of the sovereign, that of Burgundy was for the

time the most magnificent in Europe. The *cortège* of Louis, on the contrary, was few in number, and comparatively mean in appearance, and the exterior of the King himself, in a threadbare cloak, with his wonted old high-crowned hat stuck full of images, rendered the contrast yet more striking; and as the Duke, richly attired with the coronet and mantle of state, threw himself from his noble charger, and, kneeling on one knee, offered to hold the stirrup while Louis dismounted from his little ambling palfrey, the effect was almost grotesque.

The greeting between the two potentates was, of course, as full of affected kindness and compliment as it was totally devoid of sincerity. But the temper of the Duke rendered it much more difficult for him to preserve the necessary appearances in voice, speech, and demeanour; while in the King every species of simulation and dissimulation seemed so much a part of his nature that those best acquainted with him could not have distinguished what was feigned from what was real.

Perhaps the most accurate illustration, were it not unworthy two such high potentates, would be to suppose the King in the situation of a stranger, perfectly acquainted with the habits and dispositions of the canine race, who, for some purpose of his own, is desirous to make friends with a large and surly mastiff, that holds him in suspicion, and is disposed to worry him on the first symptoms either of diffidence or of umbrage. The mastiff growls internally, erects his bristles, shows his teeth, yet is ashamed to fly upon the intruder, who seems at the same time so kind and so confiding, and therefore the animal endures advances which are far from pacifying him, watching at the same time the slightest opportunity which may justify him in his own eyes for seizing his friend by the throat.

The King was no doubt sensible, from the altered voice, constrained manner, and abrupt gestures of the Duke, that the game he had to play was delicate, and perhaps he more than once repented having ever taken it in hand. But repentance was too late, and all that remained for him was that inimitable dexterity of management which the King understood equally at least with any man that ever lived.

The demeanour which Louis used towards the Duke was such as to resemble the kind overflowing of the heart in a moment of sincere reconciliation with an honoured and tried friend, from whom he had been estranged by temporary circumstances now passed away, and forgotten as soon as removed.

The King blamed himself for not having sooner taken the decisive step of convincing his kind and good kinsman, by such a mark of confidence as he was now bestowing, that the angry passages which had occurred betwixt them were nothing in his remembrance when weighed against the kindness which received him when an exile from France, and under the displeasure of the King his father. He spoke of the Good Duke of Burgundy, as Philip the father of Duke Charles was currently called, and remembered a thousand instances of his paternal kindness.

'I think, cousin,' he said, 'your father made little difference in his affection betwixt you and me; for I remember, when by an accident I had bewildered myself in a hunting-party, I found the Good Duke upbraiding you with leaving me in the forest, as if you had been careless of the safety of an elder brother.'

The Duke of Burgundy's features were naturally harsh and severe, and when he attempted to smile, in polite acquiescence to the truth of what the King told him, the grimace which he made was truly diabolical.

'Prince of dissemblers,' he said in his secret soul, 'would that it stood with my honour to remind you *how* you have requited all the benefits of our house!'

'And then,' continued the King, 'if the ties of consanguinity and gratitude are not sufficient to bind us together, my fair cousin, we have those of spiritual relationship; for I am godfather to your fair daughter Mary, who is as dear to me as one of my own maidens; and when the saints — their holy name be blessed! — sent me a little blossom which withered in the course of three months, it was your princely father who held it at the font, and celebrated the ceremony of baptism with richer and prouder magnificence than Paris itself could have afforded. Never shall I forget the deep, the indelible impression which the generosity of Duke Philip, and yours, my dearest cousin, made upon the half-broken heart of the poor exile!'

'Your Majesty,' said the Duke, compelling himself to make some reply, 'acknowledged that slight obligation in terms which overpaid all the display which Burgundy could make to show due sense of the honour you had done its sovereign.'

'I remember the words you mean, fair cousin,' said the King, smiling; 'I think they were, that in guerdon of the benefit of that day, I, poor wanderer, had nothing to offer save the persons of myself, of my wife, and of my child. Well, and I think I have indifferently well redeemed my pledge.'

'I mean not to dispute what your Majesty is pleased to aver,' said the Duke; 'but——'

'But you ask,' said the King, interrupting him, 'how my actions have accorded with my words. Marry thus: the body of my infant child Joachim rests in Burgundian earth; my own person I have this morning placed unreservedly in your power; and for that of my wife — truly, cousin, I think, considering the period of time which has passed, you will scarce insist on my keeping my word in that particular. She was born on the day of the Blessed Annunciation (he crossed himself and muttered an *Ora pro nobis*), some fifty years since; but she is no farther distant than Rheims, and if you insist on my promise being fulfilled to the letter, she shall presently wait your pleasure.'

Angry as the Duke of Burgundy was at the barefaced attempt of the King to assume towards him a tone of friendship and intimacy, he could not help laughing at the whimsical reply of that singular monarch, and his laugh was as discordant as the abrupt tones of passion in which he often spoke. Having laughed longer and louder than was at that period, or would now be, thought fitting the time and occasion, he answered in the same tone, bluntly declining the honour of the Queen's company, but stating his willingness to accept that of the King's eldest daughter, whose beauty was celebrated.

'I am happy, fair cousin,' said the King, with one of those dubious smiles of which he frequently made use, 'that your gracious pleasure has not fixed on my younger daughter Joan. I should otherwise have had spear-breaking between you and my cousin of Orleans; and, had harm come of it, I must on either side have lost a kind friend and affectionate cousin.'

'Nay — nay, my royal sovereign,' said Duke Charles, 'the Duke of Orleans shall have no interruption from me in the path which he has chosen *par amours*. The cause in which I couch my lance against Orleans must be fair and straight.'

Louis was far from taking amiss this brutal allusion to the personal deformity of the Princess Joan. On the contrary, he was rather pleased to find that the Duke was content to be amused with broad jests, in which he was himself a proficient, and which, according to the modern phrase, spared much sentimental hypocrisy. Accordingly, he speedily placed their intercourse on such a footing that Charles, though he felt it impossible to play the part of an affectionate and reconciled friend to a monarch whose ill offices he had so often en-

countered, and whose sincerity on the present occasion he so strongly doubted, yet had no difficulty in acting the hearty landlord towards a facetious guest; and so the want of reciprocity in kinder feelings between them was supplied by the tone of good fellowship which exists between two boon companions — a tone natural to the Duke from the frankness, and, it might be added, the grossness, of his character, and to Louis, because, though capable of assuming any mood of social intercourse, that which really suited him best was mingled with grossness of ideas and caustic humour in expression.

Both princes were happily able to preserve, during the period of a banquet at the town-house of Péronne, the same kind of conversation, on which they met as on a neutral ground, and which, as Louis easily perceived, was more available than any other to keep the Duke of Burgundy in that state of composure which seemed necessary to his own safety.

Yet he was alarmed to observe that the Duke had around him several of those French nobles, and those of the highest rank and in situations of great trust and power, whom his own severity or injustice had driven into exile; and it was to secure himself from the possible effects of their resentment and revenge that (as already mentioned) he requested to be lodged in the castle or citadel of Péronne rather than in the town itself.[1] This was readily granted by Duke Charles, with one of those grim smiles of which it was impossible to say whether it meant good or harm to the party whom it concerned.

But when the King, expressing himself with as much delicacy as he could, and in the manner he thought best qualified to lull suspicion asleep, asked whether the Scottish Archers of his Guard might not maintain the custody of the Castle of Péronne during his residence there, in lieu of the gate of the town which the Duke had offered to their care, Charles replied, with his wonted sternness of voice and abruptness of manner, rendered more alarming by his habit, when he spoke, of either turning up his mustachios or handling his sword or dagger, the last of which he used frequently to draw a little way and then return to the sheath[2] — 'St. Martin! No, my liege. You are in your vassal's camp and city — so men call me in respect to your Majesty — my castle and town are yours and my men are yours; so it is indifferent whether my men-at-arms or the

[1] See Louis's Suspicious Character. Note 37.

[2] This gesture, very indicative of a fierce character, is also by stage tradition a distinction of Shakspeare's Richard III.

Scottish Archers guard either the outer gate or defences of the castle. No, by St. George! Péronne is a virgin fortress; she shall not lose her reputation by any neglect of mine. Maidens must be carefully watched, my royal cousin, if we would have them continue to live in good fame.'

'Surely, fair cousin, and I altogether agree with you,' said the King, 'I being in fact more interested in the reputation of the good little town than you are — Péronne being, as you know, fair cousin, one of those upon the same river Somme which, pledged to your father of happy memory for redemption of money, are liable to be redeemed upon repayment. And, to speak truth, coming, like an honest debtor, disposed to clear off my obligations of every kind, I have brought here a few sumpter mules loaded with silver for the redemption — enough to maintain even your princely and royal establishment, fair cousin, for the space of three years.'

'I will not receive a penny of it,' said the Duke, twirling his mustachios; 'the day of redemption is past, my royal cousin; nor was there ever serious purpose that the right should be exercised, the cession of these towns being the sole recompense my father ever received from France when, in a happy hour for your family, he consented to forget the murder of my grandfather, and to exchange the alliance of England for that of your father. St. George! if he had not so acted, your royal self, far from having towns on the Somme, could scarce have kept those beyond the Loire. No; I will not render a stone of them, were I to receive for every stone so rendered its weight in gold. I thank God, and the wisdom and valour of my ancestors, that the revenues of Burgundy, though it be but a duchy, will maintain my state, even when a king is my guest, without obliging me to barter my heritage.'

'Well, fair cousin,' answered the King, with the same mild and placid manner as before, and unperturbed by the loud tone and violent gestures of the Duke, 'I see that you are so good a friend to France that you are unwilling to part with aught that belongs to her. But we shall need some moderator in these affairs when we come to treat of them in council. What say you to St. Paul?'

'Neither St. Paul nor St. Peter, nor e'er a saint in the calendar,' said the Duke of Burgundy, 'shall preach me out of the possession of Péronne.'

'Nay, but you mistake me,' said King Louis, smiling; 'I mean Louis de Luxembourg, our trusty constable, the Count of

St. Paul. Ah! St. Mary of Embrun! we lack but his head at our conference! the best head in France, and the most useful to the restoration of perfect harmony betwixt us.'

'By St. George of Burgundy!' said the Duke, 'I marvel to hear your Majesty talk thus of a man false and perjured both to France and Burgundy — one who hath ever endeavoured to fan into a flame our frequent differences, and that with the purpose of giving himself the airs of a mediator. I swear by the order I wear, that his marshes shall not be long a resource for him!'

'Be not so warm, cousin,' replied the King, smiling, and speaking under his breath; 'when I wished for the constable's *head*, as a means of ending the settlement of our trifling differences, I had no desire for his *body*, which might remain at St. Quentin's with much convenience.'

'Ho! ho! I take your meaning, my royal cousin,' said Charles, with the same dissonant laugh which some other of the King's coarse pleasantries had extorted, and added, stamping with his heel on the ground, 'I allow, in that sense, the head of the constable *might* be useful at Péronne.'

These, and other discourses, by which the King mixed hints at serious affairs amid matters of mirth and amusement, did not follow each other consecutively; but were adroitly introduced during the time of the banquet at the *hôtel de ville*, during a subsequent interview in the Duke's own apartments, and, in short, as occasion seemed to render the introduction of such delicate subjects easy and natural.

Indeed, however rashly Louis had placed himself in a risk which the Duke's fiery temper, and the mutual subjects of exasperated enmity which subsisted betwixt them, rendered of doubtful and perilous issue, never pilot on an unknown coast conducted himself with more firmness and prudence. He seemed to sound, with the utmost address and precision, the depths and shallows of his rival's mind and temper, and manifested neither doubt nor fear when the result of his experiments discovered much more of sunken rocks and of dangerous shoals than of safe anchorage.

At length a day closed which must have been a wearisome one to Louis, from the constant exertion, vigilance, precaution, and attention which his situation required, as it was a day of constraint to the Duke, from the necessity of suppressing the violent feelings to which he was in the general habit of giving uncontrolled vent.

No sooner had the latter retired into his own apartment, after he had taken a formal leave of the King for the night, than he gave way to the explosion of passion which he had so long suppressed; and many an oath and abusive epithet, as his jester, Le Glorieux, said, 'fell that night upon heads which they were never coined for,' his domestics reaping the benefit of that hoard of injurious language which he could not in decency bestow on his royal guest, even in his absence, and which was yet become too great to be altogether suppressed. The jests of the clown had some effect in tranquillising the Duke's angry mood; he laughed loudly, threw the jester a piece of gold, caused himself to be disrobed in tranquillity, swallowed a deep cup of wine and spices, went to bed, and slept soundly.

The *couchée* of King Louis is more worthy of notice than that of Charles; for the violent expression of exasperated and headlong passion, as indeed it belongs more to the brutal than the intelligent part of our nature, has little to interest us in comparison to the deep workings of a vigorous and powerful mind.

Louis was escorted to the lodgings he had chosen in the castle, or citadel, of Péronne by the chamberlains and harbingers of the Duke of Burgundy, and received at the entrance by a strong guard of archers and men-at-arms.

As he descended from his horse to cross the drawbridge, over a moat of unusual width and depth, he looked on the sentinels, and observed to Comines, who accompanied him, with other Burgundian nobles, 'They wear St. Andrew's crosses, but not those of my Scottish Archers.'

'You will find them as ready to die in your defence, sire,' said the Burgundian, whose sagacious ear had detected in the King's tone of speech a feeling which doubtless Louis would have concealed if he could. 'They wear the St. Andrew's cross as the appendage of the collar of the Golden Fleece, my master the Duke of Burgundy's order.'

'Do I not know it?' said Louis, showing the collar which he himself wore in compliment to his host. 'It is one of the dear bonds of fraternity which exist between my kind brother and myself. We are brothers in chivalry, as in spiritual relationship — cousins by birth, and friends by every tie of kind feeling and good neighbourhood. No farther than the base-court, my noble lords and gentlemen! I can permit your attendance no farther; you have done me enough of grace.'

'We were charged by the Duke,' said D'Hymbercourt, 'to

bring your Majesty to your lodging. We trust your Majesty will permit us to obey our master's command.'

'In this small matter,' said the King, 'I trust you will allow my command to outweigh his, even with you his liege subjects. I am something indisposed, my lords — something fatigued. Great pleasure hath its toils as well as great pain. I trust to enjoy your society better to-morrow. And yours too, Seignior Philip of Comines. I am told you are the annalist of the time; we that desire to have a name in history must speak you fair, for men say your pen hath a sharp point, when you will. Good-night, my lords and gentles, to all and each of you.'

The lords of Burgundy retired, much pleased with the grace of Louis's manner and the artful distribution of his attentions; and the King was left with only one or two of his own personal followers, under the archway of the base-court of the Castle of Péronne, looking on the huge tower which occupied one of the angles, being in fact the donjon, or principal keep, of the place. This tall, dark, massive building was seen clearly by the same moon which was lighting Quentin Durward betwixt Charleroi and Péronne, which, as the reader is aware, shone with peculiar lustre. The great keep was in form nearly resembling the White Tower in the citadel of London, but still more ancient in its architecture, deriving its date, as was affirmed, from the days of Charlemagne. The walls were of a tremendous thickness, the windows very small, and grated with bars of iron, and the huge clumsy bulk of the building cast a dark and portentous shadow over the whole of the courtyard.

'I am not to be lodged *there!*' the King said, with a shudder that had something in it ominous.

'No,' replied the grey-headed seneschal, who attended upon him unbonneted. 'God forbid! Your Majesty's apartments are prepared in these lower buildings which are hard by, and in which King John slept two nights before the battle of Poictiers.'

'Hum — that is no lucky omen neither,' muttered the King; 'but what of the tower, my old friend? and why should you desire of Heaven that I may not be there lodged?'

'Nay, my gracious liege,' said the seneschal, 'I know no evil of the tower at all — only that the sentinels say lights are seen, and strange noises heard, in it at night; and there are reasons why that may be the case, for anciently it was used as a state prison, and there are many tales of deeds which have been done in it.'

Louis asked no farther questions; for no man was more

bound than he to respect the secrets of a prison-house. At the door of the apartments destined for his use, which, though of later date than the tower, were still both ancient and gloomy, stood a small party of the Scottish Guard, which the Duke, although he declined to concede the point to Louis, had ordered to be introduced, so as to be near the person of their master. The faithful Lord Crawford was at their head.

'Crawford — my honest and faithful Crawford,' said the King, 'where hast thou been to-day? Are the lords of Burgundy so inhospitable as to neglect one of the bravest and most noble gentlemen that ever trode a court? I saw you not at the banquet.'

'I declined it, my liege,' said Crawford. 'Times are changed with me. The day has been that I could have ventured a carouse with the best man in Burgundy, and that in the juice of his own grape; but a matter of four pints now flusters me, and I think it concerns your Majesty's service to set in this an example to my callants.'

'Thou art ever prudent,' said the King; 'but surely your toil is the less when you have so few men to command? and a time of festivity requires not so severe self-denial on your part as a time of danger.'

'If I have few men to command,' said Crawford, 'I have the more need to keep the knaves in fitting condition; and whether this business be like to end in feasting or fighting, God and your Majesty know better than old John of Crawford.'

'You surely do not apprehend any danger?' said the King hastily, yet in a whisper.

'Not I,' answered Crawford. 'I wish I did; for, as old Earl Tineman[1] used to say, apprehended dangers may be always defended dangers. The word for the night, if your Majesty pleases?'

'Let it be "Burgundy," in honour of our host and of a liquor that you love, Crawford.'

'I will quarrel with neither duke nor drink so called,' said Crawford, 'provided always that both be sound. A good night to your Majesty!'

'A good night, my trusty Scot,' said the King, and passed on to his apartments.

At the door of his bedroom Le Balafré was placed sentinel. 'Follow me hither,' said the King as he passed him; and the archer accordingly, like a piece of machinery put in motion by

[1] An Earl of Douglas, so called.

an artist, strode after him into the apartment, and remained there fixed, silent, and motionless, attending the royal command.

'Have you heard from that wandering paladin, your nephew?' said the King; 'for he hath been lost to us since, like a young knight who had set out upon his first adventures, he sent us home two prisoners, as the first-fruits of his chivalry.'

'My lord, I heard something of that,' said Balafré; 'and I hope your Majesty will believe that, if he hath acted wrongfully, it was in no shape by my precept or example, since I never was so bold as to unhorse any of your Majesty's most illustrious house, better knowing my own condition, and——'

'Be silent on that point,' said the King; 'your nephew did his duty in the matter.'

'There indeed,' continued Balafré, 'he had the cue from me. "Quentin," said I to him, "whatever comes of it, remember you belong to the Scottish Archer Guard, and do your duty whatever comes on 't."'

'I guessed he had some such exquisite instructor,' said Louis; 'but it concerns me that you answer my first question. Have you heard of your nephew of late? Stand aback, my masters,' he added, addressing the gentlemen of his chamber, 'for this concerneth no ears but mine.'

'Surely, please your Majesty,' said Balafré, 'I have seen this very evening the groom Charlet, whom my kinsman despatched from Liege, or some castle of the bishop's which is near it, and where he hath lodged the Ladies of Croye in safety.'

'Now Our Lady of Heaven be praised for it!' said the King. 'Art thou sure of it?—sure of the good news?'

'As sure as I can be of aught,' said Le Balafré. 'The fellow, I think, hath letters for your Majesty from the Ladies of Croye.'

'Haste to get them,' said the King. 'Give thy harquebuss to one of these knaves—to Oliver—to any one. Now Our Lady of Embrun be praised! and silver shall be the screen that surrounds her high altar!'

Louis, in this fit of gratitude and devotion, doffed, as usual, his hat, selected from the figures with which it was garnished that which represented his favourite image of the Virgin, placed it on a table, and, kneeling down, repeated reverently the vow he had made.

The groom, being the first messenger whom Durward had despatched from Schonwaldt, was now introduced with his

letters. They were addressed to the King by the Ladies of Croye, and barely thanked him in very cold terms for his courtesy while at his court, and, something more warmly, for having permitted them to retire, and sent them in safety from his dominions, expressions at which Louis laughed very heartily, instead of resenting them. He then demanded of Charlet, with obvious interest, whether they had not sustained some alarm or attack upon the road? Charlet, a stupid fellow, and selected for that quality, gave a very confused account of the affray in which his companion, the Gascon, had been killed, but knew of no other. Again Louis demanded of him, minutely and particularly, the route which the party had taken to Liege; and seemed much interested when he was informed, in reply, that they had, upon approaching Namur, kept the more direct road to Liege, upon the right bank of the Maes, instead of the left bank, as recommended in their route. The King then ordered the man a small present and dismissed him, disguising the anxiety he had expressed, as if it only concerned the safety of the Ladies of Croye.

Yet the news, though they inferred the failure of one of his own favourite plans, seemed to imply more internal satisfaction on the King's part than he would have probably indicated in a case of brilliant success. He sighed like one whose breast has been relieved from a heavy burden, muttered his devotional acknowledgments with an air of deep sanctity, raised up his eyes, and hastened to adjust newer and surer schemes of ambition.

With such purpose, Louis ordered the attendance of his astrologer, Martius Galeotti, who appeared with his usual air of assumed dignity, yet not without a shade of uncertainty on his brow, as if he had doubted the King's kind reception. It was, however, favourable, even beyond the warmest which he had ever met with at any former interview. Louis termed him his friend, his father in the sciences, the glass by which a king should look into distant futurity, and concluded by thrusting on his finger a ring of very considerable value. Galeotti, not aware of the circumstances which had thus suddenly raised his character in the estimation of Louis, yet understood his own profession too well to let that ignorance be seen. He received with grave modesty the praises of Louis, which he contended were only due to the nobleness of the science which he practised, a science the rather the more deserving of admiration on account of its working miracles through means of so feeble an agent as

himself; and he and the King took leave, for once much satisfied with each other.

On the astrologer's departure, Louis threw himself into a chair, and appearing much exhausted, dismissed the rest of his attendants, excepting Oliver alone, who, creeping around with gentle assiduity and noiseless step, assisted him in the task of preparing for repose.

While he received this assistance, the King, unlike to his wont, was so silent and passive, that his attendant was struck by the unusual change in his deportment. The worst minds have often something of good principle in them: banditti show fidelity to their captain, and sometimes a protected and promoted favourite has felt a gleam of sincere interest in the monarch to whom he owed his greatness. Oliver le Diable, le Mauvais, or by whatever other name he was called expressive of his evil propensities, was, nevertheless, scarcely so completely identified with Satan as not to feel some touch of grateful feeling for his master in this singular condition, when, as it seemed, his fate was deeply interested, and his strength seemed to be exhausted. After for a short time rendering to the King in silence the usual services paid by a servant to his master at the toilet, the attendant was at length tempted to say, with the freedom which his sovereign's indulgence had permitted him in such circumstances, '*Tête-dieu*, sire, you seem as if you had lost a battle; and yet I, who was near your Majesty during this whole day, never knew you fight a field so gallantly.'

'A field!' said King Louis, looking up, and assuming his wonted causticity of tone and manner; '*Pasques-dieu*, my friend Oliver, say I have kept the arena in a bull-fight; for a blinder, and more stubborn, untameable, uncontrollable brute, than our cousin of Burgundy, never existed, save in the shape of a Murcian bull, trained for the bull-feasts. Well, let it pass. I dodged him bravely. But, Oliver, rejoice with me that my plans in Flanders have not taken effect, whether as concerning those two rambling Princesses of Croye, or in Liege —you understand me?'

'In faith, I do not, sire,' replied Oliver; 'it is impossible for me to congratulate your Majesty on the failure of your favourite schemes, unless you tell me some reason for the change in your own wishes and views.'

'Nay,' answered the King, 'there is no change in either, in a general view. But, *Pasques-dieu*, my friend, I have this day learned more of Duke Charles than I before knew. When he

was Count de Charalois, in the time of the old Duke Philip and the banished Dauphin of France, we drank, and hunted, and rambled together, and many a wild adventure we have had. And in those days I had a decided advantage over him, like that which a strong spirit naturally assumes over a weak one. But he has since changed — has become a dogged, daring, assuming, disputatious dogmatist, who nourishes an obvious wish to drive matters to extremities, while he thinks he has the game in his own hands. I was compelled to glide as gently away from each offensive topic as if I touched red-hot iron. I did but hint at the possibility of those erratic Countesses of Croye, ere they attained Liege — for thither I frankly confessed that, to the best of my belief, they were gone — falling into the hands of some wild snapper upon the frontiers, and, *Pasques-dieu!* you would have thought I had spoken of sacrilege. It is needless to tell you what he said, and quite enough to say, that I would have held my head's safety very insecure, if, in that moment, accounts had been brought of the success of thy friend, William with the Beard, in his and thy honest scheme of bettering himself by marriage.'

'No friend of *mine*, if it please your Majesty,' said Oliver; 'neither friend nor plan of mine.'

'True, Oliver,' answered the king; 'thy plan had not been to wed, but to shave, such a bridegroom. Well, thou didst wish her as bad a one, when thou didst modestly hint at thyself. However, Oliver, lucky the man who has her not; for hang, draw, and quarter were the most gentle words which my gentle cousin spoke of him who should wed the young countess, his vassal, without his most ducal permission.'

'And he is, doubtless, as jealous of any disturbances in the good town of Liege?' asked the favourite.

'As much, or much more so,' replied the king, 'as your understanding may easily anticipate; but, ever since I resolved on coming hither, my messengers have been in Liege, to repress, for the present, every movement to insurrection; and my very busy and bustling friends, Rouslaer and Pavillon, have orders to be quiet as a mouse until this happy meeting between my cousin and me is over.'

'Judging, then, from your Majesty's account,' said Oliver drily, 'the utmost to be hoped from this meeting is, that it should not make your condition worse? Surely this is like the crane that thrust her head into the fox's mouth, and was glad to thank her good fortune that it was not bitten off. Yet your

Majesty seemed deeply obliged even now to the sage philosopher who encouraged you to play so hopeful a game.'

'No game,' said the King, sharply, 'is to be despaired of until it is lost, and that I have no reason to expect it will be in my own case. On the contrary, if nothing occurs to stir the rage of this vindictive madman, I am sure of victory; and surely, I am not a little obliged to the skill which selected for my agent, as the conductor of the Ladies of Croye, a youth whose horoscope so far corresponded with mine, that he hath saved me from danger, even by the disobedience of my own commands, and taking the route which avoided De la Marck's ambuscade.'

'Your Majesty,' said Oliver, 'may find many agents who will serve you on the terms of acting rather after their own pleasure than your instructions.'

'Nay, nay, Oliver,' said Louis impatiently, 'the heathen poet speaks of *vota diis exaudita malignis* — wishes, that is, which the saints grant to us in their wrath; and such, in the circumstances, would have been the success of William de la Marck's exploit, had it taken place about this time, and while I am in the power of this Duke of Burgundy. And this my own art foresaw — fortified by that of Galeotti; that is, I foresaw not the miscarriage of De la Marck's undertaking, but I foresaw that the expedition of yonder Scottish archer should end happily for me. And such has been the issue, though in a manner different from what I expected; for the stars, though they foretell general results, are yet silent on the means by which such are accomplished, being often the very reverse of what we expect, or even desire. But why talk I of these mysteries to thee, Oliver, who art in so far worse than the very devil, who is thy namesake, since he believes and trembles; whereas thou art an infidel both to religion and to science, and wilt remain so till thine own destiny is accomplished, which, as thy horoscope and physiognomy alike assure me, will be by the intervention of the gallows?'

'And if it indeed shall be so,' said Oliver, in a resigned tone of voice, 'it will be so ordered, because I was too grateful a servant to hesitate at executing the commands of my royal master.'

Louis burst into his usual sardonic laugh. 'Thou hast broke thy lance on me fairly, Oliver; and, by Our Lady, thou art right, for I defied thee to it. But, prithee, tell me in sadness, dost thou discover anything in these men's measures towards us, which may argue any suspicion of ill usage?'

'My liege,' replied Oliver, 'your Majesty and yonder learned philosopher look for augury to the stars and heavenly host; I am an earthly reptile, and consider but the things connected with my vocation. But, methinks, there is a lack of that earnest and precise attention on your Majesty, which men show to a welcome guest of a degree so far above them. The Duke, to-night, pleaded weariness, and saw your Majesty not farther than to the street, leaving to the officers of his household the task of conveying you to your lodgings. The rooms here are hastily and carelessly fitted up: the tapestry is hung up awry; and, in one of the pieces, as you may observe, the figures are reversed and stand on their heads, while the trees grow with their roots uppermost.'

'Pshaw! accident, and the effect of hurry,' said the King. 'When did you ever know me concerned about such trifles as these?'

'Not on their own account are they worth notice,' said Oliver; 'but as intimating the degree of esteem in which the officers of the Duke's household observe your Grace to be held by him. Believe me, that had his desire seemed sincere that your reception should be in all points marked by scrupulous attention, the zeal of his people would have made minutes do the work of days. And when,' he added, pointing to the basin and ewer, 'was the furniture of your Majesty's toilet of other substance than silver?'

'Nay,' said the King, with a constrained smile, 'that last remark upon the shaving utensils, Oliver, is too much in the style of thine own peculiar occupation to be combated by any one. True it is, that when I was only a refugee and an exile, I was served upon gold plate by order of the same Charles, who accounted silver too mean for the Dauphin, though he seems to hold that metal too rich for the King of France. Well, Oliver, we will to bed. Our resolution has been made and executed; there is nothing to be done but to play manfully the game on which we have entered. I know that my cousin of Burgundy, like other wild bulls, shuts his eyes when he begins his career. I have but to watch that moment, like one of the tauridors whom we saw at Burgos, and his impetuosity places him at my mercy.'

# CHAPTER XXVII

## *The Explosion*

> 'T is listening fear, and dumb amazement all,
> When to the startled eye the sudden glance
> Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud.
>
> THOMSON'S *Summer.*

THE preceding chapter, agreeable to its title, was designed as a retrospect, which might enable the reader fully to understand the terms upon which the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy stood together, when the former, moved, partly perhaps by his belief in astrology, which was represented as favourable to the issue of such a measure, and in a great measure doubtless by the conscious superiority of his own powers of mind over those of Charles, had adopted the extraordinary, and upon any other ground altogether inexplicable, resolution of committing his person to the faith of a fierce and exasperated enemy — a resolution also the more rash and unaccountable, as there were various examples in that stormy time to show, that safe-conducts, however solemnly plighted, had proved no assurance for those in whose favour they were conceived; and indeed the murder of the Duke's grandfather, at the bridge of Montereau, in presence of the father of Louis, and at an interview solemnly agreed upon for the establishment of peace and amnesty, was a horrible precedent, should the Duke be disposed to resort to it.

But the temper of Charles, though rough, fierce, headlong and unyielding, was not, unless in the full tide of passion, faithless or ungenerous, faults which usually belong to colder dispositions. He was at no pains to show the King more courtesy than the laws of hospitality positively demanded; but, on the other hand, he evinced no purpose of overleaping their sacred barriers.

On the following morning after the King's arrival, there was

a general muster of the troops of the Duke of Burgundy, which were so numerous and so excellently appointed, that, perhaps, he was not sorry to have an opportunity of displaying them before his great rival. Indeed, while he paid the necessary compliment of a vassal to his suzerain, in declaring that these troops were the King's, and not his own, the curl of his upper lip and the proud glance of his eye intimated his consciousness that the words he used were but empty compliment, and that his fine army, at his own unlimited disposal, was as ready to march against Paris as in any other direction. It must have added to Louis's mortification, that he recognised, as forming part of this host, many banners of French nobility, not only of Normandy and Bretagne, but of provinces more immediately subjected to his own authority, who, from various causes of discontent, had joined and made common cause with the Duke of Burgundy.

True to his character, however, Louis seemed to take little notice of these malcontents, while, in fact, he was revolving in his mind the various means by which it might be possible to detach them from the banners of Burgundy and bring them back to his own, and resolved for that purpose, that he would cause those to whom he attached the greatest importance to be secretly sounded by Oliver and other agents.

He himself laboured diligently, but at the same time cautiously, to make interest with the Duke's chief officers and advisers, employing for that purpose the usual means of familiar and frequent notice, adroit flattery, and liberal presents; not, as he represented, to alienate their faithful services from their noble master, but that they might lend their aid in preserving peace betwixt France and Burgundy — an end so excellent in itself, and so obviously tending to the welfare of both countries, and of the reigning princes of either.

The notice of so great and so wise a king was in itself a mighty bribe; promises did much, and direct gifts, which the customs of the time permitted the Burgundian courtiers to accept without scruple, did still more. During a boar hunt in the forest, while the Duke, eager always upon the immediate object, whether business or pleasure, gave himself entirely up to the ardour of the chase, Louis, unrestrained by his presence, sought and found the means of speaking secretly and separately to many of those who were reported to have most interest with Charles, among whom D'Hymbercourt and Comines were not forgotten; nor did he fail to mix up the advances which

he made towards those two distinguished persons with praises of the valour and military skill of the first, and of the profound sagacity and literary talents of the future historian of the period.

Such an opportunity of personally conciliating, or, if the reader pleases, corrupting, the ministers of Charles, was perhaps what the King had proposed to himself as a principal object of his visit, even if his art should fail to cajole the Duke himself. The connexion betwixt France and Burgundy was so close, that most of the nobles belonging to the latter country had hopes or actual interests connected with the former, which the favour of Louis could advance or his personal displeasure destroy. Formed for this and every other species of intrigue, liberal to profusion when it was necessary to advance his plans, and skilful in putting the most plausible colour upon his proposals and presents, the King contrived to reconcile the spirit of the proud to their profit, and to hold out to the real or pretended patriot the good of both France and Burgundy as the ostensible motive; whilst the party's own private interest, like the concealed wheel of some machine, worked not the less powerfully that its operations were kept out of sight. For each man he had a suitable bait and a proper mode of presenting it: he poured the guerdon into the sleeve of those who were too proud to extend their hand, and trusted that his bounty, though it descended like the dew without noise and imperceptibly, would not fail to produce, in due season, a plentiful crop of goodwill at least, perhaps of good offices, to the donor. In fine, although he had been long paving the way by his ministers for an establishment of such an interest in the court of Burgundy as should be advantageous to the interests of France, Louis's own personal exertions, directed doubtless by the information of which he was previously possessed, did more to accomplish that object in a few hours than his agents had effected in years of negotiation.

One man alone the King missed whom he had been particularly desirous of conciliating, and that was the Count de Crèvecœur, whose firmness, during his conduct as envoy at Plessis, far from exciting Louis's resentment, had been viewed as a reason for making him his own if possible. He was not particularly gratified when he learnt that the count, at the head of an hundred lances, was gone towards the frontiers of Brabant to assist the bishop, in case of necessity, against William de la Marck and his discontented subjects; but he

consoled himself that the appearance of this force, joined with the directions which he had sent by faithful messengers, would serve to prevent any premature disturbances in that country, the breaking out of which might, he foresaw, render his present situation very precarious.

The court upon this occasion dined in the forest when the hour of noon arrived, as was common in those great hunting parties; an arrangement at this time particularly agreeable to the Duke, desirous as he was to abridge that ceremonious and deferential solemnity with which he was otherwise under the necessity of receiving King Louis. In fact, the King's knowledge of human nature had in one particular misled him on this remarkable occasion. He thought that the Duke would have been inexpressibly flattered to have received such a mark of condescension and confidence from his liege lord; but he forgot that the dependence of this dukedom upon the crown of France was privately the subject of galling mortification to a prince so powerful, so wealthy, and so proud as Charles, whose aim it certainly was to establish an independent kingdom. The presence of the King at the court of the Duke of Burgundy imposed on that prince the necessity of exhibiting himself in the subordinate character of a vassal, and of discharging many rites of feudal observance and deference, which, to one of his haughty disposition, resembled derogation from the character of a sovereign prince, which on all occasions he affected as far as possible to sustain.

But although it was possible to avoid much ceremony by having the dinner upon the green turf, with sound of bugles, broaching of barrels, and all the freedom of a silvan meal, it was necessary that the evening repast should, even for that very reason, be held with more than usual solemnity.

Previous orders for this purpose had been given, and, upon returning to Péronne, King Louis found a banquet prepared with such a profusion of splendour and magnificence, as became the wealth of his formidable vassal, possessed as he was of almost all the Low Countries, then the richest portion of Europe. At the head of the long board, which groaned under plate of gold and silver, filled to profusion with the most exquisite dainties, sat the Duke, and on his right hand, upon a seat more elevated than his own, was placed his royal guest. Behind him stood on one side the son of the Duke of Gueldres, who officiated as his grand carver, on the other Le Glorieux, his jester, without whom he seldom stirred; for, like most men of

his hasty and coarse character, Charles carried to extremity the general taste of that age for court fools and jesters — experiencing that pleasure in their display of eccentricity and mental infirmity which his more acute, but not more benevolent, rival loved better to extract from marking the imperfections of humanity in its nobler specimens, and finding subject for mirth in the 'fears of the brave and follies of the wise.' And, indeed, if the anecdote related by Brantôme be true, that a court fool, having overheard Louis, in one of his agonies of repentant devotion, confess his accession to the poisoning of his brother, Henry Count of Guyenne, divulged it next day at dinner before the assembled court, that monarch might be supposed rather more than satisfied with the pleasantries of professed jesters for the rest of his life.

But, on the present occasion, Louis neglected not to take notice of the favourite buffoon of the Duke, and to applaud his repartees; which he did the rather that he thought he saw that the folly of Le Glorieux, however grossly it was sometimes displayed, covered more than the usual quantity of shrewd and caustic observation proper to his class.

In fact, Tiel Wetzweiler, called Le Glorieux, was by no means a jester of the common stamp. He was a tall, fine-looking man, excellent at many exercises, which seemed scarce reconcilable with mental imbecility, because it must have required patience and attention to attain them. He usually followed the Duke to the chase and to the fight; and at Montl'héry, when Charles was in considerable personal danger, wounded in the throat, and likely to be made prisoner by a French knight who had hold of his horse's rein, Tiel Wetzweiler charged the assailant so forcibly as to overthrow him and disengage his master. Perhaps he was afraid of this being thought too serious a service for a person of his condition, and that it might excite him enemies among those knights and nobles who had left the care of their master's person to the court fool. At any rate, he chose rather to be laughed at than praised for his achievement, and made such gasconading boasts of his exploits in the battle, that most men thought the rescue of Charles was as ideal as the rest of his tale; and it was on this occasion he acquired the title of Le Glorieux (or the boastful), by which he was ever afterwards distinguished.

Le Glorieux was dressed very richly, but with little of the usual distinction of his profession, and that little rather of a symbolical than a very literal character. His head was not

shorn; on the contrary, he wore a profusion of long curled hair, which descended from under his cap, and joining with a well-arranged and handsomely trimmed beard, set off features which, but for a wild lightness of eye, might have been termed handsome. A ridge of scarlet velvet, carried across the top of his cap, indicated, rather than positively represented, the professional cock's-comb, which distinguished the headgear of a fool in right of office. His bauble, made of ebony, was crested, as usual, with a fool's head, with ass's ears formed of silver; but so small, and so minutely carved, that, till very closely examined, it might have passed for an official baton of a more solemn character. These were the only badges of his office which his dress exhibited. In other respects, it was such as to match with that of the most courtly nobles. His bonnet displayed a medal of gold; he wore a chain of the same metal around his neck; and the fashion of his rich garments was not much more fantastic than those of young gallants who have their clothes made in the extremity of the existing fashion.

To this personage Charles, and Louis, in imitation of his host, often addressed themselves during the entertainment; and both seemed to manifest, by hearty laughter, their amusement at the answers of Le Glorieux.

'Whose seats be those that are vacant?' said Charles to the jester.

'One of those at least should be mine by right of succession, Charles,' replied Le Glorieux.

'Why so, knave?' said Charles.

'Because they belong to the Sieur D'Hymbercourt and Des Comines, who are gone so far to fly their falcons that they have forgot their supper. They who would rather look at a kite on the wing than a pheasant on the board are of kin to the fool, and he should succeed to the stools, as a part of their movable estate.'

'That is but a stale jest, my friend Tiel,' said the Duke; 'but, fools or wise men, here come the defaulters.'

As he spoke, Comines and D'Hymbercourt entered the room, and, after having made their reverence to the two princes, assumed in silence the seats which were left vacant for them.

'What ho! sirs,' exclaimed the Duke, addressing them, 'your sport has been either very good or very bad, to lead you so far and so late. Sir Philip des Comines, you are dejected; hath D'Hymbercourt won so heavy a wager on you? You are a philosopher, and should not grieve at bad fortune. By St.

George! D'Hymbercourt looks as sad as thou dost. How now, sirs? Have you found no game? or have you lost your falcons? or has a witch crossed your way? or has the Wild Huntsman[1] met you in the forest? By my honour, you seem as if you were come to a funeral, not a festival.'

While the Duke spoke, the eyes of the company were all directed towards D'Hymbercourt and Des Comines; and the embarrassment and dejection of their countenances, neither being of that class of persons to whom such expression of anxious melancholy was natural, became so remarkable, that the mirth and laughter of the company, which the rapid circulation of goblets of excellent wine had raised to a considerable height, was gradually hushed, and, without being able to assign any reason for such a change in their spirits, men spoke in whispers to each other, as on the eve of expecting some strange and important tidings.

'What means this silence, Messires?' said the Duke, elevating his voice, which was naturally harsh. 'If you bring these strange looks, and this stranger silence, into festivity, we shall wish you had abode in the marshes seeking for herons, or rather for woodcocks and howlets.'

'My gracious lord,' said Des Comines, 'as we were about to return hither from the forest, we met the Count of Crèvecœur.'

'How!' said the Duke; 'already returned from Brabant? but he found all well there, doubtless?'

'The count himself will presently give your Grace an account of his news,' said D'Hymbercourt, 'which we have heard but imperfectly.'

'Body of me, where is the count?' said the Duke.

'He changes his dress, to wait upon your Highness,' answered D'Hymbercourt.

'His dress! *Saint-bleau!*' exclaimed the impatient prince, 'what care I for his dress? I think you have conspired with him to drive me mad.'

'Or rather, to be plain,' said Des Comines, 'he wishes to communicate these news at a private audience.'

'*Teste-dieu!* my lord king,' said Charles, 'this is ever the way our counsellors serve us. If they have got hold of aught which they consider as important for our ear, they look as grave upon the matter, and are as proud of their burden as an ass of a new pack-saddle. Some one bid Crèvecœur come to

[1] The famous apparition, sometimes called *Le Grand Veneur*. Sully gives some account of this hunting spectre.

us directly! He comes from the frontiers of Liege, and *we*, at least (he laid some emphasis on the pronoun), have no secrets in that quarter which we would shun to have proclaimed before the assembled world.'

All perceived that the Duke had drunk so much wine as to increase the native obstinacy of his disposition; and though many would willingly have suggested that the present was neither a time for hearing news, nor for taking counsel, yet all knew the impetuosity of his temper too well to venture on farther interference, and sat in anxious expectation of the tidings which the count might have to communicate.

A brief interval intervened, during which the Duke remained looking eagerly to the door, as if in a transport of impatience, whilst the guests sat with their eyes bent on the table, as if to conceal their curiosity and anxiety. Louis alone maintaining perfect composure, continued his conversation alternately with the grand carver and with the jester.

At length Crèvecœur entered, and was presently saluted by the hurried question of his master, 'What news from Liege and Brabant, sir count? The report of your arrival has chased mirth from our table; we hope your actual presence will bring it back to us.'

'My liege and master,' answered the count, in a firm but melancholy tone, 'the news which I bring you are fitter for the council-board than the feasting-table.'

'Out with them, man, if they were tidings from Antichrist!' said the Duke; 'but I can guess them: the Liegeois are again in mutiny.'

'They are, my lord,' said Crèvecœur, very gravely.

'Look there, man,' said the Duke, 'I have hit at once on what you have been so much afraid to mention to me: the hare-brained burghers are again in arms. It could not be in better time, for we may at present have the advice of our own suzerain,' bowing to King Louis, with eyes which spoke the most bitter, though suppressed, resentment, 'to teach us how such mutineers should be dealt with. Hast thou more news in thy packet? Out with them, and then answer for yourself why you went not forward to assist the bishop.'

'My lord, the farther tidings are heavy for me to tell, and will be afflicting to you to hear. No aid of mine, or of living chivalry, could have availed the excellent prelate. William de la Marck, united with the insurgent Liegeois, has taken his castle of Schonwaldt, and murdered him in his own hall.'

'*Murdered him!*' repeated the Duke, in a deep and low tone, but which nevertheless was heard from the one end of the hall in which they were assembled to the other; 'thou hast been imposed upon, Crèvecœur, by some wild report; it is impossible!'

'Alas, my lord!' said the count, 'I have it from an eye-witness, an archer of the King of France's Scottish Guard, who was in the hall when the murder was committed by William de la Marck's order.'

'And who was doubtless aiding and abetting in the horrible sacrilege!' exclaimed the Duke, starting up and stamping with his foot with such fury, that he dashed in pieces the footstool which was placed before him. 'Bar the doors of this hall, gentlemen — secure the windows — let no stranger stir from his seat, upon pain of instant death! Gentlemen of my chamber, draw your swords.' And turning upon Louis, he advanced his own hand slowly and deliberately to the hilt of his weapon; while the King, without either showing fear or assuming a defensive posture, only said —

'These news, fair cousin, have staggered your reason.'

'No!' replied the Duke, in a terrible tone, 'but they have awakened a just resentment, which I have too long suffered to be stifled by trivial considerations of circumstance and place. Murderer of thy brother! — rebel against thy parent! — tyrant over thy subjects! — treacherous ally! — perjured king! — dishonoured gentleman! — thou art in my power, and I thank God for it.'

'Rather thank my folly,' said the King; 'for when we met on equal terms at Montl'héry, methinks you wished yourself farther from me than we are now.'

The Duke still held his hand on the hilt of his sword, but refrained to draw his weapon, or to strike a foe who offered no sort of resistance which could in anywise provoke violence.

Meanwhile, wild and general confusion spread itself through the hall. The doors were now fastened and guarded by order of the Duke; but several of the French nobles, few as they were in number, started from their seats, and prepared for the defence of their sovereign. Louis had spoken not a word either to Orleans or Dunois since they were liberated from restraint at the Castle of Loches, if it could be termed liberation to be dragged in King Louis's train, objects of suspicion evidently rather than of respect and regard; but, nevertheless, the voice of Dunois was first heard above the tumult addressing himself to the Duke of Burgundy. 'Sir duke, you have forgotten that

you are a vassal of France, and that we, your guests, are Frenchmen. If you lift a hand against our monarch, prepare to sustain the utmost effects of our despair; for, credit me, we shall feast as high with the blood of Burgundy as we have done with its wine. Courage, my Lord of Orleans; and you, gentlemen of France, form yourselves round Dunois, and do as he does!'

It was in that moment when a king might see upon what tempers he could certainly rely. The few independent nobles and knights who attended Louis, most of whom had only received from him frowns or discountenance, unappalled by the display of infinitely superior force, and the certainty of destruction in case they came to blows, hastened to array themselves around Dunois, and, led by him, to press towards the head of the table where the contending princes were seated.

On the contrary, the tools and agents whom Louis had dragged forward out of their fitting and natural places into importance which was not due to them, showed cowardice and cold heart, and, remaining still in their seats, seemed resolved not to provoke their fate by intermeddling, whatever might become of their benefactor.

The first of the more generous party was the venerable Lord Crawford, who, with an agility which no one would have expected at his years, forced his way through all opposition, which was the less violent, as many of the Burgundians, either from a point of honour or a secret inclination to prevent Louis's impending fate, gave way to him, and threw himself boldly between the King and the Duke. He then placed his bonnet, from which his white hair escaped in dishevelled tresses, upon one side of his head; his pale cheek and withered brow coloured, and his aged eye lightened with all the fire of a gallant who is about to dare some desperate action. His cloak was flung over one shoulder, and his action intimated his readiness to wrap it about his left arm, while he unsheathed his sword with his right.

'I have fought for his father and his grandsire,' that was all he said, 'and, by St. Andrew, end the matter as it will, I will not fail him at this pinch.'

What has taken some time to narrate happened, in fact, with the speed of light; for so soon as the Duke assumed his threatening posture, Crawford had thrown himself betwixt him and the object of his vengeance; and the French gentlemen, drawing together as fast as they could, were crowding to the same point.

The Duke of Burgundy still remained with his hand on his

sword, and seemed in the act of giving the signal for a general onset, which must necessarily have ended in the massacre of the weaker party, when Crèvecœur rushed forward and exclaimed, in a voice like a trumpet, 'My liege Lord of Burgundy, beware what you do! This is *your* hall, you are the King's vassal; do not spill the blood of your guest on your hearth, the blood of your sovereign on the throne you have erected for him, and to which he came under your safeguard. For the sake of your house's honour, do not attempt to revenge one horrid murder by another yet worse!'

'Out of my road, Crèvecœur,' answered the Duke, 'and let my vengeance pass! Out of my path! The wrath of kings is to be dreaded like that of Heaven.'

'Only when, like that of Heaven, it is *just*,' answered Crèvecœur firmly. 'Let me pray of you, my lord, to rein the violence of your temper, however justly offended. And for you, my lords of France, where resistance is unavailing, let me recommend you to forbear whatever may lead towards bloodshed.'

'He is right,' said Louis, whose coolness forsook him not in that dreadful moment, and who easily foresaw that if a brawl should commence, more violence would be dared and done in the heat of blood than was likely to be attempted if peace were preserved. 'My cousin Orleans — kind Dunois — and you, my trusty Crawford — bring not on ruin and bloodshed by taking offence too hastily. Our cousin the Duke is chafed at the tidings of the death of a near and loving friend, the venerable Bishop of Liege, whose slaughter we lament as he does. Ancient and, unhappily, recent subjects of jealousy lead him to suspect us of having abetted a crime which our bosom abhors. Should our host murder us on this spot — us, his king and his kinsman, under a false impression of our being accessary to this unhappy accident, our fate will be little lightened, but, on the contrary, greatly aggravated, by your stirring. Therefore, stand back, Crawford. Were it my last word, I speak as a king to his officer, and demand obedience. Stand back, and, if it is required, yield up your sword. I command you to do so, and your oath obliges you to obey.'

'True — true, my lord,' said Crawford, stepping back, and returning to the sheath the blade he had half drawn. 'It may be all very true; but, by my honour, if I were at the head of threescore and ten of my brave fellows, instead of being loaded with more than the like number of years, I would try whether I could have some reason out of these fine gallants, with their

golden chains and looped-up bonnets, with braw-warld dyes and devices on them.'

The Duke stood with his eyes fixed on the ground for a considerable space, and then said, with bitter irony, 'Crèvecœur, you say well; and it concerns our honour, that our obligations to this great king, our honoured and loving guest, be not so hastily adjusted, as in our hasty anger we had at first proposed. We will so act, that all Europe shall acknoweldge the justice of our proceedings. Gentlemen of France, you must render up your arms to my officers! Your master has broken the truce, and has no title to take farther benefit of it. In compassion, however, to your sentiments of honour, and in respect to the rank which he hath disgraced, and the race from which he hath degenerated, we ask not our cousin Louis's sword'

'Not one of us,' said Dunois, 'will resign our weapon, or quit this hall, unless we are assured of at least our king's safety, in life and limb.'

'Nor will a man of the Scottish Guard,' exclaimed Crawford, 'lay down his arms, save at the command of the King of France, or his High Constable.'

'Brave Dunois,' said Louis, 'and you, my trusty Crawford, your zeal will do me injury instead of benefit. I trust,' he added, with dignity, 'in my rightful cause more than in a vain resistance, which would but cost the lives of my best and bravest. Give up your swords; the noble Burgundians who accept such honourable pledges will be more able than you are to protect both you and me. Give up your swords. It is I who command you.'

It was thus that, in this dreadful emergency, Louis showed the promptitude of decision and clearness of judgment which alone could have saved his life. He was aware that until actual blows were exchanged he should have the assistance of most of the nobles present to moderate the fury of their prince; but that, were a *mêlée* once commenced, he himself and his few adherents must be instantly murdered. At the same time, his worst enemies confessed that his demeanour had in it nothing either of meanness or cowardice. He shunned to aggravate into frenzy the wrath of the Duke; but he neither deprecated nor seemed to fear it, and continued to look on him with the calm and fixed attention with which a brave man eyes the menacing gestures of a lunatic, whilst conscious that his own steadiness and composure operate as an insensible and powerful check on the rage even of insanity.

Crawford, at the King's command, threw his sword to Crèvecœur, saying, 'Take it, and the devil give you joy of it! It is no dishonour to the rightful owner who yields it, for we have had no fair play.'

'Hold, gentlemen,' said the Duke, in a broken voice, as one whom passion had almost deprived of utterance, 'retain your swords; it is sufficient you promise not to use them. And you, Louis of Valois, must regard yourself as my prisoner, until you are cleared of having abetted sacrilege and murder. Have him to the castle. Have him to Earl Herbert's Tower. Let him have six gentlemen of his train to attend him, such as he shall choose. My Lord of Crawford, your guard must leave the castle, and shall be honourably quartered elsewhere. Up with every drawbridge, and down with every portcullis. Let the gates of the town be trebly guarded. Draw the floating-bridge to the right-hand side of the river. Bring round the castle my band of Black Walloons, and treble the sentinels on every post! You, D'Hymbercourt, look that patrols of horse and foot make the round of the town every half hour during the night, and every hour during the next day — if indeed such ward shall be necessary after daybreak, for it is like we may be sudden in this matter. Look to the person of Louis, as you love your life!'

He started from the table in fierce and moody haste, darted a glance of mortal enmity at the King, and rushed out of the apartment.

'Sirs,' said the King, looking with dignity around him, 'grief for the death of his ally hath made your prince frantic. I trust you know better your duty, as knights and noblemen, than to abet him in his treasonable violence against the person of his liege lord.'

At this moment was heard in the streets the sound of drums beating and horns blowing, to call out the soldiery in every direction.

'We are,' said Crèvecœur, who acted as the marshal of the Duke's household, 'subjects of Burgundy, and must do our duty as such. Our hopes and prayers, and our efforts, will not be wanting to bring about peace and union between your Majesty and our liege lord. Meantime, we must obey his commands. These other lords and knights will be proud to contribute to the convenience of the illustrious Duke of Orleans, of the brave Dunois, and the stout Lord Crawford. I myself must be your Majesty's chamberlain, and bring you to

your apartments in other guise than would be my desire, remembering the hospitality of Plessis. You have only to choose your attendants, whom the Duke's commands limit to six.'

'Then,' said the King, looking around him, and thinking for a moment, 'I desire the attendance of Oliver le Dain, of a private of my Life Guard, called Balafré, who may be unarmed if you will, of Tristan l'Hermite, with two of his people, and my right loyal and trusty philosopher, Martius Galeotti.'

'Your Majesty's will shall be complied with in all points,' said the Count de Crèvecœur. 'Galeotti,' he added, after a moment's inquiry, 'is, I understand, at present supping in some buxom company, but he shall instantly be sent for; the others will obey your Majesty's command upon the instant.'

'Forward, then, to the new abode, which the hospitality of our cousin provides for us,' said the King. 'We know it is strong, and have only to hope it may be in a corresponding degree safe.'

'Heard you the choice which King Louis has made of his attendants?' said Le Glorieux to Count Crèvecœur apart, as they followed Louis from the hall.

'Surely, my merry gossip,' replied the count. 'What hast thou to object to them?'

'Nothing — nothing, only they are a rare election! A panderly barber, a Scottish hired cut-throat, a chief hangman and his two assistants, and a thieving charlatan. I will along with you, Crèvecœur, and take a lesson in the degrees of roguery, from observing your skill in marshalling them. The devil himself could scarce have summoned such a synod, or have been a better president amongst them.'

Accordingly, the all-licensed jester, seizing the count's arm familiarly, began to march along with him, while, under a strong guard, yet forgetting no semblance of respect, he conducted the King towards his new apartment.[1]

[1] See Historical Epitome. Note 38.

# CHAPTER XXVIII

## *Uncertainty*

Then happy low, lie down ;
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

*Henry IV.* Part II.

FORTY men-at-arms, carrying alternately naked swords and blazing torches, served as the escort, or rather the guard, of King Louis, from the town-hall of Péronne to the castle; and as he entered within its darksome and gloomy strength, it seemed as if a voice screamed in his ear that warning which the Florentine has inscribed over the portal of the infernal regions, 'Leave all hope behind!'

At that moment, perhaps, some feeling of remorse might have crossed the King's mind, had he thought on the hundreds, nay thousands, whom, without cause, or in light suspicion, he had committed to the abysses of his dungeons, deprived of all hope of liberty, and loathing even the life to which they clung by animal instinct.

The broad glare of the torches outfacing the pale moon, which was more obscured on this than on the former night, and the red smoky light which they dispersed around the ancient buildings, gave a darker shade to that huge donjon, called the Earl Herbert's Tower. It was the same that Louis had viewed with misgiving presentiment on the preceding evening, and of which he was now doomed to become an inhabitant, under the terror of what violence soever the wrathful temper of his overgrown vassal might tempt him to exercise in those secret recesses of despotism.

To aggravate the King's painful feelings, he saw, as he crossed the court-yard, several bodies, over each of which had been hastily flung a military cloak. He was not long of discerning that they were corpses of slain archers of the Scottish Guard, who, having disputed, as the Count Crèvecœur informed

him, the command given them to quit the post near the King's apartments, a brawl had ensued between them and the Duke's Walloon body-guards, and before it could be composed by the officers on either side, several lives had been lost.

'My trusty Scots!' said the King, as he looked upon this melancholy spectacle; 'had they brought only man to man, all Flanders — ay and Burgundy to boot — had not furnished champions to mate you.'

'Yes, an it please your Majesty,' said Balafré, who attended close behind the King, 'Maistery mows the meadow: few men can fight more than two at once. I myself never care to meet three, unless it be in the way of special duty, when one must not stand to count heads.'

'Art thou there, old acquaintance?' said the King, looking behind him; 'then I have one true subject with me yet.'

'And a faithful minister, whether in your councils, or in his offices about your royal person,' whispered Oliver le Dain.

'We are all faithful,' said Tristan l'Hermite, gruffly; 'for should they put to death your Majesty, there is not one of us whom they would suffer to survive you, even if we would.'

'Now, that is what I call good corporal bail for fidelity,' said Le Glorieux, who, as already mentioned, with the restlessness proper to an infirm brain, had thrust himself into their company.

Meanwhile, the seneschal, hastily summoned, was turning with laborious effort the ponderous key which opened the reluctant gate of the huge Gothic keep, and was at last fain to call for the assistance of one of Crèvecœur's attendants. When they had succeeded, six men entered with torches, and showed the way through a narrow and winding passage, commanded at different points by shot-holes from vaults and casements constructed behind, and in the thickness of the massive walls. At the end of this passage arose a stair of corresponding rudeness, consisting of huge blocks of stone, roughly dressed with the hammer, and of unequal height. Having mounted this ascent, a strong iron-clenched door admitted them to what had been the great hall of the donjon, lighted but very faintly even during the daytime, for the apertures, diminished in appearance by the excessive thickness of the walls, resembled slits rather than windows, and now, but for the blaze of the torches, almost perfectly dark. Two or three bats, and other birds of evil presage, roused by the unusual glare, flew against the lights and threatened to extinguish them; while the seneschal form-

ally apologised to the King that the state-hall had not been put in order, such was the hurry of the notice sent to him; and adding, that, in truth, the apartment had not been in use for twenty years, and rarely before that time, so far as ever he had heard, since the time of King Charles the Simple.

'King Charles the Simple!' echoed Louis; 'I know the history of the tower now. He was here murdered by his treacherous vassal, Herbert, Earl of Vermandois, — so say our annals. I knew there was something concerning the Castle of Péronne which dwelt on my mind, though I could not recall the circumstance. *Here*, then, my predecessor was slain?'

'Not here, not exactly here, and please your Majesty,' said the old seneschal, stepping with the eager haste of a cicerone, who shows the curiosities of such a place — 'not *here*, but in the side-chamber a little onward, which opens from your Majesty's bedchamber.'

He hastily opened a wicket at the upper end of the hall, which led into a bedchamber, small, as is usual in such old buildings, but, even for that reason, rather more comfortable than the waste hall through which they had passed. Some hasty preparations had been here made for the King's accommodation. Arras had been tacked up, a fire lighted in the rusty grate, which had been long unused, and a pallet laid down for those gentlemen who were to pass the night in his chamber, as was then usual.

'We will get beds in the hall for the rest of your attendants,' said the garrulous old man; 'but we have had such brief notice, if it please your Majesty. And if it please your Majesty to look upon this little wicket behind the arras, it opens into the little old cabinet in the thickness of the wall where Charles was slain, and there is a secret passage from below, which admitted the men who were to deal with him. And your Majesty, whose eyesight I hope is better than mine, may see the blood still on the oak floor, though the thing was done five hundred years ago.'

While he thus spoke, he kept fumbling to open the postern of which he spoke, until the King said, 'Forbear, old man — forbear but a little while, when thou mayst have a newer tale to tell, and fresher blood to show. My Lord of Crèvecœur, what say you?'

'I can but answer, sire, that these two interior apartments are as much at your Majesty's disposal as those in your own castle at Plessis, and that Crèvecœur, a name never blackened

by treachery or assassination, has the guard of the exterior defences of it.'

'But the private passage into that closet, of which the old man speaks!' This King Louis said in a low and anxious tone, holding Crèvecœur's arm fast with one hand, and pointing to the wicket door with the other.

'It must be some dream of Mornay's,' said Crèvecœur, 'or some old and absurd tradition of the place; but we will examine.'

He was about to open the closet door, when Louis answered, 'No, Crèvecœur, no; your honour is sufficient warrant. But what will your duke do with me, Crèvecœur? He cannot hope to keep me long a prisoner; and — in short, give me your opinion, Crèvecœur.'

'My lord and sire,' said the count, 'how the Duke of Burgundy must resent this horrible cruelty on the person of his near relative and ally is for your Majesty to judge; and what right he may have to consider it as instigated by your Majesty's emissaries you only can know. But my master is noble in his disposition, and made incapable, even by the very strength of his passions, of any underhand practices. Whatever he does will be done in the face of day and of the two nations. And I can but add, that it will be the wish of every counsellor around him — excepting perhaps one — that he should behave in this matter with mildness and generosity, as well as justice.'

'Ah! Crèvecœur,' said Louis, taking his hand as if affected by some painful recollections, 'how happy is the prince who has counsellors near him who can guard him against the effects of his own angry passions! Their names will be read in golden letters, when the history of his reign is perused. Noble Crèvecœur, had it been my lot to have such as thou art about *my* person!'

'It had in that case been your Majesty's study to have got rid of them as fast as you could,' said Le Glorieux.

'Aha! Sir Wisdom, art thou there?' said Louis, turning round, and instantly changing the pathetic tone in which he had addressed Crèvecœur, and adopting with facility one which had a turn of gaiety in it; 'hast *thou* followed us hither?'

'Ay, sir,' answered Le Glorieux, 'wisdom must follow in motley, where folly leads the way in purple.'

'How shall I construe that, Sir Solomon,' answered Louis; 'wouldst thou change conditions with me?'

'Not I, by my halidome,' quoth Le Glorieux, 'if you would give me fifty crowns to boot.'

'Why, wherefore so? Methinks I could be well enough contented, as princes go, to have thee for my king.'

'Ay, sire,' replied Le Glorieux; 'but the question is, whether, judging of your Majesty's wit from its having lodged you here, I should not have cause to be ashamed of having so dull a fool.'

'Peace, sirrah!' said the Count of Crèvecœur; 'your tongue runs too fast.'

'Let it take its course,' said the King; 'I know of no such fair subject of raillery as the follies of those who should know better. Here, my sagacious friend, take this purse of gold, and with it the advice, never to be so great a fool as to deem yourself wiser than other people. Prithee, do me so much favour as to inquire after my astrologer, Martius Galeotti, and send him hither to me presently.'

'I will, without fail, my liege,' answered the jester; 'and I wot well I shall find him at Jan Dopplethur's; for philosophers, as well as fools, know where the best wine is sold.'

'Let me pray for free entrance for this learned person through your guards, Seignior de Crèvecœur,' said Louis.

'For his entrance, unquestionably,' answered the count; 'but it grieves me to add, that my instructions do not authorise me to permit any one to quit your Majesty's apartments. I wish your Majesty a good night,' he subjoined, 'and will presently make such arrangements in the outer hall as may put the gentlemen who are to inhabit it more at their ease.'

'Give yourself no trouble for them, sir count,' replied the King, 'they are men accustomed to set hardships at defiance; and, to speak truth, excepting that I wish to see Galeotti, I would desire as little further communication from without this night as may be consistent with your instructions.'

'These are, to leave your Majesty,' replied Crèvecœur, 'undisputed possession of your own apartments. Such are my master's orders.'

'Your master, Count Crèvecœur,' answered Louis, 'whom I may also term mine, is a right gracious master. My dominions,' he added, 'are somewhat shrunk in compass, now that they have dwindled to an old hall and a bedchamber; but they are still wide enough for all the subjects which I can at present boast of.'

The Count of Crèvecœur took his leave; and, shortly after, they could hear the noise of the sentinels moving to their posts, accompanied with the word of command from the officers, and

the hasty tread of the guards who were relieved. At length all became still, and the only sound which filled the air was the sluggish murmur of the river Somme, as it glided, deep and muddy, under the walls of the castle.

'Go into the hall, my mates,' said Louis to his train; 'but do not lie down to sleep. Hold yourselves in readiness, for there is still something to be done to-night, and that of moment.'

Oliver and Tristan retired to the hall accordingly, in which Le Balafré and the provost-marshal's two officers had remained when the others entered the bedchamber. They found that those without had thrown fagots enough upon the fire to serve the purpose of light and heat at the same time, and, wrapping themselves in their cloaks, had sat down on the floor, in postures which variously expressed the discomposure and dejection of their minds. Oliver and Tristan saw nothing better to be done than to follow their example; and, never very good friends in the days of their court prosperity, they were both equally reluctant to repose confidence in each other upon this strange and sudden reverse of fortune. So that the whole party sat in silent dejection.

Meanwhile, their master underwent, in the retirement of his secret chamber, agonies that might have atoned for some of those which had been imposed by his command. He paced the room with short and unequal steps, often stood still and clasped his hands together, and gave loose, in short, to agitation, which, in public, he had found himself able to suppress so successfully. At length, pausing, and wringing his hands, he planted himself opposite to the wicket-door, which had been pointed out by old Mornay as leading to the scene of the murder of one of his predecessors, and gradually gave voice to his feelings in a broken soliloquy.

'Charles the Simple — Charles the Simple! What will posterity call the Eleventh Louis, whose blood will probably soon refresh the stains of thine? Louis the Fool — Louis the Driveller — Louis the Infatuated — all are terms too slight to mark the extremity of my idiocy! To think these hot-headed Liegeois, to whom rebellion is as natural as their food, would remain quiet — to dream that the Wild Beast of Ardennes would, for a moment, be interrupted in his career of force and bloodthirsty brutality — to suppose that I could use reason and arguments to any good purpose with Charles of Burgundy, until I had tried the force of such exhortations with success upon a wild bull! Fool, and double idiot that I was! But the villain

Martius shall not escape. He has been at the bottom of this, he and the vile priest, the detestable Balue.[1] If I ever get out of this danger, I will tear from his head the cardinal's cap, though I pull the scalp along with it! But the other traitor is in my hands: I am yet king enough — have yet an empire roomy enough — for the punishment of the quack-salving, word-mongering, star-gazing, lie-coining impostor, who has at once made a prisoner and a dupe of me! The conjunction of the constellations — ay, the conjunction! He must talk nonsense which would scarce gull a thrice-sodden sheep's head, and I must be idiot enough to think I understood him! But we shall see presently what the conjunction hath really boded. But first let me to my devotions.'

Above the little door, in memory perhaps of the deed which had been done within, was a rude niche, containing a crucifix cut in stone. Upon this emblem the King fixed his eyes, as if about to kneel, but stopped short, as if he applied to the blessed image the principles of worldly policy, and deemed it rash to approach its presence without having secured the private intercession of some supposed favourite. He therefore turned from the crucifix as unworthy to look upon it, and selecting from the images with which, as often mentioned, his hat was completely garnished, a representation of the Lady of Cléry, knelt down before it, and made the following extraordinary prayer; in which, it is to be observed, the grossness of his superstition induced him, in some degree, to consider the virgin of Cléry as a different person from the Madonna of Embrun, a favourite idol, to whom he often paid his vows.

'Sweet Lady of Cléry,' he exclaimed, clasping his hands and beating his breast while he spoke, 'blessed Mother of Mercy! thou who art omnipotent with Omnipotence, have compassion with me a sinner! It is true that I have something neglected thee for thy blessed sister of Embrun; but I am a king, my power is great, my wealth boundless; and, were it otherwise, I would double the *gabelle* on my subjects, rather than not pay my debts to you both. Undo these iron doors — fill up these tremendous moats — lead me, as a mother leads a child, out of this present and pressing danger! If I have given thy sister the county of Boulogne to be held of her for ever, have I no means of showing devotion to thee also? Thou shalt have the broad and rich province of Champagne; and its vineyards shall pour their abundance into thy convent. I had

[1] See Punishment of Balue. Note 39.

promised the province to my brother Charles; but he, thou knowest, is dead — poisoned by that wicked abbé of St. John d'Angély, whom, if I live, I will punish! I promised this once before, but this time I will keep my word. If I had any knowledge of the crime, believe, dearest patroness, it was because I knew no better method of quieting the discontents of my kingdom. O, do not reckon that old debt to my account to-day; but be, as thou hast ever been, kind, benignant, and easy to be entreated! Sweetest Lady, work with thy Child, that He will pardon all past sins, and one — one little deed which I must do this night; nay, it is no *sin*, dearest Lady of Cléry — no sin, but an act of justice privately administered, for the villain is the greatest impostor that ever poured falsehood into a prince's ear, and leans besides to the filthy heresy of the Greeks. He is not deserving of thy protection, leave him to my care; and hold it as good service that I rid the world of him, for the man is a necromancer and wizard, that is not worth thy thought and care — a dog, the extinction of whose life ought to be of as little consequence in thine eyes as the treading out a spark that drops from a lamp, or springs from a fire. Think not of this little matter, gentlest, kindest Lady, but only consider how thou canst best aid me in my troubles! and I here bind my royal signet to thy effigy, in token that I will keep my word concerning the county of Champagne, and that this shall be the last time I will trouble thee in affairs of blood, knowing thou art so kind, so gentle, and so tender-hearted.'

After this extraordinary contract with the object of his adoration, Louis recited, apparently with deep devotion, the seven penitential psalms in Latin, and several aves and prayers especially belonging to the service of the Virgin. He then arose, satisfied that he had secured the intercession of the saint to whom he had prayed, the rather, as he craftily reflected, that most of the sins for which he had requested her mediation on former occasions had been of a different character, and that, therefore, the Lady of Cléry was less likely to consider him as a hardened and habitual shedder of blood, than the other saints whom he had more frequently made confidants of his crimes in that respect.[1]

When he had thus cleared his conscience, or rather whited it over like a sepulchre, the King thrust his head out at the door of the hall, and summoned Le Balafré into his apartment. 'My good soldier,' he said, 'thou hast served me long, and hast

[1] See Prayer of Louis XI. Note 40.

had little promotion. We are here in a case where I may either live or die; but I would not willingly die an ungrateful man, or leave, so far as the saints may place it in my power, either a friend or an enemy unrecompensed. Now, I have a friend to be rewarded, that is thyself — an enemy to be punished according to his deserts, and that is the base, treacherous villain, Martius Galeotti, who, by his impostures and specious falsehoods, has trained me hither into the power of my mortal enemy, with as firm a purpose of my destruction as ever butcher had of slaying the beast which he drove to the shambles.'

'I will challenge him on that quarrel, since they say he is a fighting blade, though he looks somewhat unwieldy,' said Le Balafré. 'I doubt not but the Duke of Burgundy is so much a friend to men of the sword, that he will allow us a fair field within some reasonable space; and if your Majesty live so long, and enjoy so much freedom, you shall behold me do battle in your right, and take as proper a vengeance on this philosopher as your heart could desire.'

'I commend your bravery and your devotion to my service,' said the King. 'But this treacherous villain is a stout man-at-arms, and I would not willingly risk thy life, my brave soldier.'

'I were no brave soldier, if it please your Majesty,' said Balafré, 'if I dare not face a better man than he. A fine thing it would be for me, who can neither read nor write, to be afraid of a fat lurdane, who has done little else all his life!'

'Nevertheless,' said the King, 'it is not our pleasure so to put thee in venture, Balafré. This traitor comes hither, summoned by our command. We would have thee, so soon as thou canst find occasion, close up with him, and smite him under the fifth rib. Dost thou understand me?'

'Truly I do,' answered Le Balafré; 'but, if it please your Majesty, this is a matter entirely out of my course of practice. I could not kill you a dog, unless it were in hot assault, or pursuit, or upon defiance given, or such like.'

'Why sure *thou* dost not pretend to tenderness of heart?' said the King; 'thou who hast been first in storm and siege, and most eager, as men tell me, on the pleasures and advantages which are gained on such occasions by the rough heart and the bloody hand?'

'My lord,' answered Le Balafré, 'I have neither feared nor spared your enemies, sword in hand. And an assault is a

desperate matter, under risks which raise a man's blood so, that, by St. Andrew, it will not settle for an hour or two, which I call a fair license for plundering after a storm. And God pity us poor soldiers, who are first driven mad with danger, and then madder with victory. I have heard of a legion consisting entirely of saints; and methinks it would take them all to pray and intercede for the rest of the army, and for all who wear plumes and corslets, buff-coats and broadswords. But what your Majesty purposes is out of my course of practice, though I will never deny that it has been wide enough. As for the astrologer, if he be a traitor, let him e'en die a traitor's death. I will neither meddle nor make with it. Your Majesty has your provost and two of his marshals-men without, who are more fit for dealing with him than a Scottish gentleman of my family and standing in the service.'

'You say well,' said the King; 'but, at least, it belongs to thy duty to prevent interruption, and to guard the execution of my most just sentence.'

'I will do so against all Péronne,' said Le Balafré. 'Your Majesty need not doubt my fealty in that which I can reconcile to my conscience, which, for mine own convenience and the service of your royal Majesty, I can vouch to be a pretty large one — at least, I know I have done some deeds for your Majesty, which I would rather have eaten a handful of my own dagger than I would have done for any else.'

'Let that rest,' said the King; 'and hear you; when Galeotti is admitted, and the door shut on him, do you stand to your weapon, and guard the entrance on the inside of the apartment. Let no one intrude; that is all I require of you. Go hence, and send the provost-marshal to me.'

Balafré left the apartment accordingly, and in a minute afterwards Tristan l'Hermite entered from the hall.

'Welcome, gossip,' said the King; 'what thinkest thou of our situation?'

'As of men sentenced to death,' said the provost-marshal, 'unless there come a reprieve from the Duke.'

'Reprieved or not, he that decoyed us into this snare shall go our *fourrier* to the next world, to take up lodgings for us,' said the King, with a grisly and ferocious smile. 'Tristan, thou hast done many an act of brave justice: *finis* — I should have said *funis — coronat opus.* Thou must stand by me to the end.'

'I will, my liege,' said Tristan; 'I am but a plain fellow,

but I am grateful. I will do my duty within these walls, or elsewhere; and while I live, your Majesty's breath shall pour as potential a note of condemnation, and your sentence be as literally executed, as when you sat on your own throne. They may deal with me the next hour for it if they will, I care not.'

'It is even what I expected of thee, my loving gossip,' said Louis; 'but hast thou good assistance? The traitor is strong and able-bodied, and will doubtless be clamorous for aid. The Scot will do nought but keep the door; and well that he can be brought to that by flattery and humouring. Then Oliver is good for nothing but lying, flattering, and suggesting dangerous counsels; and, *Ventre Saint-dieu!* I think is more like one day to deserve the halter himself than to use it to another. Have you men, think you, and means, to make sharp and sure work?'

'I have Trois-Eschelles and Petit-André with me,' said he; 'men so expert in their office that out of three men they would hang up one ere his two companions were aware. And we have all resolved to live or die with your Majesty, knowing we shall have as short breath to draw when you are gone as ever fell to the lot of any of our patients. But what is to be our present subject, an it please your Majesty? I love to be sure of my man; for, as your Majesty is pleased sometimes to remind me, I have now and then mistaken the criminal, and strung up in his place an honest labourer, who had given your Majesty no offence.'

'Most true,' said the other. 'Know then, Tristan, that the condemned person is Martius Galeotti. You start, but it is even as I say. The villain has trained us all hither by false and treacherous representations, that he might put us into the hands of the Duke of Burgundy without defence.'

'But not without vengeance!' said Tristan; 'were it the last act of my life, I would sting him home like an expiring wasp, should I be crushed to pieces on the next instant!'

'I know thy trusty spirit,' said the King, 'and the pleasure which, like other good men, thou dost find in the discharge of thy duty, since virtue, as the schoolmen say, is its own reward. But away, and prepare the priests, for the victim approaches.'

'Would you have it done in your own presence, my gracious liege?' said Tristan.

Louis declined this offer; but charged the provost-marshal to have everything ready for the punctual execution of his

commands the moment the astrologer left his apartment; 'for,' said the King, 'I will see the villain once more, just to observe how he bears himself towards the master whom he has led into the toils. I shall love to see the sense of approaching death strike the colour from that ruddy cheek, and dim that eye which laughed as it lied. O, that there were but another with him, whose counsels aided his prognostications! But if I survive this — look to your scarlet, my Lord Cardinal! for Rome shall scarce protect you — be it spoken under favour of St. Peter and the blessed Lady of Cléry, who is all over mercy. Why do you tarry? Go get your grooms ready. I expect the villain instantly. I pray to Heaven he take not fear and come not! that were indeed a baulk. Begone, Tristan; thou wert not wont to be so slow when business was to be done.'

'On the contrary, an it like your Majesty, you were ever wont to say that I was too fast, and mistook your purpose, and did the job on the wrong subject. Now, please your Majesty to give me a sign, just when you part with Galeotti for the night, whether the business goes on or no. I have known your Majesty once or twice change your mind, and blame me for over-despatch.'[1]

'Thou suspicious creature,' answered King Louis, 'I tell thee I will *not* change my mind. But to silence thy remonstrances, observe, if I say to the knave at parting, "There is a Heaven above us!" then let the business go on; but if I say, "Go in peace," you will understand that my purpose is altered.'

'My head is somewhat of the dullest out of my own department,' said Tristan l'Hermite. 'Stay, let me rehearse. If you bid him depart in peace, I am to have him dealt upon?'

'No, no — idiot, no!' said the King; 'in that case you let him pass free. But if I say, "*There is a Heaven above us!*" up with him a yard or two nearer the planets he is so conversant with.'

'I wish we may have the means here,' said the provost.

'Then *up* with him or *down* with him, it matters not which,' answered the King, grimly smiling.

'And the body,' said the provost, 'how shall we dispose of it?'

'Let me see an instant,' said the King; 'the windows of the hall are too narrow; but that projecting oriel is wide enough. We will over with him into the Somme, and put a paper on his breast, with the legend, "Let the justice of the

[1] See Louis's Vengeance. Note 41.

King pass toll-free." The Duke's officers may seize it for duties if they dare.'

The provost-marshal left the apartment of Louis, and summoned his two assistants to council in an embrasure in the great hall, where Trois-Eschelles stuck a torch against the wall to give them light. They discoursed in whispers, little noticed by Oliver le Dain, who seemed sunk in dejection, and Le Balafré, who was fast asleep.

'Comrades,' said the provost to his executioners, 'perhaps you have thought that our vocation was over, or that, at least, we were more likely to be the subjects of the duty of others than to have any more to discharge on our own parts. But courage, my mates! our gracious master has reserved for us one noble cast of our office, and it must be gallantly executed, as by men who would live in history.'

'Ay, I guess how it is,' said Trois-Eschelles; 'our patron is like the old kaisers of Rome, who, when things came to an extremity, or, as we would say, to the ladder-foot with them, were wont to select from their own ministers of justice some experienced person, who might spare their sacred persons from the awkward attempts of a novice or blunderer in our mystery. It was a pretty custom for ethnics; but, as a good Catholic, I should make some scruple at laying hands on the Most Christian King.'

'Nay, but, brother, you are ever too scrupulous,' said Petit-André. 'If he issues word and warrant for his own execution, I see not how we can in duty dispute it. He that dwells at Rome must obey the Pope: the marshals-men must do their master's bidding, and he the King's.'

'Hush, you knaves!' said the provost-marshal, 'there is here no purpose concerning the King's person, but only that of the Greek heretic pagan and Mahomedan wizard, Martius Galeotti.'

'Galeotti!' answered Petit-André; 'that comes quite natural. I never knew one of these legerdemain fellows, who pass their life, as one may say, in dancing upon a tight-rope, but what they came at length to caper at the end of one — tchick!'

'My only concern is,' said Trois-Eschelles, looking upwards, 'that the poor creature must die without confession.'

'Tush! tush!' said the provost-marshal, in reply, 'he is a rank heretic and necromancer: a whole college of priests could not absolve him from the doom he has deserved. Besides, if he hath a fancy that way, thou hast a gift, Trois-Eschelles, to serve him for ghostly father thyself. But, what is more material, I

fear you must use your poniards, my mates; for you have not here the fitting conveniences for the exercise of your profession.'

'Now, our Lady of the Isle of Paris forbid,' said Trois-Eschelles, 'that the King's command should find me destitute of my tools! I always wear around my body St. Francis's cord, doubled four times, with a handsome loop at the further end of it; for I am of the company of St. Francis, and may wear his cowl when I am *in extremis*, I thank God and the good fathers of Saumur.'

'And for me,' said Petit-André, 'I have always in my budget a handy block and sheaf, or a pulley as they call it, with a strong screw for securing it where I list, in case we should travel where trees are scarce, or high-branched from the ground. I have found it a great convenience.'

'That will suit as well,' said the provost-marshal; 'you have but to screw your pulley into yonder beam above the door, and pass the rope over it. I will keep the fellow in some conversation near the spot until you adjust the noose under his chin, and then ——'

'And then we run up the rope,' said Petit-André, 'and, tchick! our astrologer is so far in Heaven that he hath not a foot on earth.'

'But these gentlemen,' said Trois-Eschelles, looking towards the chimney, 'do not these help, and so take a handsel of our vocation?'

'Hem! no,' answered the provost; 'the barber only contrives mischief, which he leaves other men to execute; and for the Scot, he keeps the door when the deed is a-doing, which he hath not spirit or quickness sufficient to partake in more actively; every one to his trade.'

With infinite dexterity, and even a sort of professional delight, which sweetened the sense of their own precarious situation, the worthy executioners of the provost's mandates adapted their rope and pulley for putting in force the sentence which had been uttered against Galeotti by the captive monarch, seeming to rejoice that that last action was to be one so consistent with their past life. Tristan l'Hermite[1] sat eyeing their proceedings with a species of satisfaction; while Oliver paid no attention to them whatever; and Ludovic Lesly, if, awaked by the bustle, he looked upon them at all, considered them as engaged in matters entirely unconnected with his own duty, and for which he was not to be regarded as responsible in one way or other.

[1] See Note 42.

# CHAPTER XXIX

## *Recrimination*

Thy time is not yet out: the devil thou servest
Has not as yet deserted thee. He aids
The friends who drudge for him, as the blind man
Was aided by the guide, who lent his shoulder
O'er rough and smooth, until he reach'd the brink
Of the fell precipice, then hurl'd him downward.

*Old Play.*

WHEN obeying the command, or rather the request, of Louis, for he was in circumstances in which, though a monarch, he could only *request* Le Glorieux to go in search of Martius Galeotti, the jester had no trouble in executing his commission, betaking himself at once to the best tavern in Péronne, of which he himself was rather more than an occasional frequenter, being a great admirer of that species of liquor which reduced all other men's brains to a level with his own.

He found, or rather observed, the astrologer in the corner of the public drinking-room — 'stove,' as it is called in German and Flemish, from its principal furniture — sitting in close colloquy with a female in a singular, and something like a Moorish or Asiatic, garb, who, as Le Glorieux approached Martius, rose as in the act to depart.

'These,' said the stranger, 'are news on which you may rely with absolute certainty'; and with that disappeared among the crowd of guests who sat grouped at different tables in the apartment.

'Cousin philosopher,' said the jester, presenting himself, 'Heaven no sooner relieves one sentinel than it sends another to supply the place. One fool being gone, here I come another, to guide you to the apartments of Louis of France.'

'And art thou the messenger?' said Martius, gazing on him with prompt apprehension, and discovering at once the jester's

quality, though less intimated, as we have before noticed, than was usual by his external appearance.

'Ay, sir, and like your learning,' answered Le Glorieux; 'when power sends folly to entreat the approach of wisdom, 't is a sure sign what foot the patient halts upon.'

'How if I refuse to come, when summoned at so late an hour by such a messenger?' said Galeotti.

'In that case we will consult your ease, and carry you,' said Le Glorieux. 'Here are half a score of stout Burgundian yeomen at the door, with whom he of Crèvecœur has furnished me to that effect. For know that my friend Charles of Burgundy and I have not taken away our kinsman Louis's crown, which he was ass enough to put into our power, but have only filed and clipt it a little; and, though reduced to the size of a spangle, it is still pure gold. In plain terms, he is still paramount over his own people, yourself included, and Most Christian King of the old dining-hall in the Castle of Péronne, to which you, as his liege subject, are presently obliged to repair.'

'I attend you, sir,' said Martius Galeotti, and accompanied Le Glorieux accordingly, seeing, perhaps, that no evasion was possible.

'Ay, sir,' said the fool as they went towards the castle, 'you do well; for we treat our kinsman as men use an old famished lion in his cage, and thrust him now and then a calf to mumble, to keep his old jaws in exercise.'

'Do you mean,' said Martius, 'that the King intends me bodily injury?'

'Nay, that you can guess better than I,' said the jester; 'for though the night be cloudy, I warrant you can see the stars through the mist. I know nothing of the matter, not I; only my mother always told me to go warily near an old rat in a trap, for he was never so much disposed to bite.'

The astrologer asked no more questions; and Le Glorieux, according to the custom of those of his class, continued to run on in a wild and disordered strain of sarcasm and folly mingled together, until he delivered the philosopher to the guard at the castle gate of Péronne, where he was passed from warder to warder, and at length admitted within Herbert's Tower.

The hints of the jester had not been lost on Martius Galeotti, and he saw something which seemed to confirm them in the look and manner of Tristan, whose mode of addressing him, as he marshalled him to the King's bedchamber, was lowering, sullen, and ominous. A close observer of what passed

on earth, as well as among the heavenly bodies, the pulley and the rope also caught the astrologer's eye; and as the latter was in a state of vibration, he concluded that some one who had been busy adjusting it had been interrupted in the work by his sudden arrival. All this he saw, and summoned together his subtilty to evade the impending danger, resolved, should he find that impossible, to defend himself to the last against whomsoever should assail him.

Thus resolved, and with a step and look corresponding to the determination he had taken, Martius presented himself before Louis, alike unabashed at the miscarriage of his predictions, and undismayed at the monarch's anger and its probable consequences.

'Every good planet be gracious to your Majesty!' said Galeotti, with an inclination almost Oriental in manner. 'Every evil constellation withhold their influences from my royal master!'

'Methinks,' replied the King, 'that when you look around this apartment, when you think where it is situated, and how guarded, your wisdom might consider that my propitious stars had proved faithless, and that each evil conjunction had already done its worst. Art thou not ashamed, Martius Galeotti, to see me here and a prisoner, when you recollect by what assurances I was lured hither?'

'And art *thou* not ashamed, my royal sire?' replied the philosopher, 'thou whose step in science was so forward, thy apprehension so quick, thy perseverance so unceasing, — art thou not ashamed to turn from the first frown of fortune, like a craven from the first clash of arms? Didst thou propose to become participant of those mysteries which raise men above the passions, the mischances, the pains, the sorrows of life, a state only to be attained by rivalling the firmness of the ancient Stoic; and dost thou shrink from the first pressure of adversity, and forfeit the glorious prize for which thou didst start as a competitor, frightened out of the course, like a scared racer, by shadowy and unreal evils?'

'Shadowy and unreal! frontless as thou art!' exclaimed the King, 'is this dungeon unreal? the weapons of the guards of my detested enemy Burgundy, which you may hear clash at the gate, are those shadows? What, traitor, *are* real evils, if imprisonment, dethronement, and danger of life are not so?'

'Ignorance — ignorance, my brother, and prejudice,' answered the sage with great firmness, 'are the only real evils. Believe

me, that kings in the plenitude of power, if immersed in ignorance and prejudice, are less free than sages in a dungeon and loaded with material chains. Towards this true happiness it is mine to guide you; be it yours to attend to my instructions.'

'And it is to such philosophical freedom that your lessons would have guided me?' said the King, very bitterly. 'I would you had told me at Plessis that the dominion promised me so liberally was an empire over my own passions; that the success of which I was assured related to my progress in philosophy; and that I might become as wise and as learned as a strolling mountebank of Italy! I might surely have attained this mental ascendency at a more moderate price than that of forfeiting the fairest crown in Christendom and becoming tenant of a dungeon in Péronne! Go, sir, and think not to escape condign punishment. *There is a Heaven above us!*'

'I leave you not to your fate,' replied Martius, 'until I have vindicated, even in your eyes, darkened as they are, that reputation, a brighter gem than the brightest in thy crown, and at which the world shall wonder ages after all the race of Capet are mouldered into oblivion in the charnels of St. Denis.'

'Speak on,' said Louis; 'thine impudence cannot make me change my purposes or my opinion. Yet as I may never again pass judgment as a king, I will not censure thee unheard. Speak, then, though the best thou canst say will be to speak the truth. Confess that I am a dupe, thou an impostor, thy pretended science a dream, and the planets which shine above us as little influential of our destiny as their shadows, when reflected in the river, are capable of altering its course.'

'And how know'st thou,' answered the astrologer, boldly, 'the secret influence of yonder blessed lights? Speak'st thou of their inability to influence waters, when yet thou know'st that even the weakest, the moon herself, — weakest because nearest to this wretched earth of ours, — holds under her domination, not such poor streams as the Somme, but the tides of the mighty ocean itself, which ebb and increase as her disk waxes and wanes, and watch her influence as a slave waits the nod of a sultana? And now, Louis of Valois, answer my parable in turn. Confess, art thou not like the foolish passenger, who becomes wroth with his pilot because he cannot bring the vessel into harbour without experiencing occasionally the adverse force of winds and currents? I could indeed point to thee the probable issue of thine enterprise as prosperous, but it was in

the power of Heaven alone to conduct thee thither; and if the path be rough and dangerous, was it in my power to smooth or render it more safe? Where is thy wisdom of yesterday, which taught thee so truly to discern that the ways of destiny are often ruled to our advantage, though in opposition to our wishes?'

'You remind me — you remind me,' said the King, hastily, 'of one specific falsehood. You foretold yonder Scot should accomplish his enterprise fortunately for my interest and honour; and thou knowest it has so terminated that no more mortal injury could I have received than from the impression which the issue of that affair is like to make on the excited brain of the Mad Bull of Burgundy. This is a direct falsehood. Thou canst plead no evasion here, canst refer to no remote favourable turn of the tide, for which, like an idiot sitting on the bank until the river shall pass away, thou wouldst have me wait contentedly. Here thy craft deceived thee. Thou wert weak enough to make a specific prediction, which has proved directly false.'

'Which will prove most firm and true,' answered the astrologer, boldly. 'I would desire no greater triumph of art over ignorance than that prediction and its accomplishment will afford. I told thee he would be faithful in any honourable commission. Hath he not been so? I told thee he would be scrupulous in aiding any evil enterprise. Hath he not proved so? If you doubt it, go ask the Bohemian, Hayraddin Maugrabin.'

The King here coloured deeply with shame and anger.

'I told thee,' continued the astrologer, 'that the conjunction of planets under which he set forth augured danger to the person; and hath not his path been beset by danger? I told thee that it augured an advantage to the sender, and of that thou wilt soon have the benefit.'

'Soon have the benefit!' exclaimed the King; 'have I not the result already, in disgrace and imprisonment?'

'No,' answered the astrologer, 'the end is not as yet; thine own tongue shall ere long confess the benefit which thou hast received, from the manner in which the messenger bore himself in discharging thy commission.'

'This is too — too insolent,' said the King, 'at once to deceive and to insult —— But hence! think not my wrongs shall be unavenged. *There is a Heaven above us!*'

Galeotti turned to depart. 'Yet stop,' said Louis; 'thou bearest thine imposture bravely out. Let me hear your answer

to one question, and think ere you speak. Can thy pretended skill ascertain the hour of thine own death?'

'Only by referring to the fate of another,' said Galeotti.

'I understand not thine answer,' said Louis.

'Know then, O king,' said Martius, 'that this only I can tell with certainty concerning mine own death, that it shall take place exactly twenty-four hours before that of your Majesty.'[1]

'Ha! say'st thou?' said Louis, his countenance again altering. 'Hold — hold — go not — wait one moment. Saidst thou, *my* death should follow *thine* so closely?'

'Within the space of twenty-four hours,' repeated Galeotti, firmly, 'if there be one sparkle of true divination in those bright and mysterious intelligences, which speak, each on their courses, though without a tongue. I wish your Majesty good rest.'

'Hold — hold — go not,' said the King, taking him by the arm and leading him from the door. 'Martius Galeotti, I have been a kind master to thee — enriched thee — made thee my friend — my companion — the instructor of my studies. Be open with me, I entreat you. Is there aught in this art of yours in very deed? Shall this Scot's mission be, in fact, propitious to me? And is the measure of our lives so very — *very* nearly matched? Confess, my good Martius, you speak after the trick of your trade. Confess, I pray you, and you shall have no displeasure at my hand. I am in years — a prisoner — likely to be deprived of a kingdom; to one in my condition truth is worth kingdoms, and it is from thee, dearest Martius, that I must look for this inestimable jewel.'

'And I have laid it before your Majesty,' said Galeotti, 'at the risk that, in brutal passion, you might turn upon me and rend me.'

'Who, I, Galeotti?' replied Louis, mildly. 'Alas! thou mistakest me! Am I not captive, and should not I be patient, especially since my anger can only show my impotence? Tell me then in sincerity, have you fooled me, or is your science true, and do you truly report it?'

'Your Majesty will forgive me if I reply to you,' said Martius Galeotti, 'that time only — time and the event — will convince incredulity. It suits ill the place of confidence which I have held at the council-table of the renowned conqueror, Matthias Corvinus of Hungary — nay, in the cabinet of the Emperor himself — to reiterate assurances of that which I have advanced as

[1] See Prediction of Louis XI.'s Death. Note 43.

true. If you will not believe me, I can but refer to the course of events. A day or two days' patience will prove or disprove what I have averred concerning the young Scot; and I will be contented to die on the wheel, and have my limbs broken joint by joint, if your Majesty have not advantage, and that in a most important degree, from the dauntless conduct of that Quentin Durward. But if I were to die under such tortures, it would be well your Majesty should seek a ghostly father; for from the moment my last groan is drawn only twenty-four hours will remain to you for confession and penitence.'

Louis continued to keep hold of Galeotti's robe as he led him towards the door, and pronounced as he opened it, in a loud voice, 'To-morrow we 'll talk more of this. Go in peace, my learned father — *go in peace — go in peace!*'

He repeated these words three times; and, still afraid that the provost-marshal might mistake his purpose, he led the astrologer into the hall, holding fast his robe, as if afraid that he should be torn from him and put to death before his eyes. He did not unloose his grasp until he had not only repeated again and again the gracious phrase, 'Go in peace,' but even made a private signal to the provost-marshal, to enjoin a suspension of all proceedings against the person of the astrologer.

Thus did the possession of some secret information, joined to audacious courage and readiness of wit, save Galeotti from the most imminent danger; and thus was Louis, the most sagacious as well as the most vindictive amongst the monarchs of the period, cheated of his revenge by the influence of superstition upon a selfish temper, and a mind to which, from the consciousness of many crimes, the fear of death was peculiarly terrible.

He felt, however, considerable mortification at being obliged to relinquish his purposed vengeance; and the disappointment seemed to be shared by his satellites, to whom the execution was to have been committed. Le Balafré alone, perfectly indifferent on the subject, so soon as the countermanding signal was given, left the door at which he had posted himself, and in a few minutes was fast asleep.

The provost-marshal, as the group reclined themselves to repose in the hall after the King retired to his bedchamber, continued to eye the goodly form of the astrologer, with the look of the mastiff watching a joint of meat which the cook had retrieved from his jaws, while his attendants communicated to each other in brief sentences their characteristic sentiments.

'The poor blinded necromancer,' whispered Trois-Eschelles, with an air of spiritual unction and commiseration, to his comrade, Petit-André, 'hath lost the fairest chance of expiating some of his vile sorceries, by dying through means of the cord of the blessed St. Francis! and I had purpose, indeed, to leave the comfortable noose around his neck, to scare the foul fiend from his unhappy carcass.'

'And I,' said Petit-André, 'have missed the rarest opportunity of knowing how far a weight of seventeen stone will stretch a three-plied cord! It would have been a glorious experiment in our line, and the jolly old boy would have died so easily!'

While this whispered dialogue was going forward, Martius, who had taken the opposite side of the huge stone fireplace, round which the whole group was assembled, regarded them askance and with a look of suspicion. He first put his hand into his vest, and satisfied himself that the handle of a very sharp double-edged poniard, which he always carried about him, was disposed conveniently for his grasp; for, as we have already noticed, he was, though now somewhat unwieldy, a powerful, athletic man, and prompt and active at the use of his weapon. Satisfied that this trusty instrument was in readiness, he next took from his bosom a scroll of parchment, inscribed with Greek characters and marked with cabalistic signs, drew together the wood in the fireplace, and made a blaze by which he could distinguish the features and attitude of all who sat or lay around: the heavy and deep slumbers of the Scottish soldier, who lay motionless, with his rough countenance as immovable as if it were cast in bronze; the pale and anxious face of Oliver, who at one time assumed the appearance of slumber, and again opened his eyes and raised his head hastily, as if stung by some internal throe, or awakened by some distant sound; the discontented, savage, bull-dog aspect of the provost, who looked

> Frustrate of his will,
> Not half sufficed, and greedy yet to kill;

while the background was filled up by the ghastly hypocritical countenance of Trois-Eschelles, whose eyes were cast up towards Heaven, as if he was internally saying his devotions; and the grim drollery of Petit-André, who amused himself with mimicking the gestures and wry faces of his comrade before he betook himself to sleep.

Amidst these vulgar and ignoble countenances, nothing could

show to greater advantage than the stately form, handsome mien, and commanding features of the astrologer, who might have passed for one of the ancient magi, imprisoned in a den of robbers, and about to invoke a spirit to accomplish his liberation. And, indeed, had he been distinguished by nothing else than the beauty of the graceful and flowing beard which descended over the mysterious roll which he held in his hand, one might have been pardoned for regretting that so noble an appendage had been bestowed on one who put both talents, learning, and the advantages of eloquence, and a majestic person, to the mean purposes of a cheat and an impostor.

Thus passed the night in Count Herbert's Tower, in the Castle of Péronne. When the first light of dawn penetrated the ancient Gothic chamber, the King summoned Oliver to his presence, who found the monarch sitting in his nightgown, and was astonished at the alteration which one night of mortal anxiety had made in his looks. He would have expressed some anxiety on the subject, but the King silenced him by entering into a statement of the various modes by which he had previously endeavoured to form friends at the court of Burgundy, and which Oliver was charged to prosecute so soon as he should be permitted to stir abroad. And never was that wily minister more struck with the clearness of the King's intellect, and his intimate knowledge of all the springs which influence human actions, than he was during that memorable consultation.

About two hours afterwards, Oliver accordingly obtained permission from the Count of Crèvecœur to go out and execute the commissions which his master had entrusted him with; and Louis, sending for the astrologer, in whom he seemed to have renewed his faith, held with him, in like manner, a long consultation, the issue of which appeared to give him more spirits and confidence than he had at first exhibited; so that he dressed himself, and received the morning compliments of Crèvecœur with a calmness at which the Burgundian lord could not help wondering, the rather that he had already heard that the Duke had passed several hours in a state of mind which seemed to render the King's safety very precarious.

# CHAPTER XXX

## *Uncertainty*

Our counsels waver like the unsteady bark,
That reels amid the strife of meeting currents.

*Old Play.*

IF the night passed by Louis was carefully anxious and agitated, that spent by the Duke of Burgundy, who had at no time the same mastery over his passions, and, indeed, who permitted them almost a free and uncontrolled dominion over his actions, was still more disturbed.

According to the custom of the period, two of his principal and most favoured counsellors, D'Hymbercourt and Des Comines, shared his bedchamber, couches being prepared for them near the bed of the prince. Their attendance was never more necessary than upon this night, when, distracted by sorrow, by passion, by the desire of revenge, and by the sense of honour, which forbade him to exercise it upon Louis in his present condition, the Duke's mind resembled a volcano in eruption, which throws forth all the different contents of the mountain, mingled and molten into one burning mass.

He refused to throw off his clothes, or to make any preparation for sleep; but spent the night in a succession of the most violent bursts of passion. In some paroxysms he talked incessantly to his attendants so thick and so rapidly, that they were really afraid his senses would give way; choosing for his theme the merits and the kindness of heart of the murdered Bishop of Liege, and recalling all the instances of mutual kindness, affection, and confidence which had passed between them, until he had worked himself into such a transport of grief that he threw himself upon his face in the bed, and seemed ready to choke with the sobs and tears which he endeavoured to stifle. Then starting from the couch, he gave vent at once to another and more furious mood, and traversed the room hastily,

uttering incoherent threats, and still more incoherent oaths of vengeance, while, stamping with his foot, according to his customary action, he invoked St. George, St. Andrew, and whomsoever else he held most holy, to bear witness that he would take bloody vengeance on De la Marck, on the people of Liege, and on *him* who was the author of the whole. These last threats, uttered more obscurely than the others, obviously concerned the person of the King; and at one time the Duke expressed his determination to send for the Duke of Normandy, the brother of the King, and with whom Louis was on the worst terms, in order to compel the captive monarch to surrender either the crown itself, or some of its most valuable rights and appanages.

Another day and night passed in the same stormy and fitful deliberations, or rather rapid transitions of passion; for the Duke scarcely ate or drank, never changed his dress, and, altogether, demeaned himself like one in whom rage might terminate in utter insanity. By degrees he became more composed, and began to hold, from time to time, consultations with his ministers, in which much was proposed, but nothing resolved on. Comines assures us that at one time a courier was mounted in readiness to depart for the purpose of summoning the Duke of Normandy; and in that event the prison of the French monarch would probably have been found, as in similar cases, a brief road to his grave.

At other times, when Charles had exhausted his fury, he sat with his features fixed in stern and rigid immobility, like one who broods over some desperate deed to which he is as yet unable to work up his resolution. And unquestionably it would have needed little more than an insidious hint from any of the counsellors who attended his person, to have pushed the Duke to some very desperate action. But the nobles of Burgundy, from the sacred character attached to the person of a king and a lord paramount, and from a regard to the public faith, as well as that of their Duke, which had been pledged when Louis threw himself into their power, were almost unanimously inclined to recommend moderate measures; and the arguments which D'Hymbercourt and Des Comines had now and then ventured to insinuate during the night were, in the cooler hours of the next morning, advanced and urged by Crèvecœur and others. Possibly their zeal in behalf of the King might not be entirely disinterested. Many, as we have mentioned, had already experienced the bounty of the King; others had either estates or

pretensions in France, which placed them a little under his influence; and it is certain that the treasure, which had loaded four mules when the King entered Péronne, became much lighter in the course of these negotiations.

In the course of the third day the Count of Campo-basso brought his Italian wit to assist the counsels of Charles; and well was it for Louis that he had not arrived when the Duke was in his first fury. Immediately on his arrival, a regular meeting of the Duke's counsellors was convened, for considering the measures to be adopted in this singular crisis.

On this occasion Campo-basso gave his opinion couched in the apologue of the traveller, the adder, and the fox; and reminded the Duke of the advice which Reynard gave to the man, that he should crush his mortal enemy, now that chance had placed his fate at his disposal. Des Comines, who saw the Duke's eyes sparkle at a proposal which his own violence of temper had already repeatedly suggested, hastened to state the possibility that Louis might not be, in fact, so directly accessary to the sanguinary action which had been committed at Schonwaldt; that he might be able to clear himself of the imputation laid to his charge, and perhaps to make other atonement for the distractions which his intrigues had occasioned in the Duke's dominions, and those of his allies; and that an act of violence perpetrated on the King was sure to bring both on France and Burgundy a train of the most unhappy consequences, among which not the least to be feared was, that the English might avail themselves of the commotions and civil discord which must needs ensue to repossess themselves of Normandy and Guyenne, and renew those dreadful wars, which had only, and with difficulty, been terminated by the union of both France and Burgundy against the common enemy. Finally, he confessed, that he did not mean to urge the absolute and free dismissal of Louis; but only that the Duke should avail himself no farther of his present condition than merely to establish a fair and equitable treaty between the countries, with such security on the King's part as should make it difficult for him to break his faith, or disturb the internal peace of Burgundy in future. D'Hymbercourt, Crèvecœur, and others signified their reprobation of the violent measures proposed by Campo-basso, and their opinion that in the way of treaty more permanent advantages could be obtained, and in a manner more honourable for Burgundy, than by an action which would stain her with a breach of faith and hospitality.

The Duke listened to these arguments with his looks fixed on the ground, and his brows so knitted together as to bring his bushy eyebrows into one mass. But when Crèvecœur proceeded to say that he did not believe Louis either knew of, or was accessary to, the atrocious act of violence committed at Schonwaldt, Charles raised his head, and darting a fierce look at his counsellor, exclaimed, 'Have you too, Crèvecœur, heard the gold of France clink? Methinks it rings in my councils as merrily as ever the bells of St. Denis. Dare any one say that Louis is not the fomenter of these feuds in Flanders?'

'My gracious lord,' said Crèvecœur, 'my hand has ever been more conversant with steel than with gold; and so far am I from holding that Louis is free from the charge of having caused the disturbances in Flanders, that it is not long since, in the face of his whole court, I charged him with that breach of faith, and offered him defiance in your name. But although his intrigues have been doubtless the original cause of these commotions, I am so far from believing that he authorised the death of the archbishop, that I believe one of his emissaries publicly protested against it; and I could produce the man, were it your Grace's pleasure to see him.'

'It *is* our pleasure,' said the Duke. 'St. George! can you doubt that we desire to act justly? Even in the highest flight of our passion we are known for an upright and a just judge. We will see France ourself; we will ourself charge him with our wrongs, and ourself state to him the reparation which we expect and demand. If he shall be found guiltless of this murder, the atonement for other crimes may be more easy. If he hath been guilty, who shall say that a life of penitence in some retired monastery were not a most deserved and a most merciful doom? Who,' he added, kindling as he spoke — 'who shall dare to blame a revenge yet more direct and more speedy? Let your witness attend. We will to the castle at the hour before noon. Some articles we will minute down with which he shall comply, or woe on his head! others shall depend upon the proof. Break up the council and dismiss yourselves. I will but change my dress, as this is scarce a fitting trim in which to wait on *my most gracious sovereign.*'

With a deep and bitter emphasis on the last expression, the Duke arose, and strode out of the room.

'Louis's safety, and, what is worse, the honour of Burgundy, depend on a cast of the dice,' said D'Hymbercourt to Crèvecœur and to Des Comines. 'Haste thee to the castle, Des

Comines; thou hast a better filed tongue than either Crèvecœur or I. Explain to Louis what storm is approaching; he will best know how to pilot himself. I trust this Life Guardsman will say nothing which can aggravate; for who knows what may have been the secret commission with which he was charged?'

'The young man,' said Crèvecœur, 'seems bold, yet prudent and wary far beyond his years. In all which he said to me he was tender of the King's character, as of that of the prince whom he serves. I trust he will be equally so in the Duke's presence. I must go seek him, and also the young Countess of Croye.'

'The countess! You told us you had left her at St. Bridget's nunnery?'

'Ay, but I was obliged,' said the count, 'to send for her express, by the Duke's orders; and she has been brought hither on a litter, as being unable to travel otherwise. She was in a state of the deepest distress, both on account of the uncertainty of the fate of her kinswoman, the Lady Hameline, and the gloom which overhangs her own, guilty as she has been of a feudal delinquency, in withdrawing herself from the protection of her liege lord, Duke Charles, who is not the person in the world most likely to view with indifference what trenches on his seigniorial rights.'

The information that the young countess was in the hands of Charles added fresh and more pointed thorns to Louis's reflections. He was conscious that, by explaining the intrigues by which he had induced the Lady Hameline and her to resort to Péronne [Plessis], she might supply that evidence which he had removed by the execution of Zamet Maugrabin; and he knew well how much such proof of his having interfered with the rights of the Duke of Burgundy would furnish both motive and pretext for Charles's availing himself to the uttermost of his present predicament.

Louis discoursed on these matters with great anxiety to the Sieur Des Comines, whose acute and political talents better suited the King's temper than the blunt, martial character of Crèvecœur or the feudal haughtiness of D'Hymbercourt.

'These iron-handed soldiers, my good friend Comines,' he said to his future historian, 'should never enter a king's cabinet, but be left with the halberds and partizans in the ante-chamber. Their hands are indeed made for our use; but the monarch who puts their heads to any better occupation than that of anvils

for his enemies' swords and maces ranks with the fool who presented his mistress with a dog-leash for a carcanet. It is with such as thou, Philip, whose eyes are gifted with the quick and keen sense that sees beyond the exterior surface of affairs, that princes should share their council-table, their cabinet — what do I say? — the most secret recesses of their soul.'

Des Comines, himself so keen a spirit, was naturally gratified with the approbation of the most sagacious prince in Europe; and he could not so far disguise his internal satisfaction but that Louis was aware he had made some impression on him.

'I would,' continued he, 'that I had such a servant, or rather that I were worthy to have such a one! I had not then been in this unfortunate situation; which, nevertheless, I should hardly regret, could I but discover any means of securing the services of so experienced a statist.'

Des Comines said that all his faculties, such as they were, were at the service of his Most Christian Majesty, saving always his allegiance to his rightful lord, Duke Charles of Burgundy.

'And am I one who would seduce you from that allegiance?' said Louis, pathetically. 'Alas! am I not now endangered by having reposed too much confidence in my vassal? and can the cause of feudal good faith be more sacred with any than with me, whose safety depends on an appeal to it? No, Philip des Comines, continue to serve Charles of Burgundy; and you will best serve him by bringing round a fair accommodation with Louis of France. In doing thus you will serve us both, and one, at least, will be grateful. I am told your appointments in this court hardly match those of the Grand Falconer; and thus the services of the wisest counsellor in Europe are put on a level, or rather ranked below, those of a fellow who feeds and physics kites! France has wide lands; her King has much gold. Allow me, my friend, to rectify this scandalous inequality. The means are not distant. Permit me to use them.'

The King produced a weighty bag of money; but Des Comines, more delicate in his sentiments than most courtiers of that time, declined the proffer, declaring himself perfectly satisfied with the liberality of his native prince, and assuring Louis that his desire to serve him could not be increased by the acceptance of any such gratuity as he had proposed.

'Singular man!' exclaimed the King; 'let me embrace the only courtier of his time at once capable and incorruptible.

Wisdom is to be desired more than fine gold; and believe me, I trust in thy kindness, Philip, at this pinch, more than I do in the purchased assistance of many who have received my gifts. I know you will not counsel your master to abuse such an opportunity as fortune, and, to speak plain, Des Comines, as my own folly, has afforded him.'

'To *abuse* it, by no means,' answered the historian; 'but most certainly to *use* it.'

'How, and in what degree?' said Louis. 'I am not ass enough to expect that I shall escape without some ransom, but let it be a reasonable one; reason I am ever willing to listen to, at Paris or at Plessis, equally as at Péronne.'

'Ah, but if it like your Majesty,' replied Des Comines, 'reason at Paris or Plessis was used to speak in so low and soft a tone of voice, that she could not always gain an audience of your Majesty; at Péronne she borrows the speaking-trumpet of necessity, and her voice becomes lordly and imperative.'

'You are figurative,' said Louis, unable to restrain an emotion of peevishness; 'I am a dull, blunt man, Sir of Comines. I pray you leave your tropes, and come to plain ground. What does your duke expect of me?'

'I am the bearer of no propositions, my lord,' said Des Comines; 'the Duke will soon explain his own pleasure. But some things occur to me as proposals, for which your Majesty ought to hold yourself prepared; as, for example, the final cession of these towns here upon the Somme.'

'I expected so much,' said Louis.

'That you should disown the Liegeois and William de la Marck.'

'As willingly as I disclaim Hell and Satan,' said Louis.

'Ample security will be required, by hostages, or occupation of fortresses, or otherwise, that France shall in future abstain from stirring up rebellion among the Flemings.'

'It is something new,' answered the King, 'that a vassal should demand pledges from his sovereign; but let that pass too.'

'A suitable and independent appanage for your illustrious brother, the ally and friend of my master — Normandy or Champagne. The Duke loves your father's house, my liege.'

'So well,' answered Louis, 'that, *mort Dieu!* he's about to make them all kings. Is your budget of hints yet emptied?'

'Not entirely,' answered the counsellor: 'it will certainly be required that your Majesty shall forbear molesting, as you have

done of late, the Duke de Bretagne, and that you will no longer contest the right which he and other grand feudatories have to strike money, to term themselves dukes and princes by the grace of God ——'

'In a word, to make so many kings of my vassals. Sir Philip, would you make a fratricide of me? You remember well my brother Charles: he was no sooner Duke of Guyenne than he died. And what will be left to the descendant and representative of Charlemagne, after giving away these rich provinces, save to be smeared with oil at Rheims, and to eat his dinner under a high canopy?'

'We will diminish your Majesty's concern on that score, by giving you a companion in that solitary exaltation,' said Philip des Comines. 'The Duke of Burgundy, though he claims not at present the title of an independent king, desires nevertheless to be freed in future from the abject marks of subjection required of him to the crown of France; it is his purpose to close his ducal coronet with an imperial arch, and surmount it with a globe, in emblem that his dominions are independent.'

'And how dares the Duke of Burgundy, the sworn vassal of France,' exclaimed Louis, starting up and showing an unwonted degree of emotion — 'how dares he propose such terms to his sovereign as, by every law of Europe, should infer a forfeiture of his fief?'

'The doom of forfeiture it would in this case be difficult to enforce,' answered Des Comines, calmly. 'Your Majesty is aware that the strict interpretation of the feudal law is becoming obsolete even in the Empire, and that superior and vassal endeavour to mend their situation in regard to each other as they have power and opportunity. Your Majesty's interferences with the Duke's vassals in Flanders will prove an exculpation of my master's conduct, supposing him to insist that, by enlarging his independence, France should in future be debarred from any pretext of doing so.'

'Comines — Comines!' said Louis, arising again and pacing the room in a pensive manner, 'this is a dreadful lesson on the text *væ victis!* You cannot mean that the Duke will insist on all these hard conditions?'

'At least I would have your Majesty be in a condition to discuss them all.'

'Yet moderation, Des Comines — moderation in success is — no one knows better than you — necessary to its ultimate advantage.'

'So please your Majesty, the merit of moderation is, I have observed, most apt to be extolled by the losing party. The winner holds in more esteem the prudence which calls on him not to leave an opportunity unimproved.'

'Well, we will consider,' replied the King; 'but at least thou hast reached the extremity of your duke's unreasonable exaction? There can remain nothing — or if there does, for so thy brow intimates — what is it — what indeed can it be, unless it be my crown, which these previous demands, if granted, will deprive of all its lustre?'

'My lord,' said Des Comines, 'what remains to be mentioned is a thing partly — indeed, in a great measure — within the Duke's own power, though he means to invite your Majesty's accession to it, for in truth it touches you nearly.'

'*Pasques-dieu!*' exclaimed the King impatiently, 'what is it? Speak out, Sir Philip; am I to send him my daughter for a concubine, or what other dishonour is he to put on me?'

'No dishonour, my liege; but your Majesty's cousin, the illustrious Duke of Orleans ——'

'Ha!' exclaimed the King; but Des Comines proceeded without heeding the interruption.

'— Having conferred his affections on the young Countess Isabelle de Croye, the Duke expects your Majesty will, on your part, as he on his, yield your assent to the marriage, and unite with him in endowing the right noble couple with such an appanage as, joined to the countess's estates, may form a fit establishment for a child of France.'

'Never — never!' said the King, bursting out into that emotion which he had of late suppressed with much difficulty, and striding about in a disordered haste, which formed the strongest contrast to the self-command which he usually exhibited — 'never — never! Let them bring scissors and shear my hair like that of the parish fool, whom I have so richly resembled — let them bid the monastery or the grave yawn for me — let them bring red-hot basins to sear my eyes — axe or aconite — whatever they will; but Orleans shall not break his plighted faith to my daughter, or marry another while she lives!'

'Your Majesty,' said Des Comines, 'ere you set your mind so keenly against what is proposed, will consider your own want of power to prevent it. Every wise man, when he sees a rock giving way, withdraws from the bootless attempt of preventing the fall.'

'But a brave man,' said Louis, 'will at least find his grave

beneath it. Des Comines, consider the great loss — the utter destruction, such a marriage will bring upon my kingdom. Recollect, I have but one feeble boy, and this Orleans is the next heir; consider that the church hath consented to his union with Joan, which unites so happily the interests of both branches of my family — think on all this, and think too that this union has been the favourite scheme of my whole life — that I have schemed for it, fought for it, watched for it, prayed for it — and sinned for it. Philip des Comines, I will not forego it! Think, man — think! pity me in this extremity; thy quick brain can speedily find some substitute for this sacrifice — some ram to be offered up instead of that project which is dear to me as the Patriarch's only son was to him. Philip, pity me! You, at least, should know that to men of judgment and foresight the destruction of the scheme on which they have long dwelt, and for which they have long toiled, is more inexpressibly bitter than the transient grief of ordinary men, whose pursuits are but the gratification of some temporary passion — you, who know how to sympathise with the deeper, the more genuine distress of baffled prudence and disappointed sagacity, will you not feel for me?'

'My lord and king!' replied Des Comines, 'I do sympathise with your distress, in so far as duty to my master ——'

'Do not mention him!' said Louis, acting, or at least appearing to act, under an irresistible and headlong impulse, which withdrew the usual guard which he maintained over his language. 'Charles of Burgundy is unworthy of your attachment. He who can insult and strike his counsellors — he who can distinguish the wisest and most faithful among them by the opprobrious name of Booted Head ——!'

The wisdom of Philip des Comines did not prevent his having a high sense of personal consequence; and he was so much struck with the words which the King uttered, as it were, in the career of a passion which overleaped ceremony, that he could only reply by repetition of the words 'Booted Head! It is impossible that my master the Duke could have so termed the servant who has been at his side since he could mount a palfrey, and that too before a foreign monarch — it is impossible!'

Louis instantly saw the impression he had made, and avoiding alike a tone of condolence, which might have seemed insulting, and one of sympathy, which might have savoured of affectation, he said, with simplicity, and at the same time with dignity, 'My misfortunes make me forget my courtesy, else I had not spoken to you of what it must be unpleasant for you

to hear. But you have in reply taxed me with having uttered impossibilities, this touches my honour; yet I must submit to the charge, if I tell you not the circumstances which the Duke, laughing until his eyes ran over, assigned for the origin of that opprobrious name, which I will not offend your ears by repeating. Thus, then, it chanced. You, Sir Philip des Comines, were at a hunting-match with the Duke of Burgundy, your master; and when he alighted after the chase, he required your services in drawing off his boots. Reading in your looks, perhaps, some natural resentment of this disparaging treatment, he ordered you to sit down in turn, and rendered you the same office he had just received from you. But, offended at your understanding him literally, he no sooner plucked one of your boots off than he brutally beat it about your head till the blood flowed, exclaiming against the insolence of a subject who had the presumption to accept of such a service at the hand of his sovereign; and hence he, or his privileged fool Le Glorieux, is in the current habit of distinguishing you by the absurd and ridiculous name of *Tête-botté*, which makes one of the Duke's most ordinary subjects of pleasantry.'[1]

While Louis thus spoke, he had the double pleasure of galling to the quick the person whom he addressed — an exercise which it was in his nature to enjoy, even where he had not, as in the present case, the apology that he did so in pure retaliation — and that of observing, that he had at length been able to find a point in Des Comines's character which might lead him gradually from the interests of Burgundy to those of France. But although the deep resentment which the offended courtier entertained against his master induced him at a future period to exchange the service of Charles for that of Louis, yet, at the present moment, he was contented to throw out only some general hints of his friendly inclination towards France, which he well knew the King would understand how to interpret. And indeed it would be unjust to stigmatise the memory of the excellent historian with the desertion of his master on this occasion, although he was certainly now possessed with sentiments much more favourable to Louis than when he entered the apartment.

He constrained himself to laugh at the anecdote which Louis had detailed, and then added, 'I did not think so trifling a frolic would have dwelt on the mind of the Duke so long as to make it worth telling again. Some such passage there was

[1] See Anecdote of the Boots. Note 44.

of drawing off boots and the like, as your Majesty knows that the Duke is fond of rude play; but it has been much exaggerated in his recollection. Let it pass on.'

'Ay, *let* it pass on,' said the King; 'it is indeed shame it should have detained us a minute. And now, Sir Philip, I hope you are French so far as to afford me your best counsel in these difficult affairs. You have, I am well aware, the clue to the labyrinth, if you would but impart it.'

'Your Majesty may command my best advice and service,' replied Des Comines, 'under reservation always of my duty to my own master.'

This was nearly what the courtier had before stated; but he now repeated it in a tone so different, that whereas Louis understood from the former declaration that the reserved duty to Burgundy was the prime thing to be considered, so he now saw clearly that the emphasis was reversed, and that more weight was now given by the speaker to his promise of counsel than to a restriction which seemed interposed for the sake of form and consistency. The King resumed his own seat, and compelled Des Comines to sit by him, listening at the same time to that statesman, as if the words of an oracle sounded in his ears. Des Comines spoke in that low and impressive tone which implies at once great sincerity and some caution, and at the same time so slowly as if he was desirous that the King should weigh and consider each individual word as having its own peculiar and determined meaning. 'The things,' he said, 'which I have suggested for your Majesty's consideration, harsh as they sound in your ear, are but substitutes for still more violent proposals brought forward in the Duke's councils by such as are more hostile to your Majesty. And I need scarce remind your Majesty that the more direct and more violent suggestions find readiest acceptance with our master, who loves brief and dangerous measures better than those that are safe, but at the same time circuitous.'

'I remember,' said the King, 'I have seen him swim a river at the risk of drowning, though there was a bridge to be found for riding two hundred yards round.'

'True, sire; and he that weighs not his life against the gratification of a moment of impetuous passion will, on the same impulse, prefer the gratification of his will to the increase of his substantial power.'

'Most true,' replied the King; 'a fool will ever grasp rather at the appearance than the reality of authority. All this I

know to be true of Charles of Burgundy. But, my dear friend Des Comines, what do you infer from these premises?'

'Simply this, my lord,' answered the Burgundian, 'that as your Majesty has seen a skilful angler control a large and heavy fish, and finally draw him to land by a single hair, which fish had broke through a tackle tenfold stronger had the fisher presumed to strain the line on him, instead of giving him head enough for all his wild flourishes, even so your Majesty, by gratifying the Duke in these particulars on which he has pitched his ideas of honour and the gratification of his revenge, may evade many of the other unpalatable propositions at which I have hinted, and which — including, I must state openly to your Majesty, some of those through which France would be most especially weakened — will slide out of his remembrance and attention, and, being referred to subsequent conferences and future discussion, may be altogether eluded.'

'I understand you, my good Sir Philip; but to the matter,' said the King. 'To which of those happy propositions is your duke so much wedded that contradiction will make him unreasonable and untractable?'

'To any or to all of them, if it please your Majesty, on which you may happen to contradict him. This is precisely what your Majesty must avoid; and to take up my former parable, you must needs remain on the watch, ready to give the Duke line enough whenever he shoots away under the impulse of his rage. His fury, already considerably abated, will waste itself if he be unopposed, and you will presently find him become more friendly and more tractable.'

'Still,' said the King, musing, 'there must be some particular demands which lie deeper at my cousin's heart than the other proposals. Were I but aware of these, Sir Philip ——'

'Your Majesty may make the lightest of his demands the most important, simply by opposing it,' said Des Comines; 'nevertheless, my lord, thus far I can say, that every shadow of treaty will be broken off, if your Majesty renounce not William de la Marck and the Liegeois.'

'I have already said that I will disown them,' said the King, 'and well they deserve it at my hand: the villains have commenced their uproar at a moment that might have cost me my life.'

'He that fires a train of powder,' replied the historian, 'must expect a speedy explosion of the mine. But more than mere disavowal of their cause will be expected of your Majesty by

Duke Charles; for know, that he will demand your Majesty's assistance to put the insurrection down, and your royal presence to witness the punishment which he destines for the rebels.'

'That may scarce consist with our honour, Des Comines,' said the King.

'To refuse it will scarcely consist with your Majesty's safety,' replied Des Comines. 'Charles is determined to show the people of Flanders that no hope, nay, no promise, of assistance from France will save them in their mutinies from the wrath and vengeance of Burgundy.'

'But, Sir Philip, I will speak plainly,' answered the King. 'Could we but procrastinate the matter, might not these rogues of Liege make their own part good against Duke Charles? The knaves are numerous and steady, can they not hold out their town against him?'

'With the help of the thousand archers of France whom your Majesty promised them, they might have done something; but——'

'Whom I promised them!' said the King. 'Alas! good Sir Philip! you much wrong me in saying so.'

'—But without whom,' continued Des Comines, not heeding the interruption, 'as your Majesty will not *now* likely find it convenient to supply them, what chance will the burghers have of making good their town, in whose walls the large breaches made by Charles after the battle of St. Tron are still unrepaired; so that the lances of Hainault, Brabant, and Burgundy may advance to the attack twenty men in front?'

'The improvident idiots!' said the King. 'If they have thus neglected their own safety, they deserve not my protection. Pass on; I will make no quarrel for their sake.'

'The next point, I fear, will sit closer to your Majesty's heart,' said Des Comines.

'Ah!' replied the King, 'you mean that infernal marriage! I will not consent to the breach of the contract betwixt my daughter Joan and my cousin of Orleans; it would be wresting the sceptre of France from me and my posterity, for that feeble boy the Dauphin is a blighted blossom, which will wither without fruit. This match between Joan and Orleans has been my thought by day, my dream by night. I tell thee, Sir Philip, I cannot give it up! Besides, it is inhuman to require me, with my own hand, to destroy at once my own scheme of policy and the happiness of a pair brought up for each other.'

'Are they then so much attached?' said Des Comines.

'One of them at least is,' said the King, 'and the one for whom I am bound to be most anxious. But you smile, Sir Philip, you are no believer in the force of love.'

'Nay,' said Des Comines, 'if it please you, sire, I am so little an infidel in that particular that I was about to ask whether it would reconcile you in any degree to your acquiescing in the proposed marriage betwixt the Duke of Orleans and Isabelle de Croye, were I to satisfy you that the countess's inclinations are so much fixed on another that it is likely it will never be a match?'

King Louis sighed. 'Alas!' he said, 'my good and dear friend, from what sepulchre have you drawn such dead man's comfort? *Her* inclination, indeed! Why, to speak truth, supposing that Orleans detested my daughter Joan, yet, but for this ill-ravelled web of mischance, he must needs have married her; so you may conjecture how little chance there is of this damsel being able to refuse him under a similar compulsion, and he a child of France besides. Ah, no, Philip! little fear of her standing obstinate against the suit of such a lover. *Varium et mutabile*, Philip.'

'Your Majesty may, in the present instance, undervalue the obstinate courage of this young lady. She comes of a race determinately wilful; and I have picked out of Crèvecœur that she has formed a romantic attachment to a young squire, who, to say truth, rendered her many services on the road.'

'Ha!' said the King, 'an archer of my Guards, by name Quentin Durward?'

'The same, as I think,' said Des Comines; 'he was made prisoner along with the countess, travelling almost alone together.'

'Now, Our Lord and Our Lady, and Monseigneur St. Martin, and Monseigneur St. Julian be praised every one of them!' said the King, 'and all laud and honour to the learned Galeotti, who read in the stars that this youth's destiny was connected with mine! If the maiden be so attached to him as to make her refractory to the will of Burgundy, this Quentin hath indeed been rarely useful to me.'

'I believe, my lord,' answered the Burgundian, 'according to Crèvecœur's report, that there is some chance of her being sufficiently obstinate; besides, doubtless, the noble Duke himself, notwithstanding what your Majesty was pleased to hint in way of supposition, will not willingly renounce his fair cousin, to whom he has been long engaged.'

'Umph!' answered the King. 'But you have never seen my daughter Joan. A howlet, man! — an absolute owl, whom I am ashamed of! But let him be only a wise man, and marry her, I will give him leave to be mad *par amours* for the fairest lady in France. And now, Philip, have you given me the full map of your master's mind?'

'I have possessed you, sire, of those particulars on which he is at present most disposed to insist. But your Majesty well knows that the Duke's disposition is like a sweeping torrent, which only passes smoothly forward when its waves encounter no opposition; and what may be presented to chafe him into fury, it is impossible even to guess. Were more distinct evidence of your Majesty's practices — pardon the phrase, where there is so little time for selection — with the Liegeois and William de la Marck to occur unexpectedly, the issue might be terrible. There are strange news from that country: they say La Marck hath married Hameline the elder Countess of Croye.'

'That old fool was so mad on marriage that she would have accepted the hand of Satan,' said the King; 'but that La Marck, beast as he is, should have married her rather more surprises me.'

'There is a report also,' continued Des Comines, 'that an envoy, or herald, on La Marck's part, is approaching Péronne; this is like to drive the Duke frantic with rage. I trust that he has no letters, or the like, to show on your Majesty's part?'

'Letters to a Wild Boar!' answered the King. 'No — no, Sir Philip, I was no such fool as to cast pearls before swine. What little intercourse I had with the brute animal was by message, in which I always employed such low-bred slaves and vagabonds that their evidence would not be received in a trial for robbing a hen-roost.'

'I can then only further recommend,' said Des Comines, taking his leave, 'that your Majesty should remain on your guard, be guided by events, and, above all, avoid using any language or argument with the Duke which may better become your dignity than your present condition.'

'If my dignity,' said the King, 'grow troublesome to me, which it seldom doth while there are deeper interests to think of, I have a special remedy for that swelling of the heart. It is but looking into a certain ruinous closet, Sir Philip, and thinking of the death of Charles the Simple; and it cures me as effectually as the cold bath would cool a fever. And now, my friend and monitor, must thou be gone? Well, Sir Philip, the

time must come when thou wilt tire reading lessons of state policy to the Bull of Burgundy, who is incapable of comprehending your most simple argument. If Louis of Valois then lives, thou hast a friend in the court of France. I tell thee, my Philip, it would be a blessing to my kingdom should I ever acquire thee, who, with a profound view of subjects of state, hast also a conscience capable of feeling and discerning between right and wrong. So help me, Our Lord and Lady, and Monseigneur St. Martin, Oliver and Balue have hearts as hardened as the nether millstone; and my life is embittered by remorse and penances for the crimes they make me commit. Thou, Sir Philip, possessed of the wisdom of present and past times, canst teach how to become great without ceasing to be virtuous.'

'A hard task, and which few have attained,' said the historian, 'but which is yet within the reach of princes who will strive for it. Meantime, sire, be prepared, for the Duke will presently confer with you.'

Louis looked long after Philip when he left the apartment, and at length burst into a bitter laugh. 'He spoke of fishing — I have sent him home, a trout properly tickled! And he thinks himself virtuous because he took no bribe, but contented himself with flattery and promises, and the pleasure of avenging an affront to his vanity! Why, he is but so much the poorer for the refusal of the money, not a jot the more honest. He must be mine, though, for he hath the shrewdest head among them. Well, now for nobler game! I am to face this leviathan Charles, who will presently swim hitherward, cleaving the deep before him. I must, like a trembling sailor, throw a tub overboard to amuse him. But I may one day find the chance — of driving a harpoon into his entrails!'[1]

[1] See Philip des Comines. Note 45.

# CHAPTER XXXI

## *The Interview*

Hold fast thy truth, young soldier. Gentle maiden,
Keep you your promise plight; leave age its subtleties,
And grey-hair'd policy its maze of falsehood;
But be you candid as the morning sky,
Ere the high sun sucks vapours up to stain it.

*The Trial.*

ON the perilous and important morning which preceded the meeting of the two princes in the Castle of Péronne, Oliver le Dain did his master the service of an active and skilful agent, making interest for Louis in every quarter, both with presents and promises; so that, when the Duke's anger should blaze forth, all around should be interested to smother, and not to increase, the conflagration. He glided, like night, from tent to tent, from house to house, making himself friends, but not, in the Apostle's sense, with the Mammon of unrighteousness. As was said of another active political agent, 'His finger was in every man's palm, his mouth was in every man's ear'; and for various reasons, some of which we have formerly hinted at, he secured the favour of many Burgundian nobles, who either had something to hope or fear from France, or who thought that, were the power of Louis too much reduced, their own duke would be likely to pursue the road to despotic authority, to which his heart naturally inclined him, with a daring and unopposed pace.

Where Oliver suspected his own presence or arguments might be less acceptable, he employed that of other servants of the King; and it was in this manner that he obtained, by the favour of the Count de Crèvecœur, an interview betwixt Lord Crawford, accompanied by Le Balafré, and Quentin Durward, who, since he had arrived at Péronne, had been detained in a sort of honourable confinement. Private affairs were assigned as the cause of requesting this meeting; but it is

probable that Crèvecœur, who was afraid that his master might be stirred up in passion to do something dishonourably violent towards Louis, was not sorry to afford an opportunity to Crawford to give some hints to the young archer which might prove useful to his master.

The meeting between the countrymen was cordial, and even affecting.

'Thou art a singular youth,' said Crawford, stroking the head of young Durward as a grandsire might do that of his descendant. 'Certes, you have had as meikle good fortune as if you had been born with a lucky hood on your head.'

'All comes of his gaining an archer's place at such early years,' said Le Balafré; 'I never was so much talked of, fair nephew, because I was five-and-twenty years old before I was *hors de page.*'

'And an ill-looking mountainous monster of a page thou wert, Ludovic,' said the old commander, 'with a beard like a baker's shool, and a back like old Wallace Wight.'

'I fear,' said Quentin, with downcast eyes, 'I shall enjoy that title to distinction but a short time, since it is my purpose to resign the service of the Archer Guard.'

Le Balafré was struck almost mute with astonishment, and Crawford's ancient features gleamed with displeasure. The former at length mustered words enough to say, 'Resign! — leave your place in the Scottish Archers! such a thing was never dreamt of. I would not give up my situation, to be made Constable of France.'

'Hush! Ludovic,' said Crawford; 'this youngster knows better how to shape his course with the wind than we of the old world do. His journey hath given him some pretty tales to tell about King Louis; and he is turning Burgundian, that he may make his own little profit by telling them to Duke Charles.'

'If I thought so,' said Le Balafré, 'I would cut his throat with my own hand, were he fifty times my sister's son!'

'But you would first inquire whether I deserved to be so treated, fair kinsman?' answered Quentin. 'And you, my lord, know that I am no tale-bearer; nor shall either question or torture draw out of me a word to King Louis's prejudice which may have come to my knowledge while I was in his service. So far my oath of duty keeps me silent. But I will not remain in that service, in which, besides the perils of fair battle with mine enemies, I am to be exposed to the dangers of ambuscade on the part of my friends.'

'Nay, if he objects to lying in ambuscade,' said the slow-witted Le Balafré, looking sorrowfully at the Lord Crawford, 'I am afraid, my lord, that all is over with him! I myself have had thirty bushments break upon me, and truly I think I have laid in ambuscade twice as often myself, it being a favourite practice in our king's mode of making war.'

'It is so, indeed, Ludovic,' answered Lord Crawford; 'nevertheless, hold your peace, for I believe I understand this gear better than you do.'

'I wish to Our Lady you may, my lord,' answered Ludovic; 'but it wounds me to the very midriff to think my sister's son should fear an ambushment.'

'Young man,' said Crawford, 'I partly guess your meaning. You have met foul play on the road where you travelled by the King's command, and you think you have reason to charge him with being the author of it?'

'I have been threatened with foul play in the execution of the King's commission,' answered Quentin; 'but I have had the good fortune to elude it; whether his Majesty be innocent or guilty in the matter, I leave to God and his own conscience. He fed me when I was a-hungered, received me when I was a wandering stranger; I will never load him in his adversity with accusations which may indeed be unjust, since I heard them only from the vilest mouths.'

'My dear boy — my own lad!' said Crawford, taking him in his arms, 'ye think like a Scot, every joint of you! Like one that will forget a cause of quarrel with a friend whose back is already at the wall, and remember nothing of him but his kindness.'

'Since my Lord Crawford has embraced my nephew,' said Ludovic Lesly, 'I will embrace him also, though I would have you to know, that to understand the service of an ambushment is as necessary to a soldier as it is to a priest to be able to read his breviary.'

'Be hushed, Ludovic,' said Crawford; 'ye are an ass, my friend, and ken not the blessing Heaven has sent you in this braw callant. And now tell me, Quentin, my man, hath the King any advice of this brave, Christian, and manly resolution of yours? for, poor man, he had need, in his strait, to ken what he has to reckon upon. Had he but brought the whole brigade of Guards with him — but God's will be done! Kens he of your purpose, think you?'

'I really can hardly tell,' answered Quentin: 'but I assured

his learned astrologer, Martius Galeotti, of my resolution to be silent on all that could injure the King with the Duke of Burgundy. The particulars which I suspect I will not — under your favour — communicate even to your lordship; and to the philosopher I was, of course, far less willing to unfold myself.'

'Ha! — ay!' answered Lord Crawford. 'Oliver did indeed tell me that Galeotti prophesied most stoutly concerning the line of conduct you were to hold; and I am truly glad to find he did so on better authority than the stars.'

'*He* prophesy!' said Le Balafré, laughing. 'The stars never told him that honest Ludovic Lesly used to help yonder wench of his to spend the fair ducats he flings into her lap.'

'Hush! Ludovic,' said his captain — 'hush! thou beast, man! If thou dost not respect my grey hairs, because I have been e'en too much of a *routier* myself, respect the boy's youth and innocence, and let us have no more of such unbecoming daffing.'

'Your honour may say your pleasure,' answered Ludovic Lesly; 'but, by my faith, second-sighted Saunders Souplejaw, the town-souter of Glen Houlakin, was worth Gallotti, or Gallipotty, or whatever ye call him, twice told, for a prophet. He foretold that all my sister's children would die some day; and he foretold it in the very hour that the youngest was born, and that is this lad Quentin, who, no doubt, will one day die, to make up the prophecy — the more 's the pity; the whole curney of them is gone but himself. And Saunders foretold to myself one day, that I should be made by marriage, which doubtless will also happen in due time, though it hath not yet come to pass, though how or when, I can hardly guess, as I care not myself for the wedded state, and Quentin is but a lad. Also, Saunders predicted ——'

'Nay,' said Lord Crawford, 'unless the prediction be singularly to the purpose, I must cut you short, my good Ludovic; for both you and I must now leave your nephew, with prayers to Our Lady to strengthen him in the good mind he is in; for this is a case in which a light word might do more mischief than all the Parliament of Paris could mend. My blessing with you, my lad; and be in no hurry to think of leaving our body, for there will be good blows going presently in the eye of day, and no ambuscade.'

'And my blessing too, nephew,' said Ludovic Lesly; 'for, since you have satisfied our most noble captain, I also am satisfied, as in duty bound.'

'Stay, my lord,' said Quentin, and led Lord Crawford a little apart from his uncle. 'I must not forget to mention that there is a person besides in the world, who, having learned from me these circumstances which it is essential to King Louis's safety should at present remain concealed, may not think that the same obligation of secrecy which attaches to me as the King's soldier, and as having been relieved by his bounty, is at all binding on her.'

'On *her!*' replied Crawford; 'nay, if there be a woman in the secret, the Lord ha' mercy, for we are all on the rocks again!'

'Do not suppose so, my lord,' replied Durward, 'but use your interest with the Count of Crèvecœur to permit me an interview with the Countess Isabelle of Croye, who is the party possessed of my secret, and I doubt not that I can persuade her to be as silent as I shall unquestionably myself remain concerning whatever may incense the Duke against King Louis.'

The old soldier mused for a long time, looked up to the ceiling, then down again upon the floor, then shook his head, and at length said, 'There is something in all this which, by my honour, I do not understand. The Countess Isabelle of Croye! an interview with a lady of her birth, blood, and possessions, and thou, a raw Scottish lad, so certain of carrying thy point with her! Thou art either strangely confident, my young friend, or else you have used your time well upon the journey. But, by the cross of St. Andrew! I will move Crèvecœur in thy behalf; and, as he truly fears that Duke Charles may be provoked against the King to the extremity of falling foul, I think it likely he may grant thy request, though, by my honour, it is a comical one.'

So saying, and shrugging up his shoulders, the old lord left the apartment, followed by Ludovic Lesly, who, forming his looks on those of his principal, endeavoured, though knowing nothing of the cause of his wonder, to look as mysterious and important as Crawford himself.

In a few minutes Crawford returned, but without his attendant Le Balafré. The old man seemed in singular humour, laughing and chuckling to himself in a manner which strangely distorted his stern and rigid features, and at the same time shaking his head, as at something which he could not help condemning, while he found it irresistibly ludicrous. 'My certes, countryman,' said he, 'but you are not blate: you will never lose fair lady for faint heart! Crèvecœur swallowed your pro-

posal as he would have done a cup of vinegar, and swore to me roundly, by all the saints in Burgundy, that were less than the honour of princes and the peace of kingdoms at stake, you should never see even so much as the print of the Countess Isabelle's foot on the clay. Were it not that he had a dame, and a fair one, I would have thought that he meant to break a lance for the prize himself. Perhaps he thinks of his nephew, the County Stephen. A countess! would no less serve you to be minting at? But come along; your interview with her must be brief. But I fancy you know how to make the most of little time — ho! ho! ho! By my faith, I can hardly chide thee for the presumption, I have such a good will to laugh at it!'

With a brow like scarlet, at once offended and disconcerted by the blunt inferences of the old soldier, and vexed at beholding in what an absurd light his passion was viewed by every person of experience, Durward followed Lord Crawford in silence to the Ursuline convent, in which the countess was lodged, and in the parlour of which he found the Count de Crèvecœur.

'So, young gallant,' said the latter, sternly, 'you must see the fair companion of your romantic expedition once more, it seems?'

'Yes, my lord count,' answered Quentin, firmly; 'and what is more, I must see her alone.'

'That shall never be,' said the Count de Crèvecœur. 'Lord Crawford, I make you judge. This young lady, the daughter of my old friend and companion in arms, the richest heiress in Burgundy, has confessed a sort of a — what was I going to say? — in short, she is a fool, and your man-at-arms here a presumptuous coxcomb. In a word, they shall not meet alone.'

'Then will I not speak a single word to the countess in your presence,' said Quentin, much delighted. 'You have told me much that I did not dare, presumptuous as I may be, even to hope.'

'Ay, truly said, my friend,' said Crawford. 'You have been imprudent in your communications; and, since you refer to me, and there is a good stout grating across the parlour, I would advise you to trust to it, and let them do the worst with their tongues. What, man! the life of a king, and many thousands besides, is not to be weighed with the chance of two young things whillywhawing in ilk other's ears for a minute?'

So saying, he dragged off Crèvecœur, who followed very

reluctantly, and cast many angry glances at the young archer as he left the room.

In a moment after the Countess Isabelle entered on the other side of the grate, and no sooner saw Quentin alone in the parlour than she stopped short, and cast her eyes on the ground for the space of half a minute. 'Yet why should I be ungrateful,' she said, 'because others are unjustly suspicious? My friend — my preserver, I may almost say, so much have I been beset by treachery — my only faithful and constant friend!'

As she spoke thus, she extended her hand to him through the grate, nay, suffered him to retain it until he had covered it with kisses, not unmingled with tears. She only said, 'Durward, were we ever to meet again, I would not permit this folly.'

If it be considered that Quentin had guarded her through so many perils, that he had been, in truth, her only faithful and zealous protector, perhaps my fair readers, even if countesses and heiresses should be of the number, will pardon the derogation.

But the countess extricated her hand at length, and stepping a pace back from the grate, asked Durward, in a very embarrassed tone, what boon he had to ask of her? 'For that you have a request to make I have learned from the old Scottish lord, who came here but now with my cousin of Crèvecœur. Let it be but reasonable,' she said, 'but such as poor Isabelle can grant with duty and honour uninfringed, and you cannot tax my slender powers too highly. But O! do not speak hastily; do not say,' she added, looking around with timidity, 'aught that might, if overheard, do prejudice to us both!'

'Fear not, noble lady,' said Quentin, sorrowfully; 'it is not *here* that I can forget the distance which fate has placed between us, or expose you to the censure of your proud kindred as the object of the most devoted love to one, poorer and less powerful, not perhaps less noble, than themselves. Let that pass like a dream of the night to all but one bosom, where, dream as it is, it will fill up the room of all existing realities.'

'Hush — hush!' said Isabelle; 'for your own sake, for mine, be silent on such a theme. Tell me rather what it is you have to ask of me.'

'Forgiveness to one,' replied Quentin, 'who, for his own selfish views, hath conducted himself as your enemy.'

'I trust I forgive all my enemies,' answered Isabelle; 'but oh, Durward! through what scenes have your courage and

presence of mind protected me! Yonder bloody hall! the good bishop! I knew not till yesterday half the horrors I had unconsciously witnessed.'

'Do not think on them,' said Quentin, who saw the transient colour which had come to her cheek during their conference fast fading into the most deadly paleness. 'Do not look back, but look steadily forward, as they needs must who walk in a perilous road. Hearken to me. King Louis deserves nothing better at your hand, of all others, than to be proclaimed the wily and insidious politician which he really is. But to tax him as the encourager of your flight, still more as the author of a plan to throw you into the hands of De la Marck, will at this moment produce perhaps the King's death or dethronement; and, at all events, the most bloody war between France and Burgundy which the two countries have ever been engaged in.'

'These evils shall not arrive for my sake, if they can be prevented,' said the Countess Isabelle; 'and indeed your slightest request were enough to make me forego my revenge, were that at any time a passion which I deeply cherish. Is it possible I would rather remember King Louis's injuries than your invaluable services? Yet how is this to be? When I am called before my sovereign, the Duke of Burgundy, I must either stand silent or speak the truth. The former would be contumacy; and to a false tale you will not desire me to train my tongue.'

'Surely not,' said Durward; 'but let your evidence concerning Louis be confined to what you yourself positively know to be truth; and when you mention what others have reported, no matter how credibly, let it be as reports only, and beware of pledging your own personal evidence to that which, though you may fully believe, you cannot personally know, to be true. The assembled council of Burgundy cannot refuse to a monarch the justice which in my country is rendered to the meanest person under accusation. They must esteem him innocent until direct and sufficient proof shall demonstrate his guilt. Now, what does not consist with your own certain knowledge should be proved by other evidence than your report from hearsay.'

'I think I understand you,' said the Countess Isabelle.

'I will make my meaning plainer,' said Quentin; and was illustrating it accordingly by more than one instance, when the convent-bell tolled.

'That,' said the countess, 'is a signal that we must part — part for ever! But do not forget me, Durward; I will never forget you; your faithful services——'

She could not speak more, but again extended her hand, which was again pressed to his lips; and I know not how it was that, in endeavouring to withdraw her hand, the countess came so close to the grating that Quentin was encouraged to press the adieu on her lips. The young lady did not chide him; perhaps there was no time, for Crèvecœur and Crawford, who had been from some loophole eye-witnesses, if not ear-witnesses also, of what was passing, rushed into the apartment, the first in a towering passion, the latter laughing and holding the count back.

'To your chamber, young mistress — to your chamber!' exclaimed the count to Isabelle, who, flinging down her veil, retired in all haste, 'which should be exchanged for a cell and bread and water. And you, gentle sir, who are so malapert, the time will come when the interests of kings and kingdoms may not be connected with such as you are; and you shall then learn the penalty of your audacity in raising your beggarly eyes——'

'Hush — hush! enough said — rein up — rein up,' said the old lord; 'and you, Quentin, I command you, be silent, and begone to your quarters. There is no such room for so much scorn neither, Sir Count of Crèvecœur, that I must say now he is out of hearing. Quentin Durward is as much a gentleman as the King, only, as the Spaniard says, not so rich. He is as noble as myself, and I am chief of my name. Tush, tush! man, you must not speak to us of penalties.'

'My lord — my lord,' said Crèvecœur, impatiently, 'the insolence of these foreign mercenaries is proverbial, and should receive rather rebuke than encouragement from you, who are their leader.'

'My lord count,' answered Crawford, 'I have ordered my command for these fifty years without advice either from Frenchman or Burgundian; and I intend to do so, under your favour, so long as I shall continue to hold it.'

'Well — well, my lord,' said Crèvecœur, 'I meant you no disrespect; your nobleness, as well as your age, entitle you to be privileged in your impatience; and for these young people, I am satisfied to overlook the past, since I will take care that they never meet again.'

'Do not take that upon your salvation, Crèvecœur,' said the

old lord, laughing; 'mountains, it is said, may meet, and why not mortal creatures that have legs, and life and love to put those legs in motion? Yon kiss, Crèvecœur, came tenderly off; methinks it was ominous.'

'You are striving again to disturb my patience,' said Crèvecœur, 'but I will not give you that advantage over me. Hark! they toll the summons to the castle: an awful meeting, of which God only can foretell the issue.'

'This issue I can foretell,' said the old Scottish lord, 'that if violence is to be offered to the person of the King, few as his friends are, and surrounded by his enemies, he shall neither fall alone nor unavenged; and grieved I am that his own positive orders have prevented my taking measures to prepare for such an issue.'

'My Lord of Crawford,' said the Burgundian, 'to anticipate such evil is the sure way to give occasion to it. Obey the orders of your royal master, and give no pretext for violence by taking hasty offence, and you will find that the day will pass over more smoothly than you now conjecture.'

# CHAPTER XXXII

## *The Investigation*

> Me rather had, my heart might feel your love
> Than my displeased eye see your courtesy.
> Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
> *Thus* high at least, although your knee —
>
> *King Richard II.*

AT the first toll of the bell, which was to summon the great nobles of Burgundy together in council, with the very few French peers who could be present on the occasion, Duke Charles, followed by a part of his train, armed with partizans and battle-axes, entered the hall of Herbert's Tower, in the Castle of Péronne. King Louis, who had expected the visit, arose and made two steps towards the Duke, and then remained standing with an air of dignity, which, in spite of the meanness of his dress and the familiarity of his ordinary manners, he knew very well how to assume when he judged it necessary. Upon the present important crisis, the composure of his demeanour had an evident effect upon his rival, who changed the abrupt and hasty step with which he entered the apartment into one more becoming a great vassal entering the presence of his lord paramount. Apparently the Duke had formed the internal resolution to treat Louis, in the outset at least, with the formalities due to his high station; but at the same time it was evident that, in doing so, he put no small constraint upon the fiery impatience of his own disposition, and was scarce able to control the feelings of resentment and the thirst of revenge which boiled in his bosom. Hence, though he compelled himself to use the outward acts, and in some degree the language, of courtesy and reverence, his colour came and went rapidly; his voice was abrupt, hoarse, and broken; his limbs shook, as if impatient of the curb imposed on his motions; he frowned and bit his lip until the blood came; and every look and

movement showed that the most passionate prince who ever lived was under the dominion of one of his most violent paroxysms of fury.

The King marked this war of passion with a calm and untroubled eye; for, though he gathered from the Duke's looks a foretaste of the bitterness of death, which he dreaded alike as a mortal and a sinful man, yet he was resolved, like a wary and skilful pilot, neither to suffer himself to be disconcerted by his own fears, nor to abandon the helm, while there was a chance of saving the vessel by adroit pilotage. Therefore, when the Duke, in a hoarse and broken tone, said something of the scarcity of his accommodations, he answered with a smile, that he could not complain, since he had as yet found Herbert's Tower a better residence than it had proved to one of his ancestors.

'They told you the tradition then?' said Charles. 'Yes; here he was slain, but it was because he refused to take the cowl, and finish his days in a monastery.'

'The more fool he,' said Louis, affecting unconcern, 'since he gained the torment of being a martyr without the merit of being a saint.'

'I come,' said the Duke, 'to pray your Majesty to attend a high council, at which things of weight are to be deliberated upon concerning the welfare of France and Burgundy. You will presently meet them — that is, if such be your pleasure ——'

'Nay, my fair cousin,' said the King, 'never strain courtesy so far as to entreat what you may so boldly command. To council, since such is your Grace's pleasure. We are somewhat shorn of our train,' he added, looking upon the small suite that arranged themselves to attend him; 'but you, cousin, must shine out for us both.'

Marshalled by Toison d'Or, chief of the heralds of Burgundy, the princes left the Earl Herbert's Tower and entered the castle-yard, which Louis observed was filled with the Duke's body-guard and men-at-arms, splendidly accoutred and drawn up in martial array. Crossing the court, they entered the council-hall, which was in a much more modern part of the building than that of which Louis had been the tenant, and, though in disrepair, had been hastily arranged for the solemnity of a public council. Two chairs of state were erected under the same canopy, that for the King being raised two steps higher than the one which the Duke was to occupy; about

twenty of the chief nobility sat, arranged in due order, on either hand of the chair of state; and thus, when both the princes were seated, the person for whose trial, as it might be called, the council was summoned, held the highest place, and appeared to preside in it.

It was perhaps to get rid of this inconsistency, and the scruples which might have been inspired by it, that Duke Charles, having bowed slightly to the royal chair, bluntly opened the sitting with the following words: —

'My good vassals and counsellors, it is not unknown to you what disturbances have arisen in our territories, both in our father's time and in our own, from the rebellion of vassals against superiors, and subjects against their princes. And lately we have had the most dreadful proof of the height to which these evils have arrived in our case by the scandalous flight of the Countess Isabelle of Croye, and her aunt the Lady Hameline, to take refuge with a foreign power, thereby renouncing their fealty to us and inferring the forfeiture of their fiefs; and in another more dreadful and deplorable instance, by the sacrilegious and bloody murder of our beloved brother and ally the Bishop of Liege, and the rebellion of that treacherous city, which was but too mildly punished for the last insurrection. We have been informed that these sad events may be traced not merely to the inconstancy and folly of women and the presumption of pampered citizens, but to the agency of foreign power, and the interference of a mighty neighbour, from whom, if good deeds could merit any return in kind, Burgundy could have expected nothing but the most sincere and devoted friendship. If this should prove truth,' said the Duke, setting his teeth and pressing his heel against the ground, 'what consideration shall withhold us, the means being in our power, from taking such measures as shall effectually, and at the very source, close up the main spring from which these evils have yearly flowed on us?'

The Duke had begun his speech with some calmness, but he elevated his voice at the conclusion; and the last sentence was spoken in a tone which made all the counsellors tremble, and brought a transient fit of paleness across the King's cheek. He instantly recalled his courage, however, and addressed the council in his turn, in a tone evincing so much ease and composure that the Duke, though he seemed desirous to interrupt or stop him, found no decent opportunity to do so.

'Nobles of France and of Burgundy,' he said, 'knights of

the Holy Spirit and of the Golden Fleece, since a king must plead his cause as an accused person, he cannot desire more distinguished judges than the flower of nobleness and muster and pride of chivalry. Our fair cousin of Burgundy hath but darkened the dispute between us in so far as his courtesy has declined to state it in precise terms. I, who have no cause for observing such delicacy, nay, whose condition permits me not to do so, crave leave to speak more precisely. It is to us, my lords — to us, his liege lord, his kinsman, his ally — that unhappy circumstances, perverting our cousin's clear judgment and better nature, have induced him to apply the hateful charges of seducing his vassals from their allegiance, stirring up the people of Liege to revolt, and stimulating the outlawed William de la Marck to commit a most cruel and sacrilegious murder. Nobles of France and Burgundy, I might truly appeal to the circumstances in which I now stand as being in themselves a complete contradiction of such an accusation; for is it to be supposed that, having the sense of a rational being left me, I should have thrown myself unreservedly into the power of the Duke of Burgundy, while I was practising treachery against him such as could not fail to be discovered, and which, being discovered, must place me, as I now stand, in the power of a justly exasperated prince? The folly of one who should seat himself quietly down to repose on a mine, after he had lighted the match which was to cause instant explosion, would have been wisdom compared to mine. I have no doubt that, amongst the perpetrators of those horrible treasons at Schonwaldt, villains have been busy with my name; but am I to be answerable, who have given them no right to use it? If two silly women, disgusted on account of some romantic cause of displeasure, sought refuge at my court, does it follow that they did so by my direction? It will be found, when inquired into, that, since honour and chivalry forbade my sending them back prisoners to the court of Burgundy, — which, I think, gentlemen, no one who wears the collar of these orders would suggest, — that I came as nearly as possible to the same point by placing them in the hands of the venerable father in God, who is now a saint in Heaven.' Here Louis seemed much affected, and pressed his kerchief to his eyes. 'In the hands, I say, of a member of my own family, and still more closely united with that of Burgundy, whose situation, exalted condition in the church, and, alas! whose numerous virtues qualified him to be the protector of these unhappy

wanderers for a little while, and the mediator betwixt them and their liege lord. I say, therefore, the only circumstances which seem, in my brother of Burgundy's hasty view of this subject, to argue unworthy suspicions against me are such as can be explained on the fairest and most honourable motives; and I say, moreover, that no one particle of credible evidence can be brought to support the injurious charges which have induced my brother to alter his friendly looks towards one who came to him in full confidence of friendship, have caused him to turn his festive hall into a court of justice, and his hospitable apartments into a prison.'

'My lord — my lord,' said Charles, breaking in so soon as the King paused, 'for your being here at a time so unluckily coinciding with the execution of your projects, I can only account by supposing that those who make it their trade to impose on others do sometimes egregiously delude themselves. The engineer is sometimes killed by the springing of his own petard. For what is to follow, let it depend on the event of this solemn inquiry. Bring hither the Countess Isabelle of Croye!'

As the young lady was introduced, supported on the one side by the Countess of Crèvecœur, who had her husband's commands to that effect, and on the other by the abbess of the Ursuline convent, Charles exclaimed with his usual harshness of voice and manner, 'Soh! sweet princess, you, who could scarce find breath to answer us when we last laid our just and reasonable commands on you, yet have had wind enough to run as long a course as ever did hunted doe, what think you of the fair work you have made between two great princes and two mighty countries, that have been like to go to war for your baby face?'

The publicity of the scene and the violence of Charles's manner totally overcame the resolution which Isabelle had formed of throwing herself at the Duke's feet, and imploring him to take possession of her estates and permit her to retire into a cloister. She stood motionless like a terrified female in a storm, who hears the thunder roll on every side of her, and apprehends in every fresh peal the bolt which is to strike her dead. The Countess of Crèvecœur, a woman of spirit equal to her birth, and to the beauty which she preserved even in her matronly years, judged it necessary to interfere. 'My lord duke,' she said, 'my fair cousin is under my protection. I know better than your Grace how women should be treated, and we

will leave this presence instantly, unless you use a tone and language more suitable to our rank and sex.'

The Duke burst out into a laugh. 'Crèvecœur,' he said, 'thy tameness hath made a lordly dame of thy countess; but that is no affair of mine. Give a seat to yonder simple girl, to whom, so far from feeling enmity, I design the highest grace and honour. Sit down, mistress, and tell us at your leisure what fiend possessed you to fly from your native country, and embrace the trade of a damsel adventurous.'

With much pain, and not without several interruptions, Isabelle confessed that, being absolutely determined against a match proposed to her by the Duke of Burgundy, she had indulged the hope of obtaining protection of the court of France.

'And under protection of the French monarch,' said Charles. 'Of that, doubtless, you were well assured?'

'I did indeed so think myself assured,' said the Countess Isabelle, 'otherwise I had not taken a step so decided.' Here Charles looked upon Louis with a smile of inexpressible bitterness, which the King supported with the utmost firmness, except that his lip grew something whiter than it was wont to be. 'But my information concerning King Louis's intentions towards us,' continued the countess, after a short pause, 'was almost entirely derived from my unhappy aunt, the Lady Hameline, and her opinions were formed upon the assertions and insinuations of persons whom I have since discovered to be the vilest traitors and most faithless wretches in the world.' She then stated, in brief terms, what she had since come to learn of the treachery of Marthon, and of Hayraddin Maugrabin, and added that 'she entertained no doubt that the elder Maugrabin, called Zamet, the original adviser of their flight, was capable of every species of treachery, as well as of assuming the character of an agent of Louis without authority.'

There was a pause while the countess had continued her story, which she prosecuted, though very briefly, from the time she left the territories of Burgundy, in company with her aunt, until the storming of Schonwaldt, and her final surrender to the Count of Crèvecœur. All remained mute after she had finished her brief and broken narrative, and the Duke of Burgundy bent his fierce dark eyes on the ground, like one who seeks for a pretext to indulge his passion, but finds none sufficiently plausible to justify himself in his own eyes. 'The mole,' he said at length, looking upwards, 'winds not his dark subterranean path beneath our feet the less certainly, that we, though conscious

of his motions, cannot absolutely trace them. Yet I would know of King Louis, wherefore he maintained these ladies at his court, had they not gone thither by his own invitation.'

'I did not so entertain them, fair cousin,' answered the King. 'Out of compassion, indeed, I received them in privacy, but took an early opportunity of placing them under the protection of the late excellent bishop, your own ally, and who was — may God assoil him! — a better judge than I, or any secular prince, how to reconcile the protection due to fugitives with the duty which a king owes to his ally from whose dominions they have fled. I boldly ask this young lady whether my reception of them was cordial or whether it was not, on the contrary, such as made them express regret that they had made my court their place of refuge?'

'So much was it otherwise than cordial,' answered the countess, 'that it induced me, at least, to doubt how far it was possible that your Majesty should have actually given the invitation of which we had been assured by those who called themselves your agents; since, supposing them to have proceeded only as they were duly authorised, it would have been hard to reconcile your Majesty's conduct with that to be expected from a king, a knight, and a gentleman.'

The countess turned her eyes to the King as she spoke, with a look which was probably intended as a reproach, but the breast of Louis was armed against all such artillery. On the contrary, waving slowly his expanded hands, and looking around the circle, he seemed to make a triumphant appeal to all present upon the testimony borne to his innocence in the countess's reply.

Burgundy, meanwhile, cast on him a look which seemed to say that, if in some degree silenced, he was as far as ever from being satisfied, and then said abruptly to the countess, 'Methinks, fair mistress, in this account of your wanderings, you have forgot all mention of certain love-passages. So, ho! blushing already? Certain knights of the forest, by whom your quiet was for a time interrupted. Well, that incident hath come to our ear, and something we may presently form out of it. Tell me, King Louis, were it not well, before this vagrant Helen of Troy, or of Croye, set more kings by the ears — were it not well to carve out a fitting match for her?'

King Louis, though conscious what ungrateful proposal was likely to be made next, gave a calm and silent assent to what Charles said; but the countess herself was restored to courage

by the very extremity of her situation. She quitted the arm of the Countess of Crèvecœur, on which she had hitherto leaned, came forward timidly, yet with an air of dignity, and, kneeling before the Duke's throne, thus addressed him : 'Noble Duke of Burgundy, and my liege lord, I acknowledge my fault in having withdrawn myself from your dominions without your gracious permission, and will most humbly acquiesce in any penalty you are pleased to impose. I place my lands and castles at your rightful disposal, and pray you only of your own bounty, and for the sake of my father's memory, to allow the last of the line of Croye, out of her large estate, such a moderate maintenance as may find her admission into a convent for the remainder of her life.'

'What think you, sire, of the young person's petition to us?' said the Duke, addressing Louis.

'As of a holy and humble motion,' said the King, 'which doubtless comes from that grace which ought not to be resisted or withstood.'

'The humble and lowly shall be exalted,' said Charles. 'Arise, Countess Isabelle; we mean better for you than you have devised for yourself. We mean neither to sequestrate your estates nor to abase your honours, but, on the contrary, will add largely to both.'

'Alas! my lord,' said the countess, continuing on her knees, 'it is even that well-meant goodness which I fear still more than your Grace's displeasure, since it compels me——'

'St. George of Burgundy!' said Duke Charles, 'is our will to be thwarted, and our commands disputed, at every turn? Up, I say, minion, and withdraw for the present; when we have time to think of thee, we will so order matters that, *Teste-St.-Gris!* you shall either obey us or do worse.'

Notwithstanding this stern answer, the Countess Isabelle remained at his feet, and would probably, by her pertinacity, have driven him to say upon the spot something yet more severe, had not the Countess of Crèvecœur, who better knew that prince's humour, interfered to raise her young friend, and to conduct her from the hall.

Quentin Durward was now summoned to appear, and presented himself before the King and Duke with that freedom, distant alike from bashful reserve and intrusive boldness, which becomes a youth at once well-born and well-nurtured, who gives honour where it is due, but without permitting himself to be dazzled or confused by the presence of those to whom it is to

be rendered. His uncle had furnished him with the means of again equipping himself in the arms and dress of an archer of the Scottish Guard, and his complexion, mien, and air suited in an uncommon degree his splendid appearance. His extreme youth, too, prepossessed the counsellors in his favour, the rather that no one could easily believe that the sagacious Louis would have chosen so very young a person to become the confidant of political intrigues; and thus the King enjoyed, in this as in other cases, considerable advantage from his singular choice of agents, both as to age and rank, where such election seemed least likely to be made. At the command of the Duke, sanctioned by that of Louis, Quentin commenced an account of his journey with the Ladies of Croye to the neighbourhood of Liege, premising a statement of King Louis's instructions, which were that he should escort them safely to the castle of the bishop.

'And you obeyed my orders accordingly?' said the King.

'I did, sire,' replied the Scot.

'You omit a circumstance,' said the Duke. 'You were set upon in the forest by two wandering knights.'

'It does not become me to remember or to proclaim such an incident,' said the youth, blushing ingenuously.

'But it doth not become *me* to forget it,' said the Duke of Orleans. 'This youth discharged his commission manfully, and maintained his trust in a manner that I shall long remember. Come to my apartment, archer, when this matter is over, and thou shalt find I have not forgot thy brave bearing, while I am glad to see it is equalled by thy modesty.'

'And come to mine,' said Dunois. 'I have a helmet for thee, since I think I owe thee one.'

Quentin bowed low to both, and the examination was resumed. At the command of Duke Charles, he produced the written instructions which he had received for the direction of his journey.

'Did you follow these instructions literally, soldier?' said the Duke.

'No, if it please your Grace,' replied Quentin. 'They directed me, as you may be pleased to observe, to cross the Maes near Namur; whereas I kept the left bank, as being both the nigher and the safer road to Liege.'

'And wherefore that alteration?' said the Duke.

'Because I began to suspect the fidelity of my guide, answered Quentin.

'Now mark the questions I have next to ask thee,' said the Duke. 'Reply truly to them, and fear nothing from the

resentment of any one. But if you palter or double in your answers, I will have thee hung alive in an iron chain from the steeple of the market-house, where thou shalt wish for death for many an hour ere he come to relieve you!'

There was a deep silence ensued. At length, having given the youth time, as he thought, to consider the circumstances in which he was placed, the Duke demanded to know of Durward who his guide was, by whom supplied, and wherefore he had been led to entertain suspicion of him? To the first of these questions Quentin Durward answered by naming Hayraddin Maugrabin, the Bohemian; to the second, that the guide had been recommended by Tristan l'Hermite; and in reply to the third point, he mentioned what had happened in the Franciscan convent, near Namur; how the Bohemian had been expelled from the holy house, and how, jealous of his behaviour, he had dogged him to a rendezvous with one of William de la Marck's lanzknechts, where he overheard them arrange a plan for surprising the ladies who were under his protection.

'Now, hark thee,' said the Duke, 'and once more remember thy life depends on thy veracity, did these villains mention their having this king's — I mean this very King Louis of France's — authority for their scheme of surprising the escort and carrying away the ladies?'

'If such infamous fellows had said so,' replied Quentin, 'I know not how I should have believed them, having the word of the King himself to place in opposition to theirs.'

Louis, who had listened hitherto with most earnest attention, could not help drawing his breath deeply when he heard Durward's answer, in the manner of one from whose bosom a heavy weight has been at once removed. The Duke again looked disconcerted and moody; and, returning to the charge, questioned Quentin still more closely, whether he did not understand, from these men's private conversation, that the plots which they meditated had King Louis's sanction?

'I repeat that I heard nothing which could authorise me to say so,' answered the young man, who, though internally convinced of the King's accession to the treachery of Hayraddin, yet held it contrary to his allegiance to bring forward his own suspicions on the subject; 'and if I *had* heard such men make such an assertion, I again say that I would not have given their testimony weight against the instructions of the King himself.'

'Thou art a faithful messenger,' said the Duke, with a sneer; 'and I venture to say that, in obeying the King's instructions, thou hast disappointed his expectations in a manner that thou mightst have smarted for, but that subsequent events have made thy bull-headed fidelity seem like good service.'

'I understand you not, my lord,' said Quentin Durward; 'all I know is, that my master King Louis sent me to protect these ladies, and that I did so accordingly, to the extent of my ability, both in the journey to Schonwaldt and through the subsequent scenes which took place. I understood the instructions of the King to be honourable, and I executed them honourably; had they been of a different tenor, they would not have suited one of my name or nation.'

'*Fier comme un Écossois*,' said Charles, who, however disappointed at the tenor of Durward's reply, was not unjust enough to blame him for his boldness. 'But hark thee, archer, what instructions were those which made thee, as some sad fugitives from Schonwaldt have informed us, parade the streets of Liege, at the head of those mutineers who afterwards cruelly murdered their temporal prince and spiritual father? And what harangue was it which thou didst make after that murder was committed, in which you took upon you, as agent for Louis, to assume authority among the villains who had just perpetrated so great a crime?'

'My lord,' said Quentin, 'there are many who could testify that I assumed not the character of an envoy of France in the town of Liege, but had it fixed upon me by the obstinate clamours of the people themselves, who refused to give credit to any disclamation which I could make. This I told to those in the service of the bishop when I had made my escape from the city, and recommended their attention to the security of the castle, which might have prevented the calamity and horror of the succeeding night. It is, no doubt, true that I did, in the extremity of danger, avail myself of the influence which my imputed character gave me, to save the Countess Isabelle, to protect my own life, and, so far as I could, to rein in the humour for slaughter, which had already broke out in so dreadful an instance. I repeat, and will maintain it with my body, that I had no commission of any kind from the King of France respecting the people of Liege, far less instructions to instigate them to mutiny; and that, finally, when I did avail myself of that imputed character, it was as if I had snatched up a shield to protect myself in a moment of emergency, and used it, asI

should surely have done, for the defence of myself and others, without inquiring whether I had a right to the heraldic emblazonments which it displayed.'

'And therein my young companion and prisoner,' said Crèvecœur, unable any longer to remain silent, 'acted with equal spirit and good sense; and his doing so cannot justly be imputed as blame to King Louis.'

There was a murmur of assent among the surrounding nobility which sounded joyfully in the ears of King Louis, whilst it gave no little offence to Charles. He rolled his eyes angrily around; and the sentiments, so generally expressed by so many of his highest vassals and wisest counsellors, would not perhaps have prevented his giving way to his violent and despotic temper, had not Des Comines, who foresaw the danger, prevented it by suddenly announcing a herald from the city of Liege.

'A herald from weavers and nailers?' exclaimed the Duke, 'but admit him instantly. By Our Lady, I will learn from this same herald something further of his employers' hopes and projects than this young French-Scottish man-at-arms seems desirous to tell me!'

# CHAPTER XXXIII

## *The Herald*

*Ariel.* —— Hark! they roar.
*Prospero.* Let them be hunted soundly.
*The Tempest.*

THERE was room made in the assembly, and no small curiosity evinced by those present to see the herald whom the insurgent Liegeois had ventured to send to so haughty a prince as the Duke of Burgundy, while in such high indignation against them. For it must be remembered that at this period heralds were only despatched from sovereign princes to each other upon solemn occasions; and that the inferior nobility employed pursuivants, a lower rank of officers-at-arms. It may be also noticed in passing, that Louis XI., an habitual derider of whatever did not promise real power or substantial advantage, was in especial a professed contemner of heralds and heraldry, 'red, blue, and green, with all their trumpery,'[1] to which the pride of his rival Charles, which was of a very different kind, attached no small degree of ceremonious importance.

The herald, who was now introduced into the presence of the monarchs, was dressed in a tabard, or coat, embroidered with the arms of his master, in which the boar's head made a distinguished appearance, in blazonry which, in the opinion of the skilful, was more showy than accurate. The rest of his dress — a dress always sufficiently tawdry — was overcharged with lace, embroidery, and ornament of every kind; and the plume of feathers which he wore was so high, as if intended to sweep the roof of the hall. In short, the usual gaudy splendour of the heraldic attire was caricatured and overdone. The boar's head was not only repeated on every part of his dress, but even his bonnet was formed into that shape, and it was represented with gory tongue and bloody tusks, or, in proper language, 'langued

[1] For a remarkable instance of this, see Disguised Herald. Note 46.

and dentated gules'; and there was something in the man's appearance which seemed to imply a mixture of boldness and apprehension, like one who has undertaken a dangerous commission, and is sensible that audacity alone can carry him through it with safety. Something of the same mixture of fear and effrontery was visible in the manner in which he paid his respects, and he showed also a grotesque awkwardness, not usual amongst those who were accustomed to be received in the presence of princes.

'Who art thou, in the devil's name?' was the greeting with which Charles the Bold received this singular envoy.

'I am Rouge Sanglier,' answered the herald, 'the officer-at-arms of William de la Marck, by the grace of God and the election of the chapter Prince Bishop of Liege——'

'Ha!' exclaimed Charles; but, as if subduing his own passion, he made a sign to him to proceed.

'And, in right of his wife, the Honourable Countess Hameline of Croye, Count of Croye and Lord of Bracquemont.'

The utter astonishment of Duke Charles at the extremity of boldness with which these titles were announced in his presence seemed to strike him dumb; and the herald, conceiving, doubtless, that he had made a suitable impression by the annunciation of his character, proceeded to state his errand.

'*Annuncio vobis gaudium magnum*,' he said; 'I let you, Charles of Burgundy and Earl of Flanders, to know, in my master's name, that under favour of a dispensation of our Holy Father of Rome, presently expected, and appointing a fitting substitute *ad sacra*, he proposes to exercise at once the office of Prince Bishop, and maintain the rights of Count of Croye.'

The Duke of Burgundy, at this and other pauses in the herald's speech, only ejaculated 'Ha!' or some similar interjection, without making any answer; and the tone of exclamation was that of one who, though surprised and moved, is willing to hear all that is to be said ere he commits himself by making an answer. To the further astonishment of all who were present he forbore from his usual abrupt and violent gesticulations, remaining with the nail of his thumb pressed against his teeth, which was his favourite attitude when giving attention, and keeping his eyes bent on the ground as if unwilling to betray the passion which might gleam in them.

The envoy, therefore, proceeded boldly and unabashed in the delivery of his message. 'In the name, therefore, of the Prince

Bishop of Liege and Count of Croye, I am to require of you, Duke Charles, to desist from those pretensions and encroachments which you have made on the free and imperial city of Liege, by connivance with the late Louis of Bourbon, unworthy bishop thereof.'

'Ha!' again exclaimed the Duke.

'Also to restore the banners of the community, which you took violently from the town, to the number of six-and-thirty, to rebuild the breaches in their walls, and restore the fortifications which you tyrannically dismantled, and to acknowledge my master, William de la Marck, as Prince Bishop, lawfully elected in a free chapter of canons, of which behold the *procès-verbal*.'

'Have you finished?' said the Duke.

'Not yet,' replied the envoy: 'I am further to require your Grace, on the part of the said right noble and venerable prince, bishop, and count, that you do presently withdraw the garrison from the Castle of Bracquemont, and other places of strength, belonging to the earldom of Croye, which have been placed there, whether in your own most gracious name, or in that of Isabelle, calling herself Countess of Croye, or any other, until it shall be decided by the Imperial Diet whether the fiefs in question shall not pertain to the sister of the late count, my most gracious Lady Hameline, rather than to his daughter, in respect of the *jus emphyteusis*.'

'Your master is most learned,' replied the Duke.

'Yet,' continued the herald, 'the noble and venerable prince and count will be disposed, all other disputes betwixt Burgundy and Liege being settled, to fix upon the Lady Isabelle such an appanage as may become her quality.'

'He is generous and considerate,' said the Duke, in the same tone.

'Now, by a poor fool's conscience,' said Le Glorieux apart to the Count of Crèvecœur, 'I would rather be in the worst cow's hide that ever died of the murrain than in that fellow's painted coat! The poor man goes on like drunkards, who only look to the other pot, and not to the score which mine host chalks up behind the lattice.'

'Have you yet done?' said the Duke to the herald.

'One word more,' answered Rouge Sanglier, 'from my noble and venerable lord aforesaid, respecting his worthy and trusty ally, the Most Christian King ——'

'Ha!' exclaimed the Duke, starting, and in a fiercer tone

than he had yet used; but checking himself, he instantly composed himself again to attention.

'Which Most Christian King's royal person it is rumoured that you, Charles of Burgundy, have placed under restraint, contrary to your duty as a vassal of the crown of France, and to the faith observed among Christian sovereigns; for which reason, my said noble and venerable master, by my mouth, charges you to put his Royal and Most Christian ally forthwith at freedom, or to receive the defiance which I am authorised to pronounce to you.'

'Have you yet done?' said the Duke.

'I have,' answered the herald, 'and await your Grace's answer, trusting it may be such as will save the effusion of Christian blood.'

'Now, by St. George of Burgundy ——,' said the Duke; but ere he could proceed further, Louis arose, and struck in with a tone of so much dignity and authority that Charles could not interrupt him.

'Under your favour, fair cousin of Burgundy,' said the King; 'we ourselves crave priority of voice in replying to this insolent fellow. Sirrah herald, or whatever thou art, carry back notice to the perjured outlaw and murderer, William de la Marck, that the King of France will be presently before Liege, for the purpose of punishing the sacrilegious murderer of his late beloved kinsman, Louis of Bourbon; and that he proposes to gibbet De la Marck alive, for the insolence of terming himself his ally, and putting his royal name into the mouth of one of his own base messengers.'

'Add whatever else on my part,' said Charles, 'which it may not misbecome a prince to send to a common thief and murderer. And begone! Yet stay. Never herald went from the court of Burgundy without having cause to cry, "Largesse!" Let him be scourged till the bones are laid bare!'

'Nay, but if it please your Grace,' said Crèvecœur and D'Hymbercourt together, 'he is a herald, and so far privileged.'

'It is you, messires,' replied the Duke, 'who are such owls as to think that the tabard makes the herald. I see by that fellow's blazoning he is a mere impostor. Let Toison d'Or step forward, and question him in your presence.'

In spite of his natural effrontery, the envoy of the Wild Boar of Ardennes now became pale, and that notwithstanding some touches of paint with which he had adorned his countenance. Toison d'Or, the chief herald, as we have elsewhere

said, of the Duke, and king-at-arms within his dominions, stepped forward with the solemnity of one who knew what was due to his office, and asked his supposed brother in what college he had studied the science which he professed.

'I was bred a pursuivant at the Heraldic College of Ratisbon,' answered Rouge Sanglier, 'and received the diploma of *ehrenhold* from that same learned fraternity.'

'You could not derive it from a source more worthy,' answered Toison d'Or, bowing still lower than he had done before; 'and if I presume to confer with you on the mysteries of our sublime science, in obedience to the orders of the most gracious Duke, it is not in hopes of giving, but of receiving, knowledge.'

'Go to,' said the Duke, impatiently. 'Leave off ceremony, and ask him some question that may try his skill.'

'It were injustice to ask a disciple of the worthy College of Arms at Ratisbon if he comprehendeth the common terms of blazonry,' said Toison d'Or; 'but I may, without offence, crave of Rouge Sanglier to say if he is instructed in the more mysterious and secret terms of the science, by which the more learned do emblematically, and as it were parabolically, express to each other what is conveyed to others in the ordinary language, taught in the very accidence as it were of heraldry?'

'I understand one sort of blazonry as well as another,' answered Rouge Sanglier, boldly; 'but it may be we have not the same terms in Germany which you have here in Flanders.'

'Alas, that you will say so!' replied Toison d'Or; 'our noble science, which is indeed the very banner of nobleness and glory of generosity, being the same in all Christian countries, nay, known and acknowledged even by the Saracens and Moors. I would, therefore, pray of you to describe what coat you will after the celestial fashion, that is, by the planets.'

'Blazon it yourself as you will,' said Rouge Sanglier; 'I will do no such apish tricks upon commandment, as an ape is made to come aloft.'

'Show him a coat, and let him blazon it his own way,' said the Duke; 'and if he fails, I promise him that his back shall be gules, azure, and sable.'

'Here,' said the herald of Burgundy, taking from his pouch a piece of parchment, 'is a scroll, in which certain considerations led me to prick down, after my own poor fashion, an ancient coat. I will pray my brother, if indeed he belong to

the honourable College of Arms at Ratisbon, to decipher it in fitting language.'

Le Glorieux, who seemed to take great pleasure in this discussion, had by this time bustled himself close up to the two heralds. 'I will help thee, good fellow,' said he to Rouge Sanglier, as he looked hopelessly upon the scroll. 'This, my lords and masters, represents the cat looking out at the dairy-window.'

This sally occasioned a laugh, which was something to the advantage of Rouge Sanglier, as it led Toison d'Or, indignant at the misconstruction of his drawing, to explain it as the coat-of-arms assumed by Childebert, King of France, after he had taken prisoner Gondemar, King of Burgundy; representing an ounce, or tiger-cat, the emblem of the captive prince, behind a grating, or, as Toison d'Or technically defined it, 'Sable, a musion passant or, oppressed with a trellis gules, cloué of the second.'

'By my bauble,' said Le Glorieux, 'if the cat resemble Burgundy, she has the right side of the grating nowadays.'

'True, good fellow,' said Louis, laughing, while the rest of the presence, and even Charles himself, seemed disconcerted at so broad a jest — 'I owe thee a piece of gold for turning something that looked like sad earnest into the merry game which I trust it will end in.'

'Silence, Le Glorieux,' said the Duke; 'and you, Toison d'Or, who are too learned to be intelligible, stand back; and bring that rascal forward, some of you. Hark ye, villain,' he said, in his harshest tone, 'do you know the difference between argent and or, except in the shape of coined money?'

'For pity's sake, your Grace, be good unto me! Noble King Louis, speak for me!'

'Speak for thyself,' said the Duke. 'In a word, art thou herald or not?'

'Only for this occasion!' acknowledged the detected official.

'Now, by St. George!' said the Duke, eyeing Louis askance, 'we know no king — no gentleman — save *one*, who would have so prostituted the noble science on which royalty and gentry rest, save that king, who sent to Edward of England a serving man disguised as a herald.'[1]

'Such a stratagem,' said Louis, laughing or affecting to laugh, 'could only be justified at a court where no heralds were at the time, and when the emergency was urgent. But,

[1] See Note 46.

though it might have passed on the blunt and thick-witted islander, no one with brains a whit better than those of a wild boar would have thought of passing such a trick upon the accomplished court of Burgundy.'

'Send him who will,' said the Duke, fiercely, 'he shall return on their hands in poor case. Here! — drag him to the market-place — slash him with bridle-reins and dog-whips until the tabard hang about him in tatters! Upon the Rouge Sanglier! — ça, ça! Haloo, haloo!'

Four or five large hounds, such as are painted in the hunting-pieces upon which Rubens and Schneiders laboured in conjunction, caught the well-known notes with which the Duke concluded, and began to yell and bay as if the boar were just roused from his lair.

'By the rood!' said King Louis, observant to catch the vein of his dangerous cousin, 'since the ass has put on the boar's hide, I would set the dogs on him to bait him out of it!'

'Right — right!' exclaimed Duke Charles, the fancy exactly chiming in with his humour at the moment — 'it shall be done! Uncouple the hounds! Hyke a Talbot! hyke a Beaumont! We will course him from the door of the castle to the east gate.'

'I trust your Grace will treat me as a beast of chase,' said the fellow, putting the best face he could upon the matter, 'and allow me fair law?'

'Thou art but vermin,' said the Duke, 'and entitled to no law, by the letter of the book of hunting; nevertheless thou shalt have sixty yards in advance, were it but for the sake of thy unparalleled impudence. Away — away, sirs! we will see this sport.' And the council breaking up tumultuously, all hurried, none faster than the two princes, to enjoy the humane pastime which King Louis had suggested.

The Rouge Sanglier showed excellent sport; for, winged with terror, and having half a score of fierce boar-hounds hard at his haunches, encouraged by the blowing of horns and the woodland cheer of the hunters, he flew like the very wind, and had he not been encumbered with his herald's coat (the worst possible habit for a runner), he might fairly have escaped dog-free; he also doubled once or twice, in a manner much approved of by the spectators. None of these, nay, not even Charles himself, was so delighted with the sport as King Louis, who, partly from political considerations, and partly as being naturally

pleased with the sight of human suffering when ludicrously exhibited, laughed till the tears ran from his eyes, and in his ecstasies of rapture caught hold of the Duke's ermine cloak, as if to support himself; whilst the Duke, no less delighted, flung his arm around the King's shoulder, making thus an exhibition of confidential sympathy and familiarity very much at variance with the terms on which they had so lately stood together.

At length the speed of the pseudo-herald could save him no longer from the fangs of his pursuers: they seized him, pulled him down, and would probably soon have throttled him, had not the Duke called out — 'Stave and tail! — stave and tail! Take them off him! He hath shown so good a course that, though he has made no sport at bay, we will not have him despatched.'

Several officers accordingly busied themselves in taking off the dogs; and they were soon seen coupling some up, and pursuing others which ran through the streets, shaking in sport and triumph the tattered fragments of painted cloth and embroidery rent from the tabard, which the unfortunate wearer had put on in an unlucky hour.

At this moment, and while the Duke was too much engaged with what passed before him to mind what was said behind him, Oliver le Dain, gliding behind King Louis, whispered into his ear — 'It is the Bohemian, Hayraddin Maugrabin. It were not well he should come to speech of the Duke.'

'He must die,' answered Louis, in the same tone; 'dead men tell no tales.'

One instant afterwards, Tristan l'Hermite, to whom Oliver had given the hint, stepped forward before the King and the Duke, and said, in his blunt manner, 'So please your Majesty and your Grace, this piece of game is mine, and I claim him; he is marked with my stamp: the *fleur-de-lys* is branded on his shoulder, as all men may see. He is a known villain, and hath slain the King's subjects, robbed churches, deflowered virgins, slain deer in the royal parks —— '

'Enough — enough,' said Duke Charles; 'he is my royal cousin's property by many a good title. What will your Majesty do with him?'

'If he is left to my disposal,' said the King, 'I will at least give him one lesson in the science of heraldry, in which he is so ignorant — only explain to him practically the meaning of a cross *potence*, with a noose dangling proper.'

'Not as to be by him borne, but as to bear him. Let him

take the degrees under your gossip Tristan; he is a deep professor in such mysteries.'

Thus answered the Duke, with a burst of discordant laughter at his own wit, which was so cordially chorussed by Louis that his rival could not help looking kindly at him, while he said —

'Ah, Louis — Louis! would to God thou wert as faithful a monarch as thou art a merry companion! I cannot but think often on the jovial time we used to spend together.'

'You may bring it back when you will,' said Louis: 'I will grant you as fair terms as for very shame's sake you ought to ask in my present condition, without making yourself the fable of Christendom; and I will swear to observe them upon the holy relique which I have ever the grace to bear about my person, being a fragment of the true cross.'

Here he took a small golden reliquary, which was suspended from his neck next to his shirt by a chain of the same metal, and having kissed it devoutly, continued —

'Never was false oath sworn on this most sacred relique but it was avenged within the year.'

'Yet,' said the Duke, 'it was the same on which you swore amity to me when you left Burgundy, and shortly after sent the Bastard of Rubempré to murder or kidnap me.'

'Nay, gracious cousin, now you are ripping up ancient grievances,' said the King; 'I promise you that you were deceived in that matter. Moreover, it was not upon *this* relique which I then swore, but upon another fragment of the true cross which I got from the Grand Seignior, weakened in virtue, doubtless, by sojourning with infidels. Besides, did not the war of the "public good" break out within the year; and was not a Burgundian army encamped at St. Denis, backed by all the great feudatories of France; and was I not obliged to yield up Normandy to my brother? O God, shield us from perjury on such a warrant as this!'

'Well, cousin,' answered the Duke, 'I do believe thou hadst a lesson to keep faith another time. And now for once, without finesse and doubling, will you make good your promise, and go with me to punish this murdering La Marck and the Liegeois?'

'I will march against them,' said Louis, 'with the ban and arrière-ban of France, and the oriflamme displayed.'

'Nay — nay,' said the Duke, 'that is more than is needful, or maybe advisable. The presence of your Scottish Guard and

two hundred choice lances will serve to show that you are a free agent. A large army might——'

'Make me so in effect, you would say, my fair cousin?' said the King. 'Well, you shall dictate the numbers of my attendants.'

'And to put this fair cause of mischief out of the way, you will agree to the Countess Isabelle of Croye wedding with the Duke of Orleans?'

'Fair cousin,' said the King, 'you drive my courtesy to extremity. The duke is the betrothed bridegroom of my daughter Joan. Be generous — yield up this matter, and let us speak rather of the towns on the Somme.'

'My council will talk to your Majesty of these,' said Charles; 'I myself have less at heart the acquisition of territory than the redress of injuries. You have tampered with my vassals, and your royal pleasure must needs dispose of the hand of a ward of Burgundy. Your Majesty must bestow it within the pale of your own royal family, since you have meddled with it; otherwise, our conference breaks off.'

'Were I to say I did this willingly,' said the King, 'no one would believe me; therefore do you, my fair cousin, judge of the extent of my wish to oblige you when I say, most reluctantly, that the parties consenting, and a dispensation from the Pope being obtained, my own objections shall be no bar to this match which you propose.'

'All besides can be easily settled by our ministers,' said the Duke, 'and we are once more cousins and friends.'

'May Heaven be praised!' said Louis, 'who, holding in His hand the hearts of princes, doth mercifully incline them to peace and clemency, and prevent the effusion of human blood. Oliver,' he added apart to that favourite, who ever waited around him like the familiar beside a sorcerer, 'hark thee — tell Tristan to be speedy in dealing with yonder runagate Bohemian.'

# CHAPTER XXXIV

## *The Execution*

I 'll take thee to the good green wood,
And make thine own hand choose the tree.

*Old Ballad.*

'NOW God be praised that gave us the power of laughing and making others laugh, and shame to the dull cur who scorns the office of a jester! Here is a joke, and that none of the brightest, though it may pass, since it has amused two princes, which hath gone farther than a thousand reasons of state to prevent a war between France and Burgundy.'

Such was the inference of Le Glorieux when, in consequence of the reconciliation of which we gave the particulars in the last chapter, the Burgundian guards were withdrawn from the Castle of Péronne, the abode of the King removed from the ominous Tower of Count Herbert, and, to the great joy both of French and Burgundians, an outward show at least of confidence and friendship seemed so established between Duke Charles and his liege lord. Yet still the latter, though treated with ceremonial observance, was sufficiently aware that he continued to be the object of suspicion, though he prudently affected to overlook it, and appeared to consider himself as entirely at his ease.

Meanwhile, as frequently happens in such cases, whilst the principal parties concerned had so far made up their differences, one of the subaltern agents concerned in their intrigues was bitterly experiencing the truth of the political maxim, that if the great have frequent need of base tools, they make amends to society by abandoning them to their fate so soon as they find them no longer useful.

This was Hayraddin Maugrabin, who, surrendered by the Duke's officers to the King's provost-marshal, was by him placed in the hands of his two trusty aides-de-camp, Trois-Eschelles

and Petit-André, to be despatched without loss of time. One on either side of him, and followed by a few guards and a multitude of rabble — this playing the *allegro*, that the *penseroso* — he was marched off (to use a modern comparison, like Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy) to the neighbouring forest; where, to save all further trouble and ceremonial of a gibbet and so forth, the disposers of his fate proposed to knit him up to the first sufficient tree.

They were not long in finding an oak, as Petit-André facetiously expressed it, fit to bear such an acorn; and placing the wretched criminal on a bank, under a sufficient guard, they began their extemporaneous preparations for the final catastrophe. At that moment Hayraddin, gazing on the crowd, encountered the eyes of Quentin Durward, who, thinking he recognised the countenance of his faithless guide in that of the detected impostor, had followed with the crowd to witness the execution, and assure himself of the identity.

When the executioners informed him that all was ready, Hayraddin, with much calmness, asked a single boon at their hands.

'Anything, my son, consistent with our office,' said Trois-Eschelles.

'That is,' said Hayraddin, 'anything but my life.'

'Even so,' said Trois-Eschelles, 'and something more; for as you seem resolved to do credit to our mystery, and die like a man, without making wry mouths — why, though our orders are to be prompt, I care not if I indulge you ten minutes longer.'

'You are even too generous,' said Hayraddin.

'Truly we may be blamed for it,' said Petit-André; 'but what of that? I could consent almost to give my life for such a jerry-come-tumble, such a smart, tight, firm lad, who proposes to come from aloft with a grace, as an honest fellow should do.'

'So that if you want a confessor,' said Trois-Eschelles ——

'Or a *lire* of wine,' said his facetious companion ——

'Or a psalm,' said Tragedy ——

'Or a song,' said Comedy ——

'Neither, my good, kind, and most expeditious friends,' said the Bohemian; 'I only pray to speak a few minutes with yonder archer of the Scottish Guard.'

The executioners hesitated a moment; but Trois-Eschelles recollecting that Quentin Durward was believed, from various

circumstances, to stand high in the favour of their master, King Louis, they resolved to permit the interview.

When Quentin, at their summons, approached the condemned criminal, he could not but be shocked at his appearance, however justly his doom might have been deserved. The remnants of his heraldic finery, rent to tatters by the fangs of the dogs, and the clutches of the bipeds who had rescued him from their fury to lead him to the gallows, gave him at once a ludicrous and a wretched appearance. His face was discoloured with paint, and with some remnants of a fictitious beard, assumed for the purpose of disguise, and there was the paleness of death upon his cheek and upon his lip; yet, strong in passive courage, like most of his tribe, his eye, while it glistened and wandered, as well as the contorted smile of his mouth, seemed to bid defiance to the death he was about to die.

Quentin was struck partly with horror, partly with compassion, as he approached the miserable man, and these feelings probably betrayed themselves in his manner, for Petit-André called out, 'Trip it more smartly, jolly archer; this gentleman's leisure cannot wait for you, if you walk as if the pebbles were eggs, and you afraid of breaking them.'

'I must speak with him in privacy,' said the criminal, despair seeming to croak in his accent as he uttered the words.

'That may hardly consist with our office, my merry leap-the-ladder,' said Petit-André; 'we know you for a slippery eel of old.'

'I am tied with your horse-girths, hand and foot,' said the criminal. 'You may keep guard around me, though out of earshot; the archer is your own King's servant. And if I give you ten guilders ——'

'Laid out in masses, the sum may profit his poor soul,' said Trois-Eschelles.

'Laid out in wine or *brantwein*, it will comfort my poor body,' responded Petit-André. 'So let them be forthcoming, my little crack-rope.'

'Pay the blood-hounds their fee,' said Hayraddin to Durward; 'I was plundered of every stiver when they took me; it shall avail thee much.'

Quentin paid the executioners their guerdon, and, like men of promise, they retreated out of hearing — keeping, however, a careful eye on the criminal's motions. After waiting an instant till the unhappy man should speak, as he still remained silent,

Quentin at length addressed him, 'And to this conclusion thou hast at length arrived?'

'Ay,' answered Hayraddin, 'it required neither astrologer, nor physiognomist, nor chiromantist, to foretell that I should follow the destiny of my family.'

'Brought to this early end by thy long course of crime and treachery!' said the Scot.

'No, by the bright Aldebaran and all his brother twinklers!' answered the Bohemian. 'I am brought hither by my folly, in believing that the bloodthirsty cruelty of a Frank could be restrained even by what they themselves profess to hold most sacred. A priest's vestment would have been no safer garb for me than a herald's tabard, however sanctimonious are your professions of devotion and chivalry.'

'A detected impostor has no right to claim the immunities of the disguise he has usurped,' said Durward.

'Detected!' said the Bohemian. 'My jargon was as much to the purpose as yonder old fool of a herald's; but let it pass. As well now as hereafter.'

'You abuse time,' said Quentin. 'If you have aught to tell me, say it quickly, and then take some care of your soul.'

'Of my soul!' said the Bohemian, with a hideous laugh. 'Think ye a leprosy of twenty years can be cured in an instant? If I have a soul, it hath been in such a course since I was ten years old and more, that it would take me one month to recall all my crimes, and another to tell them to the priest; and were such space granted me, it is five to one I would employ it otherwise.'

'Hardened wretch, blaspheme not! Tell me what thou hast to say, and I leave thee to thy fate,' said Durward, with mingled pity and horror.

'I have a boon to ask,' said Hayraddin, 'but first I will buy it of you; for your tribe, with all their professions of charity, give nought for nought.'

'I could wellnigh say "Thy gifts perish with thee,"' answered Quentin, 'but that thou art on the very verge of eternity. Ask thy boon; reserve thy bounty, it can do me no good. I remember enough of your good offices of old.'

'Why, I loved you,' said Hayraddin, 'for the matter that chanced on the banks of the Cher; and I would have helped you to a wealthy dame. You wore her scarf, which partly misled me; and indeed I thought that Hameline, with her portable wealth, was more for your market-penny than the other hen-

sparrow, with her old roost at Bracquemont, which Charles has clutched, and is likely to keep his claws upon.'

'Talk not so idly, unhappy man,' said Quentin; 'yonder officers become impatient.'

'Give them ten guilders for ten minutes more,' said the culprit, who, like most in his situation, mixed with his hardihood a desire of procrastinating his fate; 'I tell thee it shall avail thee much.'

'Use then well the minutes so purchased,' said Durward, and easily made a new bargain with the marshals-men.

This done, Hayraddin continued: 'Yes, I assure you I meant you well; and Hameline would have proved an easy and convenient spouse. Why, she has reconciled herself even with the Boar of Ardennes, though his mode of wooing was somewhat of the roughest, and lords it yonder in his sty, as if she had fed on mast-husks and acorns all her life.'

'Cease this brutal and untimely jesting,' said Quentin, 'or, once more I tell you, I will leave you to your fate.'

'You are right,' said Hayraddin, after a moment's pause; 'what cannot be postponed must be faced! Well, know then, I came hither in this accursed disguise, moved by a great reward from De la Marck, and hoping a yet mightier one from King Louis, not merely to bear the message of defiance which you may have heard of, but to tell the King an important secret.'

'It was a fearful risk,' said Durward.

'It was paid for as such, and such it hath proved,' answered the Bohemian. 'De la Marck attempted before to communicate with Louis by means of Marthon; but she could not, it seems, approach nearer to him than the astrologer, to whom she told all the passages of the journey, and of Schonwaldt; but it is a chance if her tidings ever reach Louis, except in the shape of a prophecy. But hear my secret, which is more important than aught she could tell. William de la Marck has assembled a numerous and strong force within the city of Liege, and augments it daily by means of the old priest's treasures. But he proposes not to hazard a battle with the chivalry of Burgundy, and still less to stand a siege in the dismantled town. This he will do: he will suffer the hot-brained Charles to sit down before the place without opposition, and in the night, make an outfall or sally upon the leaguer with his whole force. Many he will have in French armour, who will cry "France," "St. Louis," and "Denis Montjoye," as if there were a strong body of French auxiliaries in the city. This cannot choose but strike utter

confusion among the Burgundians; and if King Louis, with his guards, attendants, and such soldiers as he may have with him, shall second his efforts, the Boar of Ardennes nothing doubts the discomfiture of the whole Burgundian army. There is my secret, and I bequeath it to you. Forward, or prevent the enterprise — sell the intelligence to King Louis or to Duke Charles, I care not. Save or destroy whom thou wilt; for my part, I only grieve that I cannot spring it like a mine, to the destruction of them all!'

'It is indeed an important secret,' said Quentin, instantly comprehending how easily the national jealousy might be awakened in a camp consisting partly of French, partly of Burgundians.

'Ay, so it is,' answered Hayraddin; 'and, now you have it, you would fain begone, and leave me without granting the boon for which I have paid beforehand.'

'Tell me thy request,' said Quentin; 'I will grant it if it be in my power.'

'Nay, it is no mighty demand: it is only in behalf of poor Klepper, my palfrey, the only living thing that may miss me. A due mile south you will find him feeding by a deserted collier's hut; whistle to him thus (he whistled a peculiar note), and call him by his name, Klepper, he will come to you; here is his bridle under my gaberdine — it is lucky the hounds got it not, for he obeys no other. Take him, and make much of him, I do not say for his master's sake, but because I have placed at your disposal the event of a mighty war. He will never fail you at need; night and day, rough and smooth, fair and foul, warm stables and the winter sky, are the same to Klepper; had I cleared the gates of Péronne, and got so far as where I left him, I had not been in this case. Will you be kind to Klepper?'

'I swear to you that I will,' answered Quentin, affected by what seemed a trait of tenderness in a character so hardened.

'Then fare thee well!' said the criminal. 'Yet stay — stay; I would not willingly die in discourtesy, forgetting a lady's commission. This billet is from the very gracious and extremely silly Lady of the Wild Boar of Ardennes to her black-eyed niece — I see by your look I have chosen a willing messenger. And one word more — I forgot to say, that in the stuffing of my saddle you will find a rich purse of gold pieces, for the sake of which I put my life on the venture which has cost me so dear. Take them, and replace a hundredfold the guilders

you have bestowed on these bloody slaves. I make you mine heir.'

'I will bestow them in good works, and masses for the benefit of thy soul,' said Quentin.

'Name not that word again,' said Hayraddin, his countenance assuming a dreadful expression; 'there is — there can be — there shall be — no such thing! it is a dream of priestcraft!'

'Unhappy — most unhappy being! Think better! Let me speed for a priest; these men will delay yet a little longer, I will bribe them to it,' said Quentin. 'What canst thou expect, dying in such opinions, and impenitent?'

'To be resolved into the elements,' said the hardened atheist, pressing his fettered arms against his bosom; 'my hope, trust, and expectation is, that the mysterious frame of humanity shall melt into the general mass of nature, to be recompounded in the other forms with which she daily supplies those which daily disappear, and return under different forms — the watery particles to streams and showers, the earthly parts to enrich their mother earth, the airy portions to wanton in the breeze, and those of fire to supply the blaze of Aldebaran and his brethren. In this faith have I lived, and I will die in it! Hence! begone! disturb me no farther! I have spoken the last word that mortal ears shall listen to!'

Deeply impressed with the horrors of his condition, Quentin Durward yet saw that it was vain to hope to awaken him to a sense of his fearful state. He bid him, therefore, farewell; to which the criminal only replied by a short and sullen nod, as one who, plunged in reverie, bids adieu to company which distracts his thoughts. He bent his course towards the forest, and easily found where Klepper was feeding. The creature came at his call, but was for some time unwilling to be caught, snuffing and starting when the stranger approached him. At length, however, Quentin's general acquaintance with the habits of the animal, and perhaps some particular knowledge of those of Klepper, which he had often admired while Hayraddin and he travelled together, enabled him to take possession of the Bohemian's dying bequest. Long ere he returned to Péronne, the Bohemian had gone where the vanity of his dreadful creed was to be put to the final issue — a fearful experience for one who had neither expressed remorse for the past nor apprehension for the future!

## CHAPTER XXXV

### *A Prize for Honour*

'T is brave for beauty when the best blade wins her.

*The Count Palatine.*

WHEN Quentin Durward reached Péronne, a council was sitting, in the issue of which he was interested more deeply than he could have apprehended, and which, though held by persons of a rank with whom one of his could scarce be supposed to have community of interest, had nevertheless the most extraordinary influence on his fortunes.

King Louis, who, after the interlude of De la Marck's envoy, had omitted no opportunity to cultivate the returning interest which that circumstance had given him in the Duke's opinion, had been engaged in consulting him, or, it might be almost said, receiving his opinion, upon the number and quality of the troops, by whom, as auxiliary to the Duke of Burgundy, he was to be attended in their joint expedition against Liege. He plainly saw the wish of Charles was to call into his camp such Frenchmen as, from their small number and high quality, might be considered rather as hostages than as auxiliaries; but, observant of Crèvecœur's [Des Comines'] advice, he assented as readily to whatever the Duke proposed as if it had arisen from the free impulse of his own mind.

The King failed not, however, to indemnify himself for his complaisance by the indulgence of his vindictive temper against Balue, whose counsels had led him to repose such exuberant trust in the Duke of Burgundy. Tristan, who bore the summons for moving up his auxiliary forces, had the farther commission to carry the cardinal to the Castle of Loches, and there shut him up in one of those iron cages which he himself is said to have invented.

'Let him make proof of his own devices,' said the King; 'he is a man of holy church — we may not shed his blood; but,

*Pasques-dieu!* his bishopric, for ten years to come, shall have an impregnable frontier to make up for its small extent! And see the troops are brought up instantly.'

Perhaps, by this prompt acquiescence, Louis hoped to evade the more unpleasing condition with which the Duke had clogged their reconciliation. But if he so hoped, he greatly mistook the temper of his cousin; for never man lived more tenacious of his purpose than Charles of Burgundy, and least of all was he willing to relax any stipulation which he had made in resentment, or revenge, of a supposed injury.

No sooner were the necessary expresses despatched to summon up the forces who were selected to act as auxiliaries than Louis was called upon by his host to give public consent to the espousals of the Duke of Orleans and Isabelle of Croye. The King complied with a heavy sigh, and presently after urged a slight expostulation, founded upon the necessity of observing the wishes of the duke himself.

'These have not been neglected,' said the Duke of Burgundy: 'Crèvecœur hath communicated with Monsieur d'Orleans, and finds him — strange to say — so dead to the honour of wedding a royal bride, that he acceded to the proposal of marrying the Countess of Croye as the kindest proposal which father could have made to him.'

'He is the more ungracious and thankless,' said Louis; 'but the whole shall be as you, my cousin, will, if you can bring it about with consent of the parties themselves.'

'Fear not that,' said the Duke; and accordingly, not many minutes after the affair had been proposed, the Duke of Orleans and the Countess of Croye, the latter attended, as on the preceding occasion, by the Countess of Crèvecœur and the abbess of the Ursulines, were summoned to the presence of the princes, and heard from the mouth of Charles of Burgundy, unobjected to by that of Louis, who sat in silent and moody consciousness of diminished consequence, that the union of their hands was designed by the wisdom of both princes, to confirm the perpetual alliance which in future should take place betwixt France and Burgundy.

The Duke of Orleans had much difficulty in suppressing the joy which he felt upon the proposal, and which delicacy rendered improper in the presence of Louis; and it required his habitual awe of that monarch to enable him to rein in his delight, so much as merely to reply, 'that his duty compelled him to place his choice at the disposal of his sovereign.'

'Fair cousin of Orleans,' said Louis, with sullen gravity, 'since I must speak on so unpleasant an occasion, it is needless for me to remind you that my sense of your merits had led me to propose for you a match into my own family. But, since my cousin of Burgundy thinks that the disposing of your hand otherwise is the surest pledge of amity between his dominions and mine, I love both too well not to sacrifice to them my own hopes and wishes.'

The Duke of Orleans threw himself on his knees, and kissed, — and, for once, with sincerity of attachment, — the hand which the King, with averted countenance, extended to him. In fact he, as well as most present, saw, in the unwilling acquiescence of this accomplished dissembler, who, even with that very purpose, had suffered his reluctance to be visible, a king relinquishing his favourite project, and subjugating his paternal feelings to the necessities of state and interest of his country. Even Burgundy was moved, and Orleans' heart smote him for the joy which he involuntarily felt on being freed from his engagement with the Princess Joan. If he had known how deeply the King was cursing him in his soul, and what thoughts of future revenge he was agitating, it is probable his own delicacy on the occasion would not have been so much hurt.

Charles next turned to the young countess, and bluntly announced the proposed match to her, as a matter which neither admitted delay nor hesitation; adding, at the same time, that it was but a too favourable consequence of her intractability on a former occasion.

'My Lord Duke and Sovereign,' said Isabelle, summoning up all her courage, 'I observe your Grace's commands, and submit to them.'

'Enough, enough,' said the Duke, interrupting her, 'we will arrange the rest. Your Majesty,' he continued, addressing King Louis, 'hath had a boar's hunt in the morning; what say you to rousing a wolf in the afternoon?'

The young countess saw the necessity of decision. 'Your Grace mistakes my meaning,' she said, speaking, though timidly, yet loudly and decidedly enough to compel the Duke's attention, which, from some consciousness, he would otherwise have willingly denied to her. 'My submission,' she said, 'only respected those lands and estates which your Grace's ancestors gave to mine, and which I resign to the house of Burgundy if my sovereign thinks my disobedience in this matter renders me unworthy to hold them.'

'Ha! St. George!' said the Duke, stamping furiously on the ground, 'does the fool know in what presence she is, and to whom she speaks?'

'My lord,' she replied, still undismayed, 'I am before my suzerain, and, I trust, a just one. If you deprive me of my lands, you take away all that your ancestors' generosity gave, and you break the only bonds which attach us together. You gave not this poor and persecuted form, still less the spirit which animates me. And these it is my purpose to dedicate to Heaven in the convent of the Ursulines, under the guidance of this holy mother abbess.'

The rage and astonishment of the Duke can hardly be conceived, unless we could estimate the surprise of a falcon against whom a dove should ruffle its pinions in defiance. 'Will the holy mother receive you without an appanage?' he said, in a voice of scorn.

'If she doth her convent, in the first instance, so much wrong,' said the Lady Isabelle, 'I trust there is charity enough among the noble friends of my house to make up some support for the orphan of Croye.'

'It is false!' said the Duke; 'it is a base pretext to cover some secret and unworthy passion. My Lord of Orleans, she shall be yours, if I drag her to the altar with my own hands!'

The Countess of Crèvecœur, a high-spirited woman, and confident in her husband's merits and his favour with the Duke, could keep silent no longer. 'My lord,' she said, 'your passions transport you into language utterly unworthy. The hand of no gentlewoman can be disposed of by force.'

'And it is no part of the duty of a Christian prince,' added the abbess, 'to thwart the wishes of a pious soul, who, broken with the cares and persecutions of the world, is desirous to become the bride of Heaven.'

'Neither can my cousin of Orleans,' said Dunois, 'with honour accept a proposal to which the lady has thus publicly stated her objections.'

'If I were permitted,' said Orleans, on whose facile mind Isabelle's beauty had made a deep impression, 'some time to endeavour to place my pretensions before the countess in a more favourable light——'

'My lord,' said Isabelle, whose firmness was now fully supported by the encouragement which she received from all around, 'it were to no purpose: my mind is made up to decline this alliance, though far above my deserts.'

'Nor have I time,' said the Duke, 'to wait till these whimsies are changed with the next change of the moon. Monseigneur d'Orleans, she shall learn within this hour that obedience becomes matter of necessity.'

'Not in my behalf, sire,' answered the prince, who felt that he could not, with any show of honour, avail himself of the Duke's obstinate disposition; 'to have been once openly and positively refused is enough for a son of France. He cannot prosecute his addresses farther.'

The Duke darted one furious glance at Orleans, another at Louis; and reading in the countenance of the latter, in spite of his utmost efforts to suppress his feelings, a look of secret triumph, he became outrageous.

'Write,' he said to the secretary, 'our doom of forfeiture and imprisonment against this disobedient and insolent minion. She shall to the *zuchthaus*, to the penitentiary, to herd with those whose lives have rendered them her rivals in effrontery!'

There was a general murmur.

'My lord Duke,' said the Count of Crèvecœur, taking the word for the rest, 'this must be better thought on. We, your faithful vassals, cannot suffer such a dishonour to the nobility and chivalry of Burgundy. If the countess hath done amiss, let her be punished, but in the manner that becomes her rank and ours, who stand connected with her house by blood and alliance.'

The Duke paused a moment, and looked full at his counsellor with the stare of a bull which, when compelled by the neatherd from the road which he wishes to go, deliberates with himself whether to obey or to rush on his driver and toss him into the air.

Prudence, however, prevailed over fury; he saw the sentiment was general in his council, was afraid of the advantages which Louis might derive from seeing dissension among his vassals; and probably, for he was rather of a coarse and violent than of a malignant temper, felt ashamed of his own dishonourable proposal.

'You are right,' he said, 'Crèvecœur, and I spoke hastily. Her fate shall be determined according to the rules of chivalry. Her flight to Liege hath given the signal for the bishop's murder. He that best avenges that deed, and brings us the head of the Wild Boar of Ardennes, shall claim her hand of us; and if she denies his right, we can at least grant him her fiefs, leaving it to his generosity to allow her what means he will to retire into a convent.'

'Nay!' said the countess, 'think I am the daughter of Count Reinold — of your father's old, valiant, and faithful servant. Would you hold me out as a prize to the best sword-player?'

'Your ancestress,' said the Duke, 'was won at a tourney; you shall be fought for in real *mêlée*. Only thus far, for Count Reinold's sake, the successful prizer shall be a gentleman, of unimpeached birth and unstained bearings; but, be he such, and the poorest who ever drew the strap of a sword-belt through the tongue of a buckle, he shall have at least the proffer of your hand. I swear it, by St. George, by my ducal crown, and by the order that I wear! Ha! messires,' he added, turning to the nobles present, 'this at least is, I think, in conformity with the rules of chivalry?'

Isabelle's remonstrances were drowned in a general and jubilant assent, above which was heard the voice of old Lord Crawford, regretting the weight of years that prevented his striking for so fair a prize. The Duke was gratified by the general applause, and his temper began to flow more smoothly, like that of a swollen river when it hath subsided within its natural boundaries.

'Are we, to whom fate has given dames already,' said Crèvecœur, 'to be bystanders at this fair game? It does not consist with my honour to be so, for I have myself a vow to be paid at the expense of that tusked and bristled brute, De la Marck.'

'Strike boldly in, Crèvecœur,' said the Duke; 'win her, and since thou canst not wear her thyself, bestow her where thou wilt — on Count Stephen, your nephew, if you list.'

'Gramercy, my lord!' said Crèvecœur, 'I will do my best in the battle; and, should I be fortunate enough to be foremost, Stephen shall try his eloquence against that of the lady abbess.'

'I trust,' said Dunois, 'that the chivalry of France are not excluded from this fair contest?'

'Heaven forbid! brave Dunois,' answered the Duke, 'were it but for the sake of seeing you do your uttermost. But,' he added, 'though there be no fault in the Lady Isabelle wedding a Frenchman, it will be necessary that the Count of Croye must become a subject of Burgundy.'

'Enough, enough,' said Dunois, 'my bar sinister may never be surmounted by the coronet of Croye: I will live and die French. But yet, though I should lose the lands, I will strike a blow for the lady.'

Le Balafré dared not speak aloud in such a presence, but he muttered to himself—'Now, Saunders Souplejaw, hold thine own! Thou always saidst the fortune of our house was to be won by marriage, and never had you such a chance to keep your word with us.'

'No one thinks of me,' said Le Glorieux, 'who am sure to carry off the prize from all of you.'

'Right, my sapient friend,' said Louis; 'when a woman is in the case, the greatest fool is ever the first in favour.'

While the princes and their nobles thus jested over her fate, the abbess and the Countess of Crèvecœur endeavoured in vain to console Isabelle, who had withdrawn with them from the council-presence. The former assured her, that the Holy Virgin would frown on every attempt to withdraw a true votaress from the shrine of Saint Ursula; while the Countess of Crèvecœur whispered more temporal consolation, that no true knight, who might succeed in the emprize proposed, would avail himself, against her inclinations, of the Duke's award; and that perhaps the successful competitor might prove one who should find such favour in her eyes as to reconcile her to obedience. Love, like despair, catches at straws; and, faint and vague as was the hope which this insinuation conveyed, the tears of the Countess Isabelle flowed more placidly while she dwelt upon it.[1]

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[1] See Prize of Honour. Note 47.

# CHAPTER XXXVI

## *The Sally*

The wretch condemn'd with life to part
  Still, still on hope relies,
And every pang that rends the heart
  Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
  Adorns and cheers the way,
And still the darker grows the night,
  Emits a brighter ray.

GOLDSMITH.

FEW days had passed ere Louis had received, with a smile of gratified vengeance, the intelligence that his favourite and his counsellor, the Cardinal Balue, was groaning within a cage of iron, so disposed as scarce to permit him to enjoy repose in any posture except when recumbent; and of which, be it said in passing, he remained the unpitied tenant for nearly twelve years. The auxiliary forces which the Duke had required Louis to bring up had also appeared; and he comforted himself that their numbers were sufficient to protect his person against violence, although too limited to cope, had such been his purpose, with the large army of Burgundy. He saw himself also at liberty, when time should suit, to resume his project of marriage between his daughter and the Duke of Orleans; and, although he was sensible to the indignity of serving with his noblest peers under the banners of his own vassal, and against the people whose cause he had abetted, he did not allow these circumstances to embarrass him in the meantime, trusting that a future day would bring him amends. 'For chance,' said he to his trusty Oliver, 'may indeed gain one hit, but it is patience and wisdom which win the game at last.'

With such sentiments, upon a beautiful day in the latter end of harvest, the King mounted his horse; and indifferent that he was looked upon rather as a part of the pageant of a victor

than in the light of an independent sovereign surrounded by his guards and his chivalry, King Louis sallied from under the Gothic gateway of Péronne to join the Burgundian army, which commenced at the same time its march against Liege.

Most of the ladies of distinction who were in the place attended, dressed in their best array, upon the battlements and defences of the gate, to see the gallant show of the warriors setting forth on the expedition. Thither had the Countess Crèvecœur brought the Countess Isabelle. The latter attended very reluctantly; but the peremptory order of Charles had been, that she who was to bestow the palm in the tourney, should be visible to the knights who were about to enter the lists.

As they thronged out from under the arch, many a pennon and shield was to be seen, graced with fresh devices, expressive of the bearer's devoted resolution to become a competitor for a prize so fair. Here a charger was painted starting for the goal, there an arrow aimed at a mark; one knight bore a bleeding heart, indicative of his passion, another a skull and a coronet of laurels, showing his determination to win or die. Many others there were; and some so cunningly intricate and obscure, that they might have defied the most ingenious interpreter. Each knight, too, it may be presumed, put his courser to his mettle, and assumed his most gallant seat in the saddle, as he passed for a moment under the view of the fair bevy of dames and damsels, who encouraged their valour by their smiles, and the waving of kerchiefs and of veils. The Archer Guard, selected almost at will from the flower of the Scottish nation, drew general applause, from the gallantry and splendour of their appearance.

And there was one among these strangers who ventured on a demonstration of acquaintance with the Lady Isabelle which had not been attempted even by the most noble of the French nobility. It was Quentin Durward, who, as he passed the ladies in his rank, presented to the Countess of Croye, on the point of his lance, the letter of her aunt.

'Now, by my honour,' said the Count of Crèvecœur, 'that is over insolent in an unworthy adventurer!'

'Do not call him so, Crèvecœur,' said Dunois; 'I have good reason to bear testimony to his gallantry, and in behalf of that lady, too.'

'You make words of nothing,' said Isabelle, blushing with shame, and partly with resentment; 'it is a letter from my unfortunate aunt: she writes cheerfully, though her situation must be dreadful.'

'Let us hear — let us hear what says the Boar's bride,' said Crèvecœur.

The Countess Isabelle read the letter, in which her aunt seemed determined to make the best of a bad bargain, and to console herself for the haste and indecorum of her nuptials by the happiness of being wedded to one of the bravest men of the age, who had just acquired a princedom by his valour. She implored her niece not to judge of her William, as she called him, by the report of others, but to wait till she knew him personally. He had his faults, perhaps, but they were such as belonged to characters whom she had ever venerated. William was rather addicted to wine, but so was the gallant Sir Godfrey, her grandsire; he was something hasty and sanguinary in his temper, such had been her brother, Reinold of blessed memory; he was blunt in speech, few Germans were otherwise; and a little wilful and peremptory, but she believed all men loved to rule. More there was to the same purpose; and the whole concluded with the hope and request that Isabelle would, by means of the bearer, endeavour her escape from the tyrant of Burgundy, and come to her loving kinswoman's court of Liege, where any little differences concerning their mutual rights of succession to the earldom might be adjusted by Isabelle's marrying Carl Eberson — a bridegroom younger indeed than his bride, but that, as she (the Lady Hameline) might perhaps say from experience, was an inequality more easy to be endured than Isabelle could be aware of.[1]

Here the Countess Isabelle stopped; the abbess observing, with a prim aspect, that she had read quite enough concerning such worldly vanities, and the Count of Crèvecœur breaking out, 'Aroint thee, deceitful witch! Why, this device smells rank as the toasted cheese in a rat-trap. Now fie, and double fie, upon the old decoy-duck!'

The Countess of Crèvecœur gravely rebuked her husband for his violence. 'The Lady Hameline,' she said, 'must have been deceived by De la Marck with a show of courtesy.'

'He show courtesy!' said the count; 'I acquit him of all such dissimulation. You may as well expect courtesy from a literal wild boar; you may as well try to lay leaf-gold on old rusty gibbet-irons. No — idiot as she is, she is not quite goose enough to fall in love with the fox who has snapped her, and that in his very den. But you women are all alike — fair words carry it; and, I dare say, here is my pretty cousin impatient

[1] See Bride of De la Marck. Note 48.

to join her aunt in this fool's paradise, and marry the Boar Pig.'

'So far from being capable of such folly,' said Isabelle, 'I am doubly desirous of vengeance on the murderers of the excellent bishop, because it will, at the same time, free my aunt from the villain's power.'

'Ah! there indeed spoke the voice of Croye!' exclaimed the count; and no more was said concerning the letter.

But while Isabelle read her aunt's epistle to her friends, it must be observed that she did not think it necessary to recite a certain *postscript*, in which the Countess Hameline, lady-like, gave an account of her occupations, and informed her niece that she had laid aside for the present a surcoat which she was working for her husband, bearing the arms of Croye and La Marck in conjugal fashion, parted per pale, because her William had determined, for purposes of policy, in the first action to have others dressed in his coat-armour, and himself to assume the arms of Orleans, with a bar sinister — in other words, those of Dunois. There was also a slip of paper in another hand, the contents of which the countess did not think it necessary to mention, being simply these words: 'If you hear not of me soon, and that by the trumpet of Fame, conclude me dead, but not unworthy.'

A thought, hitherto repelled as wildly incredible, now glanced with double keenness through Isabelle's soul. As female wit seldom fails in the contrivance of means, she so ordered it, that ere the troops were fully on march, Quentin Durward received from an unknown hand the billet of Lady Hameline, marked with three crosses opposite to the postscript, and having these words subjoined: 'He who feared not the arms of Orleans when on the breast of their gallant owner cannot dread them when displayed on that of a tyrant and murderer.' A thousand thousand times was this intimation kissed and pressed to the bosom of the young Scot! for it marshalled him on the path where both honour and love held out the reward, and possessed him with a secret unknown to others, by which to distinguish him whose death could alone give life to his hopes, and which he prudently resolved to lock up in his own bosom.

But Durward saw the necessity of acting otherwise respecting the information communicated by Hayraddin, since the proposed sally of De la Marck, unless heedfully guarded against, might prove the destruction of the besieging army; so difficult was it, in the tumultuous warfare of those days, to recover

from a nocturnal surprise. After pondering on the matter, he formed the additional resolution, that he would not communicate the intelligence save personally, and to both the princes while together; perhaps because he felt that, to mention so well-contrived and hopeful a scheme to Louis whilst in private might be too strong a temptation to the wavering probity of that monarch, and lead him to assist rather than repel the intended sally. He determined, therefore, to watch for an opportunity of revealing the secret whilst Louis and Charles were met, which, as they were not particularly fond of the constraint imposed by each other's society, was not likely soon to occur.

Meanwhile the march continued, and the confederates soon entered the territories of Liege. Here the Burgundian soldiers, at least a part of them, composed of those bands who had acquired the title of *écorcheurs*, or flayers, showed by the usage which they gave the inhabitants, under pretext of avenging the bishop's death, that they well deserved that honourable title; while their conduct greatly prejudiced the cause of Charles — the aggrieved inhabitants, who might otherwise have been passive in the quarrel, assuming arms in self-defence, harassing his march, by cutting off small parties, and falling back before the main body upon the city itself, thus augmenting the numbers and desperation of those who had resolved to defend it. The French, few in number, and those the choice soldiers of the country, kept, according to the King's orders, close by their respective standards, and observed the strictest discipline; a contrast which increased the suspicions of Charles, who could not help remarking that the troops of Louis demeaned themselves as if they were rather friends to the Liegeois than allies of Burgundy.

At length, without experiencing any serious opposition, the army arrived in the rich valley of the Maes, and before the large and populous city of Liege. The Castle of Schonwaldt they found had been totally destroyed, and learned that William de la Marck, whose only talents were of a military cast, had withdrawn his whole forces into the city, and was determined to avoid the encounter of the chivalry of France and Burgundy in the open field. But the invaders were not long of experiencing the danger which must always exist in attacking a large town, however open, if the inhabitants are disposed to defend it desperately.

A part of the Burgundian vanguard, conceiving that, from

the dismantled and breached state of the walls, they had nothing to do but to march into Liege at their ease, entered one of the suburbs with the shouts of 'Burgundy — Burgundy! Kill — kill! All is ours! Remember Louis of Bourbon!' But as they marched in disorder through the narrow streets, and were partly dispersed for the purpose of pillage, a large body of the inhabitants issued suddenly from the town, fell furiously upon them, and made considerable slaughter. De la Marck even availed himself of the breaches in the walls, which permitted the defenders to issue out at different points, and, by taking separate routes into the contested suburb, to attack, in the front, flank, and rear, at once, the assailants, who, stunned by the furious, unexpected, and multiplied nature of the resistance offered, could hardly stand to their arms. The evening, which began to close, added to their confusion.

When this news was brought to Duke Charles, he was furious with rage, which was not much appeased by the offer of King Louis, to send the French men-at-arms into the suburbs, to rescue and bring off the Burgundian vanguard. Rejecting this offer briefly, he would have put himself at the head of his own guards, to extricate those engaged in the incautious advance; but D'Hymbercourt and Crèvecœur entreated him to leave the service to them, and marching into the scene of action at two points, with more order and proper arrangement for mutual support, these two celebrated captains succeeded in repulsing the Liegeois and in extricating the vanguard, who lost, besides prisoners, no fewer than eight hundred men, of whom about a hundred were men-at-arms. The prisoners, however, were not numerous, most of them having been rescued by D'Hymbercourt, who now proceeded to occupy the contested suburb, and to place guards opposite to the town, from which it was divided by an open space or esplanade of five or six hundred yards, left free of buildings for the purposes of defence. There was no moat betwixt the suburb and town, the ground being rocky in that place. A gate fronted the suburb, from which sallies might be easily made, and the wall was pierced by two or three of those breaches which Duke Charles had caused to be made after the battle of Saint Tron, and which had been hastily repaired with mere barricades of timber. D'Hymbercourt turned two culverins on the gate, and placed two others opposite to the principal breach, to repel any sally from the city, and then returned to the Burgundian army, which he found in great disorder.

In fact, the main body and rear of the numerous army of the Duke had continued to advance while the broken and repulsed vanguard was in the act of retreating; and they had come into collision with each other, to the great confusion of both. The necessary absence of D'Hymbercourt, who discharged all the duties of *maréchal du camp*, or, as we should now say, of quartermaster-general, augmented the disorder; and to complete the whole, the night sunk down dark as a wolf's mouth: there fell a thick and heavy rain, and the ground on which the beleaguering army must needs take up their position was muddy and intersected with many canals. It is scarce possible to form an idea of the confusion which prevailed in the Burgundian army, where leaders were separated from their soldiers and soldiers from their standards and officers. Every one, from the highest to the lowest, was seeking shelter and accommodation where he could individually find it; while the wearied and wounded, who had been engaged in the battle, were calling in vain for shelter and refreshment, and while those who knew nothing of the disaster were pressing on to have their share in the sack of the place, which they had no doubt was proceeding merrily.

When D'Hymbercourt returned he had a task to perform of incredible difficulty, and embittered by the reproaches of his master, who made no allowance for the still more necessary duty in which he had been engaged, until the temper of the gallant soldier began to give way under the Duke's unreasonable reproaches. 'I went hence to restore some order in the van,' he said, 'and left the main body under your Graces's own guidance; and now, on my return, I can neither find that we have front, flank, nor rear, so utter is the confusion.'

'We are the more like a barrel of herrings,' answered Le Glorieux, 'which is the most natural resemblance for a Flemish army.'

The jester's speech made the Duke laugh, and perhaps prevented a farther prosecution of the altercation betwixt him and his general.

By dint of great exertion, a small *lusthaus*, or country villa, of some wealthy citizen of Liege was secured and cleared of other occupants for the accommodation of the Duke and his immediate attendants; and the authority of D'Hymbercourt and Crèvecœur at length established a guard in the vicinity, of about forty men-at-arms, who lighted a very large fire, made with the timber of the outhouses, which they pulled down for the purpose.

A little to the left of this villa, and betwixt it and the suburb, which, as we have said, was opposite to the city gate, and occupied by the Burgundian vanguard, lay another pleasure-house, surrounded by a garden and courtyard, and having two or three small inclosures or fields in the rear of it. In this the King of France established his own headquarters. He did not himself pretend to be a soldier, further than a natural indifference to danger and much sagacity qualified him to be called such; but he was always careful to employ the most skilful in that profession, and reposed in them the confidence they merited. Louis and his immediate attendants occupied this second villa; a part of his Scottish Guard were placed in the court, where there were outhouses and sheds to shelter them from the weather; the rest were stationed in the garden. The remainder of the French men-at-arms were quartered closely together and in good order, with alarm-posts stationed, in case of their having to sustain an attack.

Dunois and Crawford, assisted by several old officers and soldiers, amongst whom Le Balafré was conspicuous for his diligence, contrived, by breaking down walls, making openings through hedges, filling up ditches, and the like, to facilitate the communication of the troops with each other, and the orderly combination of the whole in case of necessity.

Meanwhile, the King judged it proper to go without farther ceremony to the quarters of the Duke of Burgundy, to ascertain what was to be the order of proceeding and what co-operation was expected from him. His presence occasioned a sort of council of war to be held, of which Charles might not otherwise have dreamed.

It was then that Quentin Durward prayed earnestly to be admitted, as having something of importance to deliver to the two princes. This was obtained without much difficulty, and great was the astonishment of Louis when he heard him calmly and distinctly relate the purpose of William de la Marck to make a sally upon the camp of the besiegers under the dress and banners of the French. Louis would probably have been much better pleased to have had such important news communicated in private; but as the whole story had been publicly told in presence of the Duke of Burgundy, he only observed, 'that, whether true or false, such a report concerned them most materially.'

'Not a whit — not a whit!' said the Duke, carelessly. 'Had there been such a purpose as this young man announces

it had not been communicated to me by an archer of the Scottish Guard.'

'However that may be,' answered Louis, 'I pray you, fair cousin, you and your captains, to attend, that to prevent the unpleasing consequences of such an attack, should it be made unexpectedly, I will cause my soldiers to wear white scarfs over their armour. Dunois, see it given out on the instant — that is,' he added, 'if our brother and general approves of it.'

'I see no objection,' replied the Duke, 'if the chivalry of France are willing to run the risk of having the name of Knights of the Smock-sleeve bestowed on them in future.'

'It would be a right well adapted title, friend Charles,' said Le Glorieux, 'considering that a woman is the reward of the most valiant.'

'Well spoken, sagacity,' said Louis. 'Cousin, good-night, I will go arm me. By the way, what if I win the countess with mine own hand?'

'Your Majesty,' said the Duke, in an altered tone of voice, 'must then become a true Fleming.'

'I cannot,' answered Louis, in a tone of the most sincere confidence, 'be more so than I am already, could I but bring you, my dear cousin, to believe it.'

The Duke only replied by wishing the King good-night, in a tone resembling the snort of a shy horse, starting from the caress of the rider when he is about to mount, and is soothing him to stand still.

'I could pardon all his duplicity,' said the Duke to Crèvecœur, 'but cannot forgive his supposing me capable of the gross folly of being duped by his professions.'

Louis, too, had his confidences with Oliver le Dain when he returned to his own quarters. 'This Scot,' he said, 'is such a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity, that I know not what to make of him. *Pasques-dieu!* think of his unpardonable folly in bringing out honest De la Marck's plan of a sally before the face of Burgundy, Crèvecœur, and all of them, instead of rounding it in my ear, and giving me at least the choice of abetting or defeating it!'

'It is better as it is, sire,' said Oliver; 'there are many in your present train who would scruple to assail Burgundy undefied, or to ally themselves with De la Marck.'

'Thou art right, Oliver. Such fools there are in the world, and we have no time to reconcile their scruples by a little dose of self-interest. We must be true men, Oliver, and good allies

of Burgundy, for this night at least; time may give us a chance of a better game. Go, tell no man to unarm himself; and let them shoot, in case of necessity, as sharply on those who cry "France" and "St. Denis" as if they cried "Hell" and "Satan." I will myself sleep in my armour. Let Crawford place Quentin Durward on the extreme point of our line of sentinels, next to the city. Let him e'en have the first benefit of the sally which he has announced to us; if his luck bear him out, it is the better for him. But take an especial care of Martius Galeotti, and see he remain in the rear, in a place of the most absolute safety; he is even but too venturous, and, like a fool, would be both swordsman and philosopher. See to these things, Oliver, and good-night. Our Lady of Cléry, and Monseigneur St. Martin of Tours, be gracious to my slumbers!'[1]

[1] See Attack upon Liege. Note 49.

# CHAPTER XXXVII

## *The Sally*

> He look'd, and saw what numbers numberless
> The city-gates out-pour'd.
>
> *Paradise Regained.*

A DEAD silence soon reigned over that great host which lay in leaguer before Liege. For a long time the cries of the soldiers repeating their signals, and seeking to join their several banners, sounded like the howling of bewildered dogs seeking their masters. But at length, overcome with weariness by the fatigues of the day, the dispersed soldiers crowded under such shelter as they could meet with, and those who could find none sunk down through very fatigue under walls, hedges, and such temporary protection, there to wait for morning — a morning which some of them were never to behold. A dead sleep fell on almost all, excepting those who kept a faint and weary watch by the lodgings of the King and the Duke. The dangers and hopes of the morrow — even the schemes of glory which many of the young nobility had founded upon the splendid prize held out to him who should avenge the murdered Bishop of Liege — glided from their recollection as they lay stupified with fatigue and sleep. But not so with Quentin Durward. The knowledge that he alone was possessed of the means of distinguishing La Marck in the contest — the recollection by whom that information had been communicated, and the fair augury which might be drawn from her conveying it to him — the thought that his fortune had brought him to a most perilous and doubtful crisis indeed, but one where there was still, at least, a chance of his coming off triumphant, banished every desire to sleep, and strung his nerves with vigour, which defied fatigue.

Posted, by the King's express order, on the extreme point between the French quarters and the town, a good way to the

right of the suburb which we have mentioned, he sharpened his eye to penetrate the mass which lay before him, and excited his ears to catch the slightest sound which might announce any commotion in the beleaguered city. But its huge clocks had successively knelled three hours after midnight, and all continued still and silent as the grave.

At length, and just when Quentin began to think the attack would be deferred till daybreak, and joyfully recollected that there would be then light enough to descry the bar sinister across the fleur-de-lys of Orleans, he thought he heard in the city a humming murmur, like that of disturbed bees mustering for the defence of their hives. He listened; the noise continued, but it was of a character so undistinguished by any peculiar or precise sound, that it might be the murmur of a wind rising among the boughs of a distant grove, or perhaps some stream swollen by the late rain, which was discharging itself into the sluggish Maes with more than usual clamour. Quentin was prevented by these considerations from instantly giving the alarm, which, if done carelessly, would have been a heavy offence.

But when the noise rose louder, and seemed pouring at the same time towards his own post, and towards the suburb, he deemed it his duty to fall back as silently as possible, and call his uncle, who commanded the small body of archers destined to his support. All were on their feet in a moment, and with as little noise as possible. In less than a second, Lord Crawford was at their head, and, despatching an archer to alarm the King and his household, drew back his little party to some distance behind their watch-fire, that they might not be seen by its light. The rushing sound, which had approached them more nearly, seemed suddenly to have ceased; but they still heard distinctly the more distant heavy tread of a large body of men approaching the suburb.

'The lazy Burgundians are asleep on their post,' whispered Crawford; 'make for the suburb, Cunningham, and awaken the stupid oxen.'

'Keep well to the rear as you go,' said Durward; 'if ever I heard the tread of mortal men, there is a strong body interposed between us and the suburb.'

'Well said, Quentin, my dainty callant,' said Crawford; 'thou art a soldier beyond thy years. They only make halt till the others come forward. I would I had some knowledge where they are!'

'I will creep forward, my lord,' said Quentin, 'and endeavour to bring you information.'

'Do so, my bonny chield; thou hast sharp ears and eyes, and goodwill; but take heed, I would not lose thee for two and a plack.'

Quentin, with his harquebuss ready prepared, stole forward, through ground which he had reconnoitred carefully in the twilight of the preceding evening, until he was not only certain that he was in the neighbourhood of a very large body of men, who were standing fast betwixt the King's quarters and the suburbs, but also that there was a detached party of smaller number in advance, and very close to him. They seemed to whisper together, as if uncertain what to do next. At last, the steps of two or three *enfans perdus*, detached from that smaller party, approached him so near as twice a pike's length. Seeing it impossible to retreat undiscovered, Quentin called out aloud, '*Qui vive?*' and was answered by '*Vive Li— Li—ege—c'est à dire,*' added he who spoke, correcting himself, '*Vive la France!*' Quentin instantly fired his harquebuss; a man groaned and fell, and he himself, under the instant but vague discharge of a number of pieces, the fire of which ran in a disorderly manner alongst the column, and showed it to be very numerous, hastened back to the main guard.

'Admirably done, my brave boy!' said Crawford. 'Now, callants, draw in within the courtyard; they are too many to mell with in the open field.'

They drew within the courtyard and garden accordingly, where they found all in great order, and the King prepared to mount his horse.

'Whither away, sire?' said Crawford; 'you are safest here with your own people.'

'Not so,' said Louis; 'I must instantly to the Duke. He must be convinced of our good faith at this critical moment, or we shall have both Liegeois and Burgundians upon us at once.' And springing on his horse, he bade Dunois command the French troops without the house, and Crawford the Archer Guard and other household troops to defend the *lusthaus* and its inclosures. He commanded them to bring up two sakers and as many falconets (pieces of cannon for the field), which had been left about half a mile in the rear; and, in the meantime, to make good their posts, but by no means to advance, whatever success they might obtain; and having given these orders, he rode off, with a small escort, to the Duke's quarters.

The delay which permitted these arrangements to be carried fully into effect was owing to Quentin's having fortunately shot the proprietor of the house, who acted as guide to the column which was designed to attack it, and whose attack, had it been made instantly, might have had a chance of being successful.

Durward, who, by the King's order, attended him to the Duke's, found the latter in a state of choleric distemperature, which almost prevented his discharging the duties of a general, which were never more necessary; for, besides the noise of a close and furious combat which had now taken place in the suburb upon the left of their whole army — besides the attack upon the King's quarters, which was fiercely maintained in the centre — a third column of Liegeois, of even superior numbers, had filed out from a more distant breach, and, marching by lanes, vineyards, and passes known to themselves, had fallen upon the right flank of the Burgundian army, who, alarmed at their war-cries of '*Vive la France!*' and '*Denis Montjoye!*' which mingled with those of '*Liege*' and '*Rouge Sanglier,*' and at the idea thus inspired, of treachery on the part of the French confederates, made a very desultory and imperfect resistance; while the Duke, foaming, and swearing, and cursing his liege lord and all that belonged to him, called out to shoot with bow and gun on all that was French, whether black or white — alluding to the sleeves with which Louis's soldiers had designated themselves.

The arrival of the King, attended only by Le Balafré and Quentin, and half a score of archers, restored confidence between France and Burgundy. D'Hymbercourt, Crèvecœur, and others of the Burgundian leaders, whose names were then the praise and dread of war, rushed devotedly into the conflict; and, while some commanders hastened to bring up more distant troops, to whom the panic had not extended, others threw themselves into the tumult, reanimated the instinct of discipline, and while the Duke toiled in the front, shouting, hacking, and hewing, like an ordinary man-at-arms, brought their men by degrees into array, and dismayed the assailants by the use of their artillery. The conduct of Louis, on the other hand, was that of a calm, collected, sagacious leader, who neither sought nor avoided danger, but showed so much self-possession and sagacity that the Burgundian leaders readily obeyed the orders which he issued.

The scene was now become in the utmost degree animated

and horrible. On the left the suburb, after a fierce contest, had been set on fire, and a wide and dreadful conflagration did not prevent the burning ruins from being still disputed. On the centre, the French troops, though pressed by immense odds, kept up so close and constant a fire that the little pleasure-house shone bright with the glancing flashes, as if surrounded with a martyr's crown of flames. On the left, the battle swayed backwards and forwards with varied success, as fresh reinforcements poured out of the town, or were brought forward from the rear of the Burgundian host; and the strife continued with unremitting fury for three mortal hours, which at length brought the dawn, so much desired by the besiegers. The enemy, at this period, seemed to be slackening their efforts upon the right and in the centre, and several discharges of cannon were heard from the *lusthaus*.

'Go,' said the King, to Le Balafré and Quentin, the instant his ear had caught the sound; 'they have got up the sakers and falconets; the pleasure-house is safe, blessed be the Holy Virgin! Tell Dunois to move this way, but rather nearer the walls of Liege, with all our men-at-arms, excepting what he may leave for the defence of the house, and cut in between those thick-headed Liegeois on the right and the city, from which they are supplied with recruits.'

The uncle and nephew galloped off to Dunois and Crawford, who, tired of their defensive war, joyfully obeyed the summons, and filing out at the head of a gallant body of about two hundred French gentlemen, besides squires, and the greater part of the archers and their followers, marched across the field, trampling down the wounded, till they gained the flank of the large body of Liegeois, by whom the right of the Burgundians had been so fiercely assailed. The increasing daylight discovered that the enemy were continuing to pour out from the city, either for the purpose of continuing the battle on that point, or of bringing safely off the forces who were already engaged.

'By Heaven!' said old Crawford to Dunois, 'were I not certain it is *thou* that art riding by my side, I would say I saw thee among yonder banditti and burghers, marshalling and arraying them with thy mace — only, if yon be thou, thou art bigger than thou art wont to be. Art thou sure yonder armed leader is not thy wraith, thy double-man, as these Flemings call it?'

'My wraith!' said Dunois; 'I know not what you mean. But yonder is a caitiff with my bearings displayed on crest and shield, whom I will presently punish for his insolence.'

'In the name of all that is noble, my lord, leave the vengeance to me!' said Quentin.

'To *thee* indeed, young man!' said Dunois; 'that is a modest request. No — these things brook no substitution.' Then turning on his saddle, he called out to those around him, 'Gentlemen of France, form your line, level your lances! Let the rising sunbeams shine through the battalions of yonder swine of Liege and hogs of Ardennes, that masquerade in our ancient coats.'

The men-at-arms answered with a loud shout of 'A Dunois — a Dunois! Long live the bold Bastard! Orleans to the rescue!' And, with their leader in the centre, they charged at full gallop. They encountered no timid enemy. The large body which they charged consisted, excepting some mounted officers, entirely of infantry, who, setting the butt of their lances against their feet, the front rank kneeling, the second stooping, and those behind presenting their spears over their heads, offered such resistance to the rapid charge of the men-at-arms as the hedgehog presents to his enemy. Few were able to make way through that iron wall; but of those few was Dunois, who, giving spur to his horse, and making the noble animal leap more than twelve feet at a bound, fairly broke his way into the middle of the phalanx, and made towards the object of his animosity. What was his surprise to find Quentin still by his side, and fighting in the same front with himself — youth, desperate courage, and the determination to do or die having still kept the youth abreast with the best knight in Europe, for such was Dunois reported, and truly reported, at the period.

Their spears were soon broken; but the lanzknechts were unable to withstand the blows of their long heavy swords; while the horses and riders, armed in complete steel, sustained little injury from their lances. Still Dunois and Durward were contending with rival efforts to burst forward to the spot where he who had usurped the armorial bearings of Dunois was doing the duty of a good and valiant leader, when Dunois, observing the boar's head and tusks, the usual bearing of William de la Marck, in another part of the conflict, called out to Quentin, 'Thou art worthy to avenge the arms of Orleans! I leave thee the task. Balafré, support your nephew; but let none dare to interfere with Dunois's boar-hunt.'

That Quentin Durward joyfully acquiesced in this division of labour cannot be doubted, and each pressed forward upon his separate object, followed, and defended from behind, by such men-at-arms as were able to keep up with them.

But at this moment the column which De la Marck had proposed to support, when his own course was arrested by the charge of Dunois, had lost all the advantages they had gained during the night; while the Burgundians, with returning day, had begun to show the qualities which belong to superior discipline. The great mass of Liegeois were compelled to retreat, and at length to fly; and, falling back on those who were engaged with the French men-at-arms, the whole became a confused tide of fighters, fliers, and pursuers, which rolled itself towards the city walls, and at last was poured into the ample and undefended breach through which the Liegeois had sallied.

Quentin made more than human exertions to overtake the special object of his pursuit, who was still in his sight, striving, by voice and example, to renew the battle, and bravely supported by a chosen party of lanzknechts. Le Balafré and several of his comrades attached themselves to Quentin, much marvelling at the extraordinary gallantry displayed by so young a soldier. On the very brink of the breach De la Marck — for it was himself — succeeded in effecting a momentary stand, and repelling some of the most forward of the pursuers. He had a mace of iron in his hand, before which everything seemed to go down, and was so much covered with blood that it was almost impossible to discern those bearings on his shield which had so much incensed Dunois.

Quentin now found little difficulty in singling him out; for the commanding situation of which he had possessed himself, and the use he made of his terrible mace, caused many of the assailants to seek safer points of attack than that where so desperate a defender presented himself. But Quentin, to whom the importance attached to victory over this formidable antagonist was better known, sprung from his horse at the bottom of the breach, and letting the noble animal, the gift of the Duke of Orleans, run loose through the tumult, ascended the ruins to measure swords with the Boar of Ardennes. The latter, as if he had seen his intention, turned towards Durward with mace uplifted; and they were on the point of encounter when a dreadful shout of triumph, of tumult, and of despair announced that the besiegers were entering the city at another point, and in the rear of those who defended the breach. Assembling around him, by voice and bugle, the desperate partners of his desperate fortune, De la Marck, at those appalling sounds, abandoned the breach, and endeavoured to effect his

retreat towards a part of the city from which he might escape to the other side of the Maes. His immediate followers formed a deep body of well-disciplined men, who, never having given quarter, were resolved now not to ask it, and who, in that hour of despair, threw themselves into such firm order that their front occupied the whole breadth of the street through which they slowly retired, making head from time to time, and checking the pursuers, many of whom began to seek a safer occupation by breaking into the houses for plunder. It is therefore probable that De la Marck might have effected his escape, his disguise concealing him from those who promised themselves to win honour and grandeur upon his head, but for the stanch pursuit of Quentin, his uncle Le Balafré, and some of his comrades. At every pause which was made by the lanzknechts a furious combat took place betwixt them and the archers, and in every *mêlée* Quentin sought De la Marck; but the latter, whose present object was to retreat, seemed to evade the young Scot's purpose of bringing him to single combat. The confusion was general in every direction. The shrieks and cries of women, the yelling of the terrified inhabitants, now subjected to the extremity of military license, sounded horribly shrill amid the shouts of battle, like the voice of misery and despair contending with that of fury and violence, which should be heard farthest and loudest.

It was just when De la Marck, retiring through this infernal scene, had passed the door of a small chapel of peculiar sanctity, that the shouts of 'France — France! Burgundy — Burgundy!' apprized him that a part of the besiegers were entering the farther end of the street, which was a narrow one, and that his retreat was cut off. 'Conrade,' he said, 'take all the men with you. Charge yonder fellows roundly, and break through if you can; with me it is over. I am man enough, now that I am brought to bay, to send some of these vagabond Scots to hell before me.'

His lieutenant obeyed, and, with most of the few lanzknechts who remained alive, hurried to the farther end of the street, for the purpose of charging those Burgundians who were advancing, and so forcing their way so as to escape. About six of De la Marck's best men remained to perish with their master, and fronted the archers, who were not many more in number. 'Sanglier! Sanglier! Hola! gentlemen of Scotland,' said the ruffian but undaunted chief, waving his mace, 'who longs to gain a coronet — who strikes at the Boar of Ardennes? You,

young man, have, methinks, a hankering; but you must win ere you wear it.'

Quentin heard but imperfectly the words, which were partly lost in the hollow helmet; but the action could not be mistaken, and he had but time to bid his uncle and comrades, as they were gentlemen, to stand back, when De la Marck sprung upon him with a bound like a tiger, aiming at the same time a blow with his mace, so as to make his hand and foot keep time together, and giving his stroke full advantage of the descent of his leap; but, light of foot and quick of eye, Quentin leaped aside, and disappointed an aim which would have been fatal had it taken effect.

They then closed, like the wolf and the wolf-dog, their comrades on either side remaining inactive spectators, for Le Balafré roared out for fair play, adding, 'that he would venture his nephew on him, were he as wight as Wallace.'

Neither was the experienced soldier's confidence unjustified; for, although the blows of the despairing robber fell like those of the hammer on the anvil, yet the quick motions and dexterous swordsmanship of the young archer enabled him to escape, and to requite them with the point of his less noisy though more fatal weapon; and that so often and so effectually, that the huge strength of his antagonist began to give way to fatigue, while the ground on which he stood became a puddle of blood. Yet, still unabated in courage and ire, the Wild Boar of Ardennes fought on with as much mental energy as at first, and Quentin's victory seemed dubious and distant, when a female voice behind him called him by his name, ejaculating, 'Help — help! for the sake of the blessed Virgin!'

He turned his head, and with a single glance beheld Gertrude Pavillon, her mantle stripped from her shoulders, dragged forcibly along by a French soldier, one of several, who, breaking into the chapel close by, had seized, as their prey, on the terrified females who had taken refuge there.

'Wait for me but one moment,' exclaimed Quentin to De la Marck, and sprung to extricate his benefactress from a situation of which he conjectured all the dangers.

'I wait no man's pleasure,' said De la Marck, flourishing his mace, and beginning to retreat, glad, no doubt, of being free of so formidable an assailant.

'You shall wait mine, though, by your leave,' said Balafré; 'I will not have my nephew baulked.' So saying, he instantly assaulted De la Marck with his two-handed sword.

Quentin found, in the meanwhile, that the rescue of Gertrude was a task more difficult than could be finished in one moment. Her captor, supported by his comrades, refused to relinquish his prize; and whilst Durward, aided by one or two of his countrymen, endeavoured to compel him to do so, the former beheld the chance which Fortune had so kindly afforded him for fortune and happiness glide out of his reach; so that, when he stood at length in the street with the liberated Gertrude, there was no one near them. Totally forgetting the defenceless situation of his companion, he was about to spring away in pursuit of the Boar of Ardennes, as the greyhound tracks the deer, when, clinging to him in her despair, she exclaimed, 'For the sake of your mother's honour, leave me not here! As you are a gentleman, protect me to my father's house, which once sheltered you and the Lady Isabelle! For her sake leave me not!'

Her call was agonising, but it was irresistible; and bidding a mental adieu, with unutterable bitterness of feeling, to all the gay hopes which had stimulated his exertion, carried him through that bloody day, and which at one moment seemed to approach consummation, Quentin, like an unwilling spirit who obeys a talisman which he cannot resist, protected Gertrude to Pavillon's house, and arrived in time to defend that and the syndic himself against the fury of the licentious soldiery.

Meantime, the King and the Duke of Burgundy entered the city on horseback, and through one of the breaches. They were both in complete armour, but the latter, covered with blood from the plume to the spur, drove his steed furiously up the breach, which Louis surmounted with the stately pace of one who leads a procession. They despatched orders to stop the sack of the city, which had already commenced, and to assemble their scattered troops. The princes themselves proceeded towards the great church, both for the protection of many of the distinguished inhabitants, who had taken refuge there, and in order to hold a sort of military council after they had heard high mass.

Busied like other officers of his rank in collecting those under his command, Lord Crawford, at the turning of one of the streets which leads to the Maes, met Le Balafré sauntering composedly towards the river, holding in his hand, by the gory locks, a human head, with as much indifference as a fowler carries a game-pouch.

'How now, Ludovic!' said his commander; 'what are ye doing with that carrion?'

'It is all that is left of a bit of work which my nephew

shaped out, and nearly finished, and I put the last hand to,' said Le Balafré — 'a good fellow that I despatched yonder, and who prayed me to throw his head into the Maes. Men have queer fancies when old Small Back[1] is gripping them; but Small Back must lead down the dance with us all in our time.'

'And you are going to throw that head into the Maes?' said Crawford, looking more attentively on the ghastly memorial of mortality.

'Ay, truly am I,' said Ludovic Lesly. 'If you refuse a dying man his boon, you are likely to be haunted by his ghost, and I love to sleep sound at nights.'

'You must take your chance of the ghaist, man,' said Crawford; 'for, by my soul, there is more lies on that dead pow than you think for. Come along with me — not a word more — come along with me.'

'Nay, for that matter,' said Le Balafré, 'I made him no promise; for, in truth, I had off his head before the tongue had well done wagging; and as I feared him not living, by St. Martin of Tours, I fear him as little when he is dead. Besides, my little gossip, the merry friar of St. Martin's will lend me a pot of holy water.'

When high mass had been said at the cathedral church of Liege, and the terrified town was restored to some moderate degree of order, Louis and Charles, with their peers around, proceeded to hear the claims of those who had any to make for services performed during the battle. Those which respected the county of Croye and its fair mistress were first received, and, to the disappointment of sundry claimants who had thought themselves sure of the rich prize, there seemed doubt and mystery to involve their several pretensions. Crèvecœur showed a boar's hide such as De la Marck usually wore; Dunois produced a cloven shield, with his armorial bearings; and there were others who claimed the merit of having despatched the murderer of the bishop, producing similar tokens — the rich reward fixed on De la Marck's head having brought death to all who were armed in his resemblance.

There was much noise and contest among the competitors, and Charles, internally regretting the rash promise which had placed the hand and wealth of his fair vassal on such a hazard, was in hopes he might find means of evading all these conflicting claims, when Crawford pressed forward into the circle, dragging Le Balafré after him, who, awkward and bashful,

[1] A cant expression in Scotland for death, usually delineated as a skeleton.

followed like an unwilling mastiff towed on in a leash, as his leader exclaimed, — 'Away with your hoofs and hides, and painted iron! No one, save he who slew the Boar, can show the tusks!'

So saying, he flung on the floor the bloody head, easily known as that of De la Marck by the singular conformation of the jaws, which in reality had a certain resemblance to those of the animal whose name he bore, and which was instantly recognised by all who had seen him.[1]

'Crawford,' said Louis, while Charles sat silent, in gloomy and displeased surprise, 'I trust it is one of my faithful Scots who has won this prize?'

'It is Ludovic Lesly, sire, whom we call Le Balafré,' replied the old soldier.

'But is he noble,' said the Duke — 'is he of gentle blood? Otherwise our promise is void.'

'He is a cross ungainly piece of wood enough,' said Crawford, looking at the tall, awkward, embarrassed figure of the archer; 'but I will warrant him a branch of the tree of Rothes for all that, and they have been as noble as any house in France or Burgundy, ever since it is told of their founder that,

> Between the less-lee,[2] and the mair
> He slew the knight, and left him there.'

'There is then no help for it,' said the Duke, 'and the fairest and richest heiress in Burgundy must be the wife of a rude mercenary soldier like this, or die secluded in a convent — and she the only child of our faithful Reginald [Reinold] de Croye! I have been too rash.'

And a cloud settled on his brow, to the surprise of his peers, who seldom saw him evince the slightest token of regret for the necessary consequences of an adopted resolution.

'Hold but an instant,' said the Lord Crawford, 'it may be better than your Grace conjectures. Hear but what this cavalier has to say. Speak out, man, and a murrain to thee,' he added, apart to Le Balafré.

But that blunt soldier, though he could make a shift to express himself intelligibly enough to King Louis, to whose familiarity he was habituated, yet found himself incapable of enunciating his resolution before so splendid an assembly as that in presence of which he then stood; and after having

[1] See Anachronisms. Note 50.
[2] See Descent of the Leslies. Note 51.

turned his shoulder to the princes, and preluded with a hoarse chuckling laugh, and two or three tremendous contortions of countenance, he was only able to pronounce the words, 'Saunders Souplejaw' — and then stuck fast.

'May it please your Majesty and your Grace,' said Crawford, 'I must speak for my countryman and old comrade. You shall understand that he has had it prophesied to him by a seer in his own land, that the fortune of his house is to be made by marriage; but as he is, like myself, something the worse for the wear, — loves the wine-house better than a lady's summer-parlour, and, in short, having some barrack tastes and likings which would make greatness in his own person rather an encumbrance to him, he hath acted by my advice, and resigns the pretensions acquired by the fate of slaying William de la Marck to him by whom the Wild Boar was actually brought to bay, who is his maternal nephew.'

'I will vouch for that youth's services and prudence,' said King Louis, overjoyed to see that fate had thrown so gallant a prize to one over whom he had some influence. 'Without his prudence and vigilance we had been ruined. It was he who made us aware of the night-sally.'

'I then,' said Charles, 'owe him some reparation for doubting his veracity.'

'And I can attest his gallantry as a man-at-arms,' said Dunois.

'But,' interrupted Crèvecœur, 'though the uncle be a Scottish *gentillâtre*, that makes not the nephew necessarily so.'

'He is of the house of Durward,' said Crawford; 'descended from that Allan Durward who was High Steward of Scotland.'

'Nay, if it be young Durward,' said Crèvecœur, 'I say no more. Fortune has declared herself on his side too plainly for me to struggle farther with her humoursome ladyship; but it is strange, from lord to horseboy, how wonderfully these Scots stick by each other.'

'Highlanders, shoulder to shoulder!' answered Lord Crawford, laughing at the mortification of the proud Burgundian.

'We have yet to inquire,' said Charles, thoughtfully, 'what the fair lady's sentiments may be towards this fortunate adventurer.'

'By the mass!' said Crèvecœur, 'I have but too much reason to believe your Grace will find her more amenable to authority than on former occasions. But why should I grudge this youth his preferment, since, after all, it is sense, firmness,

and gallantry which have put him in possession of WEALTH, RANK, and BEAUTY ?'

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I HAD already sent these sheets to the press, concluding, as I thought, with a moral of excellent tendency for the encouragement of all fair-haired, blue-eyed, long-legged, stout-hearted emigrants from my native country who might be willing in stirring times to take up the gallant profession of cavalieros of fortune. But a friendly monitor, one of those who like the lump of sugar which is found at the bottom of a tea-cup as well as the flavour of the souchong itself, has entered a bitter remonstrance, and insists that I should give a precise and particular account of the espousals of the young heir of Glenhoulakin and the lovely Flemish countess, and tell what tournaments were held, and how many lances were broken, upon so interesting an occasion ; nor withhold from the curious reader the number of sturdy boys who inherited the valour of Quentin Durward, and of bright damsels in whom were renewed the charms of Isabelle de Croye. I replied in course of post, that times were changed, and public weddings were entirely out of fashion. In days, traces of which I myself can remember, not only were the 'fifteen friends' of the happy pair invited to witness their union, but the bridal minstrelsy still continued, as in the *Ancient Mariner*, to 'nod their heads' till morning shone on them. The sack-posset was eaten in the nuptial chamber, the stocking was thrown, and the bride's garter was struggled for in presence of the happy couple whom Hymen had made one flesh. The authors of the period were laudably accurate in following its fashions. They spared you not a blush of the bride, not a rapturous glance of the bridegroom, not a diamond in her hair, not a button on his embroidered waistcoat ; until at length, with Astræa, 'they fairly put their characters to bed.' But how little does this agree with the modest privacy which induces our modern brides — sweet bashful darlings ! — to steal from pomp and plate, and admiration and flattery, and, like honest Shenstone,

> Seek for freedom at an inn !

To these, unquestionably, an exposure of the circumstances of publicity with which a bridal in the 15th century was always celebrated must appear in the highest degree disgusting.

Isabelle de Croye would be ranked in their estimation far below the maid who milks and does the meanest chares; for even she, were it in the church-porch, would reject the hand of her journeyman shoemaker should he propose '*faire des noces*,' as it is called on Parisian signs, instead of going down on the top of the long coach to spend the honeymoon *incognito* at Deptford or Greenwich. I will not, therefore, tell more of this matter, but will steal away from the wedding as Ariosto from that of Angelica, leaving it to whom it may please to add farther particulars, after the fashion of their own imagination.

> Some better bard shall sing, in feudal state
> How Braquemont's Castle op'd its Gothic gate,
> When on the wand'ring Scot its lovely heir
> Bestow'd her beauty and an earldom fair.[1]

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[1] E come a ritornare in sua contrada
Trovasse e buon naviglio e miglior tempo,
E dell' India a Medor desse lo scettro
Forse altri cantera con miglior plettro.

*Orlando Furioso*, Canto xxx. Stanza 16.

# NOTES TO QUENTIN DURWARD

### Note 1. — Price on the Picturesque, p. xxvi

See Price's *Essay on the Picturesque*, in many passages; but I would particularise the beautiful and highly poetical account which he gives of his own feelings on destroying, at the dictate of an improver, an ancient sequestrated garden, with its yew hedges, ornamented iron gates, and secluded wilderness.

### Note 2. — Hughes's *ITINERARY*, p. xxxiii

This Journal, or *Itinerary*, with etchings by the author, was published at London, 1822, 8vo, and was followed by a volume in folio [4to], entitled *Views in the South of France, chiefly on the Rhone*, engraved by W. B. Cooke, etc., from drawings by P. De Wint, after original sketches by John Hughes, Lond. 1825.

Mr. Lockhart, in his *Life of Scott*, has, by some oversight, connected the late Mr. Skene's name with *Quentin Durward* instead of with *Anne of Geierstein*. There is good authority for correcting this (*Laing*).

### Note 3. — Edition of *CENT NOUVELLES*, p. 4

This *editio princeps*, which, when in good preservation, is much sought after by connoisseurs, is entitled, *Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles, contenant Cent Histoires Nouveaux, qui sont moult plaisans à raconter en toutes bonnes compagnies par manière de joyeuxeté. Paris, Antoine Verard. Sans date d'année d'impression; in-folio gotique.* See De Bure.

### Note 4. — St. Hubert, p. 16

Every vocation had, in the middle ages, its protecting saint. The chase, with its fortunes and its hazards, the business of so many and the amusement of all, was placed under the direction of St. Hubert. This silvan saint was the son of Bertrand Duke of Acquitaine, and, while in the secular state, was a courtier of King Pepin. He was passionately fond of the chase, and used to neglect attendance on divine worship for this amusement. While he was once engaged in this pastime, a stag appeared before him, having a crucifix bound betwixt his horns, and he heard a voice which menaced him with eternal punishment if he did not repent of his sins. He retired from the world and took orders, his wife having also retreated into the cloister. Hubert afterwards became Bishop of Maestricht and Liege; and from his zeal in destroying remnants of idolatry is called the Apostle of Ardennes and of Brabant. Those who were descended of his race were supposed to possess the power of curing persons bitten by mad dogs.

### Note 5. — Covin Tree, p. 23

The large tree in front of a Scottish castle was sometimes called so. It is difficult to trace the derivation; but at that distance from the castle the laird received guests of rank, and thither he convoyed them on their departure.

### Note 6. — Duke of Gueldres, p. 30

This was Adolphus, son of Arnold and of Catherine de Bourbon. The present story has little to do with him, though one of the most atrocious characters of his time. He made war against his father; in which unnatural strife he made the old man prisoner, and used him with the most brutal violence, proceeding, it is said, even to the length of striking him with his hand. Arnold, in resentment of this usage, disinherited the unprincipled wretch, and sold to Charles of Burgundy whatever rights he had over the duchy of Gueldres and earldom of Zutphen. Mary of Burgundy, daughter of Charles, restored these possessions to the unnatural Adolphus, who was slain in 1477.

### Note 7. — Constable St. Paul, p. 31

This part of Louis XI.'s reign was much embarrassed by the intrigues of the Constable St. Paul, who affected independence, and carried on intrigues with England, France, and Burgundy at the same time. According to the usual fate of such versatile politicians, the Constable ended by drawing upon himself the animosity of all the powerful neighbours whom he had in their turn amused and deceived. He was delivered up by the Duke of Burgundy to the King of France, tried, and hastily executed for treason, 1475.

### Note 8. — Bishop and Stephens, p. 40

Sir Henry R. Bishop, the popular composer, and sometime professor of music in Edinburgh University, died in 1855. Miss Catherine Stephens was a delightful vocalist, who performed at the principal concerts and musical festivals about the time this was written. In 1838 she became Countess of Essex by her marriage with George, the fifth earl (*Laing*).

### Note 9. — Use of Stilts, p. 44

The crutches or stilts which in Scotland are used to pass rivers. They are employed by the peasantry of the country near Bourdeaux to traverse those deserts of loose sand called Landes.

### Note 10. — 'Better Kind Fremit,' etc., p. 55

'Better kind strangers than estranged kindred.' The motto is engraved on a dirk belonging to a person who had but too much reason to choose such a device. It was left by him to my father, and is connected with a strange course of adventures, which may one day be told. The weapon is now in my possession.

### Note 11. — Skene Dhu, p. 58

Black knife; a species of knife without clasp or hinge, formerly much used by the Highlanders, who seldom travelled without such an ugly weapon, though it is now rarely used.

NOTE 12. — GIPSIES OR BOHEMIANS, p. 59

In a former volume (*Guy Mannering*) of this edition of the Waverley Novels, the reader will find some remarks on the gipsies as they are found in Scotland. But it is well known that this extraordinary variety of the human race exists in nearly the same primitive state, speaking the same language, in almost all the kingdoms of Europe, and conforming in certain respects to the manners of the people around them, but yet remaining separated from them by certain material distinctions, in which they correspond with each other, and thus maintain their pretensions to be considered as a distinct race. Their first appearance in Europe took place in the beginning of the 15th century, when various bands of this singular people appeared in the different countries of Europe. They claimed an Egyptian descent, and their features attested that they were of Eastern origin. The account given by these singular people was, that it was appointed to them, as a penance, to travel for a certain number of years. This apology was probably selected as being most congenial to the superstitions of the countries which they visited. Their appearance, however, and manners strongly contradicted the allegation that they travelled from any religious motive.

Their dress and accoutrements were at once showy and squalid; those who acted as captains and leaders of any horde, and such always appeared as their commanders, were arrayed in dresses of the most showy colours, such as scarlet or light green, were well mounted, assumed the title of dukes and counts, and affected considerable consequence. The rest of the tribe were most miserable in their diet and apparel, fed without hesitation on animals which had died of disease, and were clad in filthy and scanty rags, which hardly sufficed for the ordinary purposes of common decency. Their complexion was positively Eastern, approaching to that of the Hindoos.

Their manners were as depraved as their appearance was poor and beggarly. The men were in general thieves, and the women of the most abandoned character. The few arts which they studied with success were of a slight and idle, though ingenious, description. They practised working in iron, but never upon any great scale. Many were good sportsmen, good musicians, and masters, in a word, of all those trivial arts the practice of which is little better than mere idleness. But their ingenuity never ascended into industry. Two or three other peculiarities seem to have distinguished them in all countries. Their pretensions to read fortunes, by palmistry and by astrology, acquired them sometimes respect, but oftener drew them under suspicion as sorcerers; and lastly, the universal accusation that they augmented their horde by stealing children subjected them to doubt and execration. From this it happened that the pretension set up by these wanderers of being pilgrims in the act of penance, although it was at first admitted, and in many instances obtained them protection from the governments of the countries through which they travelled, was afterwards totally disbelieved, and they were considered as incorrigible rogues and vagrants; they incurred almost everywhere sentence of banishment, and, where suffered to remain, were rather objects of persecution than of protection from the law.

There is a curious and accurate account of their arrival in France in the journal of a doctor of theology, which is preserved and published by the learned Pasquier [*Les Recherches de la France*, iv. chap. xix. 1723]. The following is an extract:—'On August 27th, 1427, came to Paris twelve penitents, *penanciers* (penance doers), as they called themselves, viz. a duke, an earl, and ten men, all on horseback, and calling themselves good Christians. They were of Lower Egypt, and gave out that, not long before, the Christians had subdued their country, and obliged them to embrace Christianity on pain of being put to death. Those who were baptised were great lords in their own country, and had a king and queen there. Soon after their conversion, the Saracens overran the country, and obliged them to

renounce Christianity. When the Emperor of Germany, the King of Poland, and other Christian princes heard of this, they fell upon them, and obliged the whole of them, both great and small, to quit the country and go to the Pope at Rome, who enjoined them seven years' penance to wander over the world, without lying in a bed.

'They had been wandering five years when they came to Paris first; the principal people, and soon after the commonalty, about 100 or 120, reduced (according to their own account) from 1000 or 1200, when they went from home, the rest being dead, with their king and queen. They were lodged by the police at some distance from the city, at Chapel St. Denis.

'Nearly all of them had their ears bored, and wore two silver rings in each, which they said were esteemed ornaments in their country. The men were black, their hair curled; the women remarkably black, their only clothes a large old duffle garment, tied over the shoulders with a cloth or cord, and under it a miserable rocket. In short, they were the most poor miserable creatures that had ever been seen in France; and, notwithstanding their poverty, there were among them women who, by looking into people's hands, told their fortunes, and what was worse, they picked people's pockets of their money, and got it into their own, by telling these things through airy magic, *et cætera*.'

Notwithstanding the ingenious account of themselves rendered by these gipsies, the Bishop of Paris ordered a friar, called Le Petit Jacobin, to preach a sermon, excommunicating all the men and women who had had recourse to these Bohemians on the subject of the future, and shown their hands for that purpose. They departed from Paris for Pontoise in the month of September.

Pasquier remarks upon this singular journal, that, however the story of a penance savours of a trick, these people wandered up and down France, under the eye, and with the knowledge, of the magistrates, for more than a hundred years; and it was not till 1561 that a sentence of banishment was passed against them in that kingdom.

The arrival of the Egyptians, as these singular people were called, in various parts of Europe corresponds with the period in which Timur or Tamerlane invaded Hindostan, affording its natives the choice between the Koran and death. There can be little doubt that these wanderers consisted originally of the Hindostanee tribes, who, displaced, and flying from the sabres of the Mahommedans, undertook this species of wandering life, without well knowing whither they were going. It is natural to suppose the band, as it now exists, is much mingled with Europeans; but most of these have been brought up from childhood among them, and learned all their practices.

It is strong evidence of this, that when they are in closest contact with the ordinary peasants around them, they still keep their language a mystery. There is little doubt, however, that it is a dialect of the Hindostanee, from the specimens produced by Grellmann, Hoyland, and others, who have written on the subject. But the Author has, besides their authority, personal occasion to know that an individual, out of mere curiosity, and availing himself with patience and assiduity of such opportunities as offered, has made himself capable of conversing with any gipsy whom he meets, or can, like the royal Hal, drink with any tinker in his own language. The astonishment excited among these vagrants on finding a stranger participant of their mystery occasions very ludicrous scenes. It is to be hoped this gentleman will publish the knowledge he possesses on so singular a topic.

There are prudential reasons for postponing this disclosure at present; for although much more reconciled to society since they have been less the objects of legal persecution, the gipsies are still a ferocious and vindictive people.'

But, notwithstanding this is certainly the case, I cannot but add, from my own observation of nearly fifty years, that the manners of these vagrant

tribes are much ameliorated, that I have known individuals amongst them who have united themselves to civilised society, and maintain respectable characters, and that great alteration has been wrought in their cleanliness and general mode of life.

### Note 13. — Petit-André, p. 63

One of these two persons, I learned from the *Chronique de Jean de Troyes*, but too late to avail myself of the information, might with more accuracy have been called Petit-Jean than Petit-André. This was actually the name of the son of Henry de Cousin, master executioner of the High Court of Justice. The Constable St. Paul was executed by him with such dexterity that the head, when struck off, struck the ground at the same time with the body. This was in 1475. —

The History of Louis XI., King of France, attributed to Jean de Troyes, forms a supplement to the *Memoirs* of Philip de Comines. It was originally published under the title of *The Chronicle of the very Christian and very Victorious Louis of Valois*, etc., 1460 to 1483; but was afterwards vulgarly called *La Chronique Scandaleuse*.

A convenient edition of the translation of *Comines* and this supplement forms two volumes of Bohn's series of French Memoirs (*Laing*).

### Note 14. — Quarrels of Scottish Archers, p. 73

Such disputes between the Scots Guards and the other constituted authorities of the ordinary military corps often occurred. In 1474, two [three] Scotsmen had been concerned in robbing John Pensart, a fishmonger, of a large sum of money. They were accordingly apprehended by Philip du Four, provost, with some of his followers. But ere they could lodge one of them, called Mortimer, in the prison of the Chastellet, they were attacked by two archers of the King's Scottish Guard, who rescued the prisoner. See *Chronique de Jean de Troyes*, at the said year, 1474.

### Note 15. — Scottish Auxiliaries, p. 75

In both these battles, the Scottish auxiliaries of France, under Stewart Earl of Buchan, were distinguished. At Beaugé they were victorious, killing the Duke of Clarence, Henry V.'s brother, and cutting off his army. At Vernoil they were defeated and nearly extirpated.

### Note 16. — Oliver Dain, p. 85

Oliver's name, or nickname, was Le Diable, which was bestowed on him by public hatred, in exchange for Le Daim, or Le Dain. He was originally the King's barber, but afterwards a favourite counsellor.

### Note 17. — Card-Playing, p. 92

Dr. Dryasdust here remarks that cards, said to have been invented in a preceding reign, for the amusement of Charles. V. [VI.] during the intervals of his mental disorder, seem speedily to have become common among the courtiers, since they already furnished Louis XI. with a metaphor. The same proverb was quoted by Durandarte, in the enchanted cave of Montesinos. The alleged origin of the invention of cards produced one of the shrewdest replies I have ever heard given in evidence. It was made by the late Dr. Gregory of Edinburgh to a counsel of great eminence at the Scottish bar. The Doctor's testimony went to prove the insanity of the party whose mental capacity was the point at issue. On a cross-interrogation,

he admitted that the person in question played admirably at whist. 'And do you seriously say, doctor,' said the learned counsel, 'that a person having a superior capacity for a game so difficult, and which requires in a pre-eminent degree memory, judgment, and combination, can be at the same time deranged in his understanding?' 'I am no card-player,' said the doctor, with great address, 'but I have read in history that cards were invented for the amusement of an insane king.' The consequences of this reply were decisive.

### Note 18. — Order of Golden Fleece, p. 93

The military order of the Golden Fleece was instituted by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, in the year 1429, the King of Spain being grand-master of the order, as Duke of Burgundy. The number of knights was limited to thirty-one (*Laing*).

### Note 19. — Louis and his Daughter, p. 102

Here the King touches on the very purpose for which he pressed on the match with such tyrannic severity, which was, that, as the Princess's personal deformity admitted little chance of its being fruitful, the branch of Orleans, which was next in succession to the crown, might be, by the want of heirs, weakened or extinguished. In a letter to the Compte de Dammartin, Louis, speaking of his daughter's match, says, 'Qu'ils n'auroient pas beaucoup d'embarras à nourrir les enfans que naitroient de leur union; mais cependant elle aura lieu, quelque chose qu'on en puisse dire.'—Wraxall's *History of France*, vol. i. p. 143, note.

### Note 20. — Balue's Horsemanship, p. 104

A friendly, though unknown, correspondent has pointed out to me that I have been mistaken in alleging that the cardinal was a bad rider. If so, I owe his memory an apology; for there are few men who, until my latter days, have loved that exercise better than myself. But the cardinal may have been an indifferent horseman, though he wished to be looked upon as equal to the dangers of the chase. He was a man of assumption and ostentation, as he showed at the siege of Paris in 1465, where, contrary to the custom and usage of war, he mounted guard during the night with an unusual sound of clarions, trumpets, and other instruments. In imputing to the cardinal a want of skill in horsemanship, I recollected his adventure in Paris when attacked by assassins, on which occasion his mule, being scared by the crowd, ran away with the rider, and taking its course to a monastery, to the abbot of which he formerly belonged, was the means of saving his master's life. — See Jean de Troyes's *Chronicle*.

### Note 21. — Louis XI. and Charlemagne, p. 114

Charlemagne, I suppose on account of his unsparing rigour to the Saxons and other heathens, was accounted a saint during the dark ages; and Louis XI., as one of his successors, honoured his shrine with peculiar observance.

### Note 22. — Murder of Douglas, p. 118

The Princess Margaret, eldest daughter of King James the First, when only eleven years of age, was married to Louis, Dauphin of France, at the

age of twelve, on the 6th of July 1436. It proved an unfortunate marriage, and the accomplished princess (her husband not succeeding till 1461 to the throne of France) died without issue, August 1445, in her twenty-third year, it is said of a broken heart. The allusion in the text is to the fate of James Earl of Douglas, who, upon the faith of a safe-conduct, after several acts of rebellion, visited James the Second in the Castle of Stirling. The king, irritated by some personal affront, but quite unpremeditated, drew his dagger and stabbed Douglas, who received his mortal wound from Sir Patrick Grey, one of the king's attendants (who had previously vowed revenge against the proud earl), on the 22d February 1452 (*Laing*).

### Note 23. — Louis's Humour, p. 122

The nature of Louis XI.'s coarse humour may be guessed at by those who have perused the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*, which are grosser than most similar collections of the age. —

The work is dedicated by its anonymous author to the Dauphin of France, afterwards Louis XI. It was first printed at Paris in 1486 by Antoine Verard, and, according to Brunet, afterwards passed through ten editions (*Laing*).

### Note 24. — Galeotti, p. 149

Martius Galeotti was a native of Narni, in Umbria. He was secretary to Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, and tutor to his son, John Corvinus. While at his court, he composed a work, *De Jocose Dictis et Factis Regis Matthiæ Corvini.* He left Hungary in 1477, and was made prisoner at Venice on a charge of having propagated heterodox opinions in a treatise entitled, *De Homine Interiore et Corpore ejus.* He was obliged to recant some of these doctrines, and might have suffered seriously but for the protection of Sextus IV., then Pope, who had been one of his scholars. He went to France, attached himself to Louis XI., and died in his service.

### Note 25. — Invention of Printing, p. 151

The invention of printing was really first practised at Mayence, on the Rhine. While the first book issued from that press bears the date 1457, the first from Frankfort is dated 1507 (*Laing*). [This ignores the claims made on behalf of Coster of Haarlem.]

### Note 26. — Religion of the Bohemians, p. 179

It was a remarkable feature of the character of these wanderers that they did not, like the Jews, whom they otherwise resembled in some particulars, possess or profess any particular religion, whether in form or principle. They readily conformed, as far as might be required, with the religion of any country in which they happened to sojourn, nor did they ever practise it more than was demanded of them. It is certain that in India they embraced neither the tenets of the religion of Bramah nor of Mahomet. They have hence been considered as belonging to the outcast East Indian tribes of Nuts or Parias. Their want of religion is supplied by a good deal of superstition. Such of their ritual as can be discovered, for example that belonging to marriage, is savage in the extreme, and resembles the customs of the Hottentots more than of any civilised people. They adopt various observances, picked up from the religion of the country in which they live. It is, or rather was, the custom of the tribes on the Borders of England and Scotland to attribute success to those journeys which are commenced

by passing through the parish church; and they usually try to obtain permission from the beadle to do so when the church is empty, for the performance of divine service is not considered as essential to the omen. They are, therefore, totally devoid of any effectual sense of religion; and the higher or more instructed class may be considered as acknowledging no deity save those of Epicurus, and such is described as being the faith, or no faith, of Hayraddin Maugrabin.

I may here take notice that nothing is more disagreeable to this indolent and voluptuous people than being forced to follow any regular profession. When Paris was garrisoned by the Allied troops in the year 1815, the Author was walking with a British officer near a post held by the Prussian troops. He happened at the time to smoke a cigar, and was about, while passing the sentinel, to take it out of his mouth, in compliance with a general regulation to that effect, when, greatly to the astonishment of the passengers, the soldier addressed them in these words: '*Rauchen sie immerfort; verdammt sey der Preussische Dienst!*' that is, 'Smoke away; may the Prussian service be d—d!' Upon looking closely at the man, he seemed plainly to be a *zigeuner*, or gipsy, who took this method of expressing his detestation of the duty imposed on him. When the risk he ran by doing so is considered, it will be found to argue a deep degree of dislike which could make him commit himself so unwarily. If he had been overheard by a sergeant or corporal, the *prügel* would have been the slightest instrument of punishment employed.

### Note 27. — Wolf Superstition, p. 202

> Vox quoque Mœrim
> Jam fugit ipsa; lupi Mœrim videre priores.
> Virgilii *Ecloga*, ix.

The commentators add, in explanation of this passage, the opinion of Pliny: 'The being beheld by a wolf in Italy is accounted noxious, and is supposed to take away the speech of a man, if these animals behold him ere he sees them.'

### Note 28. — The Squire of Lowe Degree, p. 212

There are two written black-letter editions of this old English poem or tale, but only one perfect copy is known, from which it was reprinted by Ritson, in his *Ancient National Romances*, 1802; and since, more accurately, in Mr. Hazlitt's collected *Remains of Early Popular Poetry of England*, 1866 (*Laing*).

### Note 29. — Quentin's Adventure at Liege, p. 221

The adventure of Quentin at Liege may be thought overstrained, yet it is extraordinary what slight circumstances will influence the public mind in a moment of doubt and uncertainty. Most readers must remember that, when the Dutch were on the point of rising against the French yoke, their zeal for liberation received a strong impulse from the landing of a person in a British volunteer uniform, whose presence, though that of a private individual, was received as a guarantee of succours from England.

### Note 30. — Battle of St. Tron, p. 239

Fought by the insurgents of Liege against the Duke of Burgundy, Charles the Bold, when Count of Charolais, in which the people of Liege were defeated with great slaughter.

### Note 31. — Murder of the Bishop of Liege, p. 253

In assigning the present date to the murder of the Bishop of Liege, Louis de Bourbon, history has been violated. It is true that the bishop was made prisoner by the insurgents of that city. It is also true that the report of the insurrection came to Charles with a rumour that the bishop was slain, which excited his indignation against Louis, who was then in his power. But these things happened in 1467, and the bishop's murder did not take place till 1482. In the months of August and September of that year, William de la Marck, called the Wild Boar of Ardennes, entered into a conspiracy with the discontented citizens of Liege against their bishop, Louis of Bourbon, being aided with considerable sums of money by the King of France. By this means, and the assistance of many murderers and banditti, who thronged to him as to a leader befitting them, De la Marck assembled a body of troops, whom he dressed in scarlet as a uniform, with a boar's head on the left sleeve. With this little army he approached the city of Liege. Upon this the citizens, who were engaged in the conspiracy, came to their bishop, and, offering to stand by him to the death, exhorted him to march out against these robbers. The bishop, therefore, put himself at the head of a few troops of his own, trusting to the assistance of the people of Liege. But so soon as they came in sight of the enemy, the citizens, as before agreed, fled from the bishop's banner, and he was left with his own handful of adherents. At this moment De la Marck charged at the head of his banditti with the expected success. The bishop was brought before the profligate knight, who first cut him over the face, then murdered him with his own hand, and caused his body to be exposed naked in the great square of Liege before St. Lambert's cathedral.

Such is the actual narrative of a tragedy which struck with horror the people of the time. The murder of the bishop has been fifteen years antedated in the text, for reasons which the reader of romances will easily appreciate.

### Note 32. — Schwarzreiters, p. 271

Fynes Morrison describes this species of soldiery as follows: — 'He that at this day looks upon their *schwartz reytern* (that is, black horsemen) must confess that, to make their horses and boots shine, they make themselves as black as collyers. These horsemen wear black clothes, and poor though they be, yet spend no small time in brushing them. The most of them have black horses, which, while they painfully dress, and (as I said) delight to have their boots and shoes shine with blacking stuff, their hands and faces become black, and thereof they have their aforesaid name. Yea I have heard Germans say that they do thus make themselves black to seem more terrible to their enemies.' — *Itinerary*, edition 1617 [Part III.], p. 165.

### Note 33. — Péronne, p. 287

Indeed, though lying on an exposed and warlike frontier, it was never taken by an enemy, but preserved the proud name of Péronne la Pucelle, until the Duke of Wellington, a great destroyer of that sort of reputation, took the place in the memorable advance upon Paris in 1815.

### Note 34. — D'Hymbercourt, p. 287

D'Hymbercourt, or Imbercourt, was put to death by the inhabitants of Ghent with the Chancellor of Burgundy in the year 1477. Mary of Bur-

gundy, daughter of Charles the Bold, appeared in mourning in the market-place, and with tears besought the life of her servants from her insurgent subjects, but in vain.

### Note 35. — Philip des Comines, p. 288

Philip des Comines was described in the former editions of this work as a little man, fitted rather for counsel than action. This was a description made at a venture, to vary the military portraits with which the age and work abound. Sleidan the historian, upon the authority of Matthieu d'Arves, who knew Philip des Comines, and had served in his household, says he was a man of tall stature and a noble presence. The learned Monsieur Petitot, editor of the edition of *Memoirs relative to the History of France*, a work of great value, intimates that Philip des Comines made a figure at the games of chivalry and pageants exhibited on the wedding of Charles of Burgundy with Margaret of England in 1468. See the *Chronicle* of Jean de Troyes, in Petitot's edition of the *Mémoires Relatifs à l'Histoire de France* [first series], vol. xiii. p. 375, note. I have looked into Olivier de la Marche, who, in lib. ii. chapter iv. of his *Memoirs*, gives an ample account of these 'fierce vanities,' containing as many miscellaneous articles as the reticule of the old merchant of *Peter Schlemihl*, who bought shadows, and carried with him in his bag whatever any one could wish or demand in return. There are in that splendid description knights, dames, pages, and archers, good store besides of castles, fiery dragons, and dromedaries; there are leopards riding upon lions; there are rocks, orchards, fountains, spears broken and whole, and the twelve labours of Hercules. In such a brilliant medley I had some trouble in finding Philip des Comines. He is the first named, however, of a gallant band of assailants, knights, and noblemen, to the number of twenty, who, with the Prince of Orange as their leader, encountered, in a general tourney, with a party of the same number under the profligate Adolf of Cleves, who acted as challenger, by the romantic title of *Arbre d'Or*. The encounter, though with arms of courtesy, was very fierce, and separated by main force, not without difficulty. Philip des Comines has, therefore, a title to be accounted *tam Marte quam Mercurio*, though, when we consider the obscurity which has settled on the rest of this *troupe dorée*, we are at no loss to estimate the most valuable of his qualifications. [Compare also Note 45, p. 448.]

### Note 36. — Meeting of Louis and Charles after the Battle of Montl'héry, p. 289

After the battle of Montl'héry, in 1465, Charles, then Compte de Charolais, had an interview with Louis under the walls of Paris, each at the head of a small party. The two princes dismounted and walked together, so deeply engaged in discussing the business of their meeting, that Charles forgot the peculiarity of his situation; and when Louis turned back towards the town of Paris, from which he came, the Count of Charolais kept him company so far as to pass the line of outworks with which Paris was surrounded, and enter a field-work which communicated with the town by a trench. At this period he had only five or six persons in company with him. His escort caught an alarm for his safety, and his principal followers rode forward from where he had left them, remembering that his grandfather had been assassinated at Montereau in a similar parley, on 10th September 1419. To their great joy the count returned uninjured, accompanied with a guard belonging to Louis. The Burgundians taxed him with rashness in no measured terms. 'Say no more of it,' said Charles; 'I acknowledge the extent of my folly, but I was not aware what I was doing till I entered the redoubt.' — *Mémoires de Philippe des Comines*, chap. xiii.

Louis was much praised for his good faith on this occasion; and it was natural that the duke should call it to recollection when his enemy so unexpectedly put himself in his power by his visit to Péronne.

### Note 37. — Louis's Suspicious Character, p. 297

The arrival of three brothers, princes of the house of Savoy, of Monseigneur de Lau, whom the King had long detained in prison, of Sire Poncet de Rivière, and the Seigneur d'Urfé — who, by the way, as [ancestor of] a romance writer of a peculiar turn, might have been happily enough introduced into the present work, but the fate of the Euphuist was a warning to the Author — all of these nobles bearing the emblem of Burgundy, the cross, namely, of St. Andrew, inspired Louis with so much suspicion that he very impolitically demanded to be lodged in the old Castle of Péronne, and thus rendered himself an absolute captive. — See Comines's *Memoirs for the Year* 1468.

### Note 38. — Historical Epitome, p. 322

The historical facts attending this celebrated interview are expounded and enlarged upon in chapter xxvii. Agents sent by Louis had tempted the people of Liege to rebel against their superior, Duke Charles, and persecute and murder their bishop. But Louis was not prepared for their acting with such promptitude. They flew to arms with the temerity of a fickle rabble, took the bishop prisoner, menaced and insulted him, and tore to pieces one or two of his canons. This news was sent to the Duke of Burgundy at the moment when Louis had so unguardedly placed himself in his power; and the consequence was, that Charles placed guards on the Castle of Péronne, and, deeply resenting the treachery of the King of France in exciting sedition in his dominions, while he pretended the most intimate friendship, he deliberated whether he should not put Louis to death.

Three days Louis was detained in this very precarious situation; and it was only his profuse liberality amongst Charles's favourites and courtiers which finally ensured him from death or deposition. Comines, who was the Duke of Burgundy's chamberlain at the time and slept in his apartment, says Charles neither undressed nor slept, but flung himself from time to time on the bed, and at other times wildly traversed the apartment. It was long before his violent temper became in any degree tractable. At length he only agreed to give Louis his liberty on condition of his accompanying him in person against, and employing his troops in subduing, the mutineers whom his intrigues had instigated to arms.

This was a bitter and degrading alternative. But Louis, seeing no other mode of compounding for the effects of his rashness, not only submitted to this discreditable condition, but swore to it upon a crucifix said to have belonged to Charlemagne. These particulars are from Comines. There is a succinct epitome of them in Sir Nathaniel Wraxall's *History of France*, vol. i.

### Note 39. — Punishment of Balue, p. 329

Louis kept his promise of vengeance against Cardinal La Balue, whom he always blamed as having betrayed him to Burgundy. After he had returned to his own kingdom, he caused his late favourite to be immured in one of the iron cages at Loches. These were constructed with horrible ingenuity, so that a person of ordinary size could neither stand up at his full height nor lie lengthwise in them. Some ascribe this horrid device to Balue himself. At any rate, he was confined in one of these dens for eleven years, nor did Louis permit him to be liberated till his last illness.

### Note 40. — Prayer of Louis XI., p. 330

While I perused these passages in the old manuscript chronicle, I could not help feeling astonished that an intellect acute as that of Louis XI. certainly was could so delude itself by a sort of superstition of which one would think the stupidest savages incapable; but the terms of the King's prayer, on a similar occasion, as preserved by Brantôme, are of a tenor fully as extraordinary. It is that which, being overheard by a fool or jester, was by him made public, and let in light on an act of fratricide which might never have been suspected. The way in which the story is narrated by the corrupted courtier, who could jest with all that is criminal as well as with all that is profligate, is worthy the reader's notice; for such actions are seldom done where there are not men with hearts of the nether millstone, capable and willing to make them matters of laughter.

Among the numerous good tricks of dissimulation, feints, and finesses of gallantry which the good King (Louis XI.) did in his time, he put to death his brother, the Duke de Guyenne, at the moment when the Duke least thought of such a thing, and while the King was making the greatest show of love to him during his life, and of affection for him at his death, managing the whole concern with so much art that it would never have been known had not the King taken into his own service a fool who had belonged to his deceased brother. But it chanced that Louis, being engaged in his devout prayers and orisons at the high altar of Our Lady of Cléry, whom he called his good patroness, and no person nigh except this fool, who, without his knowledge, was within earshot, he thus gave vent to his pious homilies:

'Ah, my good Lady, my gentle mistress, my only friend, in whom alone I have resource, I pray you to supplicate God in my behalf, and to be my advocate with Him that He may pardon me the death of my brother, whom I caused to be poisoned by that wicked abbot of St. John. I confess my guilt to thee as to my good patroness and mistress. But then what could I do? he was perpetually causing disorder in my kingdom. Cause me then to be pardoned, my good Lady, and I know what a reward I will give thee.'

This singular confession did not escape the jester, who upbraided the King with the fratricide in the face of the whole company at dinner, which Louis was fain to let pass without observation, in case of increasing the slander.

### Note 41. — Louis's Vengeance, p. 334

Varillas, in a history of Louis XI., observes, that his provost-marshal was often so precipitate in execution as to slay another person instead of him whom the King had indicated. This always occasioned a double execution, for the wrath or revenge of Louis was never satisfied with a vicarious punishment.

### Note 42. — Tristan L'Hermite, p. 336

The Author has endeavoured to give to the odious Tristan l'Hermite a species of dogged and brutal fidelity to Louis similar to the attachment of a bull-dog to his master. With all the atrocity of his execrable character, he was certainly a man of courage, and was, in his youth, made knight on the breach of Fronsac, with a great number of other young nobles, by the honour-giving hand of the elder Dunois, the celebrated hero of Charles V. [VII.]'s reign.

### Note 43. — Prediction of Louis XI.'s Death, p. 342

The death of Martius Galeotti was in some degree connected with Louis XI. The astrologer was at Lyons, and hearing that the King was approach-

ing the city, got on horseback in order to meet him. As he threw himself hastily from his horse to pay his respects to the King, he fell with a violence which, joined to his extreme corpulence, was the cause of his death in 1478.

But the acute and ready-witted expedient to escape instant death had no reference to the history of this philosopher. The same, or nearly the same, story is told of Tiberius, who demanded of a soothsayer, Thrasyllus, if he knew the day of his own death, and received for answer, 'It would take place just three days before that of the Emperor.' On this reply, instead of being thrown over the rocks into the sea, as had been the tyrant's first intention, he was taken great care of for the rest of his life. — *Taciti Annal.*, lib. vi. cap. 20-22.

The circumstances in which Louis XI. received a similar reply from an astrologer are as follow: — The soothsayer in question had presaged that a female favourite, to whom the King was very much attached, should die in a week. As he proved a true prophet, the King was as much incensed as if the astrologer could have prevented the evil he predicted. He sent for the philosopher, and had a party stationed to assassinate him as he retired from the royal presence. Being asked by the King concerning his own fortunes, he confessed that he perceived signs of some imminent danger. Being farther questioned concerning the day of his own death, he was shrewd enough to answer with composure, that it would be exactly three days before that of his Majesty. There was, of course, care taken that he should escape his destined fate; and he was ever after much protected by the King, as a man of real science, and intimately connected with the royal destinies.

Although almost all the historians of Louis represent him as a dupe to the common but splendid imposture of judicial astrology, yet his credulity could not be deep-rooted, if the following anecdote, reported by Bayle, be correct.

Upon one occasion, Louis, intending to hunt, and doubtful of the weather, inquired of an astrologer near his person whether it would be fair. The sage, having recourse to his astrolabe, answered with confidence in the affirmative. At the entrance of the forest the royal cortège was met by a charcoalman, who expressed to some menials of the train his surprise that the King should have thought of hunting in a day which threatened tempest. The collier's prediction proved true. The King and his court were driven from their sport well drenched; and Louis, having heard what the collier had said, ordered the man before him. 'How were you more accurate in foretelling the weather, my friend,' said he, 'than this learned man?' 'I am an ignorant man, sire,' answered the collier, 'was never at school, and cannot read or write. But I have an astrologer of my own, who shall foretell weather with any of them. It is, with reverence, the ass who carries my charcoal, who always, when bad weather is approaching, points forward his ears, walks more slowly than usual, and tries to rub himself against walls; and it was from these signs that I foretold yesterday's storm.' The King burst into a fit of laughing, dismissed the astrological biped, and assigned the collier a small pension to maintain the quadruped, swearing he would never in future trust to any other astrologer than the charcoalman's ass.

But if there is any truth in this story, the credulity of Louis was not of a nature to be removed by the failure there mentioned. He is said to have believed in the prediction of Angelo Cattho, his physician, and the friend of Comines, who foretold the death of Charles of Burgundy in the very time and hour when it took place at the battle of Morat [Nancy]. Upon this assurance, Louis vowed a silver screen to the shrine of St. Martin, which he afterwards fulfilled at the expense of one hundred thousand francs. It is well known, besides, that he was the abject and devoted slave of his physicians. Coctier, or Cothier, one of their number, besides the retaining fee of ten thousand crowns, extorted from his royal patient great sums in lands and money, and, in addition to all, the bishopric of Amiens for his nephew.

He maintained over Louis unbounded influence, by using to him the most disrespectful harshness and insolence. 'I know,' he said to the suffering King, 'that one morning you will turn me adrift like so many others. But, by Heaven, you had better beware, for you will not live eight days after you have done so!' It is unnecessary to dwell longer on the fears and superstitions of a prince whom the wretched love of life induced to submit to such indignities.

### Note 44. — Anecdote of the Boots, p. 356

The story is told more bluntly, and less probably, in the French memoirs of the period, which affirm that Comines, out of a presumption inconsistent with his excellent good sense, had asked of Charles of Burgundy to draw off his boots, without having been treated with any previous familiarity to lead to such a freedom. I have endeavoured to give the anecdote a turn more consistent with the sense and prudence of the great author concerned.

### Note 45. — Philip des Comines, p. 362

There is little doubt that, during the interesting scene at Péronne, Philip des Comines first learned intimately to know the great powers of mind of Louis XI., by which he was so much dazzled that it is impossible, in reading his *Memoirs*, not to be sensible that he was blinded by them to the more odious shades of his character. He entertained from this time forward a partiality to France. The historian passed into France about 1472, and rose high in the good graces of Louis XI. He afterwards became the proprietor of the lordship of Argenton and others, a title which was given him by anticipation in the earliest editions of this work. He did not obtain it till he was in the French service. After the death of Louis, Philip des Comines fell under the suspicion of the daughter of Louis, called our Lady of Beaujeu, as too zealous a partizan of the rival house of Orleans. The historian himself was imprisoned for eight months in one of the iron cages which he has so forcibly described. It was there that he regretted the fate of a court life. 'I have ventured on the great ocean,' he said, in his affliction, 'and the waves have devoured me.' He was subjected to a trial, and exiled from court for some years by the Parliament of Paris, being found guilty of holding intercourse with disaffected persons. He survived this cloud, however, and was afterwards employed by Charles VIII. in one or two important missions, where talents were required. Louis XII. also transferred his favour to the historian, but did not employ him. He died at his Castle of Argenton in 1509, and was regretted as one of the most profound statesmen, and certainly the best historian, of his age. In a poem to his memory by the poet Ronsard, he received the distinguished praise, that he was the first to show the lustre which valour and noble blood derived from being united with learning. [Compare also Note 35, p. 444.]

### Note 46. — Disguised Herald, p. 390

The heralds of the middle ages, like the *feciales* of the Romans, were invested with a character which was held almost sacred. To strike a herald was a crime which inferred a capital punishment; and to counterfeit the character of such an august official was a degree of treason towards those men who were accounted the depositaries of the secrets of monarchs and the honour of nobles. Yet a prince so unscrupulous as Louis XI. did not hesitate to practise such an imposition, when he wished to enter into communication with Edward IV. of England.

Exercising that knowledge of mankind for which he was so eminent, he selected, as an agent fit for his purpose, a simple valet. This man, whose

address had been known to him, he disguised as a herald, with all the insignia of his office, and sent him in that capacity to open a communication with the English army. Two things are remarkable in this transaction. First, that the stratagem, though of so fraudulent a nature, does not seem to have been necessarily called for, since all that King Louis could gain by it would be, that he did not commit himself by sending a more responsible messenger. The other circumstance worthy of notice is, that Comines, though he mentions the affair at great length, is so pleased with the King's shrewdness in selecting, and dexterity at indoctrinating, his pseudo-herald, that he forgets all remark on the impudence and fraud of the imposition, as well as the great risk of discovery; from both which circumstances we are led to the conclusion, that the solemn character which the heralds endeavoured to arrogate to themselves had already begun to lose regard among statesmen and men of the great world.

Even Ferne, zealous enough for the dignity of the herald, seems to impute this intrusion on their rights in some degree to necessity.

'I have heard some,' he says, 'but with shame enough, allow of the action of Louis the Eleventh, King of France, who had so unknightly a regard both of his own honour and also of armes, that he had seldom about his court any officer-at-armes. And therefore, at such time as King Edward the Fourth, King of England, had entered France with hostile power, and lay before the town of St. Quentin, the same French king, for want of a herald to carry his mind to the English king, was constrained to subornate a vadelict, or common serving-man, with a trumpet-banner, having a hole made through the middest for this preposterous herauld to put his head through, and to cast it over his shoulders instead of a better coat-armour of France. And thus came this hastily-arrayed courier as a counterfeit officer-at-armes, with instructions from his sovereign's mouth to offer peace to our king. "Well," replies Torquatus, the other interlocutor in the dialogue, "that fault was never yet to be found in any of our English kings, nor ever shall be, I hope."' — *Blazon of Gentrie*, 1586, pp. 161, 162.

In this curious book, the author, besides some assertions in favour of coat-armour, too nearly approaching blasphemy to be quoted, informs us that the Apostles were gentlemen of blood, and many of them descended from that worthy conqueror, Judas Maccabæus; but through the course of time and persecution of wars, poverty oppressed the kindred, and they were constrained to servile works. So were the four doctors and fathers of the church (Ambrose, Augustine, Hierome, and Gregorie) gentlemen both of blood and arms (p. 98). The Author's copy of this rare tract (memorial of a hopeful young friend, now no more) exhibits a curious sally of the national and professional irritability of a Scottish herald.

This person appears to have been named Thomas Drysdale, Islay Herald, who purchased the volume in 1619, and seems to have perused it with patience and profit till he came to the following passage in Ferne, which enters into the distinction between sovereign and feudatory crowns. 'There is also a king, and he a homager, or fœdatorie to the estate and majestie of another king, as to his superior lord, as that of Scotland to our English empire.' This assertion set on fire the Scottish blood of Islay Herald, who, forgetting the book had been printed nearly forty years before, and that the author was probably dead, writes on the margin in great wrath, and in a half-text hand, 'He is a traitor and lyar in his throat, and I offer him the combat, that says Scotland's kings were ever feudatorie to England.'

### Note 47. — Prize of Honour, p. 408

The perilling the hand of an heiress upon the event of a battle was not so likely to take place in the 14th century as when the laws of chivalry were in more general observance. Yet it was not unlikely to occur to so absolute a prince as Duke Charles, in circumstances like those supposed.

### Note 48. — Bride of De la Marck, p. 411

It is almost unnecessary to add, that the marriage of William de la Marck with the Lady Hameline is as apocryphal as the lady herself. The real bride of the Wild Boar of Ardennes was Joan D'Arschel, Baroness of Schoonhoven.

### Note 49. — Attack upon Liege, p. 418

The Duke of Burgundy, full of resentment for the usage which the bishop had received from the people of Liege (whose death, as already noticed, did not take place for some years after), and knowing that the walls of the town had not been repaired since they were breached by himself after the battle of St. Tron, advanced recklessly to their chastisement. His commanders shared his presumptuous confidence; for the advanced guard of his army, under the Maréchal of Burgundy and Seigneur D'Hymbercourt, rushed upon one of the suburbs, without waiting for the rest of their army, which, commanded by the Duke in person, remained about seven or eight leagues in the rear. The night was closing, and, as the Burgundian troops observed no discipline, they were exposed to a sudden attack from a party of the citizens commanded by Jean de Vilde, who, assaulting them in front and rear, threw them into great disorder, and killed more than eight hundred men, of whom one hundred were men-at-arms.

When Charles and the King of France came up, they took up their quarters in two villas situated near to the wall of the city. In the two or three days which followed, Louis was distinguished for the quiet and regulated composure with which he pressed the siege, and provided for defence in case of sallies; while the Duke of Burgundy, no way deficient in courage, and who showed the rashness and want of order which was his principal characteristic, seemed also extremely suspicious that the King would desert him and join with the Liegeois.

They lay before the town for five or six days, and at length fixed the 30th of October 1468 for a general storm. The citizens, who had probably information of their intent, resolved to prevent their purpose, and determined on anticipating it by a desperate sally through the breaches in their walls. They placed at their head six hundred of the men of the little territory of Franchemont, belonging to the bishopric of Liege, and reckoned the most valiant of their troops. They burst out of the town on a sudden, surprised the Duke of Burgundy's quarters ere his guards could put on their armour, which they had laid off to enjoy some repose before the assault. The King of France's lodgings were also attacked and endangered. A great confusion ensued, augmented incalculably by the mutual jealousy and suspicions of the French and Burgundians. The people of Liege were, however, unable to maintain their hardy enterprise, when the men-at-arms of the King and Duke began to recover from their confusion, and were finally forced to retire within their walls, after narrowly missing the chance of surprising both King Louis and the Duke of Burgundy, the most powerful princes of their time. At daybreak the storm took place, as had been originally intended, and the citizens, disheartened and fatigued by the nocturnal sally, did not make so much resistance as was expected. Liege was taken and miserably pillaged, without regard to sex or age, things sacred or things profane. These particulars are fully related by Comines in his *Memoirs*, liv. ii. chaps. 11, 12, 13, and do not differ much from the account of the same events in chapters xxxv. and xxxvi.

### Note 50. — Anachronisms, p. 430

We have already noticed the anachronism respecting the crimes of this atrocious baron; and it is scarce necessary to repeat, that if he in reality

murdered the Bishop of Liege in 1482, the Count of La Marck could not be slain in the defence of Liege four[teen] years earlier. In fact, the Wild Boar of Ardennes, as he was usually termed, was of high birth, being the third son of John I., Count of La Marck and Aremberg, and ancestor of the branch called Barons of Lumain. He did not escape the punishment due to his atrocity, though it did not take place at the time, or in the manner, narrated in the text. Maximilian, Emperor of Austria, caused him to be arrested at Utrecht, where he was beheaded in the year 1485, three years after the Bishop of Liege's death.

### Note 51. — Descent of the Leslies, p. 430

An old rhyme, by which the Leslies vindicate their descent from an ancient hero, who is said to have slain a gigantic Hungarian champion, and to have formed a proper name for himself by a play of words upon the place where he fought his adversary.

# GLOSSARY

OF

# WORDS, PHRASES, AND ALLUSIONS

ABERBROTHOCK, now called Arbroath, a town in Forfarshire

ABONNÉ, was, subscribed

ABOULCASEM, of Basra, noted for his generosity and magnificence. *See* Weber, *Tales of the East*, vol. ii. p. 308

ABYE, to pay the penalty for

AD SACRA, for holy things

AGNES SOREL, or SOREAU, mistress of Charles VII. of France, who is said to have prompted the patriotic efforts of that king against the English in the 15th century

AIGUILETTES, tagged points

ALDEBARAN, the name given to a star of the first magnitude in the constellation Taurus (Bull), one of the four 'royal stars' of the ancient Egyptians

ALLEGRO, joy, mirth. *Compare* Milton's *L'Allegro*

AMADIS AND ORIANA, the hero and heroine of the romance of chivalry entitled *Amadis of Gaul*

ANGELICA, the heroine of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, who falls in love with the obscure squire Medoro

ANGELO, HENRY, celebrated riding and fencing master at the beginning of the 19th century. *See* his *Reminiscences* (2 vols. 1828-30)

ANGUS, the old name of Forfarshire

ANNUNCIO VOBIS GAUDIUM MAGNUM, I announce to you tidings of great joy

ARBRE D'OR, golden tree

AROINT, avaunt, begone

ASSIETTÉE, plateful

ASTRÆA, the English dramatist, Aphra Behn (1640-89), whose plays are too frequently coarse and indelicate

ASTUCIOUS, astute, crafty

AUBERGE, inn

AUGHT, possession

AUTANT DE PERDU, so much lost

AUVERNAT, red wine of Orleans

'AUXERRE EST LA BOISSON DES ROIS,' Auxerre (wine) is the drink of kings

AZINCOUR, Agincourt, fought in 1415

BACK-FRIEND, a backer, friend to fall back upon

BADAUD, gazer, gossip

BAILEY, a space between two circuits or walls of defence in a castle

BAN AND ARRIÈRE-BAN, the entire feudal force

BANDE NOIRE, a company of speculators who bought up the large estates of the old noble families of France, then demolished the châteaux and sold the land in small parcels

BARBOUR, Scotch poet (14th century), author of a long poem on the exploits of Robert Bruce

BASTARD OF RUBEMPRÉ, a nephew of the Count of Croy, who was accused of being an agent of Louis XI. employed to carry off (1464) the Count of Charolais (Charles of Burgundy)

BAVAROISE, tea sweetened with vegetable syrup (capillaire)

BAYES. *See The Rehearsal*, Act iv. sc. 1

BEATI PACIFICI, Blessed are the peaceful

BEATI QUI IN DOMINO MORIUNTUR, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord

BENEDICITE, blessing, returning of thanks

BIFTECK DE MOUTON, beefsteak of mutton

BLACK WALLOONS. The Walloons, descendants of the Gallic Belgæ, live in the Ardennes and on both sides of the Franco-Belgian frontier. Black was no doubt the colour of the uniform worn by Charles of Burgundy's Walloon soldiers

BLATE, bashful

BOTTRINE, small leather flask

BOUILLI, boiled meat

BRACH, hound that hunts by scent

BRAEMAN, one who lives on the southern slope of the Grampians

BRAG, to challenge, proudly defy

BRANTWEIN, brandy

BRAW-WARLD, showy, gaudy

BROGUE, a Highlander's shoe of undressed hide

BROWST, brewage, beverage, brewed

BRUDER, brother

BUCHAN, JOHN STUART, EARL OF, commanded the Scottish auxiliaries in France in

the reign of Charles VII.; he was a son of Regent Albany, and grandson of Robert II. of Scotland

BUSHMENT, or AMBUSHMENT, an ambush

CABARET, wine-shop, tavern

CALLANT, boy, stripling; BRAW CALLANT, a fine fellow

CALTHROP, or CALTROP, a spiked iron ball; gin, trap

CANAILLE, rascal mob

CAP DE DIOU, God's head — a Gascon oath

CARCANET, necklace, chain of jewels

CARTE, menu, bill of fare

CASERNE, barracks

CATCHPOLL, a warrant-officer who arrests for debt

CATHAY, China

CENSÉ, reputed

CERNEAU, the half kernel of an unripe walnut

CHAM (of Tartary), khan, *i. e.* chief ruler of the Tartars in Muscovy

CHAPEAU À PLUMES, hat with feathers, plumed hat

CHAPEAU BRAS, three-cornered hat with a low crown

CHARES, household work

CHASSE-CAFÉ, more correctly POUSSE-CAFÉ, a small glass of brandy or liqueur taken after coffee

CHÂTEAU MARGOUT, or MARGAUX, claret of the very first brand

CHÂTEAU OF SULLY, called Sully, on the left bank of the Loire (modern dept. Loiret), where the great minister of Henry IV. wrote his *Mémoires*

CHIELD, fellow

CHIROMANTIST, one who tells fortunes by palmistry or the hand

CHOUSE, cheat, swindle

CINQ FRANCS, five francs (the bottle)

CLÉRY, about 10 miles below Orleans on the Loire; Louis XI. was buried there

COCAGNE, an imaginary country, where good living and idleness are the chief objects or pursuits of the inhabitants

COCKERED, pampered, brought up indulgently

COLIN MAILLARD, blind-man's buff

COMBUST, astrological term for a planet that is too near the sun

COMFITURE, preparation of preserved fruit, confection

COMING (COUNTESS), inclined to make advances, forward, eager

CONDÉ, LOUIS JOSEPH DE BOURBON, PRINCE OF, French general in the Seven Years' War, and the military chief of the *émigrés* on the Rhine, after the fall of the Bastille

CORBIE, raven

CÔTELETTE À LA MAINTENON, mutton cutlets served with parsley, mushrooms, and brown sauce

COUCHÉE, a levee held just before retiring to sleep

CRAIG, neck

CROIX DE ST. LOUIS, the decoration of a military order founded by Louis XIV. in 1693, for distinguished service by Roman Catholic officers, was a gold eight-armed cross bearing on one side the effigy of St. Louis of France, and on the other a flaming sword passed through a laurel crown

CULLION, poltroon

CURNEY, small number

DAFFING, loose talk

DARIOLE, a pastry cake containing cream

DAS IST, that is, *i. e.*

DEAS, dais

DEBOUT, etc. (p. 285), Arise — arise, gentlemen, it's time to be going!

DE BURE, G. F., a celebrated French bibliographer of the 18th century

DEMI-SOLDE, half-pay

DENIS MONTJOYE, the old war-cry of the French

DER BISCHOFF, or BISCHOF, the bishop

DODDERED, covered with twining parasites, such as mistletoe

DOGBERRY. The allusion is to *Much Ado About Nothing*, Act iv. sc. 2

DOLLY, a cook who gave her name to Dolly's Tavern in Paternoster Row, London; her portrait was painted by Gainsborough

DONNER AND BLITZ, thunder and lightning! a German oath; DONNER AND HAGEL, thunder and hail!

DORFF, or DORF, a village

DOUGLAS, ARCHIBALD, FOURTH EARL OF, entered the service of France and was made Duke of Touraine, in 1423

DU BIST EIN COMISCHER MAN, you are a funny fellow

DUFFLE, a coarse woollen cloth with a thick nap

DU GUESCLIN, BERTRAND, Constable of France, her greatest soldier during the 14th century

DURINDARTE, should be DURINDANA, or DURANDANA, the sword of Orlando (Roland) in the *Orlando Furioso*

DYES, gewgaws, paltry ornaments

EBLIS, in Mohammedan mythology, the chief of the fallen angels

EBRO'S TEMPER. The allusion is doubtless to the celebrated weapons of Toledo, although that town is on the Tagus, not the Ebro

ÉCHEVIN, sheriff, municipal magistrate

ÉCLAIRCISSEMENT, explanation

ÉCOSSE, EN AVANT, Scotland, (step) forward

EHRENHOLD, German for 'herald'

EIN WORT, EIN MANN, a man of his word

EMBRUN, OUR LADY OF, a figure of the Virgin much worshipped by Louis XI., preserved in a church at Embrun, in Dauphiné (modern dept. Hautes Alpes)

ENFANS PERDUS, the forlorn hope

EPHEMERIDES, an astronomical almanac

ESCALIER DÉROBÉ, private staircase

ÉTANG, pond, lake

ETHNIC, pagan

ETIAM IN CUBICULO, even in the bedchamber

EUPHUIST, Sir Piercie Shafton in *The Monastery*

FABLIAU, fable, moral tale

FACTIONNAIRE, sentry

FÄHNLEIN, troop

FAIRE DES NOCES. The Paris innkeeper's notice runs *salle à faire des noces*, 'a hall for wedding festivities'

FAITOUR, traitor, rascal

FASTE, ostentation

FECIALES, or FETIALES, a college of priests who

watched over the sanctity of treaties

FERME ORNÉE, a model farm

FIER COMME UN ÉCOSSAIS, proud as a Scotchman

FINIS — I SHOULD HAVE SAID, etc. (p. 332), Finis, I should have said the rope (*funis*), is the end of the work (book)

FLEUR-DE-LYS, lilies, the royal arms of France

FLORENTINE (p. 323), Dante, in *Inferno*, iii. 9

FLORIO. The Italian-English dictionary of John Florio, entitled *A World of Words* (1598), is doubtless what is alluded to (p. xxviii)

FOSSA CUM FURCA, the right of life and death exercised by a feudal noble over his dependants — of hanging the males and drowning the females

FOURRIERS AND HAREINGERS, both officers whose duty it was to procure and make all arrangements for the lodgings of people of high rank; FOURRIER, avant-courier, messenger sent on in advance

FRAMPOLD, unruly, peevish

FREE COMPANIES, mercenary troops owning no master except their own captains, who sold their services to whomsoever paid them best

FREMIT, strangers; cold, indifferent

GABELLE, tax on salt

GARCE, a young girl, now a dishonourable appellation

GARÇON PERRUQUIER, hairdresser

GAUNTOIS AND LIEGEOIS, people of Ghent (or Gand) and Liege

GEAR, business, affair, thing owned; GEAR, LET US TO THIS, set we about the matter in hand

GEB (UP), give (up)

GEISTER-SEERS, or GEISTERSEHER, seers of ghosts

GENS DE LETTRES, etc. (p. xxviii), literary men, whom you call Sir Scott, I believe

GENTILLÂTRE, country squire, poor gentleman

GHAIST, ghost

GOTTFRIED, Godfrey

GRANDE CHÈRE, good living

GRAND SEIGNIOR, the sultan of the Ottoman Turks

GRÈVE OUR LADY OF. In the Place de Grève, Paris, criminals were executed

GROSS STERNENDEUTER, clever interpreters of the stars

GUILDER, a Dutch florin = 1s. 8d.

GUILDRY, a guild, the members of a guild

GUINGUETTE, a place of refreshment, tea-garden, outside Paris

GUT GETROFFEN, well hit

HAGEL AND STURMWETTER, hail and stormy weather! a German oath

HANAP, a large drinking-cup

HANDSEL, earnest-money

HANGUISSE, or ANGUS, an old name for the Scottish county of Forfar

HAUPTMANN, captain, leader

HAUT-DE-CHAUSSES À CANON, knee-breeches ornamented with canons or indented ornamental rolls

HERMETICAL PHILOSOPHY, a system ascribed to Hermes Trismegistus, *i.e.* the god Thoth, the traditional author of Egpytian culture

HERZOG, duke

HOCHHEIM, a celebrated Rhenish vintage

HÔPITAL DES FOUS, lunatic asylum

HORS DE PAGE, finished serving one's apprenticeship as a page

HÔTEL DE VILLE, town-hall

HYKE A TALBOT, a hunter's cry to his dog, occurs in Dame Berners, *Boke of Hawking and Hunting* (1486)

IMPAYABLE, excellent

INAMORATO, lover

IN COMMENDAM, in trust, along with

JABOT, frill

JACQUES BONHOMME, equivalent to our Hodge, a generic name for the French peasant

JAIZA, or JAICE, formerly the capital of Bosnia, was captured after a long siege by Matthias Corvinus in 1463, and vainly stormed during three days by the sultan, Mahomet II., in 1464

JANUS PANNONIUS, or JEAN DE CISNIGE, Hungarian poet of the 15th century

JARDIN ANGLOIS, an English garden, the characteristic of which, as distinguished from a stiff, regularly-arranged French garden, is the appearance of untrammelled nature it exhibits

JAZERAN, or JASERAN, a flexible shirt of linked mail

JEAN QUI PLEURE, Weeping John; JEAN QUI RIT, Laughing John

JERRY-COME-TUMBLE, acrobat, tumbler

JESHURUN, the chosen of Israel. *See* Deut. xxxii. 15

JOHANNISBERG, the most valuable of the Rhenish wines

JOUR MAIGRE, fast day

JOYOUS SCIENCE, BRETHREN OF, minstrels

JUS EMPHYTEUSIS, the law whereby one person acquires a perpetual right to the use of land that belongs to another person

KAISAR, or KAISER, emperor

KING OF CASTILE, probably Philip III. of Spain, whose death was caused partly through his sitting too near to a brazier, and the punctilious etiquette of his attendants in refusing to move it until the proper functionary came

KLEPPER, hack, nag

KNIGHT WITHOUT FEAR AND REPROACH, Chevalier Bayard (1476-1524)

KURSCHENSCHAFT, intended for KÜRSCHNERSCHAFT, the trade association of the furriers and skinners (*compare* p. 255); but this being an unusual compound, perhaps BURSCHENSCHAFT, corporation, association, was intended

LA GUERRE EST MA PATRIE, etc. (p. ix), The battlefield is my fatherland; my armour my home; my life a perpetual warfare

LANDES, low flat deserts of loose sand bordering on the Bay of Biscay, in the south of France

LANZKNECHTS, or LANZKNECHTE, also LANDSKNECHTE, mercenary foot-soldiers, armed with pikes and swords, first organised

by the Emperor Maximilian I. in 1487

LAPIS OFFENSIONIS, etc. (p. 186), a stone of offence and a stumbling-block

LARGESSE, a present, the herald's cry when soliciting gratuities after the performance of some public function

LEAGUER, a permanent fortified camp; LIE LEAGUER, take up permanent quarters

'LEAVE ALL HOPE BEHIND,' from Dante's *Inferno*, iii. 9

LEGION OF SAINTS, or THEBAN LEGION, were all massacred in the persecution of the Emperor Maximin, about the year 286

LIARD, small French coin, current after the 14th century = ⅓d silver penny English

LINEA VITÆ, in palmistry, the line of life, the principal on the hand

LIRE, should doubtless be LITRE = a little less than a quart

LOCHES, on the Indre, some 25 miles south-east of Tours

LOOM, article, headpiece

LOON, fellow

LORETTO, on the Adriatic coast of Italy, 15 miles from Ancona, where is preserved the reputed house in which the Virgin Mary lived at Nazareth — a celebrated shrine

LOWER CIRCLES, or provinces in Lower (North) Germany, the principal of which were Westphalia and Saxony

LUCIO, in Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*, Act v. sc. 1

LURDANE, blockhead

LUSTHAUS, country villa

MACARONIC LATIN, a modern language used with Latin inflections and construction

MACHIAVEL, or MACHIAVELLI, NICCOLO DI BERNARDO DEI, a Florentine statesman of the 16th century, who taught that rulers may commit every treacherous and unlawful act in the interests of strong government

MAHOMET'S COFFIN, according to Mohammedan tradition, is suspended in mid-air between two magnets

MAHOUND, a contemptuous name given to a devil, meant to represent Mahomet, in the mediæval mystery-plays

MAIGRE, thin, applied to soup made without meat

MAÎTRE DE CUISINE, head cook; MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL, steward

MALVOLIO. *See* Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, Act ii. sc. 5

MARÉCHAUSSÉE, police horse-patrol

MARMOUTIER, THE ABBEY OF, in the environs of Tours, founded by St. Martin of Tours (4th century), and one of the most influential and powerful in France in the Middle Ages

MATELOT, or MATELOTE, a rich fish stew with wine sauce, flavoured with onions and herbs

MEIKLE, much

MEIN, my; MEIN GOTT, my God! MEINHERR, sir

MEISTER (ÆSOP), master, a title of honour given by Germans to an approved master in his art or craft

MELL, to interfere, meddle

MELPOMENE, in ancient Greek mythology, the Muse of Tragedy

MELUSINA, in old French folklore was every Saturday transformed from a woman into a serpent from the waist downwards

MÉTAIRIE, farmhouse

MIEUX VAULT BON REPAS QUE BEL HABIT, a good meal is better than a fine coat

MILADI LAC, *The Lady of the Lake*, Scott's poem

MINSTREL, THE (p. 49), or BLIND HARRY, author of a long poem descriptive of the exploits of Wallace (about 1460)

MINTING, aiming

MOLIÈRE'S COMEDY, *L'Amour Médecin*. *See* Act i. sc. 1, the persons being, however, a dealer in tapestry and a goldsmith

MORE MEO, in my own way

MORGAINE LA FÉE, pupil of Merlin the Magician, and half-sister of King Arthur

MUMBLE, to chew gently with the gums

MURCIAN BULL, one bred in Murcia, a province in the south-east of Spain

MUSION, the wildcat, term of heraldry

NE MOLIARIS AMICO, etc. (p. 187), Devise not evil against thy neighbour, seeing he dwelleth securely by thee

NOM DE GUERRE, nickname

NOSTRADAMUS, or MICHEL DE NOTREDAME, famous French astrologer (16th century)

ORA PRO NOBIS, pray for us — a religious supplication

ORDONNANCE, COMPANIES OF, independent companies, not enrolled among the ordinary regiments

ORIANA. *See* Amadis and Oriana

ORLANDO, the Italian form of Roland

PAR AMOURS, by illicit love, in matters of love

PASQUES-DIEU, the favourite oath of Louis XI.

PASQUIER, ÉTIENNE, a French magistrate and historian (1529-1615), who wrote *Lettres* (1723) and other works

PÂTÉ DE PÉRIGORD, pasties of partridges with truffles

PAULUS JOVIUS, or PAOLO GIOVIO, an Italian historian of the 16th century, lived at the Pope's court, and wrote, amongst other works, *Elogia Doctorum Virorum* (Venice, 1546)

PAUVRES REVENANTS, poor ghosts

PAYSAGE, landscape

PAYSANNE, country girl

PENSEROSO, sadness, melancholy. *Compare* Milton's *Il Penseroso*

PEREAT IMPROBUS, etc. (p. 187), Let the wicked perish, Amen! and let him be anathema

PER PALE, divided vertically

PETER SCHLEMIHL, the hero of a tale by the German poet, Adelbert von Chamisso (1781-1838)

PETITE POINTE D'AIL, slight flavour of garlic

PETIT PLAT, little dish

PIGAULT LE BRUN, Charles A. G. Pigault de l'Epinoy, known as Pigault-Lebrun, a popular French novelist (1753-1835)

PILLEUR, plunderer
PIRN, the bobbin of a spinning-wheel; ILL-WINDED PIRNS TO RAVEL OUT, knotty difficulties to solve or adjust
PISTOL EATING THE LEEK. *See* Shakespeare's *Henry V.*, Act v. sc. 1
PLACK, an old Scotch copper coin = ⅓d penny English
PLEACHED, with branches interwoven
PLEXITIUM, a chase, woodlands inclosed for game
POLK, or PULK, a squadron, troop of Cossacks
POORTITH, poverty
POST TOT PROMISSA, after so many promises
POTAGE, (formerly) vegetables; POTAGER, kitchen garden
POTENCE, gallows
POTZ TAUSEND, the deuce
POUR PASSER LE TEMPS, to pass away the time
POW, head
PRÉVENANCE, kind attention, obliging kindness
PRÜGEL, cudgel, stick
PUBLIC GOOD, WAR OF, grew out of a league formed by the great feudatory princes of France against Louis XI.
PUCELLE, virgin

QUI VIVE? Who goes there?

REGALE, treat, entertainment
RHEIMS. *See* smeared with oil, etc.
RHEINWEIN, Rhenish wine
RHINEGRAVE, the title of the feudal lord of the *gau* or county of the Rhine
RIFACIMENTO, restoration, repairing
ROCHET, or ROCKET, a short cloak, worn formerly by both men and women; in Pasquier's passage the original French signifies 'petticoat.' *Compare* p. 438
ROMAN COMIQUE, PLAYER IN, a famous novel (1651-57), by Paul Scarron
ROMAUNT, a poetical romance of chivalry
ROUSE, a bumper
ROUTIER, an experienced man; VIEUX ROUTIER, an old stager
RUBEMPRÉ, BASTARD OF. *See* Bastard of Rubempré
RUNLET, a barrel (of spirits) holding 18½ gallons

ST. BARTHOLOMEW, was flayed alive
ST. DENIS, 4 miles north of Paris; the abbey-church there was long the burial-place of the sovereigns of France
ST. FRANCIS'S CORD, the founder of the monastic order of Franciscans, dressed in a coarse woollen tunic, girt about with a hempen cord
ST. GATIEN, the cathedral of Tours
ST. JOHN (JEAN) D'ANGÉLY, about 16 miles south-east from La Rochelle. Jean Favre, abbot of St. Jean d'Angély, was popularly believed to have poisoned (1472), at Louis XI.'s instigation, that king's brother, Charles Duke of Berri and of Guyenne
ST. JUDE, 28th October
ST. LAMBERT, patron saint of Liege
ST. LAMBERT'S, the old cathedral of Liege, demolished by the French Revolutionists in 1794, and altogether removed in 1808
ST. MARTIN, bishop of Tours, died just before the year 400
ST. PATIBULARIUS, derived from Latin *patibulum*, a fork-shaped gibbet
ST. PERPETUUS, third successor of St. Martin of Tours, erected over that bishop's bones the church of St. Martin, consecrated in 472
ST. TRON, more correctly ST. TROND, about 20 miles north-west of Liege
SAINTS, LEGION OF. *See* Legion of saints
SAKER, a small gun formerly used in sieges
SANCTE HUBERTE, etc. (p. 153), St. Hubert, St. Julian, St. Martin, St. Rosalia, all ye saints who hear me, pray for me a sinner
SANCTE JULIANE, etc. (p. 144), Holy Julian, listen to our prayers. Pray—pray for us
SANGLIER, wild boar
SANTON, a Mohammedan prophet or saint
SAUMUR, GOOD FATHERS OF, belonging to the ancient abbey of St. Laurent in Saumur, which dates back to the 11th century

SAUS AND BRAUS, revelry in good things. *In Saus und Braus leben* = to live at heck and manger
SCHAKOS, or SHAKO, a military head-dress, a tall cylindrical hat, with a shield in the front of it
SCHEIK EBN HALI, or ALI BEN ABEN-RAGEL, an Arab astrologer of the 11th century
SCHELM, rogue, scoundrel
SCHNEIDERS, or SNYDERS, FRANS, Flemish painter (1579-1657)
SCHOPPEN, meant for SCHÖFFEN, aldermen, municipal magistrates. *Schoppen* means pint-measures
SCHWARZBIER, black beer
SCHWARZREITERS, or SCHWARZREITER, black horseman, black troopers
SCOTCHED (SNAKE), slightly wounded
SERO VENIENTIBUS OSSA, the bones are for late comers
SHEERLY, thoroughly, quite
SHENSTONE, WILLIAM, English poet and landscape-gardener. The line 'Seek for freedom at an inn,' etc. (p. 432), is adapted from verses headed *Written at an Inn at Henley*
SHOOL, shovel
'SHOWING THE CODE,' etc. (p. xxxi), altered from *As You Like It*, Act iv. sc. 3
SIGILLUM CONFESSIONIS, the seal of confession
SI NON PAYATIS, etc. (p. 187), If you do not pay, I will burn your monastery
SKAITH, hurt, harm
SMEARED WITH OIL (p. 353). The coronation of the French kings usually took place at Rheims
SMOCK-FACED, effeminate-looking, pale-faced
SNAPPED, snatched up, stolen
SOUTER, cobbler
SPREAGH, cattle carried off in a raiding expedition
STADT-HOUSE, or STADT-HAUS, the town-house, town-hall
STATIST, politician, statesman
STAVE AND TAIL, to strike the bear with a staff, and pull off the dogs by the tail, to separate them
STOUP, a flagon, deep narrow vessel for holding liquids
STRAICK, a measure of capacity = two bushels; the

quantity of malt generally used for one brewing

SULLY, MAXIMILIEN DE BÉTHUNE, DUKE OF, author of *Mémoires des Sages et Royales Économies d'Estat de Henri le Grand* (1634-62)

SYNDIC, a magistrate, administrative officer

TABATIÈRE, snuff-box

TABOURET, stool

TAM MARTE QUAM MERCURIO, as distinguished for arms as for diplomacy

TASKER, labourer

TAURIDOR, bull-fighter

TENDER, to cherish, value, esteem

TERMAGUND, or TERMAGAUNT, an Oriental devil introduced into the mediæval mystery-plays. *Compare* Mahound

TESTE-ST.-GRIS, probably meant for 'By the head of Christ'

TÊTE-BLEAU, or TÊTE-BLEU, TÊTE-DIEU, God's head—an oath

TEUFEL, the devil

THEBAIS, DESERTS OF, in the neighbourhood of Thebes on the Nile

'THE SMALL RARE VOLUME,' etc. (p. xxxix), from Dr. John Ferriar's *Bibliomania, an Epistle to Richard Heber, Esq.* (1809)

TIFFANY, a kind of thin silk, gauze

TOCQUE, a small bonnet or low cap with narrow brim

TO-NAME, nickname, honorary descriptive title

TRIERS, or TRIER, Treves, in the Palatinate

TROUPE DORÉE, choice company, *élite*

TRUDCHEN, an affectionate diminutive of Gertrude

TWO AND A PLACK, two Scotch pennies and a plack = ½d. English

UN HOMME COMME IL FAUT, a perfect gentleman

VACONELDIABLO, doubtless for *Baco el Diablo*, Bacchus (wine) the Devil

VÆ VICTIS, woe to the vanquished

VARIUM ET MUTABILE, fickle and changeable (are women)

VENTRE ST. GRIS, an oath, presumed to be translatable as 'the body of St Christ'

VIEUX ROUTIER. *See* Routier

VIN ORDINAIRE, the wine in common use

VIVE BOURGOGNE, long live Burgundy!

VOLÉE, flight

VOTA DIIS EXAUDITA MALIGNIS, vows listened to by unfriendly-disposed deities

WALLACE WIGHT, Wallace the strong—a favourite designation of Scotland's great hero

WALLOONS. *See* Black Walloons

WAS HENKER, WHAT HENKER, what the deuce!

WEINKELLER, wine-cellar

WENCESLAUS, was emperor of Germany from 1378 to 1400. The reigning emperor at the time of this romance was Frederick IV. (1440-93)

WHILLYWHAWING, talking in an intimate way like lovers

YUNGFRAU, or JUNGFRAU, maiden, young woman

ZUCHTHAUS, prison

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